

BROADCAST

Devoted to the publication of Ethical, Philosophical and Religious Truths

For the Healing of Nations

Henry Christeen Warnack

Eternal One

Franz Hartmann

Unity in Variety

Walter N. Goldschmidt

Where the Children Go

Ian Hamilton Campbell

Nature

Emerson

Bhagavad Gita

Translation by Pramada Dasa Mitra
Explanatory Notes by Walter N. Goldschmidt

Whither

James M. Warnack

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BROADCAST

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Devoted to the publication of Spiritual Truths along Ethical, Philosophical and Religious Lines.

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The November Number of "Broadcast" will contain a continuation of comments on the Bhagavad Gita, Book Reviews by Henry Christeen Warnack. The story of the Ramayana and the story of the Mahabharata and several original articles.

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VOL. I.

NUMBER 1.

FOREWORD

Broadcast not only presents herewith to the public FRAGMENTS of the ANCIENT WISDOM, but endeavors also to couple with them the highest of MODERN THOUGHT, in an effort to make clear that which heretofore has been in form too voluminous for all to read as they run.

The first number of *BROADCAST* contains a brief summary of the *Bhagavad Gita*, to be followed monthly by a reprint of Mitra's *Gita*, accompanied by explanatory notes by Walter N. Goldschmidt. There is at this time a very live demand for a reprint of Pramada Dasa Mitra's *Gita*, for the reason that among the dozen versions existing in translations now current in the English language, the European and the American scholar as well as the Hindu scholar concede to Mitra the first place in point of lucidity, brevity and truthful interpretation of the original ideation expressed in Sanskrit. The arrangement of printing by which the text will be accompanied, in a parallel column facilitating ready reference from one to the other, by notes, comments, definitions of Sanskrit terms employed in the text, written by an eminent scholar and life-long student of the *Gita*, will prove an invaluable aid to the student. The notes and comments will be found to contain a veritable lexicon or glossary which will enable the student to gain a comprehension of this epitome of the Ancient Wisdom not obtainable otherwise.

At different times fragments from ANCIENT, MODERN and MEDIAEVAL ILLUMINED SOULS will be included in the contents of *BROADCAST*. Some wonderful contributions have already been received.

A series of pamphlets will be run from time to time incorporating the most worth while contributions, as the demand arises. Single copies of *BROADCAST* will be sold for twenty-five cents. The annual subscription price is two dollars.

Send us gems of your own selection if you have walked betimes with the Masters; send us also your subscriptions and your advertisements. We are demanding nothing of anyone, and have a wide welcome for all. If this is your work it is up to you and never to us.

ETERNAL ONE

ETERNAL ONE! Thou Self-existent Cause
Of all existence, source of love and light;
Thou universal uncreated God,
In whom all things exist and have their being,
Who lives in all things and all things in Him;
Infinite art Thou, inconceivable
Beyond the grasp of finite intellect;
Unknowable to all except Thyself.
Nothing exists but Thou, and there is nothing
In which no Good exists; Thou art, but we
Appear to be; for forms are empty nothings,
If not inhabited by Thee; they are
Thyself made manifest. Addressing Thee
We sin, because we separate ourselves
In thought from Thee who art our very self;
For we are nothing if we are not "Thou,"
And Thou are "we"; we have no Life but Thine,
Thou art our Life, our Will, our Mind, our All;
We are in Thee and Thou in us; Thou art
The Father and Thyself in us, the "Son."
Thy Spirit fills the Universe with glory
And impregnates all Nature with Thy power,
Enabling her to bring forth living forms
Of plants and trees, of animals and men;
It fructifies the Soul of man and gives
Birth to the "Christ," the saviour of man,
Called the divine Atma or the "Lord on high,"
The "Master," He who makes immortal all

In whom His presence is made manifest.
If He awakens in the heart of man
To the self-consciousness of His existence,
Then will there be no further death, for He
Is perfect and requires no further change.
Thus Christ is God made manifest in Man
As man, and no one can attain to God
Except through Him; for He Himself is God
In Man, and He who strives to find His God
Must seek for Him in His own Holy temple
Within himself in Spirit and in Truth.
To Him, the Christ, the God in Man we pray;
Nor to the spirits in the Astral Light;
And praying strongly we fulfill our prayers.
For rising up to Him we are Himself,
And grant that which we ask of Him ourselves.
No man knows God; it is the God in Man
Who knows Himself in him and lifts man up
To the conception of what is divine
In his own nature. Rising up to Him
We come to God through Christ, through God to Man,
And to all nature in His Holy Spirit.

—FRANZ HARTMANN.

The Symbol Underlying All Psychology, Ancient and Modern From the Katha Upanishat

Know the Real Self as the Lord of the Chariot, and the body as the Chariot. Know also the Intellect to be the driver and the mind the reins.

The senses are called the horses; the sense objects are the roads; when the Real Self is united with the body, senses and mind, then the wise call Him the enjoyer.

He who is without discrimination and whose mind is always uncontrolled and always impure, he does not reach that goal, but falls again into the realm of birth and death.

But he who possesses right discrimination, whose mind is under control and always pure, he reaches that goal from which he is not born again.

The man who has a discriminative intellect for the driver, and controlled mind for the reins, reaches the end of the journey, the highest place of the All-Pervading and Unchangeable One.

Beyond the senses are the objects, beyond the objects is the mind, beyond the mind is the intellect, beyond the intellect is the Real Self.

Beyond the Real Self is the Unmanifested, beyond the Unmanifested is the Cosmic Soul, beyond that there is nothing. That is the end. That is the final goal.

NATURE

To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Nature says, he is my creature, and maugre all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun or the summer alone but every hour and season yields its tribute or delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece. In good health, the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life,—no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes) which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground,—my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space,—all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eye-ball. I am nothing. I see all. The currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God. The name of the nearest friend then sounds foreign or accidental. To be brothers, to be acquaintances,—master or servant, is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I find something more dear and connate than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature.

The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm is new to me and old.

It takes me by surprise and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

Yet it is certain that the power to produce this delight, does not reside in nature, but in man, or in a harmony of both. It is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance. For, nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs, is overspread with melancholy today. Nature always wears the colors of the spirit. To a man laboring under calamity, the heat of his own fire, has sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts over less worth in the population.

—EMERSON.

Swami Paramanada in his "Emerson and Vedanta" writes:

"The eternal Self, it is true, dwells in the heart of every mortal, but it is to be attained only in a state of consciousness where reason cannot reach. When, however, the mind is concentrated and turned within, then the mortal perceives the glory of the immortal Self and rejoices, because he has obtained *that* which is the cause of all true joy, as it is said in Katha-Upanishad. Emerson also writes: 'Ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God; yet forever and ever the influx of this better and universal Self is new and unsearchable. It inspires awe and astonishment. When we have broken our god of tradition and ceased from our small god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with his presence. It is the doubling of the heart itself, nay, the infinite enlargement of the heart with the power of growth to a new infinity on every side.' Also in the Upanishads we read: 'The knower of Brahman (the Supreme) becomes like unto Brahman.'

"When a man enters the chamber of his soul, he may enter as a man, but he comes out transformed. A man cannot help going wrong and making mistakes as long as he is ignorant of his true nature. The only aid we can give him is to kindle in him the higher sense of the reality of God and his own soul. When he is able to perceive this, it will not be possible for him to be dragged down by the unrealities of this world. So long as man is conscious only of his little self, he will be self-conceited; but let him come under the dominion of his Great Self and at once his consciousness will expand and carry him beyond the limits of his selfish thought and action.

"There can be little question that Emerson was strongly imbued with the spirit of the Upanishad when he wrote his essay on the Over-Soul. The title itself indicates it, for 'Over-Soul' is almost a literal translation of the Sanskrit word Param-Atman (Supreme Self). The very expression as well as the thought contained in the essay are all akin to those found in the Indo-Aryan Scriptures. But

this does not imply that they were borrowed. Emerson undoubtedly drew his inspiration from the Vedas; yet it was his own spiritual genius which enabled him to grasp the lofty ideals they proclaimed, and give them out with such masterful power. When great men study the Scriptures of the world, it does not unsettle their understanding or rob them of their own true faith, but it makes them see the universality of Truth and leaves them to unite all the varying expressions of truth into one great whole. Whenever spiritual seeking becomes an all absorbing passion of our soul, we are inevitably released from all doctrinal and creed bound beliefs and are brought face to face with a great cosmic, universal and all abiding Truth.

Rabindranath Tagore writes in his Sadhana (realization of Life.)

"The West seems to take a pride in thinking that it is subduing nature; as if we are living in a hostile world where we have to wrest everything we want from an unwilling and alien arrangement of things. This sentiment is the product of the city-wall habit and training of mind. For in the city life man naturally directs the concentrated light of his mental vision upon his own life and works, and this creates an artificial dissociation between himself and the Universal Nature, within whose bosom he lies. But on the other hand in India the point of view was different; it included the world with man as one great truth. India put all her emphasis on the harmony that exists between the individual and the universal. She felt we could have no communication whatever with our surroundings if they were absolutely foreign to us. Man's complaint against nature is that he has to acquire most of his necessities by his own efforts. Yes, but his efforts are not in vain; he is reaping success every day, and that shows there is a rational connection between him and nature, for we never can make anything our own except that which is truly related to us.

We can look upon a road from two different points of view. One regards it as dividing us from the object of our desire; in that case we count every step of our journey over it as something attained by force in the face of obstruction. The other sees it as the road which leads us to our destination; and as such it is a part of our goal. It is already the beginning of our attainment, and by journeying over it we can only gain that which in itself it offers to us. This last point of view is that of India with regard to nature. For her, the great fact is that we are in harmony with nature; that man can think because his thoughts are in harmony with things; that he can use the forces of nature for his own purpose, only because his power is in harmony with the power which is universal, and that in the long run this purpose never can knock against the purpose which works through nature. In the West the prevalent feeling is that nature belongs exclusively to inanimate things and to beasts, that

there is a sudden unaccountable break where human nature begins. According to it, everything that is low in the scale of beings is merely nature, and whatever has the stamp of perfection on it, intellectual or moral, is human nature. It is like dividing the bud and the blossom into two separate categories, and putting their grace to the credit of two different and antithetical principles. But the Indian mind never has any hesitation in acknowledging its kinship with nature, its unbroken relation with all.

The fundamental unity of creation was not simply a philosophical speculation for India; it was her life object to realize this great harmony in feeling and in action. With meditation and service, with a regulation of her life, she cultivated her consciousness in such a way that everything had a spiritual meaning to her. The earth, water and light, fruits and flowers, to her were not merely physical phenomena to be turned to use and then left aside. They were necessary to her in the attainment of her ideal of perfection, as every note is necessary to the completeness of the symphony. India intuitively felt that the essential fact of this world has a vital meaning for us; we have to be fully alive to it and establish a conscious relation with it, not merely impelled by scientific curiosity or greed of material advantage, but realizing it in the spirit of sympathy, with a large feeling of joy and peace.

The man of science, in one aspect, knows that the world is not merely what it appears to be to our senses, he knows that earth and water are really the place of forces that manifest themselves to us as earth and water—how, we can but partially apprehend. Likewise the man who has his spiritual eyes open knows that the ultimate truth about earth and water lies in our apprehension of the eternal will, which works in time and takes shape in the forces we realize under those aspects. This is not mere knowledge, as science is, but it is a perception of the soul by the soul. This does not lead us to power, as knowledge does, but it gives us joy, which is the product of the union of kindred things.

FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS

The Glory of the Self appears through the Informing of the Heart by the Spirit, and the Reforming of the Character by the Heart; the Renewing of the Mind through the reformed Character and the Transforming of the Body through the renewed Mind.

HENRY CHRISTEEN WARNACK.

UNITY IN VARIETY

Well has it been said in the Rig Veda, "That which exists is one; wise men call it by various names."

There is one Life behind all that exists. There is one Intelligence causing universal law that spurs man on to know more and more. It is that which gives him the impulse. There is one Bliss, which is the one cause for the universal search of man after happiness.

Perhaps the most prominent fact of life, to a man of even ordinary understanding, is the infinite diversity of the world we live in. He sees the physical universe with its lands and seas and mountains and villages and cities and deserts, and they present to him a most varied scene.

The starry heavens, limitless, inspire us with awe. Look at the variety in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms and then turn to the mind of man which is the most difficult and complicated in character.

To the unthinking man the world seems to be a hopeless puzzle and he steers his little vessel of life in these troubled waters through mere instinct, little removed from the animal plane, just as his physical necessities prompt him to do. The most striking example of separateness from the idea of unity in variety, he is content to function as one infinitesimal fraction separate from the whole. The lack of vision which might make him a part of the stupendous whole and fit into its machinery, shuts him out from the glorious realization of the unity of it all.

The perfect man does good in the world, not because it is his duty, but because it is his nature.

Each soul is potentially divine. Few realize it. A mere intellectual assent is not sufficient, but to realize this divinity, to stand face to face with this fact in nature is the goal of all.

Do this, realize your real self, either through work, or through worship, or through intellectual discrimination, through one or all of these, only do it and be free. That is, reach God consciousness. When you realize this, you may give out your life's best experience in the glowing words of the illumined one, "Doing good to others is a virtue, doing harm is missing the mark."

*"Look unto this day,
For it is the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all
The verities and realities of your existence;
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
And the splendor of beauty;
For yesterday is but a dream
And tomorrow is only a vision,
But today well lived
Makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!"*

Expand your good will from your relatives to your best friends, to your townsmen, to your countrymen, to humanity at large, and finally, automatically you will find yourself in harmony with all nature, external and internal; you will find yourself the center of that circle, whose circumference is nowhere and then shift that center everywhere. Then you will be in harmony with everything and everybody, then you will have found internal and eternal peace in unity and in variety.

WALTER N. GOLDSCHMIDT.

W H I T H E R

*If we are God's as God is ours, my own,
If He within us dwells as we in Him,
There is no separation nor returning,
Nor could I lose you in Eternity.*

*When they tell you, I am dead, do not believe them;
If they say that I am gone, then ask them "WHITHER?"*

JAMES M. WARNACK.

WHERE THE CHILDREN GO

*Is it high or low,
Where the Children go,
When they close their eyes
To this passing show,
And fall asleep in mother's keep
As she hushes them to and fro?
Where is this land
And the fairy band,
That charms the little ones so;
That wonderful strand . . . ?
Is it far away
Where the children play
On that beautiful moonlit sand?
I ask the little one
Who is so full of fun,
"Where is the land of dreams?"
And the little son
Will up and say
So full of play,
"Just go to sleep and it will come."*

IAN HAMILTON CAMPBELL.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA

*Translated by Pramada Dasa Mitra with Explanatory Notes by
Walter N. Goldschmidt.*

The two most ancient Aryan Epics are the Ramayana, the first Poem, and the Mahabharata, of which the Bengali says: "What is not in the Mahabharata is not to be found in the land of the Bharatas."

The Srimad Bhagavad Gita contains the collection of Spiritual Truths which are the meat of the contents of the Mahabharata and, in fact, the Bhagavad Gita is the epitome of all the Vedas and Upanishads.

It forms eighteen chapters of the Mahabharata which is itself composed of one hundred thousand stanzas.

The subject is the Discourse of Sri Krishna, the Teacher, and Arjuna his disciple.

The scene of action is the country of the Kurus, of which Hastinapura (now Delhi, in the valley of the Ganges) was the ancient capital.

The high spiritual truths contained therein have never been excelled, either in comprehensiveness, or in their sequence of orderly statement, and, therefore, form an unusual model or standard to be observed in the battlefield of life, as they contain a parallel for each step of spiritual unfoldment.

The Srimad Bhagavad Gita occurs in the Bishma Parva of the Mahabharata and comprises eighteen chapters from the twenty-fifth to the forty-second. In the Bhagavad Gita the battle of Life is depicted with wonderful imagery, personifying the apparent battle of good and evil in individual man as well as in the Universe.

Man (personified by Arjuna) is fighting delusion which must be overcome in order to attain to his real nature which is divine. This realization is man's divine inheritance.

Through long habit we have become so attached to these delusions and superstitions that we find it difficult to dehypnotize ourselves from them.

The Bhagavad Gita presents us with parallels for all the different stages of consciousness along the ladder of our evolution in spiritual unfoldment.

BHAGAVAD GITA

(The Divine Ode)

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Bhagavad means Lord, Gita means Way, Srimad means Holy, hence The Holy Way of the Lord.

Bharata, the Sanskrit name of ancient India.

Mahabharata means Great India.

Ramayana—The story of Rama.

Veda—means Wisdom.

Upanishad—means Knowledge attained at the feet of the Master. Some Upanishads were also called "Aranyakas"—Forrest books.

Kurus—The word in Sanskrit has four distinct meanings according to the age in which it was used. (1) The land of the most northern quarter of the world. (2) Then it was used for the most northern of the Nine Varshas or countries known at a later period. (3) The Kurus themselves derived the name Kuru who was supposed to have been their remote ancestor. (4) Lastly, it designates an Aryan tribe of sufficient importance to disturb the whole of Northern India.

Kurukshetra—Kshetra in Sanskrit means field, hence field or plain of the Kurus.

Dhritarashtra—The old blind King (born blind), father of the two branches of the Kurus, the Kauravas and Pandavas, contending for the throne of the Kurus.

Sanjaya—A sage Dewan (Prime Minister) of Dhritarashtra, to whom was attributed Clairvoyance, and told the blind king all that was happening, at a distance, on the field of Kurukshetra between the contending armies, of his son Duryodhana, who led the Kauravas and Arjuna who led the Pandavas.

Dhritarashtra spoke:—

What did my sons and those of Pandu do, assembled on the holy plain of Kurukshetra, eager to fight?

Sanjaya spoke:—

King Duryodhana, beholding the army of Pandu's sons, arrayed, approached the Preceptor (Drona) and spoke these words:

According to Aryan law Dhritarashtra being born blind could not actively rule but was entitled to sustenance only. His evil-minded son Duryodhana by all sorts of foul means tried to usurp the throne rightfully belonging to Pandu's son Arjuna. Pandu was Dhritarashtra's brother and legally the heir according to Aryan law, owing to Dhritarashtra's physical disability.

Sanjaya's words evidently hint to the old king, Duryodhana's fear as he turns to his Preceptor (teacher, one who is regarded as a spiritual father) instead of to the commander in chief, as a child in its fright would run to its parents in preference to others.

Duryodhana, as a scorpion would sting even him whose protection he sought, to be free from fear, insults his spiritual teacher. His meaning in plain words is this: Just think of your stupidity in teaching military science to the son of Drupada and to the sons of Pandu. They are now arrayed to kill you.

Undecaying One and Hrishikesa are names of Sri Krishna indicating 1. (Achyuta) the changeless (one who has control over his lower nature, the transient); 2. Lord of the Senses.

Gudakesa and son of Pritha are names of Arjuna indicating his prowess and his royal lineage. Kunti was Arjuna's mother.

Being vassals of the, then in power, usurper Duryodhana, Arjuna sees relatives and friends forced to arms to fight against him and becomes sick at heart and unwilling to fight.

Science of Brahma—"Brahma" is the personification of Brahman—which means—The Supreme. Also known as Brahma Vidya, which means the Science of the Infinite, which sees the Absolute Unity of Life in and through the multiplicity of forms, whereof what is called the organic

Unity of nature is only the Expression. It sees the One Self in the central heart of all things, radiating from that one heart and the purpose of this great and true vision is the fulfilment of that deepest, that infinite need of the human being—The Peace of Mind that arises out of freedom from doubts and consequent sorrows, out of the eternal assurance of deathless self-dependence.

Yoga means "Union." It comes from the same Sanskrit root from which our English word "yoke" is derived—that is, Yoga means Union with God or God Consciousness.

The first Discourse of the Bhagavad Gita is mainly introductory. It introduces us to the scene of action and the *Dramatis Personae*. In the Second Discourse we are introduced to the "Sankhya Yoga." The Second Book constitutes the Book of Precepts, sometimes called the Way of Knowledge.

Three Worlds in Sanskrit "Triloki" refers to the idea that the *Anu* (Atoms) of the substance of the earth vibrate in three great degrees classified by their being dominated by the three great forces in nature, Earth, Fire and Water.

"See, O Master, this mighty army of Pandu's sons, arranged in battle-array by the son of Dripada, thy thoughtful disciple.
(3)

(The fourth to the twentieth verses contain a minute description of the two armies and its principal heroes.)

Heroes of mighty bows there are here—equal to Bhima and Arjuna in battle — Yuyudhana and Virata, and Drupada, the mighty Car-warrior. (4)

Dhrishtaketu and Chekitana, and the powerful king of Kasi, Purujit and Kuntibhoja and Si-vi's son, that prince of men. (5)

The valiant Yudhamanyu and the brave Uttamaudah; the son of Subhadra and the sons of Draupadi — all mighty car-warriors. (6)

Now hear, O best of Brahman, who are the distinguished men amongst us, the leaders of my army—I will mention them to thee for information: (7)

Thyself, and Bhishma and Karna and Kripa, victorious in war; Assatthama and Vikarna, and also the son of Somadatta. (8)

And many other heroes who have for my sake resolved to abandon their lives — fighting with diverse arms, all versed in war. (9)

That force of ours, protected by Bhishma, is insufficient; but sufficient is this force of theirs, protected by Bhima. (10)

Do you all, posted to your respective divisions, at all the entrances of the phalanx, carefully protect Bhishma." (11)

The Grand-Father of awful prowess, the eldest of the Kurus, in order to gladden his spirits, shouted forth the lion's roar, and loudly blew his conch shell. (12)

(Car warriors) The Sanskrit word great-charioted signifies one who is well versed in military science and commands eleven thousand bow-men.

Brahman—Highest caste. Originally custodian and conservator of Brahma Vidya (Knowledge of Brahman, i. e., Highest Knowledge).

In ancient Indian warfare, one commanding a force had for his mainstay a defender about him whose position was no less important. Here are given the names of the chief defenders.

Not only does Bishma begin the fight by the blowing out of the conch-shell but the penetrating intelligence of the grandfather seeks to cover the cowardly fear of his grandson Duryodhana, thus stimulating him to action.

Then sankhas (conch shells), and bheris (kettle-drums), panavas (drums) and gomukhas (cowhorns) were sounded, all of a sudden; and that uproar was tumultuous. (13)

Then Madhava (Krishna) and Pandava (Arjuna), seated in a huge chariot drawn by (four) white horses, blew their celestial conch shells. (14)

Hrishikesa (Krishna) blew the Panchajanya, and Dhananjaya the Devadatta (God-given), and Vrikodara of terrific deeds blew the huge conch shell named Paundra. (15)

King Yudhishthira, son of Kunti, (blew the conch named) the Ever Victorious, and Nakula and Sahadeva, the Sughosha (Loud-Sounding) and Mani-pushpaka (Gem-flowered). (16)

The monarch of Kasi, wielding the great bow; Sikhandi, the great warrior; Dhrishtadyumna, Virata and Satyaki, the unconquered; (17)

Drupada and all the sons of Draupadi, O Lord of the Earth; and Subhadra's son too of the strong arms, blew their conches each and all. (18)

That tumultuous uproar, resounding through heaven and earth, rent the hearts of Dhritarashtra's sons. (19)

Then the son of Pandu, whose banner beareth the ensign of the monkey, beholding the sons of Dhritarashtra ready, when the arrowy shower had begun, raising his bow, (20)

Krishna is here called Madhava (The Lord of Fortune).

Krishna is here called Hrishikesa (The Lord of the Senses).

Panchajanya (Arjuna) means Victor of Wealth.

Dhananjaya (Devadatta) God-given Vrikodara (Blew the Large Conch named Paundra).

Ever Victorious (Anantavijaya), Loud Sounding (Sughosha), Gem-flowered (Manipushpaka).

Lord of Earth (Dhritarashtra).

The figures of speech used in the 14 to the 19 verses tend to show the superiority of the Pandavas and the impending defeat of Dhritarashtra's party.

Addressed these words, O Lord of Earth, to Hrishikesa—

Arjuna spoke:—

Place my chariot, Undecaying One, (to Sri Krishna acting as his Charioteer) between the two armies, (21)

While I observe those that stand here longing for battle, and see with whom I have to combat in this enterprise of war. (22)

I will see those assembled here, that will fight, with the desire of gratifying in war Dhritarashtra's evil-minded son (Duryodhana). (23)

Sanjaya spoke:—

O descendant of Bharata, Hrishikesa (Sri Krishna) thus addressed by Gudakesa (Arjuna), drawing up that best of chariots in the midst of the two armies, (24)

In front of Bishma and Drona and all the princes of the earth, said:—"Behold, son of Pritha, yon Kurus drawn together." (25)

There the son of Pritha (Arjuna) beheld fathers and grandfathers and preceptors and maternal uncles, brothers and sons, grandsons and dear friends, (26)

Fathers-in-law and well-wishers, arrayed in both the armies. Beholding all those kinsmen assembled, the son of Kunti (Arjuna), (27)

Filled with deep compassion, thus spoke desponding:—

Arjuna spoke:—

Seeing these kinsmen, O Krishna, present here, ready to fight, (28)

Hrishikesa (The Lord of the Senses).

Here a change comes over Arjuna and he is filled with war spirit.

Undecaying One (Achyuta) the changeless Krishna.

Impatient to see who his adversaries are.

Descendant of King Bharata (Dhritarashtra).

Arjuna is here called the Conqueror of Sleep.

Kunti is sometimes called Pritha the wife of Pandu, the Mother of Arjuna.

My limbs give way and my
mouth is dried up, there is a
tremor in my body and my hair
standeth on end, (29)

The Gandiva slippeth from
my hand and my skin is burning;
I am unable to sit upright and
my mind is as it were in a whirl.
(30)

I behold inauspicious omens
and I foresee no good from kill-
ing my own kindred in war. (31)

I desire not victory, O Krish-
na, nor kingdom, nor pleasures.
What need have we of kingdom,
of enjoyments, nay of life itself?
(32)

Those for whose sake we de-
sire kingdom, enjoyments and
comforts, here stand in battle,
ready to cast away their lives
and riches— (33)

Preceptors, fathers, sons and
grandfathers, maternal uncles,
fathers-in-law, and allies. (34)

Even though they slay me, I
wish not to strike them, even for
the sake of sovereignty over the
triple world, far less for domin-
ion in earth. (35)

What joy can come to us, hav-
ing killed the sons of Dhritar-
ashtra? Sin only shall we incur
by killing these felons. (36)

So it is not for us to slay the
sons of Dhritarashtra, our own
kinsmen. How can we be happy,
having slain our own kindred?
(37)

Though they with hearts dead-
ened with avarice, see not the
evil that will come from the de-
struction of families and the sin
of slaying friends. (38)

Gandiva (Arjuna's great bow).

Krishna is here called: Govinda.
The presider over and the knower of
the senses.

Here Arjuna addresses Sri Krishna
as (O Madhusudana) that is slayer
of the demoniac) in the original
sanskrit.

Sovereignty over the triple world.
Earth, intermediate and celestial.

Why should we not learn to refrain from this sin, seeing as we do, the evil to come from the destruction of families? (39)

The ancient duties of a household are destroyed when there is destruction in a family; duty destroyed, unrighteousness predominateth in the whole household, (40)

And from the predominance of unrighteousness, the women of the family are corrupted, and women being corrupted, a mixture of castes is brought about. (41)

Confusion of castes is a gate to hell for those who kill their tribe as well as for the tribe itself, since the manes of their ancestors, losing the offerings of funeral cake and water, fall from heaven. (42)

From these crimes of those who kill their tribe, leading to a confusion of castes, the duties of caste are uprooted and the eternal duties of household. (43)

Those men whose household duties are demolished are certainly doomed to dwell in hell—so have we been taught. (44)

Alas! we are about to perpetrate a great crime, since for the desire for the pleasures of royalty, we are ready to slay our own kinsmen. (45)

Happier would it be for me, if the sons of Dhritarashtra, with weapons in their hands, should in the field slay me unarmed and unresisting. (46)

Details in the Laws of Manu, differ according to time and place. See Vedic, Upanishadic, Puranic versions as well as Bhagavan Das' Science of Social Evolution.

Outstanding example of adherence of these laws are found in the history of the Rajputs. See Romesh Chunder Dutt's Civilization of Ancient India.

The Mahabharata from which the Bhagavad Gita is taken is a wonderful didactic poem. The name comes from a sanskrit word signifying: "The Great Epic of the Bharatas." "Bharata" is the Sanskrit name of The Ancient Aryan Empire which is now called India by Europeans. The Mahabharata contains one hundred thousand slokas or verses, that is to say, two hundred thousand syllables each. It is about seven times as long as the Illiad and Odyssey of the Greeks combined.

As the Old Testament of the Jews represented not only history and law, poetry and allegory, it formed quasi a Jewish Encyclopaedia, which can also be said of the Mahabharata which is a wonderful compilation, giving a vivid picture of the Ancient Civilization of India, its manners, customs and spiritual Life.

Sanjaya spoke:—

Thus having spoken, Arjuna,
in the battle-field, sat down in
his chariot, abandoning his bow
and arrows, his heart distressed
with grief. (47)

Thus ends the first discourse, entitled, "THE DESPONDENCY OF ARJUNA," in THE HOLY ODE OF THE DIVINITY, the ESSENCE OF SPIRITUAL WISDOM, THE SCIENCE OF BRAHMA, THE SYSTEM OF YOGA, this Dialogue between Sri KRISHNA and Arjuna.

From Wisdom and Destiny

There are times when deep thought is no more than merely fictitious consciousness; but an act of charity, the heroic duty fulfilled—these are true consciousness; in other words, happiness in action. The happiness of Marcus Aurelius, who condones a mortal affront; of Washington, giving up power when he feared that his glory was leading his people astray—the happiness of these will differ by far from that of some mean-souled, venomous creature who might, (if such a thing may be assumed), by mere chance have discovered some extraordinary natural law. Long is the road that leads from the satisfied brain to the heart at rest, and only such joys will flourish there as are proof against winter's storms. Happiness is a plant that thrives far more readily in moral than in intellectual life. Consciousness—the consciousness of happiness above all—will not choose the intellect as a hiding place for the treasure it holds most dear. For ourselves, a truth only lives from the moment it modifies, purifies, sweetens something we have in our Soul.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

SAYINGS

Rabindranath Tagore

It is only those who have known that joy expresses itself through law who have learned to transcend the law. Not that the bonds of law have ceased to exist for them—but that the bonds have become to them the form of freedom incarnate. The freed Soul delights in accepting bonds, and does not seek to evade any of them, for in each does it feel the manifestation of an infinite energy whose joy is in creation.

Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa

Remain always strong and steadfast in thine own faith, but avoid bigotry and intolerance. Be not like the frog in the well, who knows of nothing grander than his little well. So are all bigots; they do not see anything greater than their special creed. As you rest firmly on your own faith and opinion, allow others also the same liberty.

Jacob Boehme

The Soul needeth no other birth than turning toward God, and an entering into Him. As soon as the centre of all being is apprehended, there ariseth a joy in the heart that surpasseth all other.

Plotinus

Strive to bring the God that is in us to the God that is in All.

Philo of Alexandria

When, therefore, the Soul is shone upon by God as if at noon-day and when it is wholly and entirely filled with that light which is appreciable only by its brilliancy, the Soul is free from all shade of darkness.

Epictetus

If what philosophers say of the kindred between God and man be true, what has anyone to do, but like Socrates, when he is asked what countryman he is, never to say that he is a citizen of Athens or of Corinth but of the World? . . . Why may not he who understands the administration of the world, and has learned that the greatest and most comprehensive of all things is this system composed of men and God and that from Him the seeds of being are descended, not only to my father and grandfather but to all beings that are produced and born on earth; and especially to rational natures, as they alone are qualified to partake of communion with the Deity, being connected with Him by understanding. Why may not such a one call himself a citizen of the world? Why not a Son of God?

Hermes Trismegistus

Then in this way know God, as having himself as thoughts the whole Kosmos itself. If, then, thou dost not make thyself like unto God, thou canst not know Him. For like is knowable to like alone. Make, then, thyself to grow to the same stature as the greatness which transcends all measure; leap forth from everybody; transcend all time; become eternity and thus shalt thou know God.

Vivekananda

To re-establish religion there come great teachers of humanity suited to the times and society. Call them what you will, it matters little. They reveal each in his life the ideal. Then bye and bye shapes are moulded in their matrices. Men are made. Gradually sects arise and are spread. As time goes on, these sects degenerate, and similar reformers come again, this has been the law, flowing in uninterrupted succession, like a current, down through the ages.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

The favor of the climate, making subsistence easy and encouraging an outdoor life, allows to the Eastern nations a highly intellectual organization—leaving out of view, at present, the genius of the Hindus (more Oriental in every sense) whom no people has surpassed in the grandeur of their ethical statement.

Rig Veda

That which exists is One; wise men call It by various names.

Isha Upanishad

The infinite and eternal truth pervades the whole universe if the visible be taken away, that which will be left is the infinite.

Bhagavad Gita

They attain to the Blessed Life who have ceased to be wicked, whose doubts are cut asunder, senses are controlled, and hearts are undisturbed by desire and passion; who love to do good to all creatures, who have realized the Truth, and whose inner self is molted to the Divine Self.

APHORISMS

Do you want a job? Then be prepared to sell the best that is in you, to the man or concern who needs it the most. Sell yourself as you truly are in the market place at the top market price and remember that so soon as you want to work for the sake of doing good work as much as for the sake of the wages, the pay will take care of itself and of you too.

You can rule your stars just as well as you can have them rule you. It is the same with all of your forces—direct them wisely or they will drive you unwisely. If you do not use the will for your own way, somebody else will use it for you to their ends and not yours. He who will not be his own master must, perforce, be the slave of others.

Want is the illusion which spurs us on until we are fed and clothed by the Reality; Death is the mask which knowledge tears from the laughing eyes of life.

Our good thoughts are wings which will let us fly from anywhere we now are to anywhere we wish to be. If you would "mount up on the wings of eagles," seek the exalted realms of thought.

Walk apart from men in the garden of the Soul if you would find your City of Dreams, for the dream will become a blissful Reality to him who challenges the appearance with his thought.

We all have a birthday to remind us that we never can die, and a funeral to remind us that we never were born. Life is Forever, and neither a year nor a hundred years can add anything to Forever or take anything from it.

HENRY CHRISTEEN WARNACK.

THE LITTLE CARES THAT FRETTED ME

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday among the fields above the sea.
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
 The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
 The humming of the bees,
The foolish fears of what may happen
 I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
 Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
 Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
 Out in the fields with God.

ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING.

POETS AND CRITICS

This thing, and that is the rage,
Helter-skelter runs the age;
Minds on this round earth of ours
Vary like the leaves and flowers,
 Fashioned after certain laws;
Sing thou low or loud or sweet,
All at all points thou canst not meet,
 Some will pass and some will pause.
What is true at last will tell:
Few at first will place thee well;
Some too low would have thee shine,
Some too high—no fault of thine—
 Hold thine own, and work thy will!
Year will graze the heel of year,
But seldom comes the poet here,
 And the Critics rarer still.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

**FROM SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S
LIGHT OF ASIA**

I, Buddh, who wept with all my brother's tears,
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!
Ho, ye who suffer! Know

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony.

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

This is its work upon the things ye see:
The unseen things are more; men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills,
Those, too, the great Law binds.

It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs
Times are as naught, to-morrow it will judge,
Times are as naught, tomorrow it will judge,
Or after many days.

By this the slayer's life did stab himself;
The unjust judge hath lost his own defender;
The false tongue dooms its lie; the creeping thief
And spoiler rob, to render.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

I YIELD THEE ALL!*Maud Fletcher Galigher*

- I have the strength to yield Thee every honor, glory, power
that heaven or earth has showered upon me;
- I resign Thee, of my own free will, the laws that I have
framed the plans that I have made, the memories I have
cherished, the wishes and hopes my heart has held;
- I return Thee all that I have raised or loved above, beyond
the rest;
- I surrender Thee the pride of intellect and beauty I have
thought my own;
- I concede Thee every point of seeming difference, the lines
that I have drawn, the judgments, prejudices, opinions that
I have allowed to separate me from any living thing;
- I give up to Thee measures, full or scant, with which I have
portioned to Thee measures, full or scant, with which I have
happiness;
- I cast before Thee the scales with which I have weighed
truth, justice, loyalty (or their opposites) to any man;
- I yield Thee all!

THE GREAT KEY

Do you want the key to all doors, the key that turns to every man's hand if he lays hands upon it in the faith it is given and uses it in the light? First of all, then, learn to hear, see, feel, think and breathe as Spirit directs, forget all you ever thought self to be, cease all speculation as to what Spirit may be and know it only as that which is and must be. Then, whichever one of the faculties first responds to the impulse to express any phase of Mind, on that faculty fix the attention of all others, that their force, which is the whole of self's mechanics, may be centered in the workman's chosen tool. Thereafter be content to wait for such pure leading that no thing apart may enter its refinement, transfixing faculty, as by pure attention expression is complete. This is that key to first response and to experience that transcends expression as workmen of content.

HENRY CHRISTEEN WARNACK.

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The Over-Soul

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Vol. I.

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*"I do not trouble my spirit
to vindicate itself or be understood.
I see that the elementary laws
never apologize."*

—WALT WHITMAN.

THE RENAISSANCE MOVEMENT

Concomitant with all this social and commercial distress troubling all the world at this time, a very apparent spiritual awakening is discernible; in Central Europe as well as in England, in Asia Minor as well as in India, in Australia as well as in many parts of the United States, but particularly noticeable in Southern California.

Dr. Rudolph Steiner's Anthroposophical Congress in Vienna, Gerhart Hauptman's report of spiritual awakening (See Hearst's International for October), Steiner and similar activities in London, Calve's recent article in the Saturday Evening Post of September 9th, the Foothill Philosopher's significant articles in the Los Angeles Times during the latter part of October, and myriads of others show that the tendency the world over is towards an attempt, more than passing, towards higher thought, according to the tendencies of particular groups and environments.

It will be the aim of Broadcast in the November number and subsequent issues to link up and correlate as far as possible, in the limited space at its disposal, all these different attempts or presentations of the higher Truth in whatever garb they may appear, ancient or modern, with the sincere hope that thousands may be benefited by them in this form as more accessible than would be possible in any other way.

THE EDITORS.

THE MISSION OF REAL RELIGION *is that of binding together the human family rather than accentuating the apparent separation of its groups.*

"You know that there are various grades of mind. You may be a matter-of-fact, common-sense rationalist; you do not care for forms and ceremonies, you want intellectual, hard, ringing facts and they alone will satisfy you. Then there are the Puritans, who will not allow a picture or a statue in their place of worship. Very well! But there is another man who is very artistic. He wants a great deal of art,—beauty of lines and curves, the colors, flowers, forms; he wants candles, lights and all the insignia and paraphernalia of ritual, that he may see God. His mind takes God in those forms, as yours takes it through the intellect. Then, there is the devotional man, whose soul is crying for God; he has no other idea but the worship of God, and to praise Him. Then again, there is the Philosopher, standing outside of these, mocking at them. He thinks what nonsense they are! What ideas about God!

"They may laugh at each other, but each one has a place in this world. All these various minds, all these various types are necessary. If there is ever going to be an ideal religion, it must be broad and large enough to supply food for all these minds. It must supply the strength of philosophy to the philosopher, the devotee's heart to the worshipper; to the ritualist, it will give all the most marvelous symbolism can convey; to the poet, it will give as much of heart as he can take in, and other things besides. To make such a broad religion, we shall have to go back to the time when religions began and take them all in.

"Our watchword, then, will be acceptance and not exclusion. Not only toleration, for so-called toleration is often blasphemy and I do not believe in it. I believe in acceptance. Why should I tolerate? Toleration means that I think that you are wrong and I am just allowing you to live. Is it not blasphemy to think that you and I are allowing others to live! I accept all religions that are in the past, and worship with them all; I worship God with every one of them, in whatever form they worship Him. I shall go to the Mosque of the Mohammedan; I shall enter the Christian's Church and kneel before the Crucifix; I shall enter the Buddhistic Temple, where I shall take refuge in Buddha and his law. I shall go to the forest and sit down in meditation with the Hindu, who

is trying to see the Light which enlightens the heart of every one.

“Not only shall I do all these but I shall keep my heart open for all that may come in the future. Is God’s book finished? or is it still a continuous revelation, going on? It is a marvelous book,—these Spiritual Revelations of the world. The Bible, the Vedas, the Koran and all other sacred books, are but so many pages, and an infinite number of pages remain yet to be unfolded. I will leave it open for all of them. We stand in the present, but open ourselves to the infinite future. We take in all that has been in the past, enjoy the light of the present, and to all that are to come in the future.”

—VIVEKANANDA.

*Around the man who seeks a noble end,
Not angels but divinities attend.*

—EMERSON.

*For thought, and not praise;
Thought is wages
For which I sell days,
Will gladly sell ages
And willing grow old
Deaf and dumb and blind and cold,
Melting matter into dreams,
Panoramas which I saw
And whatever glows or seems
Into substance, into Law.*

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From the Sayings of

SRI RAMAKRISHNA PARAMAHANSA

God is in all men but all men are not in God; that is the reason why they suffer.

So long as the heart of man is directed towards God, he cannot be lost in the ocean of worldliness.

You see many stars at night in the sky but find them not when the sun rises: can you say that there are no stars in the heaven of day? So, O man! because you behold not God in the days of your ignorance, say not that there is no God.

As one and the same material, water is called by different names by different peoples, one calling it water, another "eau," a third "aqua," and another "pani," so one Sat-chit-ananda, the everlasting-Intelligent-Bliss, is invoked by some as "Allah," by some as "Jehovah," by some as "Hari" and by others as "Brahman."

In a potter's shop there are vessels of different shapes and forms,—pots, jars, dishes, etc., but all are made of one clay. So God is one, but is worshipped in different ages and in different climes under different names and aspects.

Different creeds are but different paths to reach the Almighty. Various and different are the ways that lead to the temple of Mother Kali at Kalighat (near Calcutta).

Similarly, various are the ways that lead to the house of the Lord. Every religion is nothing but one of such paths that lead to God.

What is the nature of the union of the human soul and the Supreme Spirit?

It is like the union of the hour and minute hands at twelve o'clock.

Eternal Truths Still the World's Inspiration

(From the Los Angeles Times, October 15, 1922)

Words, spoken or written, are the most powerful agencies at the disposal of man, whether he wishes to start a war or to redeem a world. The words of the famous spiritual leaders of the human race, including the sayings of the Master who was born in a manger, were uttered with the accompaniment of such fire and wisdom and love that they blazed broad paths of light and beauty as they traveled down the centuries. If, at times, the prophets of the great God have uttered bitter words, it has been in denunciation of those forces which seem forever striving to hinder man's happiness.

—JAMES M. WARNACK.

ALONE?

A Study for the Silence

Alone?

In a Universe of vastness

Not e'en the "Unknown Tongue" could say

How great;

No height, no depth,

No width, or aught beside

Unlimitableness.

Infiniteness

But feebly tells such vast extent

Where end is not.

By countless, endless myriads

On each and every side

As one,

Surrounded.

No past that e'er has been,

And future ne'er to come.

"That which hath been is now;

And that which is to be hath already been;

And God requireth that which is past." Eccl. 3:15.

Before man was—'twas so,

Since man was not—'tis so:

The all is all

Unalterable and unchangeable,

Indivisible

It ever stands.

Alpha and Omega nor yet explains

A beginning that was not,

An ending that is not:

It was—it is—

It evermore shall so remain.

"And the rain descended, and the floods came,

And the winds blew, and beat upon that house,

And it fell not:

For it was founded upon the rock." Matthew 7:25.

Out of thy deadly swoon

Adam and Eve

Come forth.

"Ye might have life, if ye came to me." John 5:40.

Death can but ill devise

The dream—the myth—the man;

The planet bubble—

Burst ere it is reached.

"Departed as a scroll when it is rolled together." Rev. 6:14.

As

"Heaven and earth shall pass away." Matthew 24:35.

"And the rain descended, and the floods came,

And the winds blew, and beat upon that house,

And it fell:

And great was the fall of it." Matthew 7:27.

Where now thy might—oh! man?

What of thine intellect?

"I beheld the earth, and, lo, it was without form, and void;

And the heavens, and they had no light.

I beheld the mountains, and, lo, they trembled,

And all the hills shook,

I beheld, and lo, there was no man,

And all the birds of the heavens were fled." Jeremiah 4:23-25.

The night was far spent.

"Lo, the fruitful place was a wilderness,

And all the cities thereof were broken down." Jeremiah 4:26.

Not e'en the cross remained.

The presence of the Lord was there.

"The light shineth in darkness;

And the darkness comprehended it not." John 1:5.

"Because I tell you the truth,

Ye believe me not." John 8:45.

Awake! Prepare!

"My time is not yet come,

But your time is always ready." John 7:6.

This is the hour;

Why hesitate? Why ask a sign?

*"Of that day and hour knoweth no one,
No, not even the angels of heaven,
But my Father only."* Matthew 24:36.

How grand is God?

*"In my Father's house are many mansions,
I go to prepare a place for you."* John 14:2.

How wonderful the Father?

Omnipresent life,

Law omnipotent,

Omnipotent love.

*"O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?"* I Corinthians 15:55.

Alone?

Where all is light.

*"I am come a light into the world,
That whosoever believeth on me
Should not abide in darkness."* John 12:46.

Alone?

Where all is life.

Alone?

Where all is love, peace, harmony and joy.

Alone?

With all—with everything and more.

Alone?

God.

—AMOS CAMPBELL.

THE OVER-SOUL

Ralph Waldo Emerson

*"But souls that of his own good life partake,
He loves as his own self; dear as his eye
They are to Him; He'll never them forsake;
When they shall die, then God himself shall die;
They live, they live in blest eternity."*

—HENRY MORE.

There is a difference between one and another hour of life, in their authority and their subsequent effect. Our faith comes in moments: our vice is habitual. Yet is there a depth in those brief moments, which constrains us to ascribe more reality to them than to all other experiences. For this reason, the argument, which is always forthcoming to silence those who conceive extraordinary hopes of man, namely, the appeal to experience, is forever invalid and vain. A mightier hope abolishes despair. We give up the past to the objector, and yet we hope. He must explain this hope. We grant that human life is mean; but how did we find out that it was mean? What is the ground for this uneasiness of ours; of this old discontent? What is the universal sense of want and ignorance, but the fine inuendo by which the great soul makes its enormous claim? Why do men feel that the natural history of man has never been written, but always he is leaving behind what you have said of him, and it becomes old, and books of metaphysics worthless? The philosophy of six thousand years has not searched the chambers and magazines of the soul. In its experiments there has always remained, in the last analysis, a residuum it could not resolve. Man is a stream whose source is hidden. Always our being is descending into us from we know not whence. The most exact calculator has no prescience that somewhat incalculable may not balk the very next moment. I am constrained every moment to acknowledge a higher origin of events than the will I call mine.

As with events, so it is with thoughts. When I watch that flowing river which, out of regions I see not, pours for a season its streams into me,—I see that I am a pensioner,—not a cause, but a surprised spectator of this ethereal water; that I

desire and look up, and put myself in the attitude of reception, but for some alien energy the visions come.

The Supreme Critic on all the errors of the past and the present, and the only prophet of that which must be, is that great nature in which we rest, as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere; that Unity, that Over-Soul, within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other; that common heart, of which all sincere conversation is the worship, to which all right action is submission; that overpowering reality which confutes our tricks and talents, and constrains everyone to pass for what he is, and to speak from his character and not from his tongue; and which evermore tends and aims to pass into our thought and hand, and become wisdom, and virtue, and power, and beauty. We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal One. And this deep power in which we exist, and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour, but the act of seeing, and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one. We see the world piece by piece, as the sun, the moon, the animal, the tree; but the whole, of which these are the shining parts, is the soul. It is only by the vision of that Wisdom, that the horoscope of the ages can be read, and it is only by falling back on our better thoughts, by yielding to the spirit of prophecy which is innate in every man, that we can know what it saith. Every man's words, who speaks from that life, must sound vain to those who do not dwell in the same thought on their own part.

I dare not speak of it. My words do not carry its august sense; they fall short and cold. Only itself can inspire whom it will, and behold! their speech shall be lyrical, and sweet, and universal as the rising of the wind. Yet I desire, even by profane words, if sacred I may not use, to indicate the heaven of this deity and to report what hints I have collected of the transcendent simplicity and energy of the Highest Law.

If we consider what happens in conversation, in reveries, in remorse, in times of passion, in surprises, in the instructions of dreams, wherein often we see ourselves in masquerade,—the droll disguises only magnifying and enhancing a real element and forcing it on our distinct notice,—we shall catch

many hints that will broaden and lighten into knowledge of the secret of nature. All goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; is not a function, like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison,—but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will; is the vast background of our being, in which they lie,—an immensity not possessed and that cannot be possessed. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all. A man is the facade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide. What we commonly call man, the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect, but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend. When it breathes through his intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love. And the blindness of the intellect begins when it would be something of itself. The weakness of the will begins when the individual would be something of himself. All reform aims in some one particular to let the great soul have its way through us; in other words, to engage us to obey.

Of this pure nature man is at some time sensible. Language cannot paint it with his colors. It is too subtle. It is undefinable, unmeasurable; but we know that it pervades and contains us. We know that all spiritual being is in man. A wise old proverb says, "God comes to see us without bell;" that is, as there is no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so is there no bar or wall in the soul, where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause begins. The walls are taken away. We lie open on one side to the deeps of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God. Justice we see and know, Love, Freedom, Power. These natures no man ever got above, but always they tower over us, and most in the moment when our interests tempt us to wound them.

The sovereignty of this nature whereof we speak is made known by its independency of those limitations which circumscribe us on every hand. The soul circumscribeth all things. As I have said, it contradicts all experience. In like manner it abolishes time and space. The influence of the senses has in

most men overpowered the mind to that degree that the walls of time and space have come to look solid, real and insurmountable; and to speak with levity of these limits is, in the world, the sign of insanity. Yet time and space are but inverse measures of the forces of the soul. A man is capable of abolishing them both. The spirit sports with time—

“Can crowd eternity into an hour,
Or stretch an hour to eternity.”

We are often made to feel that there is another youth and age than that which is measured from the year of our natural birth. Some thoughts always find us young, and keep us so. Such a thought is the love of the universal and eternal beauty. Every man parts from that contemplation with the feeling that it rather belongs to ages than to mortal life.

The least activity of the intellectual powers redeems us in a degree from the influences of time. In sickness, in languor, give us a strain of poetry or a profound sentence, and we are refreshed; or produce a volume of Plato or Shakespeare, or remind us of their names, and instantly we come into a feeling of longevity. We see how the deep divine thought demolishes centuries and milleniums, and makes itself present through all ages. Is the teaching of Christ less effective now than it was when first His mouth was opened? The emphasis of facts and persons to my soul has nothing to do with time. And so always the soul's scale is one, the scale of the senses and the understanding is another. Before the great revelations of the soul, Time, Space and Nature shrink away. In common things we refer all things to time, as we habitually refer the immensely sundered stars to one concave sphere. And so we say that the Judgment is distant or near, that the Millenium approaches, that a day of certain political, moral, social reforms is at hand, and the like, when we mean that in the nature of things one of the facts we contemplate is external and fugitive, and the other is permanent and conate with the soul. The things we now esteem fixed shall, one by one, detach themselves like ripe fruit from our experience, and fall. The wind shall blow them none knows whither. The landscape, the figures, Boston, London, are facts as fugitive as any institution past, or any whiff of mist or smoke, and so is society, and so is the world. The soul looketh steadily forward, creating a world always before her, leaving worlds always behind her. She has no dates, nor rites,

nor persons, nor specialties, nor men. The soul knows only the soul; all else is idle weeds for her wearing.

After its own law and not by arithmetic is the rate of its progress to be computed. The soul's advances are not made by gradation, such as can be represented by motion in a straight line, but rather by ascension of state, such as can be represented by metamorphosis,—from the egg to the worm, from the worm to the fly. The growths of genius are of a certain *total* character, that does not advance the elect individual first over John, then Adam, then Richard, and give to each the pain of discovered inferiority, but by every throe of growth the man expands there where he works, passing, at each pulsation, classes, populations of men. With each divine impulse the mind rends the thin rinds of the visible and finite, and comes out into eternity, and inspires and expires its air. It converses with truths that have always been spoken in the world, and becomes conscious of a closer sympathy with Zeno and Arrian than with persons in the house.

This is the law of moral and of mental gain. The simple rise as by specific levity not into a particular virtue, but into the region of all the virtues. They are in the spirit which contains them all. The soul is superior to all the particulars of merit. The soul requires purity, but purity is not it; requires justice, but justice is not that; requires beneficence, but is somewhat better: so that there is a kind of descent and accommodation felt when we leave speaking of moral nature to urge a virtue which it enjoins. For, to the soul in her pure action all the virtues are natural and not painfully acquired. Speak to his heart, and the man becomes suddenly virtuous.

Within the same sentiment is the germ of intellectual growth, which obeys the same law. Those who are capable of humility, of justice, of love, of aspiration, are already on a platform that commands the sciences and arts, speech and poetry, action and grace. For whoso dwells in this moral beatitude does already anticipate those special powers which men prize so highly; just as love does justice to all the gifts of the object beloved. The lover has no talent, no skill, which passes for quite something with his enamored maiden, however little she may possess of related faculty; and the heart which abandons itself to the Supreme Mind finds itself related to all its works, and will travel a royal road to particular knowledges and powers. For in ascending to this primary

and aboriginal sentiment we have come from our remote station on the circumference instantaneously to the centre of the world, where, as in the closet of God, we see causes, and anticipate the universe, which is but a slow effect.

One mode of the divine teaching is the incarnation of the spirit in a form,—in forms, like my own. I live in society; with persons who answer to thoughts in my own mind, or outwardly express a certain obedience to the great instincts to which I live. I see its presence to them. I am certified of a common nature; and so these other souls, these separated selves, draw me as nothing else can. They stir in me the new emotions we call passion; of love, hatred, fear, admiration, pity; thence come conversation, competition, persuasion, cities and war. Persons are supplementary to the primary teaching of the soul. In youth we are mad for persons. Childhood and youth see all the world in them. But the larger experience of man discovers the identical nature appearing through them all. Persons themselves acquaint us with the impersonals. In all conversation between two persons tacit reference is made, as to a third party, to a common nature. That third party or common nature is not social; it is impersonal; is God. And so in groups where debate is earnest, and especially on great questions of thought, the company become aware of their unity; aware that the thought rises to an equal height in all bosoms, that all have a spiritual property in what was said, as well as the sayer. They all wax wiser than they were. It arches over them like a temple, this unity of thought in which heart beats with nobler sense of power and duty, and thinks and acts with unusual solemnity. All are conscious of attaining to a higher self-possession. It shines for all. There is a certain wisdom of humanity which is common to the greatest men with the lowest, and which our ordinary education often labors to silence and obstruct. The mind is one, and the best minds, who love truth for its own sake, think much less of property in truth. Thankfully they accept it everywhere, and do not label or stamp it with any man's name, for it is theirs long beforehand. It is theirs from eternity. The learned and the studious of thought have no monopoly of wisdom. Their violence of direction in some degree disqualifies them to think truly.

(To Be Continued)

THE RADIOPHONE

Crown of scientific wonders, triumph of the mind of man;
Glory of all past achievements in the great Achiever's plan.
All the miracles of science ever wrought on land or sea,
All the magic of the ages are epitomized in thee!

Children of the earth, enchanted, stand and listen to thy speech,
And the intellect is staggered by thy vast, prophetic reach;
For thou speakest of the future and of things that shall be done,
As each radiant dawn discovers something new beneath the sun.

Vibrant messenger of progress, speaking with voice sublime;
Riding on the wings of ether, through the lanes of space and
time.

Rushing with resistless power over mountain, lake and lea,
Telling of the things that have been, singing of the things to be.

Trumpet voice of thought and feeling, herald of the world's
new day—

Lending new interpretation to "the Light, the Truth, the
Way."

Thou shalt be the voice of nations, speaking peace from land
to land,
And the multitudes shall listen and all hearts shall understand.

In our Father's many mansions floating through eternal space,
Kindred creatures may be waiting for a message from our race;
Dwellers on a thousand planets may know us as we are known,
Through God's medium of magic, men have named the
Radiophone.

JAMES M. WARNACK.

THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH

There is beginning to settle down upon the minds of mankind dissatisfaction for old age. We do not like to see a rose that is withered. We do not like to see a person with gray hair. We do not like to see clothes that are old. There is dissatisfaction with everything that is old. And it is creeping into the minds of men, with this dissatisfaction, that perhaps there is a release from old age. Mankind is beginning the quest for the elixir of youth.

You will remember when Gautama first saw an aged man his heart was rent in twain with the misery of that vision of a man who was aged and bent, and he asked his attendant, "Shall I, too, grow old, and shall Yasodhara also grow old?" And the answer to Gautama was: "That is the lot of every man. Every one who is born must grow old and eventually die." Then Buddha said, "If that is the allotted life of every man, how can you be happy? How can you rest satisfied in a world with personalities that will grow old? Why should I enjoy life if I am to grow old finally, in the end, die?" And he said: "Surely a God that could make man, could keep man young! Surely a God that could keep man young, if He did not, is not potent; He is not good; and if He is not good, He is not God. Therefore, I will go in quest of Truth. I will seek emancipation for mankind." And he went forth, and you have all heard the story of his quest for the elixir of youth, and for the emancipation for mankind from the liabilities of human experience.

In the ancient days they well knew that there was an elixir of youth. In the middle ages they spent their entire life looking for this elixir. They would brew herbs because they heard that the elixir came from a plant; they would search for this plant, and they would pick it at a proper time of the moon, and brew it under certain known occult conditions in their effort to produce this elixir, for it was supposed to be a *moisture* that would enable one to retain his youth and his happiness in experience, for they said as Buddha said, "If I am to grow old later, why should I enjoy life now? If I cannot keep youth, why should I have been born?"

If youth were something that could be gained in the external world, the scientists would have it. If it were something to be gained from the study of the stars, the astronomers would have it. If it were some hidden secret, the occultists

would have it. But you find them, one and all, growing old and dying finally.

Today, however, there has entered into the heart, the mind of man, a suspicion that perhaps the world is enticing one away from his conviction of the way it really is with him, and is offering him a picture, a delusion, a fallacy, a lie. And in searching the old writings you find offered the path, the way to attain the elixir of youth. The way to that attainment is love—love. If you can find one personality able to awaken love within you, real love—we do not mean that which the world calls love, but *real* love—if you can find one person who awakens within you that love, you immediately begin to be young and to look young. And we have many myths and legends of the accounts of those who, in the old days, had their youth renewed by a certain brewing in the heart of love.

In one of the old writings, The Text of Taoism, we have a chapter on the conduct for a day. The Directory for a Day, and in this is shown a path, a way to brew this elixir of youth in the heart. It is not something that is brewed from plants, it is not something that is picked under certain signs of the moon, but it is something that you should have in your own heart. It is a heart-felt, all-absorbent worship.

The world has been called a harlot, a wanton, because of its ability to entice you away, entice you into foreign paths, into paths that are not sanctioned by those who know, because the mind is easily captured by appearances in the world. So Kwang-tze has offered this little treatise on the way to brew this elixir in the heart, because it is not something that can be gained from the external; it is something that you yourselves have within yourselves.

*During the twelve hours of the day let one's thoughts be constantly fixed on absolute Purity. Where one thought (of a contrary kind) does not arise, we have what we call Purity; where nothing (of a contrary kind) enters the Tower of Intelligence, we have what we call the Unde-filed. The body is the house of the breath; the mind is the lodging of the spirit. As the thoughts move, the spirit moves; as the spirit moves, the breath is distributed. As the thoughts rest, the

*The Texts of Taoism, Appendix IV, Page 270.

spirit rests; when the spirit rests, the breath is collected.

The true powers of the five elements unite and form the boat-like cup of jade, (after partaking of which), the body seems to be full of delicious harmony. This spreads like the unguent of the chrismal rite on the head. Walking, resting, sitting, sleeping, the man feels his body flexible as the wind. His ears hear the songs of the Immortals, that need no aid from any instrument; vocal without words, and resounding without the drum. The spirit and the breath effect the union and the bloom of childhood returns. The man beholds scenes unfolded within him; Spirits of themselves speak to him; he sees the things of vacuity, and finds himself dwelling with the Immortals. He makes the Great Elixir, and his spirit goes out and in at its pleasure. He has the longevity of heaven and earth, and the brightness of the sun and moon. He has escaped from the toils of life and death.

Keep, for the twelve hours of the day, one's thoughts fixed on absolute purity, which in the instruction of rationality means unity; that unity which is oneness, absolute oneness. This does not mean two, where one loves another; but it means unity, the perception of oneness; that there is not another. That is purity; impurity is adulteration, and purity is oneness. There is nothing with which to adulterate.

Let the mind rest upon oneness, that there is only one being, for twelve hours of the day, not a thought of a contrary nature coming into the mind, and the result will be good will, peace on earth and good will to men, which is love, which is the brewing of the elixir of youth.

People grow old because they are unhappy. Their hair turns gray because they are unhappy. They have lines upon their face because they are unhappy. Would you be unhappy if there were no one but yourself? Not at all. It is the belief that there is another being besides yourself; it is the belief that some one did something or said something, or neglected to do or say something, that makes you unhappy. And you form a personal attachment, and the other does not respond

to this personal attachment. And if another can make you happy, he also can make you unhappy.

Turning back within the Self, keeping the mind constantly fixed upon absolute purity, where there is not a thought arising of a contrary nature, you have what is called purity, which is goodness, unadulteration of mind; that which knows, and knows that it knows, that there is only one. To rest in that is the secret that is the elixir of youth, and every one may have it who wants it, but it means steadfastly anchoring the mind to purity.

There is no evil. Every teacher in Los Angeles is telling you there is no evil, and you are all believing, perhaps, that there is just as much evil as there was before. We think we are perfectly safe in saying that. You are told that there is no poverty, and yet poverty makes you careworn and turns your hair gray, after having been informed that there is no poverty. Keep the mind constantly anchored to the statement of unity for the twelve hours of the day, without wavering, without deviation, and you will brew in your heart the elixir of youth.

—JESSIE BOERSTLER.

BALANCED

Large enough to include all in love; small enough to treasure a single smile.

Broad enough to see from another's viewpoint; narrow enough to use discretion in its acceptance.

Not so considerate of others as to rob one's self; not so inconsiderate as to refuse the slightest gift.

Never too high to bend to the lowest; never too low to aspire to the highest.

Energetic, but not to the extent that deprives another of doing; never so indolent as to allow another to do one's own work.

Wise enough to know life's deeper meaning; frivolous enough to enjoy life's pleasures.

Extravagant enough to be surrounded by the beautiful; saving enough to have no more than one can appreciate fully.

—MAUD FLETCHER GALIGHER.

**AN IDEAL VIEWPOINT
FROM THE WORLD OF DRAMA**

*The Divine Light of which I am a reflection,
Is my Reservoir of Memory and Ability.*

—PATIA POWER.

JUST BEING:

Today I went down by the sea
And saw—what did I see?
Did I see the waves roll up on the shore,
The rocks upon the beach,
The seagulls flying round?
No!
I saw the omnipresence of God—
Just Being.

THE ROSE:

Oh, beautiful rose of God—
What does your story tell?
Let your wonderful petals open,
Revealing your golden center,
Which shows forth the Love of God,
Which is a little sun,
With your petals as its rays,
Pouring out to Humanity
The fragrant perfume of Love.

—IAN HAMILTON CAMPBELL.

**NOT WHAT WE TAKE
BUT WHAT WE GIVE**

Not what we have, but what we use,
Not what we see, but what we choose.
These are the things that mar or bless,
The sum of human happiness.

The things nearby, not things afar;
Not what we see, but what we are.
These are the things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but the good we do.
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars in future diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live.
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after time shall cease.

—E. SCOTT-BURRITT.

GOLDEN DAYS

By James M. Warnack

The Runaway

"Now, babies, if you'll stop pulling one another's hair and turning 'summersets', and if you'll sit down on the grass and be very, very quiet, I'll tell you a story."

"Is it a true story?" asked golden-haired, blue-eyed Ellen.

"What is the story about?" questioned Ed.

"Did you read this story or did you just think it up?" queried the wise little Jack.

"Oh, hush, and let him tell it!" commanded the curious Flossie.

But now, before I tell you what I told those children, I want to tell you where we were and what we were doing. School was out, and the papas and mammas of these children had taken them all out into the woods to live for two weeks. I wish you had been with us. When they told me I might go with them I was very happy. We all went together in a big wagon. We went about fifteen miles from Los Angeles and put up our tents under the beautiful trees. We ate and slept in these tents, and it was better than being in a house, because, you see, it was summer time. During the day the babies and I played nearly all the time, and just as the sun was going down we all sat up close together and told stories to one another. Shall I tell you about the children? Well, there were six of them. First, there was Lucile. She was three years old. Her papa called her the Destroying Angel because she was always tearing up his newspapers, cutting his coat with the scissors and doing lots of things that were not very nice, but she was so little that she didn't know any better, and her parents loved her very much. Then there was Ellen, who was six years old. I told you she was golden-haired and blue-eyed, and she was so sweet and pretty that I wanted to steal her and keep her with me all the time. You would love her, too, if you could know her. Then there was Flossie who was eight years old. She had black hair and black eyes. She was a good girl, too, only sometimes she became angry and would say bad things, although afterward she would be sorry that she

had said them. Now, I will tell you the names of the boys. Ed was five years old, and he liked to turn summersaults better than to do anything else, I think. He also liked to run and jump and to play ball and climb trees. Sometimes he got some bad falls, but when he fell he always laughed, instead of crying, for he knew that if he cried his mamma would scold him for climbing trees and would keep him in the house for two long hours. I can't tell you the color of Ed's eyes, because he was never still enough for me to find out just what color they really were. But his eyes were always bright, although his face was often very dirty. He didn't like to wash his face one bit. He said there wasn't any use in washing because he got dirty again so quickly. Now, let me tell you about Jack. He was nine years old and he was always old and he was always asking questions. Jack had brown eyes and when you looked into his eyes you always wondered what he was going to ask next. When he was not asking questions he was very quiet, and he liked to read better than to play. Willie was ten years old and was certainly a manly little fellow. He liked to play, but he also liked to read. He knew a great many things and he could make whistles out of grass blades. He was a great help to his mother and he often carried his sister Lucile around while his mother worked in the house.

So you see how many fine girls and boys I had around me on that first afternoon, waiting to listen to my story.

"Now, children," I said, "I read part of this story and the other part I am just making up as I go. The story is about a little boy, a very bad boy—the worst boy in the world. He never did mind his mamma or papa, he was always crying or fighting some other boy, or doing something bad. One time he took a notion to run away from home. So that night he slipped out of bed and down the stairs and went away off into the woods, dressed only in his night clothes. He thought he could get so far away by morning that his papa never could find him. If it had been winter time he would have nearly frozen to death, but it was summer and he didn't get cold at all. But it was awfully dark, because it was so late, and the angels had blown out all the lamps in the sky. It was so dark that this little boy began to be afraid."

"What was his name?" asked Ed, as he began to fidget around.

"His name was Foolish," I said, "and he wasn't one bit

nice, because he liked to hurt people, and he liked to kill butterflies and things."

"I don't like to hurt poor butterflies," said Ellen.

"Of course you don't, honey. None of us here like to hurt anything, but this boy did. Well, after awhile Foolish got so scared that he said to himself, 'I think I will go back home. I don't like all this dark and, besides, I want my mamma, and I am tired and sleepy.' So he started home, but he didn't know which way to go because he was lost, and it was dark, dark, dark! He walked and walked and walked, and when he got so tired he couldn't walk any more he sat down on the ground and began to cry. 'Boo hoo!' he cried, 'I want my mamma! Boo hoo, boo hoo!'"

"Didn't he ever find his mamma any more?" asked Jack.

"Wait and I will tell you. He cried until he went to sleep, and next morning when he waked up he was very hungry. As soon as it was daylight he started out again to find his home. He had been very close to his home all night, but he didn't know it until morning. He saw his home just a little way off and he went toward the house as hard as he could go. When he reached the gate he was ashamed to go in because he thought his parents would be mad with him for running away. But when his mamma saw him at the gate she ran out to him and put her arms around him and kissed him; then she carried him into the house and gave him a good breakfast. And the little boy was so glad to get home again that he told his mamma he would never, in all his life, run away again. He saw how much his parents loved him and told them he would never be bad any more, nor cry, nor hurt butterflies. And he never did."

Just as I finished telling this story the bell rang for us to come to supper, and we all jumped up and ran to the tent.

THE INNER CONSCIOUSNESS

How to Awaken and How to Direct It

In theoretical as well as applied psychology no term is more misleading, or confusing than the term consciousness. We use the term often in our conversation; we come across it in our study; but when we are asked to define it properly, to explain its significance, its meaning, or the idea for which that word stands, we are unable to do so. And that is because there are so many varied ideas concerning consciousness. There are so many aspects of consciousness, there are so many states of consciousness that we get mixed up—that is, we confuse one with the other. So we must know thoroughly the true significance of the term. Then we can make such distinctions as inner consciousness and outer consciousness.

What is truly meant by consciousness, or what is the principle back of that term? There are many ideas which cannot be expressed properly for lack of words or lack of terms. The word consciousness is really derived from the Latin root *Scio*, to know, and *Con*, together; so the word consciousness from the derivative meaning would signify: to know together. We use the term generally in the sense of being conscious of a fact. That is, consciousness means knowing an object, as it were; knowing something. But the word consciousness really indicates two things—subject and object. It implies the duality of existence. There is one who is the knower, the subject, the ego, the perceiver. I know it; I am conscious of it; I perceive it; I think about it. Therefore there is always the subject, the ego—I—as the background of any form of consciousness.

Then there must be something to be conscious of, something which we perceive, something which we know, something which we understand, and that something is the object. So “knowing together” means we know the subject and object together—that is, they both exist; one cannot exist without the other. So wherever there is a subject, there is also an object. That means that wherever there is a thinker, there must be something to think about; otherwise there is no meaning back of the term “thinker.” Whenever we use the term “perceiver,” we must know that there is something to be perceived. The same is true of consciousness. Whenever we use the term “consciousness,” we must know it includes both—the one who is conscious of something, and something of which that one

is conscious. Therefore the word "consciousness" implies duality.

There is another meaning back of "consciousness" which we often fail to understand, or about which we do not stop to think deeply. That is why we miss it. Consciousness not only implies the idea of becoming conscious of a thing, or the state of being conscious of something, but there is also the idea of identification back of it.

What is the meaning of identification? By identification we mean a state in which we become almost one with a thing. When we become one with a thing we become conscious of it. Of course ordinarily we may not be wholly identified with it, but the word consciousness indicates that and judging our modes of thought, or observing the practical phases of our life, we shall see that there is identification.

Take for instance, the word "body-consciousness." What does it mean? It means that not only are we conscious of the body, but we are also identified with it. I cannot separate myself from the body; I am almost one with it. I have become mixed up, as it were, with the body and its conditions. There the subject or ego is hidden; only the object of consciousness, the object of perception is there. So that is another meaning of consciousness.

The deepest and purest meaning of consciousness is this: the absolute consciousness. There is the Sanskrit word "chit." You will come across the word in the study of the Upanishads, in the Vedas, in the Gita, and in many such books. You will find not only ancient sages, but the sages of modern times have been using the term "Sat-chit-ananda," meaning the Divine Spirit. Sat-chit-ananda—what is its meaning? It means absolute existence, absolute consciousness, absolute bliss. These three are not the qualities of the Divine Spirit, but they are the essence—one with it. So "chit" is the word of pure consciousness. In the understanding of pure consciousness, we have to eliminate the duality of existence, the duality of subject and object. It stands alone; it is that of which the subject and object are lower manifestations, or expressions. It is that which makes everything possible, which gives life and soul to the subject and object, as it were. So that is pure consciousness, the basic, the fundamental, the principle back of everything that is indicated by pure consciousness.

There is a beautiful Sanskrit verse which expresses this idea:

“Na Tatra Suryo bhati na chandra tarakam
 Nema Vidyuto bhanti Kutoyam agni
 Tameva bhantam anubhati sarvam
 Tasya bhasha Sarvamidam bibhati.”

(Kathopanishad, Chap. V. 15.)

In describing the pure, the basic, fundamental principle of life and creation—the pure light, the self-effulgent, self-caused Divine Intelligence—Vedic sages sang in this way:

“There the sun does not shine, nor the moon,
 nor the lightning, what to speak of the mortal fire. That shining, everything shines;
 by its light everything is illumined”—

by its essence everything becomes full of consciousness.

There is another Sanskrit word expresses the same idea, Kaivalyam, the state of being alone; that which is self-caused; that which is not dependent on anything; that which is freedom itself; which is above everything. Do you see? There all differentiation vanishes—differentiation of subject and object, I and thou. All these ideas are merged, as it were, in that absolute consciousness. So the pure consciousness is that.

However when we apply the term consciousness in our daily lives, in its varied relation to various channels of existence, in our varied experiences, in different states and conditions, we have to understand it from a dualistic standpoint, and we also have to study other phases of consciousness, such as inner consciousness and outer consciousness, soul-consciousness and body consciousness. All these terms we bring in to explain the different details, or the different stages of development or the different stages of experience through which we have to pass.

In order to be able to understand the inner consciousness, we must know it in its relation to the outer consciousness. The light can be understood only in its relation to darkness. Praise can be understood only in its relation to blame. Joy can be understood only in its relation to suffering or pain. One who is not really hungry cannot really appreciate the value of food. So, many ideas exist only relatively. It is the same with the inner and outer consciousness. We must understand both—then both become clear. What is meant then by outer consciousness? Outer consciousness means consciousness in which we are cognizant of external things—gross forms, gross objects,

sense objects. Now, every moment of our lives the senses bring in these impressions. The senses come in touch with the external objects of nature, gross things, gross objects, objects of vision, objects of touch, objects of taste. All these objects of perception exist in gross form and there is the impression within ourselves, or there are impressions of varied sorts. That is outer consciousness—consciousness of the outer world, the objective world.

I am not going to enter here into a detailed exposition of what is called idealism, or realism. But outer consciousness must mean this to us: there is the idea of objective perception, and there is the objective world. We know that there is external nature, and all the time we are impressed with this idea. So when we cannot extricate ourselves from the realm and domain of form and objects, when we cannot rise above the sense perceptions—the gross sense perceptions—when we cannot divest our minds of these externalities, as it were, then you will understand this state to be the outer consciousness.

Coming nearer the practical idea—there is the body consciousness. As I stated previously, that we are conscious of the body, the body in all its phases, in all its senses, and in all its aspects.

Then there is a consciousness within ourselves. You may say that only through mind can we understand this, only through thought processes can we get knowledge of external nature. That is true, but in order to explain the Inner Consciousness properly, I have to bring in the idea of the outer consciousness where all these things exist; where there are nothing but external things, nothing but sense impressions, nothing but outer objects and their impressions.

—SWAMI PRAKRASHANANDA.

(To Be Continued)

BHAGAVAD GITA

Discourse II.

Sanjaya spoke:—

To him, thus filled with compassion, with tearful, bewildered eyes, and despondent, the slayer of Madhu spoke these words: (1)

The Divine Lord spoke:—

Whence in this crisis, O Arjuna, hath come over thee this despondency unbecoming an honourable man, not leading to heaven nor productive of glory? (2)

Be not a coward, O son of Pritha, this doth not befit thee: abandon this mean weakness of heart and arise, O conqueror of thy foe. (3)

Arjuna spoke:—

How, O Slayer of Madhu, shall I with arms fight in battle Bhishma and Drona to whom reverence is due, O Destroyer of thy enemies? (4)

Better in this world is it to subsist even on alms, rather than slay men of great minds who are to be revered; but having killed persons worthy of reverence, and well-wishers, I should enjoy pleasure stained with blood. (5)

Nor know we which (of these) would be better for us, that we should conquer or that the sons of Dhritarash-

Consciousness is the only Reality. The Supreme Spirit is absolute and remains unaffected by any object or action.

Here Arjuna's feelings and not Arjuna are the master of the Situation.

Slayer of Madhu (Madhusudana) that is slayer of darkness, delusion, ignorance.

Here Krishna has no patience with Arjuna's weakness masked by religious expression as not being consistent with his walk of life, protection of the weak, honor and glory being the accepted duties of a Kshatriya (warrior).

Arjuna's mother is sometimes called Pritha (Kunti).

Dharma in Sanskrit signifies far more than either the words religion or duty. It is the *ness*, the *Law* of the inmost constitution of a thing. Virtue, duty or religion are only the secondary meanings of the word. Fighting in a just cause is the religious duty or *Dharma* of a Kshatriya (soldier) while the same is a sin to a Brahmana (custodian or conservator of the highest knowledge, viz: the knowledge of Brahman), because it is contrary to the law of his being. Working out one's Karma according to the law of one's being is therefore the *Dharma* or Religion or way to salvation of an individual. The Cloud of Karma so to speak hides the Self-Sun from the view. The means which exhaust this cloud without adding to it and thus help in one's

tra should conquer us. Even they whom having slain we should not desire to live,—sons of Dhritarashtra stand in front. (6)

With spirits overpowered by weak commiseration, with a mind confounded as to Duty, I ask thee, do tell me what is of a certainty, best for me; as a disciple I supplicate thee, O teach me. (7)

I see not what may remove my grief which scorcheth all my senses, even though I obtain sovereignty of the earth, powerful and free from foes, ayé dominion even over the gods. (8)

Sanjaya spoke:—

Gudakesa having thus addressed Hrishikesa, O scorcher of thy foes, to Govinda he said—‘I shall not fight,’ and was silent. (9)

Unto him grieving in the midst of the two armies, did Hrishikesa speak these words smiling, O descendant of Bharata— (10)

The Divine Lord spoke:—

Thou hast lamented those that are not to be lamented

The object of Sanjaya in using these names is to remind Dhritarashtra—who may naturally be a little elated at the prospect of Arjuna’s not fighting—that this is only a temporary weakness, since by the presence of the Lord of Senses, all ignorance must eventually be dispelled. Arjuna’s real nature is also devoid of darkness. Is he not called the conqueror of sleep and the terror of his foes?

“Smiling” to drown Arjuna in the ocean of shame.

It is the smiling of coming illumination.

and speakest the words of wisdom. The wise lament not the living or the dead. (11)

It is not that I have never existed before, or thyself, or these princes of men, or that all of us shall not exist hereafter. (12)

As the embodied (Soul) hath in this body the conditions of boyhood, youth and old age, so also doth he obtain another body, and the wise man is not deluded in this. (13)

The objects that touch the senses, O son of Kunti, and occasion cold and heat, pleasure and pain, are transitory and perishable. Endure them, O descendant of Bharata. (14)

O prince of men, that man whom these trouble not, the self-controlled, who is the same in pain and pleasure, is fitted for immortality. (15)

The unreal (or transitory) hath no existence, and the real doth never cease to exist, and those who have perceived the nature of things have seen the truth as to both of these. (16)

But know that to be imperishable by which all this is pervaded and no one can

Not that the physical body is immortal but the True Self behind all bodies, and their cause, is immortal. restoration of one's true nature is one's Dharma.

According to this, the continuity of the ego is no more interrupted by death than by passing of childhood into youth and youth into old age in this body.

The wise man who has become calm by self-realization.

"Are transitory" as distinguished from the permanent Self. The more one is able to identify oneself with the permanent Self, the less one is affected by the agreeable as well as the disagreeable conditions of life. The same object that gives pleasure at one moment gives pain at another.

This means full and unbroken consciousness of our One-ness with the Immortal Self. Thus Immortality is attained.

The determination of the nature of the *Real* is the quest of all Philosophy. So Krishna states here that a thing which never remains the same for any given period is unreal, and that the real on the other hand is always the same. That which takes note of the incessant change, and is, therefore, changeless,—Consciousness (the Atman),—is the *Real*.

"Know That by which all this is pervaded"—Know *Him* who pervades all this as the *Witness*.

cause the destruction of That
Indestructible One. (17)

These are said to be the
perishable bodies of that em-
bodied One, eternal, inde-
structible and unknowable;
fight therefore, O descendant
of Bharata. (18)

He who thinketh It to be
a slayer and he who thinketh
It to be slain; both of these
know not, for It neither kill-
eth nor is killed. (19)

Neither is It ever born, nor
doth It die, nor (think) hav-
ing existed will It exist no
more; unborn, everlasting,
eternal and ancient, It is not
killed when the body is killed.
(20)

He who knoweth It to be
imperishable and eternal, un-
born and unchanging, whom
and how can that man kill or
cause to be killed? (21)

As a man, having quitted
worn-out garments, taketh
other (that are) new, so the
embodied soul, having quitted
worn-out bodies, entereth into
others which are new. (22)

Weapons rend It not, nor
doth fire burn It, water doth
not moisten It, nor doth the
wind dry It up. (23)

Not to be rent asunder, not
to be consumed, not to be wet,
not to be dried, It is eternal,
all-pervading, immutable, im-
movable and everlasting.
(24)

Arjuna's grief is born of ignorance
as to the true nature of the Soul.
Hence the strong and repeated at-
tempts to illumine him on the sub-
ject.

See Katha Upanishad I, ii. 19-20,
also Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem
entitled "Brahma."

Refers in the sense of denial to the
six kinds of modifications inherent in
matter: birth, subsistence, growth,
transformation, decay and death.

The Upanishad compares this to
the movement of a leech, which has
already established a new foothold
before leaving the old.

And It is declared to be unmanifested, unthinkable and unchangeable; therefore having known It to be so, thou shouldst not grieve for It.

(25)

But if thou thinkest It to be constantly born and constantly dying, still, O thou of mighty arms, thou oughtest not to deplore It.

(26)

For of him who is born, death is certain, so also the birth of him who is dead; grieve not then over what is inevitable.

(27)

Unmanifested is the beginning of beings, their intermediate state is manifested, O descendant of Bharata, and unmanifested too is their end, why should we then grieve for them?

(28)

With wonder some one seeth It, and with wonder another declareth It, and with wonder doth a third hear of It, and even having heard of It, some one knoweth It not:

(29)

Ever indestructible is this Embodied One, O Descendant of Bharata, in the bodies of all; thou shouldst not, therefore, grieve for any living being.

(30)

This Self is infinite and partless, so can be neither subject or object of any action.

Here for the sake of argument Krishna takes up the supposition and shows, that even if the Self were impermanent (Materialistic viewpoint) sorrow ought to be destroyed, since in that case there would be no hereafter, no sin and no hell.

Since you cannot control the inevitable, work out your own Karma and go beyond both birth and death.

The idea here is that that which has no existence in the beginning and in the end, must be merely illusory in the interim, and should not therefore be allowed to have any influence upon the mind.

Those who see, hear and speak of the Self are wonderful men, because their number is so few. It is not therefore remarkable that you should mourn, because the Real Self is so difficult to realize.

Krishna here returns to his own point of view.

Having regard also to thy duty, thou shouldst not flinch; for there is nothing better for a Kshatriya than righteous fighting. (31)

Arrived of itself, an open door to heaven—happy are the Kshatriyas, O Partha, who attain such a fight. (32)

But if thou wilt not engage in this righteous war, thou wilt relinquish thy duty and fame, and incur sin. (33)

Men will proclaim thy endless disgrace, and to the man of honour disgrace is worse than death. (34)

The heroes of mighty cars will think thee (to have) desisted from battle through fear, and thou shalt be held lightly by them who have honoured thee (before). (35)

And thy enemies will speak many words (of reproach), not to be uttered, condemning thy prowess—what can be more painful than this? (36)

Slain, thou wilt obtain heaven; having conquered, thou wilt enjoy (the kingdom of) the earth; rise therefore, O son of Kunti, firmly determined to fight. (37)

Pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat regard alike, and then engage in fight; so shalt thou not incur sin. (38)

That is to say, it is the duty of a Kshatriya (See Laws of Manu) to fight in the interest of his country, people and religion.

The Shastras say that if a Kshatriya fighting for a religious cause falls in the battlefield, he at once goes to heaven.

33-36. The present argument assumes that the cause in hand is already proved to be the right. Hence it could only be from cowardice that Arjuna could abandon it. Even a hero may be weakened by the stirring of his deepest emotions.

It is always the desire for one of the pairs of opposites that binds. When an act is done without attachment either for itself or its fruit, then Karma can be worked out without adding to its store, and this leads to freedom.

This doctrine, that I have declared to thee, relateth to Sankhya. Hear now that pertaining to Yoga, wherewith endued, O Partha, thou shalt get rid of the bondage of action. (39)

In this (path) there is no waste of what hath been done, nor is there any sin. Even a little of this creed saveth one from great peril. (40)

In this (creed) there is but one resolute Thought, O descendant of Kuru; many-branched and endless are the thoughts of the irresolute. (41)

The unwise, delighting in the declaration of the Veda, O Partha, and asserting that there is nothing else, speak a flowery speech. (42)

Regarding an abundance of particular rites, leading to rebirth, action, and its fruits, towards the attainment of pleasure and power (in the future world)—for they are full of desires and aspire to (the inferior) heaven as their highest end. (43)

Those that are led away by that (flowery speech) and are addicted to pleasure and power, attain not to that resolute Thought which is fit for (Divine) meditation. (44)

Yoga:—Karma Yoga, or that plan of conduct which secures the working out of past Karma; non-accumulation of new; and the striving for Self-realization with the whole of the will. In this discipline, one's sole object in life is Self-realization; hence no importance is attached to anything else.

Thus all actions are performed without attachment, or care for results. So no new Karma is made: only the already accumulated is exhausted. And at the same time, the whole will is left free to devote itself to the achievement of Self-realization alone.

Self-Realization is the one goal in Karma Yoga.

The undecided and irresolute (that is about the highest) naturally devote themselves to lower ideals, no one of which can satisfy, and thus they pass from plan to plan.

Here is meant the "Karma Kanda" (Work Portion—rites and ceremonial—letter minus spirit).

Those addicted to pleasure and power cannot attain to balance sufficient for meditation.

The Vedas are for (those who are possessed with) the free from the dualities (of the three qualities, O Arjuna, free from the qualities (of pleasure and pain, heat and cold, etc.), living in perpetual goodness, without (thoughts of) acquiring (what thou hast not) or keeping (what thou hast) and self-subjugated. (45)

The purpose which is served at a spot for drinking water when there is a flood all around—the very same (purpose) hath the knowing Brahman in all the Vedas. (46)

Action alone doth befit thee, never the fruits. Be not actuated by the fruits of action, nor take thou to inaction. (47)

Perform actions, O Dhananjaya, steady in devotion, leaving attachment and equanimous in success and failure. Equanimity is called Yoga. (48)

Far inferior is (passionate) action, O Dhananjaya, to the Devotion of the Understanding (which leadeth to action for God alone). Take thy refuge in Understanding: Miserable are those who are actuated by fruits. (49)

Endued with Understanding one getteth rid of both good and bad actions. So apply thyself to Yoga (the devotion of action): Yoga is the beauty in action. (50)

The three qualities:
Equilibrium (Satva),
Attraction (Rajas),
Inertia (Tamas).

(Prakriti) Nature is the three (Gunas) Qualities not that she has them. Guna is substance as well as quality not only quality, matter and force.

Wherever there is name and form, there is Guna. Guna also means rope, that which binds.

A man who has Self-knowledge has no need of the Vedas or of any other Scripture.

Not that they are useless; only to the knower of Eternal Truth they have no value, as the transient pleasures derivable from them are comprehended in the infinite bliss of Self-Knowledge.

Do not work with any desire for results, for actions produce fruits or bondage only if they are performed with desire.

A follower of Karma Yoga can have no personal motive for any action.

Our action without motive becomes colorless, loses its character of vice or virtue.

Karma Yoga is the dexterity of

work because it not only robs work of its power to bind, but also transforms it into an efficient means of freedom.

For those endued with Understanding, relinquishing the fruit of actions, and thus attaining to wisdom, are freed from the bondage of birth, and go to the abode that knoweth no evil. (51)

When thy understanding will pass over this maze of delusion, thou shalt attain to a satiety as to what has to be learnt and what has been learnt. (52)

Distracted (hitherto) by learning, when thy understanding shall rest undisturbed in (Divine) meditation, immovable — then shalt thou attain to Yoga. (53)

Arjuna said:—

What is the definition, O Kesava, of a person of steady wisdom, steady in meditation? How doth the man of steady understanding speak, how sit and how move? (54)

The Divine Lord spoke:—

When a person, O Partha, abandoneth all the desires of his mind, joyous in himself by himself—then is he designated a 'man of steady wisdom' (Sthitaprajna). (55)

Undisturbed amidst pain, and free from desire amidst pleasure — the sage from

The identifying of the Self with the non-Self, the ego.

"Steady Wisdom." Settled conviction of one's identity with Brahman gained by direct realization.

whom affection, fear and anger have fled, is designated a 'man of steady understanding' (Sthita-dhīh). (56)

He who is devoid of affection for (one and) all, and meeting good or evil neither rejoiceth nor hateth, the wisdom of such a man is steady. (57)

And when he withdraweth all his senses from their objects, as a tortoise doth his limbs, his wisdom is (said to be) steady. (58)

The objects of sense turn away from the abstemious man, leaving the relish (rasa)—but the relish too ceaseth when one hath seen the Supreme. (59)

Rebellious are the senses, O Kaunteya, and they forcibly carry away the mind even of the discriminative man who striveth (to attain to emancipation). (60)

Subduing them all, the devotee (Yukta or Yogi) should sit with his heart fixed on Me. For he whose senses are under control, the wisdom of that man is steady. (61)

The man, who cherisheth in his mind the objects of sense, becometh attached thereto. From attachment springeth desire, and from desire, anger; (62)

(Pratyahara) in Yoga is bringing the mind back upon the Self from all sense objects.

From anger ariseth delusion, the loss of the recollection; from the loss of the recollection, the wreck of the understanding, and by the wreck of the understanding he is ruined. (63)

But he who moveth among objects of sense, with senses free from love and hatred, and governed by his self—he, the self-controlled, attaineth to tranquillity. (64)

On (the attainment of) tranquillity, all his sorrows cease: For the understanding of the tranquil-minded man quickly settleth (in wisdom). (65)

He who subdueth not his senses (Ayukta) hath no understanding, nor hath he (the power of) meditation, and he who doth not meditate hath no peace, and how can the unpeaceful obtain bliss? (66)

Whichever of the senses wandering (among objects) the mind followeth slavishly, even that carrieth away his understanding, as the wind (carrieth away) the ship upon the (ocean's) waters. (67)

Hence of him, mighty-armed one, who hath all his

A beautiful image appears. The tendency of the mind is to repeat it. Then if the image is allowed to recur, a liking grows. With the growth of the liking the wish to become close, to possess, appears.

Any obstacle to this produces wrath. The impulse of anger throws the mind into confusion, which casts a veil over the lessons of wisdom learned by past experience. Thus deprived of this moral standard, he is prevented from using his discrimination. Failing in discrimination, he acts irrationally, on the impulse of passion, and paves the way to moral death.

Krishna traces moral degradation to those first breaths of thought, that come softly and almost unconsciously to the mind.

That is, firmly concentrates itself on the Self.

This does not mean that the senses remain completely withheld or restrained, but withheld at will.

senses withheld from the objects of sense, the wisdom of that man is steady. (68)

In that which is night to all creatures waketh the self-subjugated man; and that in which the creatures wake is night to the sage who seeth. (69)

That man doth attain to bliss, into whom all the objects of desire enter (through the senses and are lost) even as the waters enter into the ocean (ever) filled and (ever) maintaining its steady level—not the man desirous of enjoyment. (70)

He who, leaving all gratifications, moveth without desire, without the notion—‘mine,’ and without self-conceit, such a man attaineth to peace. (71)

This, O Partha, is dwelling in Brahma. He who attaineth to it is deluded not. He who dwelleth in this condition even towards the end of his life, attaineth to absorption into Brahma. (72)

Where all beings seem to be in darkness there the sage sees.

The consciousness of the man of realization is so full of God that he cannot see anything apart from him.

The ignorant man on the other hand lives in the world of plurality alone and God is a nonentity to him.

Perfect Self-Control is quite as natural a trait of the illumined soul as its opposite of the ignorant.

The Ocean is not at all affected by water flowing into it from all sides. Similarly, that man alone finds true peace in whom no reaction of desire is produced by the objects of enjoyment, which he happens to come across during his sojourn on earth.

The man who lives merely to work out his past Karma.

This ends the SECOND DISCOURSE entitled “THE SANKHYA YOGA” in the HOLY ODE OF THE DIVINITY, the Essence of Spiritual Wisdom, the Science of Brahma, the System of Yoga, the Dialogue between Sri Krishna and Arjuna.

SAYINGS

Your religion cannot rise above your life, your prayers are chained to your practices. Your possessions are forgotten. Your deeds outlive your creeds. What you are and what you help others to be abides in the eternity of God; therefore, True Religion is the Life we live, not the creed we profess, and some day it will be recognized by its quality and quantity, not brand.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

From high to higher forces
The scale of power uprears,
The heroes on their horses,
The Gods upon their spheres.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

This passing moment is an edifice
Which the Omnipotent cannot rebuild.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The beggar begs by God's command,
And gifts awake when givers sleep,
Swords cannot cut the giving hand
Nor stab the love that orphans keep.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Has God on me conferred
A bodily presence mean as Paul's
Yet made the bearer of a word
Which sleepy nations as with trumpet calls?

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"Matter or object is related to Spirit or subject; and the subject or Spirit is equally related to the object or matter.

"If there were no object, there would be no subject; and if there were no subject, there would be no object. For on either side alone nothing could be achieved."

—From KAUSHITAKI UPANISHAD III. 8.

"The Infinite and Eternal Truth, Brahman, pervades the whole Universe, the visible and invisible, (if the perceptible phenomena be destroyed, that which will be left is the Infinite)."

"May we realize the Infinite in this life, may we attain to that truth and enjoy peace forever."

—From ISHA UPANISHAD.

"Happiness is the reflection of our Blissful or Divine Nature on the mind undisturbed by desires, passions or anxieties.

"Happiness comes in freedom, never in slavery.

"True freedom means the emancipation of the soul from the bondage of ignorance, delusion, selfishness and all other imperfections."

—ABHEDANANDA.

"Material Science now scoffs at the miracles of Jesus the Christ, but they are corroborated by the science of Yoga and confirmed by the deeds of the great Yogis of India. No devout Christian need for a moment fear that physical science can ever undermine the work of Jesus so long as the science of Yoga is there to sustain all that He did. Let him study the character of Jesus through the Philosophy of Vedanta, and I am sure that he will understand Him better and be a truer Christian, a more genuine disciple of the Son of Man than ever before. Let him follow the teachings of Yoga and he will some day become perfect like Christ."

—ABHEDANANDA.

THE PATH

Another hard trial to master,
Another great danger to dare;
Another temptation to lift me,
Another sweet sorrow to bear.

An ocean of turbulent billows,
White crested with madness and strife,
Whose waves I may tread without trembling,
While trusting the Infinite Life.

A night in whose midst I am wandering,
A stranger to sense and to sight,
Where silence grows sweeter than music
And darkness is dearer than light.

A path on the desert of ages,
A way I must travel alone,
That leads to the perfect Forever,
Where I shall come into my own.

—JAMES M. WARNACK.

ETHICS, ACTION, CHARACTER

What good is Ethics if not applied? And again, what good is action, if not made right action by a Code of Ethics? Codes of Ethics may change according to time and place, but the underlying laws upon which precepts are founded do not change. Applied Ethics are a great help to divine realization through unselfish work. Selfish work binds. Bondage is only assumed through ignorance and a study of Ethics is the greatest to acquire efficiency in any kind of work worth while.

There is a way to perform the inevitable tasks of daily life so as to rise above the humdrum and commonplace and to make those the pathway to the loftiest heights of spiritual realization. We can make "our lives sublime" and add our share in the uplift to human endeavors no matter how humble our walk in life. Any labor has its own dignity. Right ethics encourage all grades of toilers in the world's great work. Work is necessary, but the manner in which it is performed is largely a matter of choice. Upon the fact whether we do our own work, be it physical, mental or spiritual, efficiently, will depend the bondage of working as slaves or the freedom of working as masters.

Where there is a will there is a way to transmute our commonest action into spiritual treasure, so as to actually glorify existence.

The goal of mankind is knowledge. Pleasure and happiness come to an end. One of the commonest mistakes of mankind is to suppose that pleasure is the goal. Both pleasure and pain are great teachers, but knowledge is the goal. It takes both pleasure and pain to cause the impressions to form character. Character is the sum total of the tendencies that form the bent of mankind.

THE SECRET OF WORK

Helping others physically, by relieving their physical needs, is indeed great, but the help is greater when the need is greater, and the help is more far-reaching. If a man's wants for an hour can be removed, it is helping him indeed, but if his wants can be removed for a year, it will be more help to him, and if his wants can be removed forever, it is the greatest help that can be given.

Spiritual knowledge is the only thing that can remove

our miseries forever; any other knowledge satisfies wants only for a time. If the nature of the man be changed, then alone all his wants will vanish forever. It is only with the knowledge of Spirit that the faculty of want is annihilated forever, so helping man spiritually is the highest help that can be given to him; he who gives man spiritual knowledge is the greatest benefactor of mankind, and as we always find that they are the most powerful of men who have helped man in his spiritual needs, because it is the basis of all other works in life. A spiritually strong and sound man will be strong in every other respect, if he wishes, and until there is spiritual strength in mankind, even the physical needs cannot be satisfied. Next to spiritual comes intellectual help; the gift of knowledge is a far higher gift than that of food and clothes; it is higher, even, than giving life to a man, because the real life of man consists of knowledge; ignorance is death, and knowledge is life. Life is of very little value if it is a life in the dark, groping through ignorance and misery. Next in order comes, of course, helping a man physically. So, in considering the helping of others, we must always strive not to commit the mistake of thinking that physical help is the only help that can be given; physical help is the last and the least, because there is permanent satiation. The misery that I feel when I am hungry is satisfied by eating, but hunger returns again; misery can only cease when I am satisfied beyond all want. Then hunger will not make me miserable; no distress, no misery, no sorrow will be able to move me. So that help which tends to make us strong spiritually is the highest help; next to it comes intellectual help and after that physical help. The miseries of the world cannot be cured by simply physical help; until man's nature changes, these physical needs will always arise, and miseries will be always felt, and no amount of physical help given to the world will cure that misery. The only solution of the problem of all this misery in the world is to make mankind pure. Ignorance is the mother of all the evil and all the misery we see. Let men have light, let them be spiritually strong, and if we can accomplish this, if all mankind becomes pure and spiritually strong and educated, then alone will misery cease in the world and not before then. We may convert every house in the country into a charity asylum; we may fill the lands with hospitals, but the misery will still exist until man's character changes.

work incessantly, but all work must be composed of good and evil; we cannot do any work which has not some part of good somewhere; there cannot be any work which will not injure some one somewhere. All work must necessarily be a mixture of good and evil; yet we are told to work incessantly; the good and evil will both have their result, make their karma; the good action will entail upon us good effect; the bad action, bad effect, but good and bad are both bondage of the soul. The solution reached in the Gita is that if we do not attach ourselves to the work it will not take any effect on us. Try to understand what is meant by this "non-attachment" to work.

It is the one central idea in the Gita; work incessantly, but be not attached to it. "Samskara" can be translated very nearly into English by the word tendency. Using the simile of the lake for the mind, every ripple, every wave that rises in the mind when it subsides, does not die out entirely, but leaves a mark and the future possibility of that wave coming out again. This mark, with a possibility of the wave reappearing, is what is called in Sanskrit "Samskara." All work that we do, each movement of the body, each thought in the mind, is leaving such an impression on the mind stuff, and even when they are not obvious on the surface, these marks are sufficiently strong to work beneath the surface subconsciously. What we are each moment is determined by the sum total of these impressions on the mind. What I am just at this moment is the effect of the sum total of these marks of my past life. This is merely what is meant by character. Each man's character is determined by the sum total of these impressions. If good impressions prevail, that character becomes good; if bad, that character becomes bad. If a man continuously hears bad words, thinks bad thoughts, does bad actions, his mind will be full of these impressions or marks, and they, unconsciously, will govern the tendency of his work. In fact, these impressions are always working, and the expression will be evil; that man will be a bad man; he cannot help it; the sum total of these impressions will create the strong motive power for doing bad actions; he will be a machine in the hands of his impressions, and they will force him to do evil. Similarly, if a man thinks good thoughts and does good works, the sum total of his impressions will be good, and they in a similar manner, will force him to do good in spite of himself. When a man has done so much good work and

thought so many good thoughts, there is an irresistible tendency in his nature to do good in spite of himself, then, even if he thinks he will do evil, the mind, in the sum total of its tendencies, will not allow him to do so; the tendencies will turn him back. He is at the mercy of his good tendencies. When that is the case, that man's character is said to be established.

—VIVEKANANDA.

(To Be Continued)

VIRTUES AND VICES

Courtesy and consideration for the feeling of others are important as general principles of conduct, and noble bearing and manners are ever admired by all. The Aryan says, "Let him speak the truth, let him speak the pleasing, let him not speak an unpleasing truth, nor speak a pleasing falsehood; this is the ancient law."

Good manners are very apt to be undervalued in modern times, partly because of the hurry and rush of modern civilization and partly from ignorance. But this undervaluing is a mistake. Good manners spring from a good heart and a gentle nature, and show kindness and refinement of character. They imply self control and a sense of self respect and dignity, and many difficult social situations, which cause quarrels among ill-mannered people, are passed through without any trouble or ruffle by the noble mannered. Soft words, courteous gestures, pleasant smiles, dignified bearing, make social intercourse refreshing and a source of enjoyment. Cultivate noble manners and thus sweeten the tone of uncouth primitiveness. Even gold becomes more beautiful by being refined, and a noble and strong character is beautified by a courtly bearing.

From the Sanatana Dharma.

CHEROKEE ROSES

Pink and white blossoms scattered over the Southland—
 Symbols of all that is pure and all that is holy—
 Wherever you are, there is eternal springtime,
 Wherever you are, there gladness and hope are smiling.
 Gentle reminders are of bright days, half forgotten,
 And harbingers sweet of blessed days to be.
 Your velvet-lipped sisters in passionate splendor are blooming
 But none of them can compare with your exquisite fragrance,
 None of them equal your beauty, transcendently tender,
 None of them ever inspire the thoughts you engender.
 Pink and white blossoms scattered over the Southland,
 Sweet as virginity's thoughts and holy as angels' kisses.

JAMES M. WADSWORTH

REASON, WISDOM, LOVE

There comes a moment in life when moral beauty seems more urgent, more penetrating than intellectual beauty; when all that the mind has treasured must be bathed in the greatness of soul, let it perish in the sandy desert, forlorn as the river that seeks in vain for the sea.

We cannot cultivate reason too full, but by wisdom only should reason be guided. The man is not wise whose reason has not yet been taught to obey the first signal of love. What would Christ, all the heroes, have done, had their reason not learned to submit? Is each deed of the hero not always outside the boundary of reason? And yet, who would venture to say that the hero is not wiser by far than the sluggard who quits not his chair because reason forbids him to rise? Let us say it once more—the vase wherein we should tend the true wisdom is love, and not reason. Reason is found, it is true, at the root springs of wisdom, yet is wisdom not reason's flower. For we speak not of logical wisdom here, but of wisdom quite other, the favorite sister of love.

Reason and love battle fiercely at first in the soul that begins to expand; but wisdom is born of peace that at last comes to pass between reason and love; and peace becomes the profounder as reason yields up still more of her rights to love.

—MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

RICHES OF PERSONALITY

By Henry Christeen Warnack

There is but one energy; it is the life of God. There is but one substance; it is the body of God. There is but one goal for man; it is his union with God. There is but one path to this supreme good; it is the expansion of consciousness. No man finds this path through another, not even through the masters; he finds it only through the revelation of God within himself.

Nothing spoken, nothing written is conclusive; the Word is soundless, the Reality formless. Realization is the reward of your own contemplation; it is your own vision, your own pure knowing. Every form of affirmation, every form of negation and all methods of both are only sophistry, if they per-

tain to the relative and the personal; any form of devotion, any line of action, any church, any order, is not sophistry but truth, if, through it, the self discovers the Absolute for the self.

All forms of renunciation are futile if they bring only disuse; all forms of renunciation are consecration when everything in this world is used and enjoyed as the tool of the Temple that is inspired by the Spirit. Let us have the full use of every faculty, the complete joy of all relativity, but let us be deceived by no thing that can change or know change.

If the Powers descend to man, he is destroyed by them; if man ascend to the Powers, he drinks of the waters of Life and faints not in their presence. A man raises himself to a seat among the Mighty through vibration, even as he approaches the stars through the caverns of his own heart. They appear without and are approached from within; even so is the center of each well beyond the circumference of all.

Time is only Presence, Space is only Idea, yet it is well for man to *make* Time that it may be now with him and not them, and Space that he may be in this place and not in that. Likewise there is only the One, yet well may we say of the self and what appears outside of the self "myself and the world." In the sense of unity, the world is infinite, yet it is well for man to say, "This world and the Universe." Substance is only one, yet it is well to speak of Spirit's delightful action on form as diversity, that we may handle this object and not another.

When we know what to use that will help us and what to let alone that might hurt us; when we are not disappointed in any mental speculation, but always touch the right objects and meet the right persons in the right time and place, we are well on the highway to the dominion of that idea which makes of the three dimensions of the Universal Idea the Plane that is called objectivity and the sphere that is called the world.

Separateness is outer darkness when it does not see that it is in God and that God is in it, for then its blind selfishness knows want through impotence and misery, through lack of sympathy. It is a curious paradox of the Divine Idea Law, which is Love, that only as this sense of separateness urges one on to seek attractive personality and temporal gain, does it discover the need of divine guidance and the very present help of the God within, when once man looks for its sure aim. Since God can function on the plane of earth only through

man and man only knows what he knows through acquaintance with terms, it follows that no mind can become too beautifully informed and none of us can afford the neglect of those qualities and graces which make for a rich personality.

Affirm for yourself every good thing, for when you are determined to enter the realms of exalted thought and pure living, all the earth cannot be a hindrance to you and all that is divine will be your support.

Read therefore the book of any man who is moved to arouse his own degree of consciousness within you. Read that you may sound more surely your own tone. Read that you may add of your own wisdom to what is written by another; read that your vibrations may be raised, and above all, read that your attitude may invite the open door of the heart and mind to the end that you may experience an inrush of Love and a downpour of Wisdom. Lift yourself, through an enriched personality, to where you know yourself for the God who is known in personality; to where you know yourself. Lift yourself to where the Veil is lifted and the Light breaks through. Thus may intellect lead you to the door of the Temple, that Wisdom may come as the Guide, who will lead you into the great Presence. Remember always that Nature is an Undivided Whole and that all of its parts are intimately related. That is your key to her vast storehouses of treasures, that is your heirship to the full power of all useful Forces.

SCIENCE OF THE INFINITE

Brahma Vidya

Science is organized knowledge, knowledge which recognizes similarities in diversities and arranges groups of facts in specified relations with each other. Such sciences, of the finite, are pursued because they, in some way or other, minister to finite human needs. This ministration is their function. All organization is for a purpose, towards the fulfillment of which the function of each organ in that organization helps.

The most comprehensive science is the most completely organized, unified knowledge, which sees not merely similarities in diversities, but, co-ordinating and summing up all sciences in itself as Brahma-vidya, the 'great science,' and

the 'Science of the Infinite', sees the Absolute Unity of Life in and through all the manyness of forms, whereof what has been called the organic unity of Nature is the expression; it sees the One Self at the central heart of all things, and all things radiating from that central heart; and the purpose of this great and 'true vision,' this *samyag-darshana*, is the fulfillment of that deepest, that infinite need of the human being, viz., the peace of mind that arises out of freedom from all doubts and consequent sorrows, out of the eternal assurance of deathless self-dependence.

—BHAGAVAN DAS.

SOME WORDS ABOUT BOOKS

By Henry Christeen Warnack

Most books are read either because you have already expressed their principle or because you are about to do so. You will only read a book with understanding when it corroborates your experience or is shortly to become your experience. A book is good when it expresses consciousness, and it has significance for you only when you can bring to it the same degree of consciousness as is back of the text. Men are full of latent forces and dormant powers. These lie like fuel awaiting ignition. The right book is often a torch to luminous bonfires within the self. Sometimes we wait for the miracle of the lightning flash to set us aflame when right at hand between the leaves of a book with authority is the word that would bring us the light. In Southern California at this time, and in the remainder of the southwest are thousands and tens of thousands of persons who need only a whisper to make them aware of themselves. They require only a word to make them alert. A single touch of conscious authority would cause them to turn toward the vast reservoir of truth that already wells deep within them. There are many books which would turn these drifters into operative workmen, build huts for the wanderers and plant firmly on the path the feet of those who know not whence to turn. There are schools for such and they do not know where to find them, teachers and they cannot see

them, established places and they do not enter. They have been unconscious probationers long enough and their conscious probation and enlightenment should speedily follow. The world is the work and all men and women are its candidates. This territory is replete with material ready to carry on, entitled to advancement, ripe for harvesting. Through no other channel can they be approached or can they make the approach so well as through the right book. Some of them are turning through ignorance of right knowledge into false ways and blind ways. Others are stagnant. Some are suffering from a misuse of power and some are floundering. Some are taking to methods that are only partially correct and that are strewn with dangers. Some are making needless delays for the self. Nearly all of them lack instruction and patience and nearly all are lacking in true guidance. "Light on the Path" and the "Aphorisms of Patanjali" are foundations of solid rock, many do not know how to proceed from thence. They are like builders without tools, even when the design is in their hands. They require both corroboration and instruction. They are entitled to right encouragement and unfailed leading. Not all will get the same results from reading the same books containing this encouragement and instruction, for not all will read with equal understanding and not all will work with the same consistence. For such however as are ready for the breath that will instill within them the life, for such as will flower immediately for a downpour of the water of life, it is always safe to commend two books by Dr. Rudolph Steiner. One is "The Way of Initiation." The other is "Initiation and Its Results." If you who read these lines are not satisfied with your progress, it may be that you are not working in the light and that you can find precisely the best method for yourself between the covers of these two books. They are written so simply that all may understand and so profoundly that their full import is never to be exhausted.

If you have read much and with your great knowledge of wisdom have not found that peace which can only come with a full conscious knowledge of world process and the one great law on which the government of the universe rests, it may be well for you to read another book which is grounded upon the eternal verities and in this there is no confusion nor turning aside. This book is the "Science of Peace" by Bhagavan Das, an inspired logician whose words ring true, because he himself

has found for himself the import of that truth he mutters for others to read. Do not attempt to read this book if you have not read up to it, for you will then find its living words to be only dead terminology; but if you have read widely and thought deeply to the end that you might perceive the operation that is flux and reflux, involution and evolution, the coming, the staying and the going, then this book will be to you as a ray from the great central sun and it will illumine your way.

If you are one who enjoys the truth as romantically portrayed in the demonstration of personalities, it may be that you will get not a little inspiration and a sharp whetting of the appetite by reading "Myriam of the Mystic Brotherhood." Its literary style is indifferent and its conclusion brings a touch of the relative, it makes speeches by the characters out of great laws, revelations and intimations, but despite these limitations, it remains a fascinating story, involving precious knowledge and endowed with an insight into imperishable truths.

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Number III.

"I am Jehovah, thy God who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Exodus 20:1, 2.

Very timely was the article in the Los Angeles Examiner under date of November 11—a really good cartoon showing a Greek temple centered in the background labeled "*Truth*" with a narrow path leading to it but frequented by few. On either side in the foreground, two colossal but attractive figures surrounded by teeming, surging crowds packed like sardines up close against them. These are marked "*What we hear*" and "*What we think.*"

Today we are only too apt to bow down to the idols of "*Gossip*" (what we hear) and "*Uncertainty*" (what we think) rather than "*what we know*" after investigation and experience.

In the ultimate, that which we really know, the experience after ample investigation, tallies with what we should do as expressed in the First and Only Commandment which contains all the rest.

EDITOR.

A PRAYER OF WISE MEN

From the unreal lead me to the Real!
From the darkness lead me to Light!
From death lead me to Immortality!

MANIFEST

All you have to do is take the marble of the lower self, and with the chisel of will and the hammer of thought cut away the matter that prevents the Beautiful within you from being seen; to let the God within you shine out in glory and lighten the world in which you live.

ANNIE BESANT.

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
But not within thyself, thy soul will be forlorn;
And on the Cross of Calvary He hangeth but in vain,
If within thyself it be not set up again.

ANGELUS SILESIVS.

MESSAGE OF THE KING

Laotze 604 B. C.

There is no Life
But GOD:

No God
But GOOD:

No Good
But LOVE:

No Love
But BEAUTY:

No Beauty
But TEH:

No Teh
But TAH:

Without sound, not without voice,
Without shape, all form;
Magnificent; beauty.

THE WILL OF GOD

My Peace I give to all such as are of Goodwill. And the Will of the Eternal is: that they all united in the Consciousness of the dignity of true humanity, having put death under their feet, the true life in their hearts, and lifted up their heads into the Light, should come to ME.

Given by
DR. FRANZ HARTMAN
to a Student.

From
PLYMOUTH PULPIT PROVERBS
of
Henry Ward Beecher

There is in human life very little spiritual inspiration; very little that men can get from each other; very little that they can get from society; very little that they can get from laws and institutions. ITS SOURCE IS ABOVE US.

Laws are not masters but servants, and he rules them who obeys them.

In the long run, the reason why men who are rich are honoured is that their riches stand for integrity, for skill, for moral and social excellence. Wealth is generically the exponent of these qualities in men.

People may talk about the equality of the sexes! They are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman will vanquish ten men.

When God thought of MOTHER, He must have laughed with satisfaction, and framed it quickly—so rich, so deep, so divine, so full of soul, power and beauty was the conception!

THE OVER-SOUL

Ralph Waldo Emerson

*"But souls that of his own good life partake,
He loves as his own self; dear as his eye
They are to Him; He'll never them forsake;
When they shall die, then God himself shall die;
They live, they live in blest eternity."*

—HENRY MORE.

(Continued from November issue)

We owe many valuable observations to people who are not very acute or profound and who say the thing without effort which we want and have long been hunting in vain. The action of the soul is oftener in that which is felt and left unsaid than in that which is said in any conversation. It broods over every society, and they unconsciously seek for it in each other. We know better than we do. We do not possess ourselves, and we know at the same time that we are much more. I feel the same truth how, often in my trivial conversation with my neighbors, that somewhat higher in each of us overlooks this by-play, and Jove nods to Jove from behind each of us.

Men descend to meet. In their habitual and mean service to the world, for which they forsake their native nobleness, they resemble those Arabian sheiks who dwell in mean houses and affect an external poverty, to escape the rapacity of the Pasha, and reserve all their display of wealth for their interior and guarded retirements.

As it is present in all persons, so it is in every period of life. It is adult already in the infant man. In my dealing with my child, my Latin and Greek, my accomplishments and my money stead me nothing. They are all lost on him: but as much soul as I have, avails. If I am merely wilful, he gives me a Roland for an Oliver, sets his will against mine, one for one, and leaves me, if I please, the degradation of beating him by my superiority of strength. But if I renounce my will and act for the soul, setting that up as umpire between us two, out of his young eyes looks the same soul; he reveres and loves with me.

The soul is the perceiver and revealer of truth. We know truth when we see it, let skeptic and scoffer say what

they choose. Foolish people ask you, when you have spoken what they do not wish to hear, "How do you know it is Truth and not an error of your own?" We know the truth when we see it, from opinion, as we know we are awake that we are awake. It was the grand sentence of Emanuel Swedenborg, which would alone indicate the greatness of that man's perception,—“It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to affirm whatever he pleases; but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false, which is the mark and character of intelligence.” In the book I read, the good thought returns to me, as every truth will, the image of the whole soul. To the bad thought which I find in it, the same soul becomes a discerning separating sword, and lops it away. We are wiser than we know. It will not interfere with our thought, but will act entirely, or see how the thing stands in God, we know the particular thing, and every thing and every man. For the Maker of all things and all persons stands behind us and casts his dread omniscience through us over things.

But beyond this recognition of its own in particular passages of the individual's experience, it also reveals truth. And here we should seek to reinforce ourselves by its very presence, and to speak with a worthier, loftier strain of that advent. For the soul's communication of truth is the highest event in nature, for it then does not give somewhat from itself, but it gives itself, or passes into and becomes that man whom it enlightens; or, in proportion to that truth he receives, it takes him to itself.

We distinguish the announcements of the soul, its manifestations of its own nature, by the term *Revelation*. These are always attended by the emotion of the sublime. For this communication is an influx of the Divine mind into our mind. It is an ebb of the individual rivulet before the flowing surges of the sea of life. Every distinct apprehension of this central commandment agitates men with awe and delight. A thrill passes through all men at the reception of new truth, or at the performance of a great action, which comes out of the heart of nature. In these communications the power to see is not separated from the will to do, but the insight proceeds from obedience, and the obedience proceeds from a joyful perception. Every moment, when the individual feels himself invaded by it, is memorable. Always I believe, by the necessity of our constitution a certain enthusiasm attends the indi-

vidual's consciousness of that divine presence. The character and duration of this enthusiasm varies with the state of the individual, from an ecstasy and trance and prophetic inspiration,—which is its rarer appearance, to the faintest glow of virtuous emotion, in which form it warms, like our household fires, all the families and associations of men, and makes society possible. A certain tendency to insanity has always attended the opening of the religious sense in men, as if "Blasted with excess of light." The trances of Socrates; the "union" of Plotinus; the vision of Porphyry; the conversion of Paul; the aurora of Behmen; the convulsions of George Fox and his Quakers; the illumination of Swedenborg, are of this kind. What was in the case of these remarkable persons a ravishment, has, in innumerable instances in common life, been exhibited in less striking manner. Everywhere the history of religion betrays a tendency to enthusiasm. The rapture of the Moravian and Quietist; the opening of the internal sense of the Word in the language of the New Jerusalem Church; the revival of the Calvinistic churches; the experiences of the Methodists, are varying forms of that shudder of awe and delight with which the individual soul always mingles with the universal soul.

The nature of these revelations is always the same; they are perceptions of the absolute law. They are the solutions of the soul's own questions. They do not answer the questions which the understanding asks. The soul answers never by words, but by the thing itself that is inquired after.

Revelation is the disclosure of the soul. The popular notion of a revelation is, that it is telling of fortunes. In past oracles of the soul the understanding seeks to find answers to sensual questions and undertakes to tell from God how long men shall exist, what their hands shall do and who shall be their company, adding even names and dates and places. But we must pick no locks. We must check this low curiosity. An answer in words is delusive; it is really no answer to the questions you ask. Do not require a description of the countries toward which you sail. The description does not describe them to you, and tomorrow you arrive there and know them by inhabiting them. Men ask of the immortality of the soul, and the employments of heaven, and the state of the sinner, and so forth. They even dream that Jesus has left replies to precisely these interrogatories. Never a moment did that sublime spirit speak in their patois. To truth, justice, love, the

attributes of the soul, the idea of immutableness is essentially associated. Jesus living in these moral sentiments, heedless of sensual fortunes, heeding only the manifestations of these, never made the separation of the idea of duration from the essence of these attributes, never uttered a syllable concerning the duration of the soul. It was left to his disciples to sever duration from the moral elements, and to teach the immortality of the soul as a doctrine, and maintain it by evidences. The moment the doctrine of the immortality is separately taught, man is already fallen. In the flowing of love, in the adoration of humility, there is no question of continuance. No inspired man ever asks this question or condescends to these evidences. For the soul is true to itself, and the man in whom it is shed abroad cannot wander from the present, which is infinite to a future which would be finite.

These questions which we lust to ask about the future are a confession of sin. God has no answer for them. No answer in words can reply to a question of things. It is not in an arbitrary "decree of God" but in the nature of man that a veil shuts down on the facts of tomorrow; for the soul will not have us read any other cipher but that of cause and effect. By this veil which curtains events it instructs the children of men to live in today. The only mode of obtaining an answer to these questions of the senses is to forego all low curiosity, and, accepting the tide of being which floats us into the secret of nature, work and live, work and live, and all unawares the advancing soul has built and forged for itself a new condition, and the question and the answer are one.

Thus is the soul the perceiver and revealer of truth. By the same fire, serene, impersonal, perfect, which burns until it shall dissolve all things into the waves and surges of an ocean of light, we see and know each other, and what spirit each is of. Who can tell the grounds of his knowledge of the character of the several individuals in his circle of friends? No man. Yet their acts and words do not disappoint him. In that man, though he knew no ill of him, he put no trust. In that other, though they had seldom met, authentic signs had yet passed to signify that he might be trusted as one who had an interest in his own character. We know each other very well—which of us has been just to himself, and whether that which we teach or behold is only an inspiration or is our honest effort also.

(To Be Continued)

THE QUEST

Maud Fletcher Galigher

Why criest Thou,
Why triest Thou,
My Soul to gain rebirth?
What bindest Thou,
What findest Thou,
My Soul, in bounds of earth?
What bravest Thou,
What cravest Thou,
My Soul, in tears or mirth?
Why dardest Thou,
Why carest Thou
My Soul, to prove Thy worth?

O Body of mine,
I am not Thine,
Thou givest me but Health.
O Mind of me,
Dost Thou not see,
Thou art but mental wealth.
O Life which seems,
Thy many dreams,
Are born of Strife and Pelf.
Spirit Divine,
Throughout All Time,
I go to prove Myself.

THE RE-BIRTH OF RELIGION

Reynold E. Blight

The fundamental principles of religion remain unchanged through the ages. On the slopes of the Himalayas ten thousand years ago when Krishna uttered his living words, in the valley of the Nile when the Egyptian priests initiated the neophyte into the awful mysteries of the book of the dead, in ancient Palestine when the inspired prophets challenged the attention of their generations with the audacious claim, "Thus saith the Lord!", in Greece where the philosophers gathered their disciples around the porch and instructed them in the laws of life and conduct, down through the ages to our Phillips Brooks and Emerson, all the religious teachers have been speaking the same profound truths.

Underlying every religion the world has known are certain essential doctrines; a sort of common denominator of religion. Below the aberglaupe of doctrine, ritual and church polity lie these universal truths. They are readily discerned and easily stated.

The oneness of God! "Know, O Israel, thy Lord is one God and him only shalt thou serve," proclaimed the Hebrew law-giver. Mohammed swept the gods from the Kaaba and called Arabia from idolatry to monotheism. Every real religious revival the world has ever known has sprung from the new proclamation of this mighty truth. Trinitarian Christianity while involving itself in the metaphysical perplexities of the Triune Deity has never ceased to emphasize the unity of God.

The goodness of life! Religion has never been pessimistic. In all ages it has seen the universe as the creation of a beneficent being and has recognized life as a beautiful and divine thing. "I am come that ye might have life," announced the Divine Nazarene, "and might have it more abundantly."

The moral duties of man! Interwoven into the very texture of every religion is its ethics. The moral precepts may differ somewhat in various races at different times, yet there is a surprising similarity between the ethical teachings of such widely separated teachers as Buddha, Zoroaster, Plato, Confucius, Jesus and Baha O'llah.

The immortality of the soul! Without doubt the sublime secret of the ancient mysteries was the doctrine of the im-

mortality of the soul and all peoples in all times have clung tenaciously to the hope of life beyond the grave. Widely variant were the ideas held by different nations,—the gloomy underworld of the Greeks, the passionless Nirvana of the Buddhist, the materialistic heaven of the literal Christian with its streets of gold and its choiring angels,—but they all bear testimony to the common belief that:

“Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:

Thou madest man, he knows not why,

He thinks he was not made to die;

And thou hast made him: thou art just.”

And these mighty truths are the common possession of the race and throb a glorious life in the heart of all religions in all times past.

But each age, each nation, gives its own peculiar expression to its religious life, formulating its own doctrines, developing its own ritual of worship, and articulating its religious aspirations in its own language.

Humanity is growing. Speaking through Walt Whitman humanity exultingly declares:

“I am the acme of things accomplished, and I am an encloser of things to be.

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs,

On every step bunches of ages and larger bunches between the steps,

All below duly travelled, and still I mount and mount.”

And as humanity grows,—its knowledge of the universe increasing, its life deepening and its command of the forces of nature becoming greater,—its religious experience and expression must expand also. Religion is not static, but dynamic. It is a living, growing thing that widens and deepens with human hope and aspiration.

The master scrutinized the canvas of the young painter and then with his brush wrote over the student's work the one word, “Larger.” The supreme Artist, so it seems, is writing the same word over human thought and endeavor, and the imperative demand of today is for a religious expression that shall measure up to the splendid achievements of this wonderful century in science, art, statecraft and industry.

The old faiths are largely discredited. The old forms of worship do not seem to respond adequately to the spiritual needs of the times. Men are turning from the ancient doctrines. But there is more true religion in the world today

than ever before. Never before has mankind been so anxious and willing to listen to the proclamation of spiritual truth when made in sincerity and earnestness.

The time is ripe for a new, a larger, a more splendid articulation of the spiritual needs and aspirations of the race. The mighty conflict that is now convulsing Europe is stirring humanity to its very centre and it may be that the psychological reaction may bring this rebirth of religion.

I apprehend that the new religion, which shall be the outgrowth of humanity's past and present religious experience, will care little for forms and ceremonies, organizations and theologies. It may utilize the words and symbolism made sacred by the use of the centuries, made venerable by the love and devotion of the saints, yet it will give that language a new significance, deeper, broader, more spiritual.

There will be small concern with heavens and hells in some distant realm beyond the grave, but there will be a vital interest in the affairs of the world that now is.

It will seek to make this life worth while and beautiful, knowing that life well lived here is the best possible preparation for the life beyond.

Recognizing that at bottom all religions are one, it will be pervaded with a sweet reasonableness, a loving tolerance, that shall fuse sects and creeds and races in a world-wide fraternity. Prejudice, bigotry, antagonism shall die. The time may never come when all men shall profess the same beliefs, worship at the same altar and speak a common religious language. But even as star differs from star in glory, yet each star shines with the light of the central sun, so religions may differ in their various manifestations, but all draw their life from the one All-Father, who is the ever-abiding truth and love.

Service, sympathy, self-surrender, self-realization will be the touch-stones of the religion that is to be. The purpose of its work will be to bring men into harmony with divine law, to enable men to perceive the eternal truth, to quicken them into spiritual life by releasing them from the illusions of the senses and freeing them from sin, disease and failure by the realization that God is all and beside Him there is none else. The cross shall again be lifted as the supreme religious symbol, at once the sign regnant of the all-conquering love of God, the transcendent worth of man and the obligation of unselfish service.

(Excerpt from an address by Reynold E. Blight. Published by the Church of the People, Los Angeles, California.)

PEACE

There is change in the forms of the one substance and in the direction of force. There is no growth, in the sense of the creation, since birth and death, unfoldment and enfoldment construction and destruction are forever equal.

Change is the natural function or expression of the one intelligence and love, substance and force of all life. In the last analysis intelligence, love, substance and force are one.

As long as a man, through love or hate, is attached to anything which he believes to be separate from himself he is not free. Why? Because he feels dependence, on that which he thinks to be outside himself, for his well being.

Peace is attained through the abolition of the belief in the antagonism in the outside of a today and a tomorrow, a me and a you, matter and spirit, good and evil.

Forces do not conflict, but always co-operate. The conviction that opposites are antagonistic is dangerous to serenity.

THE FOOTHILL PHILOSOPHER.

"IT SEEMS TO ME"

Wisdom is the light of love and love is wisdom's warmth, according to Swedenborg—and logic and history seem to bear him out.

The trouble with most reformers is that they emphasize form at the expense of spirit. The weakness of fanaticism lies in the fact that it perceives and insists only on spirit with no regard for form.

In rare instances great teachers have struck the balance between love and wisdom, between form and spirit, and have demonstrated their organic and essential unity. These masters have never despised form. They have sought to reconcile social and political conditions with man's higher aspirations and development. They have, in a sense, redeemed material nature and identified it with spiritual life. They have shown the unity of all things and forces and demonstrated that unity to be positively good.

He who seeks to attain that state of health which manifests itself in the sane, wholesome and joyous expression of the entire being will strive for the perfect co-operation between body and soul, for a fine adjustment between spirit and its correlative functioning instruments.

THE FOOTHILL PHILOSOPHER.

THE INNER CONSCIOUSNESS

How to Awaken and How to Direct It

(Continued from the November issue.)

What is meant by Inner Consciousness? Inner consciousness means: consciousness of inner forces; consciousness of inner perceptions, consciousness of what is called soul energy, consciousness of what is called Divine in the soul. That is a consciousness of something distinct and separate from the sense impressions, from bodily conditions, from external gross objects, from external perceptions.

Now this question may arise in our mind: Why should we try to awaken our Inner Consciousness? What benefit do we gain by it? Why should we try to arouse the Inner Consciousness, if the outer consciousness is as explained? What harm is there in living in the outer consciousness only? Our life means that, our life means the varied duties of life—the varied responsibilities. Our life means its relation to our fellow-beings, to the world, to so many material things, to so many objects, to so many phases of external life. Our life means all this—and what is the harm of living in that sense of consciousness? Why should we try to awaken our Inner Consciousness? Is there any necessity for it? Yes, it is absolutely necessary for persons in all walks of life. Why? Because while living in the outer consciousness we are not really contented. We always complain, either openly or mentally. Something is always lacking in our life. Just ask yourself this question: Are we really happy? It is not that we have to give up our external life, our material life. It is not that we have to eliminate all these things completely from our life. No, but we have to know where we stand, and we have to understand the purpose and meaning of our external life, or outer consciousness. We must know why we have to go through life's duties. We must know why we have to perform so many activities. What is the purpose? What is the idea back of it? Why are those condemned who neglect their duties, who shirk their responsibilities, who do not try to perform their functions, their duties properly? The idea is this: First of all, we are ignorant of the meaning and purpose of

life. We cannot explain definitely the reason for all these activities. We do not know why we live in the midst of sense perceptions. Why we are experiencing these things? We have certain desires, we have certain tendencies, certain emotions, certain passions. We are regulated by them; we are carried away by them against our will. We are, as it were, enslaved by certain things, and we go on, not knowing whence we have come or whither we are going, or what is the mission of our life. That is why the question was asked in ancient times by the Vedic Sages:

"What is that, knowing which, everything else will be known?" What is that fountain-head, knowing which, we shall understand the meaning and purpose of life—knowing which everything would be explained? Everything appears to be detached, purposeless, meaningless. What is that, knowing which, everything would be illumined? That is the question. That is the desire, in reality, in every human heart. We may not be able to explain it; we may not know it properly at times; but it is there, and only the sages have put the question definitely. That is why we must try to get into that realm of pure consciousness, as I explained. There are different grades of Inner Consciousness. The deeper we search, the more we understand, the more will that pure consciousness be unfolded which alone holds the key. To illuminate, to unfold, to explain everything in our life, we must come to that.

There is another reason why we must try to go beyond the outer and enter into the Inner Consciousness, and that is this: There is always reaction in our life—that is, when we live in the external consciousness, there is always reaction. Suffering is caused by reaction. Our miseries, our pains, our complaints, our doubts, our troubles, our disillusionments, our despair, have always been caused by the outer consciousness. For instance, when we live in the midst of sense perceptions we want to possess certain objects which we have perceived, impressions of which have been gathered through the senses. First of all the senses come in touch with external things. It may be a little food; a little form; it may be a little object; but it is there. That impression gets hold of us, and what do we want to do? We want to get that object; we want to possess it; we want to own it. When we cannot own it, there is suffering, there is heart-burning.

Suppose I love some object. I try my best to possess it. I cannot do it. Something stands in the way and takes it away from me—snatches it away. There is suffering. There is misery. In this way we are constantly becoming dependent on external things. These outer things, these external things, these objects of the senses get hold of us. They enter our lives and completely hold sway over us and we are completely carried away by them. Then we are thrown back, as it were, into ourselves; because nature's laws work relentlessly—and there are changes—there are separations.

You may say such ideas bring gloominess, pessimism into our lives. What difference does it make if we become a little gloomy, or if we become pessimistic? What has your optimism given us? What do the passing joys bring us? They bring us nothing but reaction. So-called optimism does not land us anywhere. It rather leads us into complex situations and conditions. Rather we should hail with joy that sort of pessimism which brings us face to face with the truth, which enables us to see things in their true color. Yes, we must face things boldly. It is not simply by patch-work that we gain in life, it is only by bold search and uncompromising investigation. It is by going to the root and to the bottom of things that we gain—truly gain—and accomplish something which is worth achieving. So we must not be afraid of analysing things in a deeper way. You see around you nature's changes and separations. You love a person. That person dies, or is taken away to other lands. You are miserable and prostrated with grief. Again you have possessed certain things and you lose them—you lose a fortune in a few days, a few weeks or in a few months. You are overcome with sorrow. That is life, and that is what is meant by outer consciousness. It is not that you must not have possessions; it is not that you must not have good homes; it is not that you must not love others. But do it knowingly; do it, not as a slave, but as a master; not as a dependent worm, but as a witness you should approach these things.

—SWAMI PRAKASHANANDA.

(To Be Continued)

AN OLD FAVORITE

Thou my everlasting portion
More than Life or friend to me
All along my pilgrim journey
Saviour let me walk with Thee
Close to Thee, Close to Thee
Close to Thee.
All along my pilgrim journey
Saviour let me walk with Thee.

Not for ease or worldly pleasure
Nor for fame my prayer shall be
Thy Holy Will shall be my Treasure
Only let me walk with Thee
Close to Thee, Close to Thee
Close to Thee,
Thy Holy Will shall be my Treasure
Only let me walk with Thee.

Lead me thro' the Veil of Maya
Bear me o'er Life's fitful sea
Then the gate of Life Immortal
May I enter Lord with Thee?
Close to Thee, Close to Thee
Close to Thee
Then the Gate of Life Immortal
May I enter Lord with Thee?

REASON

Let us reason together,
My body and I—
Let us be one with the Christ—
One with the Omnipresent Being—
Just one—
Unity.
Baptised in the Spirit of Love—
Drowned in the sea of God—
Just one—
Unity.

NOW

Now, is all time,
Past, Present and Future,
Never did it begin,
Never shall it end
For it is God
—NOW

BEAUTY

The trees, are they beautiful? . . .
What answer you? . . . Yes? . . .
No, they are not,
They only express the Beauty of God;
They of themselves can do nothing,
They of themselves are nothing,
It is the Father within
That expresses the beauty,
It is the Father, that is the beauty.

IAN HAMILTON CAMPBELL.

JUST LIVING

Oh! what do we care for the skit called **LIFE**;
The one now, or hereafter.

When we sense for the **GOAL**,
We pay the **TOLL**
By the giving of tears or laughter.

Then why should we pine at the so-called **SAD**,
Or try to blame it on God?

Ask the God to shine through
Every inch of **YOU**;
It will prove, you're the **STAFF** and the **ROD**.

JANE LOUISE UNDERWOOD.

From **LITERATURE AND DOGMA**

"Medical science has never gauged—never, perhaps, enough set itself to gauge—the intimate connection between moral fault and disease.

"To what extent, or in how many cases, what is called illness is due to moral springs have been used amiss—Whether they being overused or by not being used sufficiently we hardly at all know and we far too little inquire.

"Certainly it is due to this very much more than we think; and the more it is due to this, the more do moral therapeutics arise in possibility and importance.

"The bringer of light and happiness, or invigorator and stimulator is one of the chiefest doctors."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE GOLDEN BIRD

By James M. Warnack

"One time there was a little girl and her name was Rose, but people called her Wild Rose because she loved to roam around the woods and fields."

That was the way I began my story next day.

"Was she red like a rose?" asked Ed.

"Yes, almost as red," I said, "for she was an Indian child. I think you have all seen Indians; if you haven't, I'll take you to see them some time. There are not many Indians in this country now, but there used to be thousands of them before white people came to this country."

"Where did they go then?" asked Ellen.

"Well, they went far away to another land. There are still some Indians left in this country, but every year hundreds of them go to their new home, far away, where the rest of their brothers and sisters live. You will read about the Indians as you grow older. They were a very wonderful people, in many ways. Well, this girl Rose was an Indian. She was about fifteen years old and was very pretty and very good. She was good to everything in the world—even to bugs and such things. Of course, all the Indians were not so good to animals but that was because they did not know that animals suffer when people shoot them or strike them with sticks. However, some of the Indians were very wise and very kind, and Rose was one of these. She had long black hair and dark, dark eyes, and red, red, red cheeks. One day when Rose was out in the woods she heard a bird singing above her head, and when she looked up she saw the most beautiful bird, with golden feathers, sitting on the limb of a tree. The bird was singing the sweetest song she had ever heard in her life. The song was so sweet that it made her cry at first, but presently, while the bird was still singing, Rose fell asleep. When she awoke, she looked up to where the bird had been sitting in the tree—but the pretty creature was gone! 'Oh,' said Rose, 'I must find this bird and keep it always to sing for me!' So she started out to look for the birdie. She walked for fifteen days, and finally, one day, when she was almost ready to drop, she met a very old man and the man said, 'What are you look-

ing for?' So she told him, and the old man said, 'Well, you go ten miles further, until you come to a big rock under a tree; lift up that rock and you will see a stairway leading down into the ground. Go down the stairway and you will see somebody who will tell you more about the bird. But don't stop here to rest for this is a strange place and whoever falls asleep here does not wake up again for a thousand years. You must be very brave and must never allow yourself to become tired if you want to find the golden bird.' 'Thank you kindly,' said Rose. So, although she was very tired, she walked on and finally she came to the big rock under the tree. But the rock looked so big that she did not believe she could lift it. But she thought of what the old man had said to her about never allowing herself to get tired, and to always be brave. 'I will try, anyway,' she said to herself, and she began to try to push the rock away. To her surprise, she found it was as light as a feather. When she had rolled it away she saw the stairway going down into the middle of the world. It was dark, but she wasn't a bit afraid because she was a good girl and had been in the dark many times and she knew that nothing could hurt her. Many times she had slept out under the stars but nothing had ever come to hurt her. Even if a wolf or a bear or a wildcat passed her they would say, 'Oh, this is our sweet little Wild Rose, and we would not hurt her for the world!' Well, Rose started down the stairs in the dark, but when she had gone about a mile she saw the funniest little man coming toward her! He held a lighted lantern in his hand, and when Rose looked into his face she almost burst out laughing—for this man was only one foot high and his face was all wrinkled like a monkey's face."

"I saw a monkey one time," said Ed.

"Well, hush, Ed, and let him tell the story," said Willie.

"Well, this little man told Rose he had come to take her to the king of Caveland. He held the lamp so she could see, and directly they came to a road. They walked two miles along this road and they came to the king's palace. It was a big house, made out of white marble, like some of the churches in the city. When Rose went in she saw two thousand funny little men and women, like the one who had brought her to the palace. Then she heard the king say: 'Rose, you are welcome. I will make my little people dance

for you.' Then Rose sat down by the side of the king and the strange little people danced for her. The king told Rose that it was always night time in Caveland. 'But we don't mind that,' he said, 'because the palace is always lighted up so brightly that we imagine it is daylight all the time. You see we know how to fool ourselves,' smiled the king. 'But is it right for people to deceive themselves?' asked Rose. 'Oh, yes, sometimes,' said the king. Then the king asked Rose if she would like to live with them but Rose answered: 'No, Mr. King; I like you and I like your people, but I am hunting a pretty bird, and if I stay here I might never find it. Do you know where this bird is?' 'Yes,' said the king, 'and I, too, have often wanted to find the bird you speak of; but I am afraid to go out of this cave for fear something might happen to me and I might never get back. You see, I don't want to lose my little kingdom. But if you will not stay with us I will tell you where to find the bird. Go out of the cave and walk to the big sea; swim out to a little island in the middle of the sea and in the center of that island you will see a big tree. If you can climb to the top of that tree you will see a nest and in that nest you will find the golden bird.'

"So Rose thanked the king and went out of the cave. The king was sorry to see her go but he was not mad, because no one could get mad at Rose. The king even gave her a lantern to light her way out. When she got out of Caveland she threw the lantern away and walked on, under the sunlight, till she reached the sea. Then she jumped into the water and swam to the island. When she reached the island she walked until she came to the big tree. Then she climbed the tree and looked into the nest and saw the golden bird. Oh, how happy it made her! She reached her hand into the nest, grabbed the pretty bird and climbed down the tree. 'Little birdie,' said Rose, 'I'm going to take you home with me and give you a lovely cage to live in, and I am going to let you live with me and sing to me forever and ever!' And the bird said, 'Oh, that will be fine, I am sure!' Rose was so surprised to hear the bird talk that she nearly fell over backwards. 'How did you learn to talk? I didn't know that birds could talk.' 'I can't talk unless someone is holding me,' said the bird, 'and it must be somebody who is very good, like little Rose.'

"Well, Rose was now ready to return home, but she had walked so far and swam so far that she was very tired. Anyhow, she started out with the bird under her arm, next to her heart, and walked to the seashore. Just as she started to jump into the sea to swim home, a big whale came swimming up and said, 'Jump on my back, Rose, and I will take you home.' By this time Rose was getting used to hearing animals talk, so she wasn't much surprised. She got on the fish's back and he carried her across the sea to her own country. When she reached home everybody came running to meet her. 'Where have you been all this time?' they asked. And Rose told them how she had found the bird. Then everybody went to work and built a pretty cage for the bird. When they put him in his new home he sang to them for an hour. Of course all the boys and girls loved the bird and they fed it bread crumbs and cheese all day long. They named the bird Goldie. At night Goldie sang the children to sleep, and at morning he waked them with song. Grown people, too, liked Goldie; but, somehow, he always sang better for the children than for the older folks. When anyone felt sad he simply went to this singer and listened to the sweet music until he felt glad again. And when anyone felt sick he went to the bird and said, 'Goldie, please sing to me. I want to hear your song, for I am sure that it will make me well.' And the bird would sing to him and he would get well right away.

"But one morning the bird did not wake the children with song. Every child slept late that day, and when they got up they went to the cage to see what was the matter with Goldie. Well, Goldie was not dead, for the golden bird never dies. He often comes at night and sings to us when we are asleep, and we hear his music in our dreams. Sometimes I think I can hear his song even when I am awake. Well, as I said, Goldie was not dead, but he stood there with his head under his wing as if he felt sick at heart. The boys and girls shook the cage and said, 'Sing, Goldie, sing!' But Goldie only shook his head and looked at them sadly. Pretty soon Rose came to the cage and said, 'Wait a minute; I'll find out what's the matter with him.' So Rose put her hand in the cage and took Goldie out and whispered to him and said, 'Goldie, dear, why don't you sing?' And Goldie said: 'I cannot sing any more because I am so homesick. I want to go back to my island

in the sea; I want to sit in my nest in the tree top where I can watch the great red sun go down into the sea at night; I want to see and hear the great white waves break on the shore. You have kept me in this cage too long, and I am so tired of it and so homesick—oh, so homesick! If you had to leave your brothers and sisters and go to live in a tree top, you would not like it very long, would you? Well, neither can I live in a cage forever and be happy. Will you let me go now, Rose?’

“So Rose said, ‘You dear, sweet Goldie! I am sorry we have kept you so long. Surely we will let you go. We love you better than anything else in the world but now we see that you cannot be happy unless you are free, so we are going to let you go. Thank you so much for all your singing. Come back to see us sometime. Fly away now to your brothers and sisters among the trees, and come back again, when you feel like it, to sing to us about the big red sun sinking down into the sea.’

“Then Rose kissed Goldie and threw him into the air—and as he flew away he sang a song that was sweeter than any he had ever sung before—and the children remembered that last song as long as they lived.”

PHILOSOPHY OF "BELIEF"

or

The Gateway to the Realm of Reality

by

Dr. F. F. Tanaka

(Author of "Essentials of Happiness.")

The lavish use of the word "Belief" has become almost "second nature" to us so that we no longer detect in it any serious meaning, or its real significance. Abuse of the word is so extensive that we know nothing about the object or condition in the reference to our "beliefs." Present day writers and speakers on spiritual subjects cannot construct a single paragraph without using the word. Its use is so careless that it has driven thousands upon thousands of well-meaning but less fortitudinous men and women to the realm of chaos and into a state of mental wretchedness.

In reality, we never express our thought *in Belief*. We live in it. As soon as it is expressed in thought it is either knowledge, wisdom, opinion or question. Knowledge or wisdom is more than belief—(it has passed the state of belief;) and belief is more valid than either an opinion or a question—it is yet to be tested out in our lives. Belief is one of the most sacred things in man's make-up. This we realize when one says: "I believe in God," and when he is not godly, then we know his is either a false witness or he does not know what he is saying, or perhaps both.

There is still another phase of the abuse of the word "Belief"; and that is in the following quotation: "I believe that the various scientific discoveries have contributed wonderfully to the welfare of humanity." There is no common sense in that statement that really requires comment; because in the first place, we do not know what is really meant. It may be either a fact, or scientific discoveries may have no direct relation to human welfare! He is rightly entitled to his opinion, of course, but he does not really mean he "believes,"—he probably means that he "is of the opinion" or he

"questions"! Secondly, it is immaterial to us, because we do not care whether he "believes" or not. His "belief" or rejection does not change the existing condition anyway! And lastly, we question as to his character—his motivating purpose in making such a statement, since he is not the sole benefactor of the scientific discoveries nor does his life show the devotion consecrated to the welfare of humanity.

Expressions of that sort usually impress the average mind that he has said something worth while and praise is expected for it. But in reality he has said nothing. Notwithstanding, he has left in the minds of unthinking people a fantastic picture that will sometime prove to be unreal and impractical; thereby creating false impressions and artificial standards.

A man's *Belief* is known by *what he is*—not by his words. If he is dishonest, he does not believe in honesty. If he is tricky, he does not believe in the law of compensation. If he is foolish, he believes in follies. If he is a hypocrite, he believes in sin. If he is selfish, he does not believe in unity and harmony. If he is sensual, he does not believe in congeniality. If he is mentally unsound, he believes in impracticalities. If he believes in temporary glories, to him there is no eternity. If he is unhappy, he does not believe in Supreme Law, Sublime Nature and Almighty God. And if he is loving, peaceful and joyous, he has believed and lived the life according to the Creator who ordained for him the Gift Eternal—Happiness.

So that we see the word "Belief" or "Believe" is fraught with the utmost seriousness and its employment should be carefully censored before attempting to use it. We should not say, "I believe," when in reality, "I am of the opinion" or "I know," is the correct expression. When we believe a thing, we live it. That's final! Our knowledge is authority, but our opinions are not. Our lives are our Belief but our Beliefs should not be false impressions and artificial standards. To live in Reality is therefore to *believe* in Eternity.

DR. F. F. TANAKA.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA

Translated by Pramada Dasa Mitra with Explanatory notes.

Discourse III.

Arjuna spoke:—

If Wisdom, O Janardana, is thought by Thee to be higher than action, then why, O Kesava, dost Thou engage me in a dreadful action? (1)

By confused words Thou seemest to confound my understanding; do, therefore, tell (me) one thing of a certainty, so that I may attain to bliss. (2)

The Divine Lord spoke:—

Faith is twofold in this world, O sinless one, as hath been declared by Me before: To the Sankhyas belongeth that of wisdom, to the Yogis, that of action. (3)

Man doth not attain to freedom from action by abstention from action; nor doth he reach perfection merely by renunciation. (4)

Not even for a moment doth any one ever remain inactive. Every one is impelled to act by qualities born of his nature. (5)

He who, controlling the organs of action, sitteth, imagining in his mind the objects of sense—that man of deluded

By the twofold path of devotion is meant the meditative and the active. The meditative are those who prefer meditation to external action. The active are those who believe in external work with or without meditation.

Without performing some kind of work no one can reach worklessness and perfection. These are synonymous terms, meaning, becoming one with the Infinite and free from all ideas of want. A man who has reached this state can have no necessity or desire for work as a means to an end. Perfect satisfaction in the Self is his natural condition.

(See Chapter III—Verse 17.)

Verse 5 refers to men living under bondage that is in separateness.

mind is declared to be a hypocrite. (6)

But he, O Arjuna, who, controlling with his mind his senses, practiseth, without attachment, the Devotion of action, with his organs of action—that man is superior.

(7)

Do thou perform prescribed action, for action is better than inaction. Even thy life's career could not be carried out without action. (8)

Prescribed actions may be explained under the heading of First, obligatory (Nitya); that is the performance of that which does not produce any merit but by nonperformance a demerit is produced;

Second,—Those actions arising on the occurrence of some special events—customary, (Naimittika);

Third,—Those actions for securing some special ends—optional, (Kamyā);

Fourth,—Forbidden actions.

He rests happily in the body (of nine organic openings) seeing inaction in action. (Nishiddha) Just exhausting his "Parabdha"—not relating or identifying himself with anything of the dual universe.

Verse number 9 does not only refer to a religious rite, sacrifice or worship. It also implies an action done with a good or spiritual motive.

This world is fettered by action other than that (which is performed) for the sake of sacrifice. For the sake of that (sacrifice), O Kunti's son, perform action freed from attachment. (9)

Of old, the Lord of creatures, having created them together with sacrifice, thus spoke: "Do ye propagate by this (sacrifice); let this yield your cherished desires; (10)

"By this, do ye regard the gods, and may the gods regard you. Regarding mutually, ye shall attain to the highest good. (11)

"The gods, honoured in sacrifice, will bestow upon you, your desired enjoyments." He is verily a thief who enjoyeth, without giving what have been given by them. (12)

The good, who eat the remnant of sacrifice, are freed from all sins. But sin do they eat—the impious, who cook for their own sake. (13)

Creatures come forth from food, and the production of food is from rain. Rain cometh from sacrifice, and sacrifice hath its origin in action. (14)

Know action to arise from Brahma (the Veda), and Brahma, from the Imperishable; so Brahma, the all-pervading, resteth eternally in sacrifice. (15)

He who continueth not the course of this wheel thus revolved, that man of unholy life, O Partha, revelling in his senses, liveth in vain. (16)

According to the Ancient Aryan custom and the laws of Manu the offering of sacrifices, the teaching and reciting the scriptures, the offering libations of water to one's ancestors, the feeding of the hungry, the feeding of the lower animals, are the five daily duties enjoined on householders. The performance of these duties frees them from the five-fold sins, inevitable to a householder's life, due to the killing of life, from the use of:

- (1) The pestle and mortar.
- (2) The grinding stone.
- (3) The oven.
- (4) The water Jar.
- (5) The broom.

In verse number 14 sacrificial deeds themselves are not only meant but the subtle principle into which they are converted, after they have been performed, to appear later on as their fruits. This is technically known in Sanskrit as a "Apurva."

Verse number 15 refers to the Veda as all pervading because it illumines all subjects and is the store of all knowledge, being the outbreathing of the Omniscient One. It is said to be ever center—in sacrifice because it deals chiefly with sacrifice, as the means of achieving the end either of prosperity or final liberation, according as it is performed with or without desire.

Verse number 16 refers to the wheel which is supposed to have been started by Prajapati—the creator of Brahma on the basis of Veda and sacrifice according to mythology.

But the man who delighteth in Spirit (the Inner Self), is satisfied in Spirit, and is contented in Spirit alone, he (indeed) hath no work to (do).

(17)

Verily hath he no end to gain from (anything) done or not done in this world; nor indeed doth any purpose of his depend upon any in the whole circle of creatures.

(18)

Do thou, therefore, ever unattached, perform the work that ought to be done; for the man who worketh, unattached, attaineth to the Supreme.

(19)

It was by work that Janaka and others attained to perfection. Aye, looking also to the world's well-being, it behooveth thee to work.

(20)

Whatever the great man doeth, even that the others do. That which he authorizeth, the world followeth.

(21)

Naught have I in the three worlds to do, O Partha; naught unattained, to obtain; and yet do I remain acting.

(22)

Should I not wakefully engage myself in work, men would all around follow My path, O son of Pritha.

(23)

These worlds would die away, should I not work: I should be the cause of the confusion of castes and kill these creatures.

(24)

Janaka is the historical figure in Hindu history who is reputed to have been the kingly sage who attained to balance—equal-mindedness—Yoga—Perfection.

As the ignorant, attached to work, do act, O descendant of Bharata; so the wise, unattached, should act, desiring the well-being of mankind.

(25)

One should not unsettle the understanding (faith) of the ignorant attached to work. The wise man (himself) acting wakefully, should sanction all (proper) actions.

(26)

By Nature's attributes are actions wrought all around. He, whose soul is deluded by self-conceit, thinketh—"I am the agent."

(27)

But the knower of the truth, thou of mighty arms, about the divisions of attributes and actions, hath no attachment (to Nature's operations), considering that attributes act upon attributes.

(28)

They, who are deluded by the attributes of Nature, cling to the workings of these attributes. He, who knoweth (the underlying Reality of) All, should not unsettle the unwise, unacquainted with (the truth of) the universe.

(29)

Offering up all actions to Me, with a mind fixed in Spirit, devoid of desire and devoid of affection, do thou fight, free from the fever (of anguish).

(30)

Those men, faithful and uncavilling, who ever practise this my teaching—they too are freed from (the bondage of) action. (31)

But they who, carping at this, follow not my teaching—know these wretched senseless people to be lost to all knowledge. (32)

Even the man of knowledge acteth in conformity with his own nature. The creatures follow Nature: what will restraint avail? (33)

Desire and Aversion dwell in each and every object of sense. Let not one be subdued by these two, for these are his enemies. (34)

One's own Duty, though wanting in merit, is better than an alien one, though easily performed. Better it is to die in the performance of one's duty, but an alien duty is dangerous. (35)

Arjuna spoke:—

By whom led, O Varshneya, doth man commit sin, even though unwilling, as if impelled by force? (36)

The Divine Lord spoke:—

This is Desire, this is Anger, born of the quality of Passion — most devouring, most sinful: Know it to be the enemy in the world. (37)

As fire is enshrouded with smoke, as a mirror with dirt, as the foetus is enclosed in

The reason why some people do not follow their best understanding is because their lower nature proves too strong for them.

Though it has been said some are so completely under the sway of their natural propensities, that restraint is of no avail to them, yet the seeker after truth should never think of following their example, but should always exert himself to overrule all attachments and aversions of the senses for their objects.

The implication is that Arjuna's thought of desisting from fight and going in for the calm and peaceful life of the Brahmana is prompted by man's natural desire to shun what is disagreeable and embrace what is agreeable to the senses. He should on no account yield to this weakness.

Varshneya: A descendant of the race of Vrishni.

Anger is only another form of desire—desire obstructed.

A beautiful image appears. The tendency of the mind is to repeat it. Then, if the image is allowed to re-occur, a liking grows. With a growth of liking the wish to come close, to possess, appears. Any obstacle to this produces wrath. The impulse of

the womb, so is this en-
shrouded with it. (38)

anger throws the mind into confusion, which casts a veil over lessons of wisdom learnt by past experience. Thus deprived of his mortal standard, he is prevented from using his discrimination. Failing in discrimination, he acts irrationally, on the impulse of passion, and paves the way to moral death.

Krishna traces moral degradation to those first breaths of thought, that come softly and almost unconsciously to the mind.

Verse number 5: "It" is knowledge, "That" is desire.

Three stages of the overclouding of knowledge or Self by desire are described by the three illustrations. The first stage, "Satvika," fire enveloped by smoke:—The rise of a slight wind of discrimination dispels the smoke of desire in a "Satvika" heart. The second, "Rajasika,"—the dust on a mirror, requires some time and preparation. While the third,—the "Tamasika," takes a much longer time, like the release of the embryo from the afterbirth.

Shrouded is wisdom by this perpetual enemy of the wise—this fire, hard to be quenched, which taketh the form of desire. (39)

In verse number 39 desire is undoubtedly the foe of all mankind. Why it is said to be the constant foe of the wise, is that they feel it to be so even when under its sway. Fools are awakened for a moment only, when they suffer from its painful actions.

The senses, the mind and the understanding are said to be its seat; through these it deludeth the embodied creature, shrouding his wisdom. (40)

In verse number 40 like a wise general, Krishna points out the fortress of the enemy, by conquering which the enemy is easily defeated.

"Through these." By vitiating the senses, mind and the intellect.

Therefore, O Prince of Bharatas, having first subjugated thy senses, kill out this Evil, which destroyeth Wisdom and Spiritual Intuition. (41)

The organs of sense they declare to be above (gross matter), and the mind is above the organs; the understanding is above the mind, and that which is above the understanding is He. (42)

Thus having known Him, as transcending understanding, and having strengthened thyself by Self, slay, O mighty-armed one, that enemy—Desire, hard indeed to be conquered. (43)

Thus ends the THIRD DISCOURSE entitled "THE KARMA YOGA or DEVOTION OF ACTION," in THE HOLY ODE OF THE DIVINITY, the Essence of Spiritual Wisdom, the Science of Brahma, the System of Yoga, the Dialogue between Sri Krishna and Arjuna.

MAHABHARATA

The Mahabharata is a wonderful didactic poem. The word comes from the Sanskrit and signifies, "The great Epic of the Bharatas." "Bharata" is the ancient Sanskrit name for the ancient Aryan Empire, which is now called India by Europeans. The Mahabharata contains a hundred thousand Slokas or verses, that is to say, two hundred thousand lines containing sixteen syllables each.

It is part of what is called in Sanskrit the Sanatana Dharma—"The Eternal Religion," or what we now call "Truth." The word "Dharma" means more than any one word by which it is frequently translated into English. The literal translation of the Sanskrit definition: "that which supports, that which holds together the peoples of the Universe, that is "Dharma." Dharma is not merely a set of beliefs having no necessary connection with daily life, but it is the very principle of a healthy beneficent life. In other words it is that which binds spiritually. Hence, Sanatana Dharma means the Eternal Religion; and Vaidika Dharma means to tread the sure road to happiness, individual as well as general. The Vedas and Upanishads constitute the "Sruti" which means in English "that which is known," it needs no further proof or investigation and does not admit of a variety of interpretations. Whereas the "Smriti" which means "that which has been heard," is a voluminous collection of that which is traditional. Hence, the vast number of commentaries and numberless epics, among which are the two oldest, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, are numbered among the Smriti, that is tradition. There is a traditional saying among the Bengalis, the inhabitants of the province of Bengal in India, of which Calcutta is the capital, "If it is not in the Mahabharata it is not of the Bharatas." The Mahabharata is very long and is obviously the work of many ages. Sometimes its authorship is attributed to Vyasa, but in Sanskrit Vyasa means compiler, and there were innumerable Vyasas working on the Mahabharata. The Bhagavad Gita comprises about one-quarter of the Mahabharata. The Mahabharata itself is about seven times as long as the Iliad and the Odyssey of the Greeks combined. As the old testament of the Jews represented not only

history and law, but chronology, poetry and allegory, it formed quasi a Jewish encyclopedia, and in the same way you can say the Mahabharata is a wonderful compendium of the history and poetry, and a general picture of the ancient civilization of India, its manners, its customs, its law and its religion, including some of the highest spiritual truths given, sometimes, in more archaic form in the Vedas and Upanishads.

From time to time we will print in Broadcast some of the most delightful stories taken from this most ancient Aryan epic.

THE SEVEN GATES

If the mind cannot contact a body nor mould itself unto it, men say of that one that he is an idiot and they put him from them, as of old they said of such an one, "He hath a devil, or is possessed of demons;" and the dimensions of the body are the first and second heavens, having line and breadth, and by intellect is the body led unto the third heaven of height, and it enters therein with the mind for a host.

If the soul appears unto a body and the intellect will not that it shall tarry, but sends it forth, that mind is in the outer darkness of the first three heavens, and the soul cannot center in that body, nor sit upon its throne in that mind and that grass shall be cut down and be consumed. Now the mind is ruler over the first three lower heavens, but by the soul it may enter the fourth heaven with the soul for a host; yea, it may envision the fifth, as from the mountain top one views a land of great promise.

If a soul shall be overshadowed by the Spirit and will not yield itself unto Spirit, nor be lifted up into it, that soul shall die, having sinned against the Holy Ghost which is that Other Might, for unto Spirit is the power of the second death. Even so is the dominion of the soul over the fourth and fifth heavens, which are the first of the higher heavens, and with the Spirit as a host shall enter likewise the sixth heaven and view as from afar the seventh and last heaven having form and name.

Unto him who enters the sixth gate, and the other gates that have led him thereunto, will the Spirit appear, abiding therein as he appears, so that he shall no longer have need of whatsoever appearance is behind him, and the Spirit as host shall join him unto the One Made Manifest within the seventh heaven, wherein is not any death, for there is nothing to die; nor any change, for it is nothing that can know change. And the Spirit hath reign over the seventh heaven forever; and the key unto that heaven, which is given in the sixth state, is that separateness in which is neither sin nor descent and which knows itself in God and God within it.

And when the seventh day shall be remembered as holy and complete, it shall be joined unto the Lord at rest from

his labor, beyond which is neither form nor name, nor any question to be recorded; and he that striketh that rock afore-time shall be ground unto dust, but the rock shall not be lessened thereby, nor shall it be touched, even as the soul that delivereth the grass unto flames shall not itself be delivered unto any evil, nor be any less, but shall find wherewithal it shall be clothed.

HENRY CHRISTEEN WARNACK.

VIRTUES AND VICES

Even when want of sufficient growth and knowledge keeps men from the higher and attached to the lower manifestations of Deity, even then it is one divinity who inspires their faith in the lower forms suited to their undeveloped intelligence, and it is He who gives the perishable fruit on which their desires are fixed. Again in the Gita we find:

"They whose wisdom hath been rent away by desires go forth to other Shining Ones, resorting to various external observances, compelled by their own natures.

"Any devotee who seeketh to worship with faith any such aspect, I verily bestow the unswerving faith of that man.

"He, endowed with that faith, seeking the worship of such a one and from him obtaineth his desires, I verily decreeing the benefits.

"Finite indeed the fruit; that belongeth to those who are of small intelligence.

"Even the devotees of other bright spirits who worship full of faith, they also worship Me, though contrary to the ancient rule.

"I verily am the enjoyer of all sacrifices, and also of the Lord, but they know Me not in essence, and hence they slip."

All vices grow out of the hate emotion. It may almost shock some to see very common faults of character classed as the fruits of the hate emotion, and yet if he thinks a little he will see that they have the marks of that emotion, as they drive men apart from each other, setting them in antagonism to each other, and that is clearly the result of the repellant force, which is hate and not love.

The opposite of kindness is harshness which shows itself

but too often in families as moroseness, sourness, irritability and peevishness—very common failings, and the destroyers of family affection and peace. These faults bring dark shadows into the family circle, in strong contrast to the light spread by the light and sunny temper, and are but forms of anger, one of the root manifestations of the hate emotion.

According to the laws of Manu anger and harshness are among the vices to be specially avoided; "Let him avoid unbelief, censure of the scriptures, and slighting of the Bright Ones, hatred, obstinacy, pride, anger and harshness."

The mind confused by anger is easily hurried into other vices and it is one of the chief roots of pride. Impatience is one of its smaller manifestations, and he who is intent on improving his character should be on his watch against even comparatively minor form of his great enemy.

Sectarianism, when it is bitter and quarrelsome is a form of intolerance. Sectarian bigotry blinds by magnifying unessential differences, to the essential unity in which they are all rooted.

As men lose the spirit of religion and turn chiefly to its forms, caring only for its external ceremony and not even understanding its meaning or the object it is intended to bring about, they become more and more bigoted and intolerant, and split up into more and more numerous parties. Thus religion, which should bind men together, is changed by intolerant bigotry into a disintegrating force.

Uprightness, Fair Dealing, Trust, Honor, Straightforwardness, Urbanity, Fidelity, Fortitude, Endurance, Cooperation—these are virtues which are necessary for happy and prosperous social life. Where these are found, the life of a community or of a nation is peaceful and contented, and men who show these virtues in their character make good citizens and lead happy lives.

Readiness to forgive injuries is a virtue necessary for peaceful living, for all, at times, do some wrong to another, moved by passion, or envy, or some other evil emotion. Readiness to forgive such wrong is a sign of noble disposition, and magnanimity includes this readiness, as well as the large heartedness which makes allowance for the weakness of others, and takes a generous view of their motives and actions.

—FROM THE SANATANA DHARMA.

WISDOM AND DESTINY

Wisdom is the lamp of love, and love is the oil of the lamp. Love, sinking deeper, grows wiser; and wisdom that springs up aloft comes ever the nearer to love. If you love, you must needs become wise; be wise, and you surely shall love. Nor can any one love with the veritable love but his love must make him the better; and to grow better is but to grow wiser. There is not a man in the world but something improves in his soul from the moment he loves—and that though his love be but vulgar; and those in whom love never dies must needs continue to love as their soul grows nobler and nobler. Love is the food of wisdom; wisdom the food of love; a circle of light within which those who love clasp the hands of those who are wise. Wisdom and love are one; and in Swedenborg's Paradise the wife is "the love of the wisdom of the wise."

Were we to allow our clear ideas only to govern our life, we should quickly become undeserving of either much love or esteem. For, truly, what could be less clear than the reasons that bid us be generous, upright, and just; that teach us to cherish in all things the noblest of feelings and thoughts? But it happily so comes to pass that the more clear ideas we possess, the more do we learn to respect those that as yet are still vague. We must strive without ceasing to clarify as many ideas as we can, that we may thus arouse in our soul more and more that now are obscure. The clear ideas may at times seem to govern our external life, but the others perforce must march on at the head of our intimate life, and the life that we see invariably ends by obeying the invisible life. On the quality, number, and power of our clear ideas do the quality, number, and power depend of those that are vague; and hidden away in the midst of these vague ones, patiently biding their hour, there may well lurk most of the definite truths that we seek with such ardour. Let us not keep them waiting too long; and indeed, a beautiful crystal idea we awaken within us shall not fail, in its turn, to arouse a beautiful vague idea; which last, growing old, and having itself become clear (for is not perfect clearness most often the sign of decrepitude in the idea?), shall also go forth, and disturb from its slumber another obscure idea, but loftier, lovelier far it had been

itself in its sleep; and thus, it may be, treading gently, one after the other, and never disheartened, in the midst of those silent ranks—some day, by mere chance, a small hand, scarce visible yet, shall touch a great truth.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

DE FUNDAMENTO SAPIENTIAE

The Spiritual Essence of Man comes from the first emanation of God. It is gifted with divine wisdom and with divine power; and if the elements constituting the normal man become conscious of the possession of them by divine gifts, and learn to realize their divine power and how to employ them, they will be, so to say, superhuman, and may rightly be called divine Beings or Sons of the Almighty. Whenever a child is conceived, a word proceeds, like a ray from God, which provides the future man with a Spirit. This Spirit however, is not absorbed immediately by the new-born child, but becomes incarnate gradually, as the man grows and attains reason and intelligence. (Pure Spirit is formless.) Many men and women live, and marry, and die without ever coming into full possession of (or without entering into a firm connection with) that divine ray of wisdom that can alone transform them into immortal human beings; because although all the powers and essences that go to make up their souls may be much more enduring in their form than their physical bodies, still these powers will become exhausted and these essences be decomposed into their elements in due time, and there is nothing that endures unto the end except the Spirit of God, that may become manifest in man by assimilating with the more refined essences of the Soul.

—PARACELSUS.

WHEN I LIFT UP MINE EYES

Oh, mountains, my wonderful mountains,
With the billowy clouds on your breast,
With the sun on your lakes and your fountains,
And your streams that are never at rest!

From your crags where the eagles are streaming,
From your loftiest summits of snow,
My spirit ascends in its dreaming
To heights that you never may know.

I sit in communion unending,
With all that your wonder suggests,
And ever your grandeur is lending
Some hint to my heart's endless quest.

Oh, you wean me away from my sadness,
You make me forget all my ills—
And I enter a Heaven of gladness,
When I lift up Mine Eyes to the Hills.

JAMES M. WARNACK.

THE SECRET OF WORK

(Continued from the November Issue.)

As the tortoise tucks his feet and head inside of his shell and you may kill him and break him in pieces, yet they will not come out, even so the character of that man who has control over his centres and organs is established. By this continuous reflex of good thoughts, good impressions moving over the surface of the mind, the tendency becomes strong for good and the result is that we control the "Indriyas" (the sensory and motor organs). Then alone will the character be established; then alone you get to truth; that man is safe forever; he cannot do any evil; you may throw him anywhere; you may put him in any company; there will be no danger for him. There is a still higher stage than having this good tendency, the desire for liberation. You must remember that freedom of the soul is the goal of all these Yogas, and each one equally leads to the same result. Just by work, men get where Buddha got by meditation and Christ by prayer. Buddha was a Jnani; Christ was a Bhakta, but the same goal was reached. The difficulty is here. Liberation means entire freedom—freedom from the bondages of good, as well as from the bondages of evil. A golden chain is as much a chain as an iron chain. There is a thorn in my finger, and I use another thorn to take the first thorn out, and when I have taken it out I throw both thorns aside; I have no necessity for keeping the second thorn, because both are thorns, after all. So the bad tendencies are to be counteracted by the good tendencies, and the bad marks of the mind should be conquered by fresh waves of good marks, until those that are evil almost disappear, or are subdued and held in control in one corner of the mind; but after that, the good tendencies have also to be conquered; the "attached" must become "unattached." Work, but let not the action or the thought produce a deep impression on the mind; let the ripple come; let huge actions proceed from the muscles and the brain, but let them not make any deep impression on the soul. How can that be done? We see that the impression of any action to which we join ourselves remains.

I may meet hundreds of persons during the day, but I meet one I love, and when I retire at night I may try to think of all the faces, but that face comes which I met only for one minute, and which I loved, and all the others have vanished.

My attachment to this particular person caused a deeper impression on my mind than all the other faces. Physiologically, the impressions have all been the same; every one of these faces that I saw pictured itself on the retina, and the brain took the picture in, and yet there was no similar effect upon the mind. But in the case of that man, of whom I caught, perhaps, only a glimpse, a deeper impression was made, because the other faces found no association in my mind; most of them perhaps, were entirely new faces about which I never thought before, but that one face, of which I got only a glimpse, found associations inside. Perhaps I had pictured him for years, knew hundreds of things about him, and this one new thing found hundreds of kindred things inside my mind, and all these associations were aroused. The impression on my mental vision was a hundred times more than the seeing of all those different faces together, and such being the case, a deep impression will be immediately made upon the mind.

Therefore, be "unattached"; let things work; let brain centres work, work incessantly, but let not a ripple conquer the mind. Work as if you were a stranger in this land, a sojourner; work incessantly, but do not bind yourselves; bondage is terrible. This world is not our habitation, it is only one of the many stages through which we are passing. Remember that great saying of the Sankhya Philosophy: "The whole of nature is for the soul, not the soul for nature." The very reason of nature's existence is for the education of the soul; it has no other meaning; it is there because the soul must have knowledge, and through knowledge will free itself. If we remember this always we shall never be attached to nature; we shall know that nature is a book in which we are to read, and when we have gained that knowledge the book itself ceases to be of value to us. Instead of that, however, we are identifying ourselves with nature; we are thinking that the soul is for nature, just as the common saying is that one man "lives to eat" and another "eats to live"; we are continually making this mistake; we are regarding nature as ourselves and are becoming attached to it, and as soon as this attachment comes there is this deep impression on the soul, which binds us down and makes us work like slaves.

The whole gist of this teaching is that you should work

like a master and not as a slave; work incessantly, but not slave's work. Do you not see how everybody works? Nobody can rest; ninety-nine per cent of mankind work as slaves, and the result is misery; it is selfish work. Work through freedom! Work through love! The word love is very difficult to understand; it never comes until there is freedom. There is no love in the slave. If you buy a slave and tie him down in chains and make him work for you he will work like a drudge, but there will be no love. So when we ourselves work for the world as slaves, there is no love, and it is not true work. The same applies to our work for our relatives and friends, even for our own selves. Suppose a man loves a woman; he wishes to have her all to himself and feels extremely jealous about her every moment; he wants her to sit near him, to stand near him and eat and move at his bidding. He is a slave to her. That is not love; it is a sort of morbid affection of the slave, insinuating itself as love. It cannot be love because it is painful; if she does not do what he wants it brings pain. With love there is no painful reaction; love only brings a reaction of bliss; if it does not it is not love; we are mistaking something else for love. When you have succeeded in loving your husband, your wife, your children, the whole world, the universe, in such a manner that there is no reaction of pain, or jealousy, no selfish feeling, then you are in a fit state to be unattached.

Krishna says, "Look at me, Arjuna! If I stop from work for one moment the whole universe will die. Yet I have nothing to gain from the universe, I am one Lord. I have nothing to gain from the universe; but why do I work? Because I love the world." God is unattached because He loves; that real love makes us unattached. Wherever there is this attachment, this tremendous clinging, you must know it is physical, a sort of physical attraction between particles of matter and other particles of matter, something that attracts two bodies nearer and nearer all the time, and if they cannot get near it becomes painful; but where there is real love it does not count on physical attachment at all. That body may be a thousand miles distant, love is all the same; it does not die; there will never be painful reaction.

—VIVIKANANDA.

(To Be Continued)

THE RAMAYANA

(Delivered at the Shakespeare Club, Pasadena, California, January 31, 1900.)

There are two great epics in the Sanskrit language, which are very ancient. Of course, there are hundreds of other epic poems. The Sanskrit language and literature have been continued down to the present day, although for more than two thousand years, it has ceased to be a spoken language. I am now going to speak to you of the two most ancient epics called the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. They embody the manners and customs, the state of society, civilization, etc., of the ancient Indians. The oldest of these epics is called Ramayana, the life of Rama. There was some poetical literature, before this;—the most part of the Vedas, the sacred books of the Hindus, are written in a sort of metre; but this book is held by the common consent in India, as the very beginning of poetry.

The name of the poet, or sage, was Valmiki. Later on, a great many poetical stories were fastened upon that ancient poet, and subsequently, it became a very general practice to attribute to his authorship, very many verses that were not his. Notwithstanding all these interpolations, it comes down to us as a very beautiful arrangement, without equal in the literature of the world.

There was a young man that could not in any way support his family. He was strong and vigorous and, finally, became a highway robber; he attacked persons in the street and robbed them, and with that money he supported his father, mother, wife and children. This went on continually, until one day, a great saint called Narada was passing by, and the robber attacked him. The sage asked the robber: "Why are you going to rob me? It is a great sin to rob human beings and kill them. What do you incur all this sin for?" The robber said: "Why, I want to support my family with this money." "Now," said the sage, "do you think that they take a share of your sin also?" "Certainly they do," replied the robber. "Very good," said the sage; "make me safe by tying me up here, while you go home and ask your people whether they will share your sin, in the same way as they share the money you make." The man accordingly went to his father, and asked: "Father, do you know how I support you?" He answered: "No, I do not." "I am a robber, and I kill

persons and rob them." "What! you do that, my son? Get away! You outcast!" He then went to his mother and asked her: "Mother, do you know how I support you?" "No," she replied. "Through robbery and murder." "How horrible it is!" cried the mother. "But, do you partake in my sin?" said the son. "Why should I? I never committed a robbery," answered the mother. Then he went to his wife and questioned her: "Do you know how I maintain you all?" "No," she responded. "Why, I am a highwayman," he rejoined, "and for years have been robbing people; that is how I support and maintain you all. And what I now want to know is, whether you are ready to share in my sin?" "By no means. You are my husband and it is your duty to support me."

The eyes of the robber were opened. "That is the way of the world,—even my nearest relatives, for whom I have been robbing, will not share in my destiny." He came back to the place where he had bound the sage, unfastened his bonds, fell at his feet, recounted everything and said: "Save me, what can I do?" The sage said: "Give up your present course of life, you see that none of your family really loves you, so give up all these delusions. They will share your prosperity, but the moment you have nothing they will desert you. There is none who will share in your evil, but they will all share in your good. Therefore, worship Him who alone stands by us whether we are doing good or evil. He never leaves us, for love never drags down, knows no barter, no selfishness."

Then the sage taught him how to worship. And this man left everything, and went into the forest. There he went on praying and meditating until he forgot himself so entirely that the ants came and built ant-hills around him, and he was quite unconscious of it. After many years had passed, a voice came saying, "Arise, O sage!" Thus aroused he exclaimed: "Sage? I am a robber!" "No more 'robber,'" answered the voice; "a purified sage art thou. Thine old name is gone. But now, since thy meditation was so deep and great that thou didst not remark even the ant-hills which surrounded thee, henceforward, thy name shall be Valmiki,—'he that was born in the ant-hill.'" So, he became a sage.

And this is how he became a poet: One day as this sage, Valmiki, was going to bathe in the holy river Ganges, he saw a pair of doves wheeling round and round, and kissing each other. The sage looked up and was pleased at the sight, but

in a second an arrow whisked past him and killed the male dove. As the dove fell down on the ground, the female dove went on whirling round and round the dead body of its companion in grief. In a moment the poet became miserable, and looking round, he saw the hunter. "Thou art a wretch," he cried, "without the smallest mercy! Thy slaying hand would not even stop for love!" "What is this? What am I saying?" the poet thought to himself, "I have never spoken in this sort of way before." And then a voice came,—“Be not afraid: this is poetry that is coming out of your mouth. Write the life of Rama in poetic language for the benefit of the world.” And that is how the poem first began. The first verse sprang out of pity, from the mouth of Valmiki, the first poet. And it was after that, that he wrote the beautiful Ramayana—“The Life of Rama.”

There was an ancient Indian town called Ayodhya—and it exists even in modern times. The province in which it is still located is called Oudh, and most of you may have noticed it in the map of India. That was the ancient Ayodhya. There, in ancient times, reigned a king called Dasaratha. He had three queens, but the king had not any children by them. And like good Hindus, the king and the queens, all went on pilgrimages fasting and praying, that they might have children; and, in good time, four sons were born. The eldest of them was Rama.

Now, as it should be, these four brothers were thoroughly educated in all branches of learning. To avoid future quarrels there was in ancient India a custom, of the king in his own lifetime to nominate his eldest son as his successor, the “Yuvaraja,” “Young King,” as it is called.

Now, there was another king, called Janaka, and this king had a beautiful daughter named Sita. Sita was found in a field; she was a daughter of the Earth, and was born without parents. The word “sita” in ancient Sanskrit means the furrow made by a plough. In the ancient mythology of India you will find persons born of one parent only, or persons born without parents, born of sacrificial fire, born in the field, and so on:—dropped from the clouds as it were. All those sorts of miraculous birth were common in the mythological lore of India.

Sita being the daughter of the Earth, was pure and immaculate. She was brought up by King Janaka. When she

was of a marriageable age, the King wanted to find a suitable husband for her.

There was an ancient Indian custom called "Swayamvara," by which the princesses used to choose husbands. A number of princes from different parts of the country were invited, and the princess in splendid array, with a garland in her hand, and accompanied by a crier who enumerated the distinctive claims of each of the royal suitors, would pass in the midst of those assembled before her, and select the prince she liked for her husband by throwing the garland of flowers round his neck. They would then be married with much pomp and grandeur.

There were numbers of princes who aspired for the hand of Sita; the test demanded on this occasion was the breaking of a huge bow, called Haradhanu. All the princes put forth all their strength to accomplish this feat, but failed; finally, Rama took the mighty bow in his hands and with easy grace broke it in twain. Thus Sita selected Rama, the son of King Dasaratha for her husband, and they were wedded with great rejoicings. Then, Rama took his bride to his home, and his old father thought that the time was now come for him to retire and appoint Rama as Yuvaraja. Everything was accordingly made ready for the ceremony, and the whole country was jubilant over the affair, when the youngest queen, Kaikeyi was reminded by one of her maid-servants of two promises made to her by the king long ago. At one time she had pleased the king very much, and he offered to grant her two boons: "Ask any two things in my power and I will grant them to you," said he, but she made no request then. She had forgotten all about it; but the evil-minded maid-servant in her employ began to work upon her jealousy with regard to Rama being installed on the throne, and insinuated to her how nice it would be for her if her own son had succeeded the king, until the queen was almost mad with jealousy. Then the servant suggested to her to ask from the king the two promised boons: one would be that her own son Bharata should be placed on the throne, and the other, that Rama should be sent to the forest and be exiled for fourteen years.

Now, Rama was the life and soul of the old King and when this wicked request was made to him, he as a king felt he could not go back on his word. So he did not know what to do. But Rama came to the rescue and willingly offered to

give up the throne and go into exile, so that his father might not be guilty of falsehood. So Rama went into exile for fourteen years, accompanied by his loving wife Sita and his devoted brother Lakshmana, who would on no account be parted from him.

The Aryans did not know who were the inhabitants of these wild forests. In those days the forest tribes they called "monkeys;" and some of the so-called "monkeys," if unusually strong and powerful, were called "demons."

So, into the forest, inhabited by demons and monkeys, Rama, Lakshmana and Sita went. When Sita had offered to accompany Rama, he exclaimed, "How can you, a princess, face hardships and accompany me into a forest full of unknown dangers!" But Sita replied: "Wherever Rama goes, there goes Sita. How can you talk of 'princess' and 'royal birth' to me? I go before you!" So, Sita went. And the younger brother, he also went with them. They penetrated far into the forest, until they reached the river Godavari. On the banks of the river they built little cottages, and Rama and Lakshmana used to hunt deer and collect fruits. After they had lived thus for some time, one day there came a demon giantess. She was the sister of the giant king of Lanka (Ceylon). Roaming through the forest at will, she came across Rama, and seeing that he was a very handsome man, she fell in love with him at once. But Rama was the purest of men, and also he was a married man, so of course, he could not return her love. In revenge, she went to her brother, the giant king, and told him all about the beautiful Sita, the wife of Rama.

Rama was the most powerful of mortals; there were no giants or demons, or anybody else strong enough to conquer him. So, the giant king had to resort to subterfuge. He got hold of another giant who was a magician and changed him into a beautiful, golden deer; and the deer went prancing about the place where Rama lived, until Sita was fascinated by its beauty and asked Rama to go and capture the deer for her. Rama went into the forest to catch the deer, leaving his brother in charge of Sita. Then Lakshmana laid a circle of fire around the cottage, and he said to Sita: "Today I see something may befall you; and, therefore, I tell you not to go outside of this magic circle. Some danger may befall you if you do." In the meanwhile, Rama had pierced the magic

deer with his arrow, and immediately the deer changed into the form of a man and died.

Immediately at the cottage was heard the voice of Rama, crying, "Oh, Lakshmana, come to my help!" and Sita said: "Lakshmana, go at once into the forest to help Rama!" "That is not Rama's voice," protested Lakshmana. But at the entreaties of Sita, Lakshmana had to go in search of Rama. As soon as he went away, the giant king who had taken the form of a mendicant monk stood at the gate and asked for alms. "Wait awhile," said Sita, "until my husband comes back and I will give you plentiful alms." "I cannot wait, good lady," said he, "I am very hungry, give me anything you have." At this, Sita, who had a few fruits in the cottage, brought them out. But the mendicant monk after many persuasions prevailed upon her to bring the alms to him, assuring her that she need have no fear as he was a holy person. So Sita came out of the magic circle, and immediately the seeming monk assumed his giant body, and grasping Sita in his arms he called his magic chariot, and putting her therein, he fled with the weeping Sita. Poor Sita! She was utterly helpless, nobody was there to come to her aid. As the giant was carrying her away, she took off a few of the ornaments from her arms and at intervals dropped them to the ground.

She was taken by Ravana to his kingdom, Lanka, the island of Ceylon. He made proposals to her to become his queen, and tempted her in many ways to accede to his request. But Sita, who was chastity itself, would not even speak to the giant, and he to punish her, made her live under a tree, day and night, until she should consent to be his wife.

When Rama and Lakshmana returned to the cottage and found that Sita was not there, their grief knew no bounds. They could not imagine what had become of her. The two brothers went on, seeking, seeking everywhere for Sita, but could find no trace of her. After long searching, they came across a group of "monkeys," and in the midst of them was Hanuman, the "divine monkey." Hanuman, the king of the monkeys, became the most faithful servant of Rama and helped him in rescuing Sita, as we shall see later on. His devotion to Rama was so great, that he is still worshipped by the Hindus as the ideal of a true servant of the Lord. You see, by the "monkeys" and "demons" are meant the aborigines of Southern India.

So, Rama, at last, fell in with these "monkeys." They told him that they had seen flying through the sky a chariot, in which was seated a "demon" who was carrying away a most beautiful lady, and that she was weeping bitterly and as the chariot passed over their heads she dropped one of her ornaments to attract their attention. Then they showed Rama the ornament. Lakshmana took up the ornament, and said: "I do not know whose ornament this is." Rama took it from him and recognized it at once, saying: "Yes, it is Sita's." Lakshmana could not recognize the ornament, because in India the wife of the elder brother was held in so much reverence that he had never looked upon the arms and the neck of Sita. So you see, as it was a necklace he did not know whose it was. There is in this episode a touch of the old Indian custom. Then, the monkeys told Rama who this demon king was and where he lived, and then they all went to seek for him.

Now, the monkey-king Bali, and his younger brother Sugriva were then fighting among themselves for the kingdom. The younger brother was helped by Rama, and he regained the kingdom from Bali, who had driven him away; and he, in return, promised to help Rama. They searched the country all around, but could not find Sita. At last, Hanuman leaped by one bound from the coast of India to the island of Ceylon, and there went looking all over Lanka for Sita, but nowhere could he find her.

You see, this giant king had conquered the gods, the men, the women and the whole world; and he had collected all the beautiful women and made them his concubines. So, Hanuman thought to himself, Sita cannot be with them in the palace. She would rather die than be in such a place. So Hanuman went to seek for her elsewhere. At last, he found Sita, under a tree, pale and thin, like the new moon that lies low on the horizon. Now Hanuman took the form of a little insect, and settled on the tree, and there he witnessed how giantesses sent by Ravana came and tried to frighten Sita into submission, but she would not even listen to the name of the giant king.

(To Be Continued)

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS JOURNEY INTO SUCCESS

By Mrs. Agnes Mae Glasgow.

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"Laugh and the world will laugh with you. Weep and you must weep alone," sang Mrs. Huber Sanderson. "La, La, Child, it don't pay to weep and get one's eyes all red and your complexion spotted up with tears. No, sir-ee. I've learned that wholesome lesson in my quarter of a century of married life, and I tell you now, Mollie Stevens, the quicker you learn said lesson the better it will be for you and Sammy and all the rest of us. Crying won't get you anywhere but smiling will. Just you try it and see. The first time Sammy comes home with a grouch and begins to cut up didos, you just go and get out your prettiest smile and put it on and wear it no matter what Samuel does or says; fact is the more he says and does to the contrary—which is to say the more he sort of acts up the more of that smile you've got to put on."

"But," objected Mollie, "Sammy gets downright angry when I try to be cheerful when he's worried and fretting about being out of work and Christmas coming on. You see it will be the first Christmas we missed going back home since we were married and he'll feel badly about it I know, besides he'll be worried more than ever now about his father being bed-ridden and his mother not getting her regular allowance because of Sammy being out of work this long. More than five months now he has not turned a hand and we are going in debt this very minute to buy even the small presents we are sending back home."

"Yes, I know it does sound sort of bad," agreed Mrs. Sanderson, "and if I didn't know that God never takes one thing away except to make room for something better I would feel far worse, but I know that 'he that watcheth over Israel slumbering not nor sleeping' can and will take mighty good care of Sammy's father and mother and of you and Sammy too. Now you just go on smiling and doing your best to warm up things with that smile and knowing that God is able to do all I have said. You'll not have hard work to smile if you keep thinking, 'Oh, well, maybe we have been having

quite a bad time of it and there's lots of things for ourselves and every one else, but I know that God's good and loves me and is powerful and wise enough to help us in just the right way. He's simply moved Sammy out of that nice position with the Trust Company to make room for a higher position. God is eternal action, so that right now I know He is moving something good our way.'

"You try that line of thought and see how easy the smile comes. Yes, and when you smile thinking along this line your smile will have magnetism in it so powerful that it will attract to you just the things and conditions you most long for."

Thus good old-fashioned Mrs. Sanderson talked to worried Mollie Stevens only nine days before Christmas. Poor Mollie was like Martha of old, "concerned about many things." Above all she was concerned for the mental attitude her Sammy had fallen into these last few months. Out of work; his dear old father bed-ridden and dependent upon Samuel, his only son. Mollie loved these old people, too, and would have gone far to have lightened their burden, even to the doing without most of what most women would call necessities, but her hands were tied by what she and Sammy believed to be a bad stroke of the very worst of bad luck. Having gone to a Divine Science practitioner though she was now determined to obey the instructions given her to the last letter and to do so began recalling every little good thing which had ever come her way. Indeed she became so interested in re-living her blessings that she forgot to *try to smile*, so that when Sammy came home he looked closely at her and said, "You've got good news, haven't you? I can see it in your face. Did Selwyn call up; am I to have the job?"

Now, this was a facer for Mollie. She did not know that her facial expression betrayed her inward feeling, but she was happy and Sammy had noticed the happiness in her face. She had to tell him that Selwyn had not called but that she did have good news for him, only maybe it would not be the kind of good news that Sammy was looking for. Then she told him of her visit to the practitioner and what she had been told to do and why doing this would change conditions in their favor. At first Sammy was inclined to pooh-pooh the idea, but he loved Mollie and seeing that she was so cheered up by what she had learned that he decided to humor her and go with her that evening to a New Thought

experience meeting. Well, to make a long story a little less long, we will have to tell you that they did go to that meeting and the Mr. Selwyn whom Sammy had been trying without success to see for the last two months was present at the meeting. Neither Sammy nor Mollie knew the Selwyns by sight but Mrs. Selwyn noticed Mollie's bright and smiling face the moment she came into the room and leaning over whispered to Mr. Selwyn to look at the brightness of that sweet, girlish face. "Oh," said she, "I do believe that our Evelyn would have looked just like that had she been spared to us. I must find out who the dear child is and why that shining face."

"Uh-huh," agreed Mr. Selwyn, "she's a nice looking girl and the chap with her is a well set-up chap, too; face sort of familiar but can't place him."

Thus it came to pass after the meeting that dear motherly Mrs. Selwyn went up to Mollie and introduced herself and as she had a way of going straight to the point, and being a newcomer into Divine Science, wanting to learn as fast as she could, asked Mollie why she was so happy. Now what was Mollie to say but the truth and that was that she was happy because she was unhappy; oh, no, that was not it at all, and so the lengthy explanation came out with everything told. All about Sammy's father and mother away off in Ohio somewhere and about Sammy being out of work and what the practitioner had told her about the drawing power of a smile and how she was doing her best to discover an inward cause of happiness so as to make her smile as magnetic as possible.

But oh, how surprised she was when she found out that it was to the wife of the great Mr. Selwyn that she was giving all this intimate confidence. However, she was comforted when a little later Mrs. Sanderson whispered to her that GOD MOVES IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS HIS WONDERS TO PERFORM, AND THAT SHE HAD NOT THE SLIGHTEST DOUBT THAT GOD HAD SENT THE SELWYNS THERE THIS EVENING JUST TO BE A BLESSING TO SAMMY AND MOLLIE BECAUSE IT WAS THE VERY FIRST TIME THE SELWYNS HAD EVER ATTENDED ANY OF THEIR MEETINGS.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Selwyn later in the evening, "I'll have to look up that young man; his is the very training and experience I need right now to take hold of that job on the coast. Can't see why he should not go on out to Ohio and visit his parents for a few days until we are ready to go further west. Guess I'll advance him a month's salary and send him out there. There'll be two or three things in the machinery line I will want him to look into while near Marion, Ohio, anyway."

And so ended the result of a magnetic smile,—the sort that wins because it comes straight from the source of inner happiness.

CHRISTMAS

The Christmas festival to which we are looking forward, is the most significant celebration of the year. It extends to the dimmest retreats of human history and is the festival to which each human must look in the (let us hope, not too far off) future.

At the Winter Solstice celebrations were held for the sun, December twenty-first being the end of the receding journey. The twenty-second, twenty-third and twenty-fourth are spent in readjustment on the path and at midnight on the twenty-fourth the sun is born of Virgo in the eastern sky and comes again to save humanity with light and heat.

The story of the Virgin and the birth of the Divine Child at the Winter Solstice is found in many ancient religions (compare Horus, Mithras). About the beginning of the Christian Era (arbitrarily set December Twenty-fifth by Pope Julius I) Jesus was born of particularly pure and holy parents. After being educated by the Essenes the Christ descended and took possession of this highly evolved body.

It was the purpose of the religions before Christianity to develop individuality and take humanity from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, for Christ came to give to this developed "self" unselfishness, unity in variety, Love.

What a tragedy that in the celebration of the birth of Christ we give under law rather than Love, selfish swapping which produces anything but loving unselfishness in both the buyer and seller or dare we say donor and receiver?

Can we not on this day at least consign ourselves to love and unity, forgetting self? Let us give our thoughts and actions, true evidences of our unselfishness, for they are not always returned. These are the only gifts we have for every day in all the year and what is more the only means whereby each of us may become virgin, bearing the pure body for the Christ to rise and take possession of, for the Christ must be born in each, and not until this is accomplished will the Great

Sun Spirit, which flowed out in the blood of Jesus and entered the earth to give His thoughts and actions for the purification of our environment, be free.

So let us rejoice at this Winter Solstice secure in the knowledge that as the days of darkness draw to a close, light and heat are coming back to the world; the Sun Spirit, the highest Being the earth has known, and who grew by giving Love, is still here giving us all we need; our gifts of kindly service are ready to be sent broadcast and the Divine Christ Child is about to be born bringing Love to each faltering human and Universal Brotherhood to all.

BOOK REVIEWS

The BOOK OF RADIO

By Charles William Taussig

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

It is with profound delight that we have this opportunity to review this latest addition to the Books on Radio.

The Author is one of the oldest contributors to the science of radio telegraphy and telephony, stands high in government appreciation, and what you and I are especially interested in, has the ability to make this seeming mysterious thing, the radio, as understandable and as interesting as a thrilling story, he carries one through chapter after chapter to page 438, without a breath, and when you close the book, you have a great desire to read it all over again.

This book will help you to decide what sort of a set to buy and tells you why. If you have a radiophone, it will tell you how to get the most satisfaction out of it, and all as though you could chat with Mr. Taussig at your own convenience.

C. L. HOLTON.

"TERTIUM ORGANUM"

No, I didn't write "Tertium Organum." I'm merely writing about the book—a rather difficult pleasure, or rather, an exceptionally pleasurable difficulty. The task lies in the attempt, which I feel will be futile, to express what I think and feel about Ouspensky's remarkable work. It has been several months since I read it and I would not trust myself to quote, accurately, a single sentence of it—and yet the perusal of it wrought in my soul the birth of a new consciousness or the resurrection of an old and blessed consciousness which may have been asleep. The glory of such a book lies in the fact that its effect upon the reader is often felt and appreciated most fully long after it has been read—just as the refrain of a sweet song haunts the memory long after it has been heard, giving a sense of glad rhythm to life.

Scholarly reviews of "Tertium Organum" doubtless have been and will be written and so the writer, who lays no claim to scholarship, is attempting here no criticism, not even a review. Besides, it is doubtful if any man, except the author of a book, can adequately tell just what a book means—and the author always tells all he can about it in the book itself. No criticism of a book is ever quite satisfactory to the person who has read it for himself, for the reason that no book can possibly mean exactly the same thing to any two readers. The psychology, mental make-up and general development of each individual is apparently somewhat different from that of each and every other individual, a fact clearly shown by Ouspensky in his wonderful book.

If "better than to say the best is to leave the best unsaid," perhaps the next best thing is to say the best in the best possible way. This, it seems to me, has been accomplished by Ouspensky in "Tertium Organum." Mind you, I do not say (and it is doubtful if Ouspensky would say) that he has said the best in the briefest manner possible—and obviously it was not his intention to attempt to do so. It is beside the point to discuss the question as to whether or not he could have condensed the essence of his book into a few sentences. The big point is that he has said much, in a single volume.

There is an old Oriental story of a great spiritual teacher who sat under a tree with his disciple who had come far to seek instruction from the master. It is reported that the teacher was seventeen years old and that his pupil was seventy. "And the teaching of the teacher was silence—and the doubts of the doubter vanished." It is a striking story, but one which is probably better appreciated in the Orient than in the Occident. And there is the crux of the matter. To attract attention in the Occident it would seem that one must make a noise. Ouspensky, with an understanding of the spirit of the Orient and with a realization of the needs of the Occident—as well as with a knowledge of the best way to reach the Occidental ear and consciousness—has made a noise, and a noise so loud that it promises to revive the dying, if not awaken the dead. It is through the mediumship of the written and spoken word the inner consciousness of the Western world must be reached.

Victor Hugo, in his "William Shakespeare," said that "in reading Revelation some one seems to be pushing you from behind." I experienced the same sensation in reading "Tertium Organum." I have not been so delightfully awed before in a long time except when I read Algernon Blackwood's fascinating novel (in much lighter vein) called "The Centaur," which describes the initiation of a nature-hungry soul into the realm of cosmic life and feeling.

In reading "Tertium Organum," one is only conscious of the fact that he is being entertained and instructed—and sometimes staggered at the gigantically interesting propositions and conclusions. The chapters on animal psychology were to me intensely fascinating and I consider Ouspensky's pages on the subject of love to be the most exalted expressions on that topic I have ever read by any modern writer—not excluding Edward Carpenter's classic, "Love's Coming of Age."

Not until one has finished the book is he likely to pause and reflect upon the pardonable trick which the author has (unconsciously or intentionally) played upon the reader—the trick having been to make the reader forget he is reading a scholarly discourse on the fourth dimension, in order that "the big idea" be "put across." However, the "big idea" does "get across" and, when he has finished the book, the reader hardly knows whether to send Mr. Ouspensky a tele-

pathogram, thanking him for Paradise, or simply to say, "I agree with you, sir, without reservations, and am glad to learn that you, too, are living in the light."

Reading "Tertium Organum" is like having some one greet you with a "Merry Christmas!" in July—and making you believe he means it! Such a greeting would doubtless have a happy effect upon any impressionable human being. Indeed, it is not difficult to imagine meeting Ouspensky on the street in July and hearing him shout "Happy Christmas!" And, in case such an incident should occur in my life, I think that I would be "too wise" to ask Ouspensky whether he meant the coming Christmas or the preceding one—for I am sure he would answer "Both!"

JAMES M. WARNACK.

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

Once more
'Tis New Year's eve and the day fast waning,
Few are the hours that yet remain.
A year is like a rose,
It comes—it fades—it goes.
Hush! In silence would I sit,
To well recount just what the gain
From out the wonders of the great “unveiling.”
Another rose has faded,
And of its petals
All have gone
Except just one.
Here by the grate
I'll watch and wait
To see it drop,
As twelve strokes stop
At midnight.
Pile on the logs
And make the fire to glow,
Get it burning very strong;
Let the fairies come:

I would listen for their song.
Ah! It crackles and the flame is red,
Now blue; then golden as the sun in morn.
Hark! They come—and welcome me with smiles;
Listen to the wondrous words they said.
“We’ve cleans’d our dress in this crackling fire
To bring the message in pure attire;
A message of love, of peace and of joy,
All pure and perfect tested alloy;
All that is holy, and blessed and good
Is yours right now if you understood
The fullness of all it now means to you
To know that God’s presence is through and through,
As ‘here and there’ mean everywhere.”
’Tis midnight.
Gone the last petal of the rose.
Where to? Who knows?
And the fairies say as they wave a good-night kiss,
“In the beginning there was only He,
Now, always, and evermore shall be;
Find Him through love, if you would know the All,
And knowing all, you’ll know His omnipresent bliss.”

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Vol. I.

Number IV.

It is the Old, Old Story that is always new—but the one that we are constantly forgetting—**KNOW THYSELF**—Who is the Real Self—who is the real witness among all of life's activities—what is your **DIVINE INHERITANCE**—why do we constantly forget what that is? What really **IS**? What appears to be? What place does the Mind take in all this? It is the gay deceiver, as long as it is the master, but as soon as you have learned to direct it, you are the master, and mind becomes not only the servant but also the bridge which leads you to the real essence of things.

Do not let your thoughts drag you down.

Direct them wisely.

Use them to transmute vices into virtues.

When virtue rules—**YOU ARE**—you no longer
appear to be.

Realization is obvious, it needs no proof.

Let your light so shine amongst men that it demonstrates
your Divine Inheritance.

EDITOR.

"All servants owe success in enterprise to honor paid before the great deed done."—From SAKUNTALA.

"Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."—Matthew V :23-24.

LIFE OF MY LIFE

Why do they call Thee inscrutable,
O Thou Life of my life?
Why do they call Thee unknowable,
O Thou Soul of my soul?
Why do they call Thee unthinkable,
O Thou Heart of my heart?
Is it for my lack of knowledge that
Thou art come to me in this garb of simplicity?
Is it to help the helpless that
Thou hast made Thyself known to this lowly
heart?
I think of Thee not as unthinkable and vast,
But as my own, before Whom I am not in fear,
but full of tender love.

—PARAMANANDA

THE CAVE OF MY HEART

Oft have I sought secluded spots for our unbroken union;
I built houses on removed ground;
I entered forests' untravelled depths;
But alas! Stillness was not there.
In deep despair I gave up struggling for this, my cherished
hope;
At last my heart sank in submission and my eyes shut their
gates to all outer trails.
Lo! a perfect cave in the utmost depths of my heart was
awaiting, ever ready and ever still.
It was afar, yea, out of reach of all our ills.
Now I sit with Thee in unbroken peace—in rain, storm and
wind.
They come and beat against my outer life, but have no access
to where my heart's treasure lies.

PARAMANANDA.

THE INNER CIRCLE

If you wish for a practical demonstration on how to come to the realization of that which Is—Is within you—go out and look for the delicate flower called the “Morning Glory.” When you find it, examine it carefully and you will see that in its “child-like” simplicity it has attained that “wisdom and understanding” for which man has been so long seeking. Look at it. Study it. See how it understands that all is Light. It does not accept darkness. All day it has had light, and when day wanes it goes within for more light as man’s material darkness of night comes on; when it infolds into the “Inner Circle” of Light, and there remains until man’s material sunlight appears in the morn; then it unfolds from within and again shines forth with light and beauty in its gloriously radiant immaculate dress, and welcomes you with a wonderful smile. This practical lesson will show you how to go “within” to your “Inner Circle” where darkness has no dwelling place, and you will there obtain the “wisdom and understanding” of God so that you can receive the Sonlight that is within you; and as you unfold to the world you can “let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works.”

On retiring for the night—as you do not wish for darkness—if you understand God’s lesson from this wondrous flower, you too will infold into the “Inner Circle” even to the Holy of Holies where all is Light; and, as you sit at the feet of the Master, you too will gain “wisdom and understanding”; then, as you awaken in the early morning, remain for a few moments in a perfectly peaceful receptive condition, at the unfolding moment when the body reveals its nothingness; then the beauty which God has for you will come forth, and if you now give praise and thanks to God for this wonderful unfoldment He will immediately give you the inspirational thought—understanding—that, carried out, will bring to you during the day, success, joy and happiness to the extent of your Faith and works, for “according to your (dutiful) faith be it unto you.”

AMOS CAMPBELL.

UNFOLDMENT

It is the application of intense desire manifesting in the individual as he aspires after life's noblest conceptions of Truth.

Thought's creative power is the real substance of the Universe, what we see here objectively, is the outcome or product of thought creation, but subjectively thought had prior existence in Spirit, being the Divine element of will, and generative; so we unfold within as desire contacts the particular expression of thought we seek to visualize as an ideal. Man, being a spiritual counterpart of the Divine, with Infinite possibilities from the implanted Germ, we can absorb and use its power as we focus the mind in silence within, and attract to us the pure Spirit of Divine thought, which in unfoldment, expresses itself in the attributes of the Christ; its essence being highly attenuated and ethereal, vibrating in thought waves of high velocity, only by the intense and sincere desire of our own thought vibrations in concentration, do we attain unto, and function on, the higher planes of consciousness, the thought taking form and shape in accordance to the ideal imaged.

Hence unfoldment is Divine Principle in active expression in man, developed by Eternal law we set in operation, the creative force of Divine energy assimilated into our being, reflecting in life the degree of unfoldment idealized, and becoming embodied within the immortal ego, till in the ultimate, we merge in at-one-ment with life's Infinite Source.

Here are the notes on wisdom's keyboard of harmonial adjustment in the gamut scale of life, displacing its discords, and becoming attuned with heaven's vibrative atmosphere, by utilizing that potential creative power of thought till it radiates in contact, evolving nobility of soul, as the Eternal attributes of character manifest in their rhythmic melody, for man to idealize in its fullness the kingdom within.

And in the ethereal realms beyond, amid the soft halo of morning glory, resplendant in beauty of Angelic light and love, radiating its effulgence of joy-bejewelled peace; will be heard the rapturous symphonies of Celestial hosts, sublime in majestic grandeur, scintillating in the amber tinted atmosphere of delicately perfumed fragrance, encircled with the emerald dewdrops of crystallized thought verdure, embel-

lished by the pure white shrine of beneficent wisdom, all in seraphic attunement, and expressing in adoration, the perfect harmony ever manifested in Infinite Intelligence.

EDWARDUS.

SOUL'S PEACE

The peace of the soul consists in absolute resignation to the will of God. What you require is true simplicity, a certain calmness of spirit which comes from entire surrender to all that God wills, patience and toleration for all your neighbors' faults, which a sense of God's presence inspires, a certain candor and child-like docility in acknowledging your faults, and accepting reproof and counsel; these are the solid graces which are needful for your sanctification.

The trouble you feel about so many things comes from your not accepting everything which may happen to you, with sufficient resignation to God. Put all things, then, in His hands, and offer them beforehand to Him in your heart as a sacrifice. From the moment when you cease to want things to be according to your own judgment, and accept unconditionally whatever he sends, you will be free from all your retrospects and anxieties about your own concerns; you will have nothing to conceal or to contrive.

Until then, you will be troubled, changeable in your views and tastes, easily displeased with others, and out of harmony with yourself, full of reserve and distrust; your talents until they become truly humble and simple, will only torment you; your piety, however sincere, will serve less to sustain and comfort you than to fill you with inward self-reproach. If on the contrary, you give your heart fully to God, you will be full of peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.

FENELON.

FROM LETTER 73

Many have asked about modern exponents of spiritual shortcuts. I do not read much of this work, but of this I have become aware through more or less honest experience; that the many run after half-measures and placation of the little self. Life brings them again and again to the Narrows, to the Gate over which the legend reads, "Abandon hope" of all worldly affairs and accomplishments, but they shy and rush sidewise, if not back. It is true that we all are becoming better and better each day, but not always in ways we think. Life is constantly pushing us into experiences through which we gain wisdom, mostly by failing. This is so in the case of criminals, whom the world still dares to isolate and put to death with the current and the noose; it is so with the ignorantly intrepid judges whom we elect to the bench, so with the executioners. We are one people, and behind us, like a great wind, presses the Working Force driving us through experiences that lead finally to Liberation. But only for a little while, "for a few thousand years in his history," as Carpenter says, does man in his ignorance dare to interpret with his mind what is taking place, and thus thwart and diminish the Purpose with his petty faculty.

As for me, in chastened moments, at least, I endeavor not to make pictures in my mind, or put two and two together in my mind, as to how I am growing better. I have done much of this and found again and again that I have only obstructed and delayed my progress among the paths of pain. I would become as a little child, obedient and true, rendering myself to the Plan, not interpreting ahead of performance. As I am successful in this difficult work, I find that I am touching that modern enchantment which is the loss of the sense of self, touching that joy which is the loss of the sense of self.

Moreover, I find that I cannot sit at the bedside of my sleeping child and make pictures, not even lofty and virtuous pictures of what his life shall be, because I am committing damage upon this child. Above me as I sit thus plotting his future, is the child's Spirit which Knows; the Spirit which has extended Itself for reasons of Its Own into materials in the form of the child I call mine and love with my hot possessive

care. This Spirit alone Knows what is best for the child. I, though trained in many imaginings as people go, can only think. As I think and form pictures, ever so noble, I find that I am thrusting my own wilful thought vibration between the child and its Self, doing it harm as certainly as if I covered its face with an unclean robe. Yet at the same time, I know that the child's Spirit loves me as well as the child itself, even with my presumptuous thought deflecting Its mercy and beneficence.

Such are the crimes of ignorance, our rushings in where angels halt. We do not really pray to God to manage our child, not even in the joy of conception. We sheathe the embodied entity whom we naively call "stranger" in our ideas of what he shall be; we who cannot even see who He is, we who have forgotten the Fundamental Relationships of Home, so long and so bitterly have we wandered. Cell by cell of his body, as it forms, we mark unknowingly with our possessive viciousness, every taint of which must be burned away through processes of pain before he can stand clean and plain and true on earth in the beginnings of his own lustrous Being. We may even take the child to the Temple, crying, "Thy Will, not mine be done," and still follow him with our own hampering "idealization." . . . Stop and look and listen to the pandemonium of the cells of your own body—the din that you strive to still in meditation—and you will begin to know the perversions and obstinacies and inhibitions of which your earth garment is woven, the mesh of heredity that holds you to the ground.

In the realm of Yourself, your Spirit, the things which we call good and evil do not exist. But in the realm of mind and feelings wherein we, still unregenerate, move and have our being on the face of the earth, good and evil and all pairs of opposites not only exist, but have us in their power. Gradually through sincerity, through faith and repeated tryings, through kindness and patience, we come to that day in which we know that given more time, we shall certainly escape! But to stand in the midst of unconquered earth conditions, meshed like Gulliver, our sentiences all covered in limed leaves, crying that we know God, and are made of the Love of the Christ and that Heaven is here—even for that we shall be forgiven.

One more quotation from D. H. Lawrence's interesting book, "Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious":

" . . . The flux between mother and child is not all sweet unison. There is as well a continually widening gap. A wonderful rich communion, and at the same time a continually increasing cleavage. If only we could realize that all through life these are the two synchronizing activities of love, of creativity. For the end, the goal, is the perfecting of each single individuality, unique in itself—which cannot take place without a perfected harmony between the beloved, a harmony which depends on the at-last-clarified singleness of each being, a singleness equilibrated, polarized in one by the counterposing singleness of the other."

In other words, we gain our sustenance for a period from certain source or set of conditions, and then we are weaned from that and set down in the midst of a larger life. The young man becomes of age, and we turn him loose in the world to find himself. Always the pain of weaning before the consciousness of new freedom; always the roof of one classroom, becomes the floor of the next; always the modes of conduct which have been our helpers in one dimension become our bars in the next.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

MY HARVEST

I sang and lo!
High in the sky
I made a lovely star.
I sighed and lo!
A gentle breeze
Came to me from a far.
I wept and lo!
An April rain
Drifted softly on the earth.
I smiled and lo!
Within my breast
A ray of hope took birth.

—*Elaine Helmer.*

MY FRIEND

Perhaps my heart is not so light as men would think ;
Perhaps my soul is greater than the sea,
Because for you my one and only friend,
It holds a Love, great as Eternity.

There is a Light of which I follow far ;
The lamp of faith which you passed on to me.
And if I stumble in the depths of night,
It leads me on, altho' I cannot see.

And blind within the clutches of despair
The wavering light that once had been so true,
Is given life, and leads me bravely on ;
And I succeed!—thru just the thought of you—!

—*Elaine Helmer.*

THE WILL OF GOD

Jessie W. Boerstler

**And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.*

***For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love and a sound mind.*

****And Moses said unto the people, Fear ye not! stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show to you today; for the Egyptians whom ye have seen today, ye shall see them again no more forever.*

The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace. And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou to me? Speak unto the Children of Israel that they go forward!

But lift up thou thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea, and divide it; and the Children of Israel shall go on dry land through the midst of the sea.

In the early history of civilization, it was supposed that a man should pray to a God at a distance, wherever he might be and of whatever nature, in order to have whatever he wanted in experience. And he did so according to his instruction. He prayed to a god of power, of whatever location or whatever nature. He prayed to the sun, the moon, the stars. He prayed to anything he believed greater than himself, believing himself to be incapable of accomplishing the desired results. The Indians have a medicine man who is supposed to give them aid in whatever way they desire, either medicinal or spiritual.

In the days of Moses, while he was on the mountain in communion with the Most High God, his followers took all the gold and melted it into an image, a golden calf, and knelt before it. And they invested this image with the power of the Lord, feeling themselves to be weak and incomplete. Later when they discovered that a god of stone, or wood, or brass or of any image would not fulfill desires they began to worship a God as Spirit. As they progressed, in understanding, they questioned, "if God is omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, then why am I sick? Surely a God that is all powerful would

* Genesis 1:26.

** II Timothy 1:7.

*** Exodus 14:13-16, Inc.

not create illness! The sacred writings deliver the information that God is love. If God is a god of love, would he impose upon humanity sickness, unhappiness and dissatisfaction if he is omnipotent?"

One often feels because he fails to think, therefore he gets the wrong result, and it is the will of God that he is under this law. A little different from the old idea of God; still not the truth. God has given man dominion over all, that everyone should have what he wants, therefore it is not the will of God that man is poor.

This is blasphemy! It is not the will of God that man is poor. You will remember that Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. It was the will of God that man should have all riches, happiness, health and satisfaction. It is God that giveth the power to get riches, happiness, health and satisfaction. It is intelligence that delivers all these things. "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free!"

"I, the Lord thy God hath brought thee out of the land of bondage."

Notice, the past tense is used. You are no longer in bondage.

"I HAVE DELIVERED you from your bondage."

There is a common phrase in modern metaphysics, "God working through me." There is a fear in the human mind that one blasphemes if one says, "I will heal you. I don't mean that; I mean that God through me." As though there were two powers, two wills. There is only one! God has not given you the spirit of fear, of ignorance, nor the mind of confusion. It is the will of God that you have dominion!

"Let us make man in our own image, and give man dominion over all things."

Let us give man dominion! Jesus realized that dominion when He said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth." The Son of Man has power to forgive sins, all power. If you should say to one who is ill, "Arise! Take up thy bed and walk, thy sins are forgiven, go and sin no more," people would say that you blasphemed. How dare you say you can forgive sins! That is for God alone. And yet throughout the sacred writings, the information is given that there is

only one being, the Lord thy God, and I AM, beside me there is none other, none other at all! Recognizing this, one begins to understand that the will of God gives man all good gifts. It is God's will to give you prosperity, success and satisfaction. The will of God gives you all these things. The will of God gives them all to everyone! Is it blasphemy to have such a belief? It is not. But it is blasphemy not to have it!

When a person dies, usually they say, "It was time for him to die. It is the will of God." When you do not heal a patient, you might say his life is finished, the time had come for him to die. There is no time at all for any one to die! "I have come that ye might have life more abundantly." This patient should not have passed away.

It is the will of God that you all have power, and whatever is loosed in heaven shall be loosed on earth. There is only one power. There is no human will. There is no human to have a will! There is nothing but the perfect, eternal I AM. How could there be an opposing force, or power, to that ONE and only BEING? God is the soul. Body an image, I, and the Father are one.

How long will it be before the earnest devotees of the Renaissance will reach the plain of dominion? We say God is all there is and then we say, and beside that there is a human mind and that this human mind or will, has dominion over the God, and has power to interfere or obstruct the will of God, perfection, and it is the will of God that it should have. God is the power, but there is an opposing power that can limit that power of God, so that the will of God might not be manifest in this world. We are so afraid of blasphemy. We are afraid to say what we want to say for fear we will blaspheme the will of God. We wouldn't think of that—as though it could be possible for you to oppose the will of God! When Jesus prayed He said, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and it would be fruitless for any human being to attempt to oppose the will of perfection on earth.

"Moses said to the people, Fear not.' Stand forth and see the salvation of the Lord which he will show you today, for the Egyptians you have seen today, you shall see them again no more forever. The Lord shall fight for you and you shall hold your peace."

This is the announcement that is given by most of the New Thought teachers, "Just sit still and let the Lord fight for you." You do not make an effort but just sit still and let the Lord work for you, as though He were a slave. Those who have done this are still sitting. They will continue to sit.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the Children of Israel that they go forward."

I have given you power, use it! Lift up thy rod and stretch out thine hand over the sea and divide it. This was the commandment given to Moses.

"Stretch forth thine hand and divide it, and the Children of Israel shall go on dry land through the midst of the sea."

(To Be Continued)

A FRIEND

When weary and lone you go your way
And the night is sad, and long the day,
When stumbling and slow
Life's highway you trend,
How good it is, to find a friend.

One who asks nothing but gives you a lift,
And words of encouragement, too;
Oh, that is like a heavenly gift,
And the skies seem a bit more blue.

Again you can smile and strive the while
Filled with purpose anew;
And Love fills your heart, for the one
Who has been a friend to you.

Oh, the perfect day, on the highway of life,
The way we all must trend,
Is the day we make our greatest gain—
The day when we find a friend.

EMMETT OSBORNE.

WISDOM

Sweet summer's rainbow robe is rent
By winter's breath—
And man, when his bright day is spent,
Lies down in death.

But gentle faith will still believe,
With eyes all wet,
That friends, for whom the heart must grieve,
Are living yet.

And wisdom, smiling through her tears,
In patience waits
The glory of endless years
Beyond the gates.

FOOTHILL PHILOSOPHER.

PHILOSOPHY

Once Philosophy sent his children, the sciences, out into the world with the command: "Go, find what may be known." By and by they returned, Botany dancing in the lead.

"What have you learned?" asked Philosophy, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"I have observed a rose," she answered. "The rose is a flower, composed of root, stem, thorn and blossom. The bloom itself is composed of petals."

"How many petals?" queried Philosophy.

"Ask Mathematics," said Botany.

"There are different numbers of petals on different kinds of roses," volunteered Mathematics, sagely. "On one red garden rose, I counted more than one hundred petals, while on a wild rose I did not find half as many."

"What do you mean by one hundred?" questioned the father.

"Oh, one hundred is twice fifty, and fifty is twice twenty-five. All numbers and their variations are based on the unit, one."

"But what do you mean by ONE—and what is the end of numbering?"

"I do not know," confessed Mathematics, "but the red rose, as a rule, contains more petals than the white rose."

"What do you mean by red and white?"

"Ask Art," advised Mathematics.

"What can you tell me, Art?" asked Philosophy.

"Red is a color, your Majesty," vouchsafed Art. "White is sometimes considered a color, although, technically speaking, it is not."

"Then why is it ever considered a color?"

"I cannot tell," smiled Art. "It really is never called a color by any one—except by some ignorant fellow, like Mathematics."

"Come now, Art," chided Philosophy. "Do not be critical. What is color?"

"Color, sir, is one means by which the eye informs the mind of particular qualities of various forms. Colors, for painting, are composed of pigment—"

"Wait," interposed Philosophy. "What is pigment?"

"Ask Zoology," defended Art.

"Pigment," said Zoology, "might better be defined by Physics or Chemistry than by your humble servant. But pigment, I should say, is a sort of coloring matter found in min-

erals and in the tissues of certain animals and plants. Pigment is—”

“Enough!” said Philosophy. “I shall now draw my own conclusions—partly from what you have told me, but largely from what I conceive to be the truth. I am not censuring any of you. No doubt you all did as well as you could. But you must learn to do better. Your definitions confuse me. You do not speak clearly, even if you know what you mean. All of you together have told me nothing of the life of the rose. Sometime, when the rose is dreaming, tip-toe near her and listen to the beating of her heart; or surprise her some bright evening when she is singing to the star above her—and then return and tell me something of the real life of the rose.”

With a dreamy look on her face, gentle-eyed Faith stood apart from the rest, singing to herself a low, sweet song.

“Little Sister,” encouraged Philosophy, “can you offer us any enlightenment concerning the life of the rose?”

Then, timidly, yet with steady step, fair Faith drew near and answered:

“I am not credited with knowing anything of life, in any of its forms or phases, but let me say that I believe all Life to be very good. I believe that, somehow, all that is unlovely, or seemingly so, must eventually make way for the eternally beautiful. I believe that no sweet song is ever lost. I think all thrilling sounds that float from the lips of Loving Purpose are kept forever on unfading scrolls, and that we shall hear this music again in the by-and-by. Some bright angel is taking care of the color and fragrance of all the flowers that fade. The souls we love we cannot lose. Ten million times the sun may rise and set ere breaks the day when shadows flee away—but I think that no light is wasted, and that, between Today and Love’s Millenium, Life will gather in her arms ten billion billion rays of light with which to paint the waiting skies on that fair morn that shall not end in night.”

And Philosophy and the Sciences clapped their hands for joy and Philosophy said: “Sweet Sister, will you not join us on our journey? Let us help one another over the Mountain of Ignorance, so that none of us faint by the way—and, perhaps, upon the other side we shall come, together, upon the verdant vale of Truth.”

And, with a song on their lips, and a new light in their eyes, they pursued their upward journey, hand in hand.

THE TOURNAMENT

Wrathful sons of Dhritarashtra, born of Kuru's royal race,
Righteous sons of noble Pandu, god-born men of godlike grace,

Skill in arms attained these princes from a Brahman warrior bold,
Drona, priest and proud preceptor, peerless chief of days of old!

Out spake Drona to the monarch in Hastina's royal hall,
Spake to Bhishma and to Kripa, spake to lords and courtiers all:

"Mark the gallant princes, monarch, trained in arms and warlike art,
Let them prove their skill and valour, rein the steed and throw the dart."

Answered then the ancient monarch, joyful was his royal heart,
"Best of Brahmins and of warriors, nobly hast thou done thy part,

Name the place and fix the moment, hold a royal tournament,
Publish wide the laws of combat, publish far thy king's consent.

Sightless roll these orbs of vision, dark to me is noontide light,
Happier men will mark the tourney and the peerless princes' fight,

Let the good and wise Vidura serve thy mandate and behest,
Let a father's pride and gladness fill this old and cheerless breast."

Forthwith went the wise Vidura to his sacred duties bound,
Drona, blessed with skill and wisdom, measured out the tourney ground,

Clear of jungle was the meadow, by a crystal fountain graced,
Drona on the lighted altar holy gifts and offerings placed,

Holy was the star auspicious, and the hour was calm and bright,
Men from distant town and hamlet came to view the sacred rite.

Then rose white and stately mansions, built by architects of fame,
Decked with arms for Kuru's monarch and for every royal dame,

And the people built their stages circling round the listed green,
And the nobles with their white tents graced the fair and festive scene.

Brightly dawned the festal morning, and the monarch left his hall,
Bhishma and the pious Kripa with the lords and courtiers all,

And they came unto the mansions, gay and glittering, gold-encased,
Decked with gems and rich *Baidurya*, and with strings of pearls be-laced.

Fair Gandhari, queen of Kuru, Pritha, Pandu's widowed dame,
Ladies in their gorgeous garments, maids of beauty and of fame,

Mounted on their glittering mansions where the tints harmonious blend,
As, on Meru's golden mountain, queens of heavenly gods ascend!

And the people of the city, Brahmans, Vaisyas, Kshatras bold,
Men from stall and loom and anvil gathered thick, the young and old,

And arose the sound of trumpet and the surging people's cry,
Like the voice of angry ocean, tempest-lashed, sublime and high.

Came the saintly white-robed Drona, white his sacrificial thread,
White his sandal-mark and garlands, white the locks that crowned his head,

With his son renowned for valour walked forth Drona, radiant, high,
So the Moon with Mars conjoined walks upon the cloudless sky!

Offerings to the gods immortal then the priestly warrior made,
Brahmans with their chanted *Mantra* worship and obeisance paid,

And the festive note of *Sankha* mingled with the trumpet's sound,
Throngs of warriors, various-armed, came unto the listed ground.

MAHABHARATA.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA

*Translated by Pramada Dasa Mitra with Explanatory notes by
Walter N. Goldschmidt.*

Discourse IV.

The Divine Lord spoke:—

I taught this Yoga (Devotion), eternal, to Vivasvat (the sun-god); Vivasvat taught Manu, and Manu taught Ikshvaku. (1)

Thus received, through a series (of Preceptors and Disciples), the Royal Saints did know it: This Yoga, O Scorcher of thy foes, hath been lost, through a lapse of long ages. (2)

This very ancient Yoga hath been declared now to thee, for thou art devoted to Me and art My beloved. This is the Secret Supreme. (3)
Arjuna spoke:—

Posterior was Thy birth; and prior that of Vivasvat. How then can I know that Thou hast declared it first? (4)

The Divine Lord spoke:—

Many lives of Mine and thine, O Arjuna, have passed

Previously, the apparently different paths followed by the earnest seeker of wisdom and freedom—Realization of that which really is—has been treated.

For those purified from the slavish attachment to the pairs of opposites, only devotion to pure spiritual knowledge is left.

Vivasvat: The Sun.

Manu: The Law Giver.

Ikshvaku: The traditional Ancestor of the Solar dynasty of Kshatriyas.

This Yoga—Devotion is called eternal because the end attained by its means is imperishable.

Secret: Not as the privilege of an individual or sect, but because of its profundity.

It is secret to the unworthy only because they lack the receptivity and power of comprehension.

This spiritual truth viz: the right performance of action which by purification of the nature of man, renders him fit for the reception of spiritual truths.

Spirit never is born. Human beings came into existence not for their own benefit but for the spiritual well-being of the world.

away. I know them all. Thou, scorcher of thy foes, knowest (them) not. (5)

Though unborn, the immutable Spirit, and the Lord of all beings, yet presiding over My Nature, I manifest myself by My own mysterious power (Maya). (6)

Whenever, O Descendant of Bharata, there is a decay of Religion and a rise of irreligion, then do I manifest myself. (7)

For the protection of the the good and the destruction of the evil-doers, and for the preservation of Religion, I am born in every age. (8)

He who knoweth thus, in truth, My birth and action divine, (that man) departing from the body, taketh no re-birth, but cometh to Me, O Arjuna. (9)

Freed from passion and fear and anger, absorbed in Me and depending on Me, purified by the fire of wisdom, many have attained to my being. (10)

Howsoever do men resort to me, even so do I serve them. Mine is the path, O Partha, that men follow all around. (11)

Desiring the fruit of actions, people in this world worship the gods; for among mankind success from actions is quickly brought about. (12)

None of the Christs of God can be known after "the manner of the flesh," that is according to material laws; only through the power of the spirit can they be cognized.

If it is believed that perfect knowledge of the Deity is possible for man,—to know even as he is known—the Archetype of such perfection must be a reality.

In order to remove from the carnal minds of men the doubt of the divine incarnation and the omniscience, Krishna speaks as in Verses 5, 6 and 7.

In order to destroy ignorance thereby helping to life eternal.

He who knows the great truth that a great soul in reality is beyond birth and death is ever beyond the effects of all action—becomes illumined with Self-Knowledge.

Such a man is never born again. There is no necessity. Work-less-ness has been reached.

"Many have attained"—means here that the import of the idea of the path of liberation is not of recent origin nor dependent upon His present manifestation, but has been handed down from time immemorial.

The Self-within brings to fruition all wishes, when the necessary conditions are fulfilled.

Worldly success is much easier of attainment than Self-Knowledge. Hence it is that the ignorant do not aspire to the latter.

The four-fold caste was created by Me according to the difference of qualities and actions. Cause though I am of the same (caste), know Me to be actionless and unchanging. (13)

The actions taint Me not, nor the desire have I of the fruit of actions. He, who so recognizeth Me, is not bound by actions. (14)

Thus knowing, the old seekers after salvation did work; do thou, therefore, the action that was performed of old by the ancients. (15)

What Action is and what inaction—even the wise are deluded on this point. Action, therefore, shall I declare to thee, by knowing which, thou shalt be freed from evil. (16)

Of action shouldst thou know, and so also shouldst thou know of improper action, aye of inaction too shouldst thou know. The nature of action is (indeed) inscrutable. (17)

He who in action seeth inaction, and action in inaction—that (person) is wise among mankind, is a devoted doer of all actions. (18)

Here are explained the diversity of human temperaments and tendencies. All men are not of the same nature because of the different qualities which become preponderant in them. According to Manu, a perfect growth toward the perfection of humanity was intended by the certain culture of certain features, through the process of discriminate selection, not that into which caste ideas of the present day have degenerated into.

“Actions taint me not,” that means: I never depart from my True Self which is All-fullness.

“Thus knowing”—taking this point of view, that is that the Real Self can have no desire for the fruits of action and cannot be soiled by action.

“Evil.” Means here the evil of existence, the wheel of birth and death.

An action is an action so long as the idea of actor-ness of the Self holds good. Directly the idea of actor-ness (the little self) disappears, no matter what or how much is done, action has then lost its nature.

It has become harmless in terms of compensation or cause and effect: it can no longer bind. On the other hand, how much soever inactive an ignorant person may remain, so long as there is the idea of actor-ness in him, he is constantly doing action. Action equals to belief in the actor-ness of oneself and inaction the reverse.

“Devoted doer of all actions” means He has achieved the end of all action, which is freedom.

(That man) whose endeavors are all free from the impulse of Desire, whose actions have been burnt up by the fire of wisdom, him do the wise call a sage. (19)

He who, relinquishing all attachment to the fruit of action, is ever content and without dependence, that man, even though engaged in action, indeed doeth naught. (20)

Free from desires, with mind and self subdued, all possessions relinquished, he obtaineth no evil by doing only the actions of his body (*i. e.*—which keep alive his body). (21)

Contented with what he gaineth without effort, surpassing the dualities (of pleasure and pain, heat and cold, honour and dishonour, etc.), free from malice, and alike in success and failure, even though acting, he is not tied (by action). (22)

Freed from attachment, free (from passion), with his mind resting in wisdom, working for sacrifice,—the action of such a man is entirely dissolved. (23)

Brahma is the offering-utensil, Brahma the clarified butter, in Brahma's fire, by

Both good and bad actions lead to bondage of some kind or another.

When true knowledge has come, all life becomes one offering of service.

The work and the goal are then

Brahma is it offered. Verily unto Brahma shall he go who meditateth on Brahma in action. (24)

Other devotees engage themselves in sacrifice to the gods only, while others in the Fire of Brahma offer up sacrifice by sacrifice itself. (25)

Others sacrifice the senses—hearing and the rest—in the fire of self-control; others (again) in the fire of the senses sacrifice sound and the other (objects of sense). (26)

All the actions of the organs and the actions of the life-breath, others sacrifice in that Fire, blazing with wisdom,—the devotion of Spiritual Concentration. (27)

There are those who sacrifice with wealth, those who sacrifice with austerities, those again who sacrifice with devotion, and there are the ascetics of stern vows who sacrifice with sacred recitations and wisdom. (28)

Others offer up - rising breath (prana) as oblation in the downgoing breath (apana), and the downgoing in the uprising; others engaged in the control of the breath, regulating their food, and suppressing the motions of the inhaled and exhaled air, offer their senses as oblation in the vital air: Even all these, knowing how to sacrifice, and having their sins destroyed by sacrifice. (29 & 30)

all contained in the All-in-all.

That is how "Karma" immediately melts away, in the Realization of the All-in-all-ness.

The sacrifice that is referred to here, is the divesting the Self of its "Upadhis," i. e., limiting adjuncts so that "It" is found to be the "Self."

Others direct their senses toward pure and unforbidden objects, and in doing so regard themselves as performing acts of sacrifice.

Practice the Eight-fold Yoga as an act of sacrifice.

They control the different Pranas, i. e., different aspects of vital energy and unify them by the foregoing method, thus attenuating and merging the unified Prana as an act of sacrifice.

This cannot be done except under the observation of a competent teacher, with realization.

And eating the ambrosial food left after sacrifice, attain to Brahma, the Eternal. The unsacrificing man hath not (the happiness of) this world; how can the other (world) be his, O Best of Kurus? (31)

Thus are sacrifices of many kinds stretched forth in Brahma's face (or presence). Know them all as born of action; thus knowing thou shalt be emancipated. (32)

The sacrifice of wisdom, O Parantapa, is higher than the sacrifice (performed) by (external) objects. All action in its entirety is consummated in Wisdom. (33)

That (wisdom), know thou, the wise beholders of the truth will teach thee by thy reverencing, asking and serving them. (34)

Knowing which, O Pandava, thou wilt not thus again fall into delusion; by which thou wilt see all creatures in the Spirit, aye in Me. (35)

Even shouldst thou be the most sinful of all sinful (men), thou wilt by wisdom's raft cross over the whole ocean of sin. (36)

As enkindled fire, O Arjuna, reduceth (heaps of) fuel to ashes, even so doth the fire of wisdom turn all actions to ashes. (37)

Nothing indeed in this (world) is so purifying as Wisdom; He who hath at-

"Born of Action" means here not done by the Real Self, which is perfect, and therefore not under the necessity of action, this being known, "Salvation" is attained.

"The wise beholders of the Truth will teach thee":—Mere theoretical knowledge, no matter how perfect, does not qualify a person to be a spiritual teacher! The Truth must be realized first.

Knowing "Which"; Realization of truth to be learned from one who has realized.

Except, of course, the causes of the present body have begun to bear fruit.

tained to perfection by Yoga—the devotion of work—obtaineth that in himself, in time, spontaneously. (38)

The man of faith, who hath subjugated his senses, and is intent upon Wisdom, obtaineth it. Having obtained Wisdom he cometh ere long to Peace supreme. (39)

And he who hath no wisdom nor faith—his soul all doubt—perisheth. Neither this world nor the next, nor is happiness his, whose soul is all doubt. (40)

Him, O Dhananjaya, the actions bind not—the self-possessed who by devotion (Yoga) hath renounced his actions, who by wisdom hath his doubts cut down. (41)

Rise therefore, O Descendant of Bharata, stand upon Yoga (the devotion of action), having rent asunder, with the dagger of thine own wisdom, this ignorance-begotten doubt, that abideth in thy heart. (42)

Thus ends the Fourth Discourse, entitled "THE DIVISION OF WISDOM," in THE HOLY ODE OF THE DIVINITY, the Essence of Spiritual Wisdom, the Science of Brahma, the System of Yoga, the Dialogue between Sri Krishna and Arjuna.

A doubting disposition fails to enjoy this world, owing to his constantly arising suspicion about people and things around him, and is also in doubt as to the condition in the next world.

The result of right performance of action is "Spiritual discrimination."

One must always try to gain certainty through right performance of action and the study of spiritual precepts.

Having removed all doubts at the tribunal of the Higher Self, we can readily see that those who do not enter either the path of right performance of action or the study of Spiritual precepts are in great danger of suffering from their little selves.

THE RAMAYANA

(Continued from the December Issue.)

Then, Hanuman came nearer to Sita and told her how he became the messenger of Rama, who had sent him to find out where Sita was; and Hanuman showed to Sita the signet ring which Rama had given as a token for establishing his identity. He also informed her that as soon as Rama would know her whereabouts, he would come with an army and conquer the giant and recover Sita. However, he suggested to Sita that if she wished it, he would take her on his shoulders and could with one leap clear the ocean and get back to Rama. But Sita could not bear the idea, as she was chastity itself, and could not touch the body of any man except her husband. So, Sita remained where she was. But she gave him a jewel from her hair to carry to Rama; and with that Hanuman returned.

Learning everything about Sita from Hanuman, Rama collected an army, and with it marched toward the southernmost point of India. There Rama's monkeys built a huge bridge, called Setu-Bandha, connecting India with Ceylon. In very low water even now it is possible to cross from India to Ceylon over the sandbanks there.

Now Rama was God incarnate, otherwise how could he have done all these things? He was an Incarnation of God, according to the Hindus. They in India believe him to be the seventh Incarnation of God.

The monkeys removed whole hills, placed them in the sea and covered them with stones and trees, thus making a huge embankment. A little squirrel, so it is said, was there rolling himself in the sand and running backwards and forwards on to the bridge and shaking himself. Thus in his small way he was working for the bridge of Rama by putting in sand. The monkeys laughed, for they were bringing whole mountains, whole forests, huge loads of sand for the bridge,—so they laughed at the little squirrel rolling in the sand and then shaking himself. But Rama saw it and remarked: "Blessed be the little squirrel, he is doing his work to the best of his ability, and he is therefore quite as great as the greatest of you." Then he gently stroked the squirrel on the back, and the marks of Rama's fingers running lengthways, are seen on the squirrel's back to this day.

Now, when the bridge was finished the whole army of "monkeys," led by Rama and his brother, entered Ceylon. For several months afterwards tremendous war and bloodshed followed. At last, this demon king Ravana was conquered and killed, and his capital, with all the palaces and everything, which were entirely of solid gold, was taken. In far-away villages in the interior of India, when I tell them that I have been in Ceylon, the simple folk say, "There, as our books tell, the houses are built of gold." So, all these golden cities fell into the hands of Rama, who gave them over to Bibbishana the younger brother of Ravana, and seated him on the throne in the place of his brother, as a return for the valuable services rendered to Rama during the war.

Then Rama with Sita and his followers left Lanka. Early during the period of exile, Bharata, the younger brother came and informed Rama of the death of the old king and vehemently insisted on his occupying the throne. During Rama's exile Bharata would on no account ascend the throne, and out of respect placed a pair of Rama's wooden shoes on it as a substitute for his brother. Then Rama returned to his capital, and by the common consent of his people he became the king of Ayodhya. After a time there ran a murmur among his people. "The test! the test!" they cried, "Sita had not given the test that she was perfectly pure in Ravana's household." "Pure! she is chastity itself!" exclaimed Rama. "Never mind! We want the test," persisted the people. Subsequently a huge sacrificial fire was made ready, into which Sita had to plunge herself. Rama was in agony, thinking that Sita was lost; but in a moment the god of fire himself appeared with a throne upon his head, and upon the throne was Sita. Then, there was universal rejoicing all over the kingdom, and everybody was satisfied.

After Rama regained his kingdom, he took the necessary vows which in olden times the king had to take for the benefit of his people. The king was the slave of his people, and had to bow to public opinion, as we shall see later on. Rama passed a few years in happiness with Sita, when the people again began to murmur that Sita had been stolen by a demon, and carried across the ocean. They were not satisfied with the former test and clamoured for another test, otherwise she must be banished.

In order to satisfy the demands of the people, Sita was ban-

ished, and left to live in the forest, where was the hermitage of the sage and poet Valmiki. The sage found poor Sita weeping and forlorn, and hearing her sad story, sheltered her in his Ashrama. Sita was expecting soon to become a mother, and she gave birth to twin boys. The poet never told the children who they were. He brought them up together in the Brahmacharin life. He then composed the poem known as the Ramayana, set it to music, and dramatized it.

The drama, in India, was a very holy thing. Drama and music are themselves held to be religion. Any song,—whether it be a love-song or otherwise,—if one's whole soul is in that song, he attains to salvation; he has nothing else to do. They say it leads to the same goal as meditation.

So, Valmiki dramatized the "Life of Rama," and taught Rama's two children how to recite and sing it.

There came a time when Rama was going to perform a huge Sacrifice, or Yajna, such as the old kings used to celebrate. But no ceremony in India can be performed by a married man without his wife; he must have the wife with him, the *Sahadharmini*, the "co-religionist"—that is the translation for a wife. The Hindu householder has to perform hundreds of ceremonies, but not one can be duly performed, according to the Shastras, if he has not a wife to complement it with her part in it.

Now Rama's wife was not with him then, as she had been banished. So the people asked him to marry again. But at this request Rama for the first time in his life stood against the people. He said: "This cannot be. My life is Sita's." So, as a substitute a golden statue of Sita was made, in order that the ceremony could be accomplished. They arranged even a dramatic entertainment, to enhance the religious feeling in this great festival. Valmiki, the great sage-poet, came with his pupils, Lava and Kusha, the unknown sons of Rama. A stage had been erected and everything was ready for the performance. Rama and his brothers attended by all his nobles and his people, made a vast audience. Under the direction of Valmiki, the life of Rama was sung by Lava and Kusha, who fascinated the whole assembly by their charming voices and appearance. Poor Rama was nearly maddened, and when in the drama, the scene of Sita's exile came about, he did not know what to do. Then the sage said to him: "Do not be grieved, for I will show you Sita." Then Sita was brought upon the stage and Rama rushed

forward and embraced his wife. All of a sudden the old murmur arose: "The test! the test!" Poor Sita was so terribly overcome by the repeated slight on her reputation, that it was more than she could bear. She appealed to the gods to testify to the innocence, when the earth opened and Sita exclaimed, "Here is the 'test,'" and vanished into the bosom of the earth. The people were taken aback at this tragic end. And Rama was overwhelmed with grief.

A few days after Sita's disappearance a messenger came to Rama from the gods, who intimated to him that his mission on earth was finished and he was to return to heaven. These tidings brought to him the recognition of his own real self. He plunged into the waters of Sarayu, the mighty river that laved his capital, and joined Sita in the other world.

This is the great, ancient epic of India. Rama and Sita are the ideals of the Indian nation. All children, especially girls, worship Sita. The height of a woman's ambition is to be like Sita, the pure, the devoted, the all-suffering! When you study these characters, you can at once find out how different is the ideal in India from that of the West. For the race, Sita stands as the ideal of suffering. The West says, "Do. Show your power by doing." India says, "Show your power by suffering." The West has solved the problem of how much a man can have; India has solved the problem of how little a man can have. The two extremes, you see. Sita is typical of India,—the idealized India. The question is not whether she ever lived, whether the story is history or not, we know that the ideal is there. There is no other Pouranic story that has so permeated the whole nation, so entered into its very life, and has so tingled in every drop of blood of the race, as this ideal of Sita. Sita is the name in India for everything that is good, pure and holy; everything in woman that we call womanly. If a priest has to bless a woman he says, "Be Sita!" If he blesses a child, he says, "Be Sita!" They are all children of Sita, and are struggling to be Sita, the patient, the all-suffering, the ever-faithful, the ever-pure wife. Through all this suffering she experiences, there is not one harsh word against Rama. She takes it as her own duty, and performs her own part in it. Think of the terrible injustice of her being exiled to the forest! But Sita knows no bitterness. That is, again, the Indian ideal. Says the ancient Buddha: "When a man hurts you, and you turn back to hurt

him, that would not cure the first injury; it would only create in the world one more wickedness." Sita was a true Indian by nature; she never returns injury.

Who knows which is the truer ideal? The apparent power and strength, as held in the West, or, the fortitude in suffering, of the East?

The West says: "We minimise evil by conquering it." India says: "We destroy evil by suffering, until evil is nothing to us, it becomes positive enjoyment." Well, both are great ideals. Who knows which will survive in the long run? Who knows which attitude will really most benefit humanity? Who knows which will disarm and conquer animality? Will it be suffering, or doing?

In the meantime, let us not try to destroy each other's ideals. We are both intent on the same work, which is the annihilation of evil. You take up your method; let us take up our method. Let us not destroy the ideal. I do not say to the West: "Take up our method." Certainly not. The goal is the same, but the methods can never be the same. And so, after hearing about the ideals of India, I hope that you will say in the same breath to India: "We know, the goal, the ideal, is all right for us both. You follow your own ideal. You follow your method in your own way, and God-speed to you! My message in life is to ask the East and West not to quarrel over different ideals, but to show them that the goal is the same in both cases, however opposite it may appear. As we wind our way through this mazy vale o life, let us bid each other—"God-speed."

THE END.

THE CLOUDS

The little white clouds float in the sky,
Float over the land and the sea,
They just let themselves rest
On the winds of God,
And let Him blow them, and roll them on merrily.
Why cannot I be a cloud?
I can, if I will only let
The winds of God carry me on—
On through eternity.

LITTLE FLOWER

Little flower,
I know not by what name man has called you,
I only know that I have found you
On the rolling wastes of sand by the sea.
To me you express
Infinite Love and Prosperity;
To me you are
The glorious manifestation of the Almighty.

THE SEA SHELL

Little shell, I place you to my ear
And hear the song you sing,
It is the same as the roar of the sea;
Oh, may I be as the little shell,
And sing the song of God's true Love
The same as God does sing it.

IAN HAMILTON CAMPBELL.

THE OVER-SOUL

. Ralph Waldo Emerson

*"But souls that of his own good life partake,
He loves as his own self; dear as his eye
They are to Him; He'll never them forsake;
When they shall die, then God himself shall die;
They live, they live in blest eternity."*

—HENRY MORE.

(Continued from December issue)

We are discerners of spirits. That diagnosis lies aloft in our life or unconscious power, not in the understanding. The whole intercourse of society, its trade, its religion, its friendships, its quarrels,—is one wide, judicial investigation of character. In full court, or in small committee, or confronted face to face, accuser and accused, men offer themselves to be judged. Against their will they exhibit those decisive trifles by which character is read. But who judges? and what? Not our understanding. We do not read them by learning or craft. No; the wisdom of the wise man consists herein, that he does not judge them; he lets them judge themselves, and merely reads and records their own verdict.

By virtue of this inevitable nature, private will is over-powered, and, maugre our efforts, or our imperfections, your genius will speak from you, and mine from me. That which we are, we shall teach, not voluntarily, but involuntarily. Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened. Character teaches over our head. The infallible index of true progress is found in the tone the man takes. Neither his age, nor his breeding, nor company, nor books, nor actions, nor talents, nor all together, can hinder him from being deferential to a higher spirit than his own. If he have not found his home in God, his manners, his forms of speech, the turn of his sentences, the build, shall I say, of all his opinions will involuntarily confess it, let him brave it out how he will. If he have found his centre, the Diety will shine through him, through all the disguises of ignorance, of ungenial

temperament, of unfavorable circumstance. The tone of seeking, is one, and the tone of having is another.

The great distinction between teachers, sacred or literary; between poets like Herbert, and poets like Pope; between philosophers like Spinoza, Kant, and Coleridge,—and philosophers like Locke, Paley, Mackintosh, and Stewart; between men of the world who are reckoned accomplished talkers, and here and there a fervent mystic, prophesying half-insane under the infinitude of his thought, is, that one class speak *from within*, or from experience, as parties and possessors of the fact; and the other, *from without*, as spectators merely, or perhaps as acquainted with the fact, on the evidence of third persons. It is of no use to preach to me from without. I can do that too easily myself. Jesus speaks always from within, and in a degree that transcends all others. In that, is the miracle. My soul believes beforehand that it ought so to be. All men stand continually in the expectation of the appearance of such a teacher. But if a man do not speak from within the veil, where the word is one with that it tells of, let him lowly confess it.

The same Omniscience flows into the intellect, and makes what we call genius. Much of the wisdom of the world is not wisdom, and the most illuminated class of men are no doubt superior to literary fame, and are not writers. Among the multitude of scholars and authors, we feel no hallowing presence; we are sensible of a knack and skill rather than of inspiration; they have a light, and know not whence it comes, and call it their own: their talent is some exaggerated faculty, some overgrown member, so that their strength is a disease. In these instances, the intellectual gifts do not make the impression of virtue, but almost of vice; and we feel that a man's talents stand in the way of his advancement in truth. But genius is religious. It is a larger imbibing of the common heart. It is not anomalous, but more like, and not less like other men. There is in all great poets, a wisdom of humanity, which is superior to any talents they exercise. The author, the wit, the partisan, the fine gentlemen, does not take place of the man. Humanity shines in Homer, in Chaucer, in Spenser, in Shakespeare, in Milton. They are content with truth. They use the positive degree. They seem frigid and phlegmatic to those who have been spiced with the frantic passion and violent coloring of inferior, but popular writers. For, they are poets by the free course which they allow to the informing soul, which, though

their eyes beholdeth again, and blesseth the things which it hath made. The soul is superior to its knowledge; wiser than any of its works. The great poet makes us feel our own wealth, and then we think less of his compositions. His greatest communication to our mind, is, to teach us to despise all he has done. Shakespeare carries us to such a lofty strain of intelligent activity, as to suggest a wealth which beggars his own; and we then feel that the splendid works which he has created, and which in other hours, we extol as a sort of self-existent poetry, take no stronger hold of real nature than the shadow of a passing traveller on the rock. The inspiration which uttered itself in Hamlet and Lear, could utter things as good from day to day, forever. Why then should I make account of Hamlet and Lear, as if we had not the soul from which they fell as syllables from the tongue?

This energy does not descend into individual life, on any other condition than entire possession. It comes to the lowly and simple; it comes to whomsoever will put off what is foreign and proud; it comes as insight; it comes as serenity and grandeur. When we see those whom it inhabits, we are apprised of new degrees of greatness. From that inspiration the man comes back with a changed tone. He does not talk with men, with an eye open to their opinion. He tries them. It requires of us to be plain and true. The vain traveller attempts to embellish his life by quoting my Lord, and the Prince, and the Countess, who thus said or did to *him*. The ambitious vulgar show you their spoons, and brooches, and rings, and preserve their cards and compliments. The more cultivated, in their account of their own experience, cull out the pleasing poetic circumstance; the visit to Rome; the man of genius they saw; the brilliant friend they know; still further on, perhaps, the gorgeous landscape, the mountain lights, the mountain thoughts, they enjoyed yesterday,—and so seek to throw a romantic color over their life. But the soul that ascendeth to worship the great God, is plain and true; has no rose color; no fine friends; no chivalry; no adventures; does not want admiration; dwells in the hour that now is, in the earnest experience of the common day,—by reason of the present moment, and the mere trifle having become porous to thought, and bibulous of the sea of light.

Converse with a mind that is grandly simple, and literature

looks like word-catching. The simplest utterances are worthiest to be written, yet are they so cheap, and so things of course, that in the infinite riches of the soul, it is like gathering a few pebbles off the ground, or bottling a little air in a phial, when the whole earth, and the whole atmosphere are ours. The mere author, in such society, is like a pickpocket among gentlemen, who has come in to steal a gold button or a pin. Nothing can pass there, or make you one of the circle, but the casting aside your trappings, and dealing man to man in naked truth, plain confession and omniscient affirmation.

Souls, such as these, treat you as gods would; walk as gods in the earth, accepting without any admiration, your wit, your bounty, your virtue, even, say rather your act of duty, for your virtue they own as their proper blood, royal as themselves, and over-royal, and the father of the gods. But what rebuke their plain fraternal bearing casts on the mutual flattery with which authors solace each other, and wound themselves! These flatter not. I do not wonder that these men go to see Cromwell, and Christina, and Charles II, and James I, and the Grand Turk. For they are in their own elevation, the fellows of kings, and must feel the servile tone of conversation in the world. They must always be a godsend to princes, for they confront them, a king to a king, without ducking or confession, and give a high nature the refreshment and satisfaction of resistance, of plain humanity, of even companionship, and of new ideas. They leave them wiser and superior men. Souls like these make us feel that sincerity is more excellent than flattery. Deal so plainly with man and woman, as to constrain the utmost sincerity, and destroy all hope of trifling with you. It is the highest compliment you can pay. Their "highest praising," said Milton, "is not flattery, and their plainest advice is a kind of praising."

Ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person, who in his integrity worships God, becomes God; yet forever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and astonishment. How dear, how soothing to man, arises the idea of God, peopling the lonely place, effacing the scars of our mistakes and disappointments! When we have broken our god of tradition, and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with His presence. It is the doubling of the heart itself, nay, the infinite enlargement of

the heart with a power of growth to a new infinity on every side. It inspires in man an infallible trust. He has not the conviction, but the sight that the best is the true, and may in that thought easily dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears, and adjourn to the sure revelation of time, the solution of his private riddles. He is sure that his welfare is dear to the heart of being. In the presence of law to his mind, he is overflowed with a reliance so universal, that it sweeps away all cherished hopes and the most stable projects of mortal condition in its flood. He believes that he cannot escape from his good. The things that are really for thee, gravitate to thee. You are running to seek your friend. Let your feet run, but your mind need not. If you do not find him, will you not acquiesce that it is best you should not find him? for there is a power, which, as it is in you, is in him also, and could therefore very well bring you together, if it were for the best. You are preparing with eagerness to go and render a service to which your talent and your taste invite you, the love of men, and the hope of fame. Has it not occurred to you, that you have no right to go, unless you are equally willing to be prevented from going? O believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear. Every proverb, every book, every by-word that belongs to thee for aid or comfort, shall surely come home through open or winding passages. Every friend whom not thy fantastic will, but the great and tender heart in thee craveth, shall lock thee in his embrace. And this, because the heart in thee is the heart of all; not a valve, not a wall, not an intersection is there any where in nature, but one blood rolls uninterruptedly, and endless circulation through all men, as the water of the globe is all one sea, and, truly seen, its tide is one.

Let man then learn the revelation of all nature, and all thought to his heart; this, namely; that the Highest dwells with him; that the sources of nature are in his own mind, if the sentiment of duty is there. But if he would know what the great God speaketh, he must "go into his closet and shut the door," as Jesus said. God will not make himself manifest to cowards. He must greatly listen to himself, withdrawing himself from all the accents of other men's devotion. Their prayers even are hurtful to him, until he have made his own. The soul

makes no appeal from itself. Our religion vulgarly stands on numbers of believers. Whenever the appeal is made,—no matter how indirectly,—to numbers, proclamation is then and there made, that religion is not. He that finds God a sweet, enveloping thought to him, never counts his company. When I sit in that presence, who shall dare to come in? When I rest in perfect humility, when I burn with pure love,—what can Calvin or Swedenborg say?

It makes no difference whether the appeal is to numbers or to one. The faith that stands on authority is not faith. The reliance on authority, measures the decline of religion, the withdrawal of the soul. The position men have given to Jesus, now for many centuries of history, is a position of authority. It characterizes themselves. It cannot alter the eternal facts. Great is the soul, and plain. It is no flatterer, it is no follower; it never appeals from itself. It always believes in itself. Because the immense possibilities of man, all mere experience, all past biography, however spotless and sainted, shrinks away. Before that holy heaven which our presentiments foreshow us, we cannot easily praise any form of life we have seen or read of. We not only affirm that we have few great men, but absolutely speaking, that we have none; that we have no history, no record of any character or mode of living, that entirely contents us. The saints and demigods whom history worships, we are constrained to accept with a grain of allowance. Though in our lonely hours, we draw a new strength out of their memory, yet pressed on our attention, as they are by the thoughtless and customary, they fatigue and invade. The soul gives itself alone, original and pure, to the Lonely, Original and Pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks through it. Then is it glad, young, and nimble. It is not wise, but it sees through all things. It is not called religious, but it is innocent. It calls the light its own, and feels that the grass grows, and the stone falls by a law inferior to, and dependent on its nature. Behold, it saith, I am born into the great, the universal mind. I the imperfect, adore my own Perfect. I am somehow receptive of the great soul, and thereby I do overlook the sun and the stars, and feel them to be but the fair accidents and effects which change and pass. More and more the surges of everlasting nature enter into me, and I become public and human in my regards and actions. So come I to live in thoughts, and act

with energies which are immortal. Thus revering the soul, and learning, as the ancient said, that "its beauty is immense," man will come to see that the world is the perennial miracle which the soul worketh, and be less astonished at particular wonders; he will learn that there is no profane history; that all history is sacred; that the universe is represented in an atom, in a moment of time. He will weave no longer a spotted life of shreds and patches, but he will live with a divine unity. He will cease from what is base and frivolous in his own life, and be content with all places and any service he can render. He will calmly front the morrow in the negligency of that trust which carries God with it, and so hath already the whole future in the bottom of the heart.

THE END.

WAITING IS WHAT

Wanting is what
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
Where is the blot,
Beamy the world, yet blank all the same,
Framework which waits for a picture to frame,
What of the leafage, what of the flower,
Roses embowering with naught they embower;
Come then, complete incompleteness, O comer,
Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer;
Breathe but one breath,
Rose beauty above,
And all that was death
Grows life, grows love,
Grows love.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE INNER CONSCIOUSNESS

How to Awaken and Direct It

(Continued from the December issue.)

Many things there are which must be taken into our lives necessarily. Unhappily we delude ourselves; we forget ourselves; we lose our heads; we lose our judgment; and we are carried away by the currents of life, not knowing whither we are going. When we are caught up in the whirl of conditions, when we are lost in the labyrinthian maze of circumstances, then we wake up for a while. Again we forget. So that is the outer consciousness, which has separations everywhere. You cannot depend upon anything. As soon as you depend upon anything—lean on anything—it is taken away from you, and what is to be done? That is why we must try to search for something which is more internal, which is not so changeable, on whom, or on which you can depend to a greater extent, because everything is relative until we get to the Absolute. We must find something which is better, which is greater. And that is our search—that should be our search. So, while living a life of outer consciousness you will analyze and you will see how all your complex conditions regarding which you complain, all the entanglements which we notice in different lives, all the confusion and friction which we see at home or abroad, all the heart-burnings, disillusionment and suffering which we notice amongst individuals—all these can be traced to that outer consciousness, that slavery, that dependence upon the material things of life. That is why we have to open up our inner consciousness. That is why we want to know if there is anything beyond the veil of the senses. That is why we must know whether there is anything back of this changeable condition of the senses and this changeable condition of the body.

Now, you may ask the question, how do we know that there is such a thing as soul-energy, or that there are inner forces? How do we know? We know as we know everything in life. We have to follow the same methods. How do you know the different details of a machine? You study that machine. You follow three processes—that is, three steps you must take in everything. First of all, you get hold of a book, or you

go to a person who knows about the machine and you ask him questions. You look over different descriptions of the details of the machine, then you think for yourself; you judge for yourself. You revolve all these details within your mind. You analyze, and gradually you begin to handle the machine yourself—practical experience you must acquire.

For instance, if you want to know about electricity, what do you do? You get hold of a book on the subject of electricity. Then you go to a professor and receive instruction. Then you go to the laboratory and handle different machines and study them.

Suppose you want to learn music, you follow the same process. And it is the same with this subject of the inner consciousness. First of all, you have to study; you must read books, or you must consult some persons who know. Would you believe blindly? Would you accept blindly that which they tell you? No. In no study must we accept anything blindly. Blind belief does not lead us anywhere. We must search thoroughly without any fear. Truth can stand all the tests of analysis, all the tests of observation. And if it is not truth, it can not stand the test. So always keep the reasoning faculty, or power of analysis sharpened, ready to observe, ready to understand, ready to reason out. At every point you must reason. And the more is this true with regard to the study of these inner things. Why? Because there are so many dangers and difficulties in studying these inner things. Many promising lives have been failures owing to a lack of proper understanding, owing to ignorance, owing to indiscriminate search or indiscriminate investigation. You cannot be too cautious—you cannot be too careful in studying these things.

These, then, are the steps you have to take. First, study and go to a person who has studied these things and who knows these things. In every book you will notice you are asked to go to a teacher. As you need a teacher in different fields of knowledge, so you need a teacher in this field too, and the more so because the objects which you are going to learn, the principles which you are going to master, are so subtle. Machines you can handle properly, because they are external things. You can grasp them. You can see them. But in studying this subject you have to study that which is very subtle, which is very fine. That is why you need more care.

You need the help, you need the guidance of some one who is an expert teacher. And then you analyze yourself and reason—always reason. But do not bring that sort of skepticism into your life which is dangerous, which, as it were, clogs up all the channels of experience, which covers, or shuts up, all the avenues of knowledge, which makes one give up the search without proper study and investigation. Do not become skeptical in that way. Many have a tendency to become skeptical and give up the search. We have no honest right to demand any knowledge unless we have studied properly, or investigated closely. So open your mind, your heart, your soul to conviction. At the same time, do not take anything for granted, but be ready to learn. Always be receptive, always be responsive. Then we have to apply certain direct means; we have to follow certain practical methods in order to accomplish our purpose.

Now, of all the different methods which are handed down to us from the great sages and masters, one method is important, and that is concentration. Why is concentration upheld as a great method? Can we not awaken the inner consciousness by prayer, by worship, by devotion, by Divine love, and in many other ways? Certainly, we can. But in the path of method. Of course every path can be made scientific we may say, or every path can be followed step by step. True. But we can combine certain methods. Take, for instance, devotion. Devotion is a great thing. The love for an ideal, we need; it is important; in this country it is necessary. But if we allow ourselves to be carried away by heightened emotions, or by wrought-up feelings, we may develop fanaticism. There have been instances in which devotion, love, Divine love—when not combined with proper concentration, or proper analysis—have landed persons in the realm of emotionalism, or sentimentality, or fanaticism. They are led into the realm of bigotry and narrowness and carried away by these things. So try to balance devotion, with proper reasoning and it will be a great, helpful method. True prayer can open up our inner communion and help us to unfold. Pure self-analysis is another method. But concentration has been found to be very helpful for many, many people—for the majority of people—if it can be followed under the guidance of proper teachers and if it can be followed methodically. But

some might say that there is danger in concentration. There is no danger in concentration. Consciously or unconsciously we apply it in every field of knowledge. Without concentration what can you do? As Emerson said, "The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation." In war, in politics, in business, in trade, in the management of all commercial and social affairs, concentration is the secret of success.

And what is meant by concentration? Concentration includes two things. One is gathering up scattered energies; another is focusing these scattered energies of mind.

As I explained, outer consciousness means this: We are dependent on the senses and outward things. That is, when we try to think of inner things, we are held back by our dependence on things external. We are all the time living in these external impressions, and cannot enter into the inner realm of understanding.

And how does concentration help us? Concentration helps us to withdraw our scattered minds from different directions. The mind has been scattered. It wanders among various objects, which are impressions in our minds. The mind has been divided, and thus mental energy is dissipated. Very little energy is left for the accomplishment of the real ideals in life. But gradually we learn by concentration how to withdraw the scattered forces of the mind and how to focus them upon the chosen ideal.

There are many details, but I am only mentioning the most important points.

When, through proper training and daily practice, one is able to learn how to gather up the wandering mind, and withdraw these different powers of the mind from different sources and focus them on one thing, then so much energy has been combined, as it were, and we can accomplish something. Otherwise, so much of our energy has been dissipated.

—SWAMI PRAKASHANANDA.

THE END

THE SECRET OF WORK

(Continued from the December Issue.)

To attain this non-attachment is almost a life work, but as soon as we have reached this point, we have attained the goal and become free. The bondage of nature falls from us, and we see nature as it is; she forges no more chains for us. We stand entirely free and take not the results of work into consideration. Why care what may be the results, either good or bad? The man who works through freedom does not care for the results. Do you ask anything from your children in return for what you have given them? It is your duty to work for them, and there it stops. Whatever you do for a particular person, a city, or a State, do it, but assume the same attitude as you have towards your children—expect nothing. If you can incessantly take that position that you are a giver, that everything given by you is a free offering to the world, without any thought of return, that will be work which will not bring attachment. Attachment only comes when we expect something.

This idea of complete self-sacrifice is illustrated in the following story:—After the battle of Kurukshetra the five Pandu brothers held a great sacrifice and made very large gifts to the poor. All the people expressed amazement at the greatness and richness of the sacrifice and said that such a sacrifice the world had never seen before. But, after the ceremony, there came a little mongoose; half his body was golden, and the other half was brown, and he began to roll himself on the floor of the sacrificial hall. Then he said to those around, "You are all liars; this is no sacrifice." "What!" they exclaimed, "you say this is no sacrifice! Do you not know how money and jewels were poured out upon the poor and every one became rich and happy? This was the most wonderful sacrifice any man ever made." But the mongoose said, "There was once a little village, and in it there dwelt a poor Brahmin, with his wife, his son and his son's wife. They were very poor and lived on alms gained in preaching and teaching, for which men made little gifts to them.

"There came in that land a three years' famine, and the poor Brahmin suffered more than ever. At last for five days the family starved, but on the fifth day the father brought home

a little barley flour, which he had been fortunate enough to find, and he divided it into four parts, one for each of them. They prepared it for their meal, and just as they were about to eat it a knock came at the door. The father opened it, and there stood a guest. In India a guest is sacred; he is as a god for the time being, and must be treated as such. So the poor Brahmin said, 'Come in, sir; you are welcome.' He set before the guest his own portion of food, and the latter quickly ate it up and then said, 'Oh, sir, you have killed me; I have been starving for ten days, and this little bit has but increased my hunger.' Then the wife said to her husband, 'Give him my share,' but the husband said, 'Not so.' The wife, however, insisted, saying, 'Here is a poor man, and it is our duty as householders to see that he is fed, and it is my duty as a wife to give him my portion, seeing that you have no more to offer him.' Then she gave her share to the guest, and he ate it up and said he was still burning with hunger. So the son said, 'Take my portion also; it is the duty of a son to help his father to fulfill his obligations.' The guest ate that, but remained still unsatisfied; so the son's wife gave him her portion also. That was sufficient, and the guest departed, blessing them.

"That night those four people died of starvation. A few grains of that flour had fallen on the floor, and when I rolled my body on them half of it became golden, as you see it. Since then I have been all over the world, hoping to find another sacrifice like that, but never have I found one; nowhere else has the other half of my body been turned into gold. That is why I say this is no sacrifice."

—VIVEKANANDA.

THE END

IMMORTALITY

What question has been asked a greater number of times; what idea has sent men more to search the universe for an answer, what question is nearer and dearer to the human heart, what question is more inseparably connected with our existence, than this one, the immortality of the human soul?

It has been the theme of poets and of sages, of priests and of prophets; kings on the throne have discussed it, beggars in the street have dreamt of it. The best of human kind have approached it, and the worst of human kind have always hoped for it. The interest in the theme has not died yet, nor will it die, so long as nature exists. Various answers have been presented to the world by various minds. Thousands, again, in every period of history have given up the discussion, and yet the question remains fresh as ever.

Many times in the turmoils and struggles of our lives we seem to forget the question; all of a sudden some one dies; one, perhaps whom we loved, one near and dear to our hearts is snatched away from us. The struggle, the din and the turmoil of the world around us, cease for a moment, become silent, and the soul asks the old question: "What after this?" "What becomes of the Soul?"

ALL HUMAN KNOWLEDGE PROCEEDS OUT OF EXPERIENCE.

ALL OUR REASONING IS BASED UPON GENERALIZED EXPERIENCE.

WE CANNOT KNOW ANYTHING EXCEPT BY EXPERIENCE.

ALL OUR KNOWLEDGE IS BUT A HARMONIZED EXPERIENCE.

Looking around us, what do we find? A continuous change. The plant comes out of the seed, and the seed becomes the plant again; the plant grows into a tree, completes the circle, and comes back to the seed. The animal comes and lives a certain time, dies and completes the circle. So does man. The mountains surely but slowly crumble away, the rivers surely

but slowly dry up, rains come out of the sea and go back to the sea. Everywhere it is circles being completed, birth, growth, development and decay following each other with mathematical precision. This is our every day experience. Inside of it all, behind all the vast mass of what we call life, of millions of forms and shapes, millions upon millions of varieties, beginning from the smallest atom to the highest spiritualized man, we find existing a certain unity. Every day we find that the wall that was thought to be dividing one substance and another is being broken down, and all matter is coming to be recognized by modern science as one substance, manifesting in different ways and in different forms the one life that runs like a continuous chain throughout, of which all these various forms form the links, link after link, extending almost infinitely, but of the same one chain.

This is what is called evolution. It is an old, old idea, as old as human society, only it is getting fresher and fresher as human knowledge is going on. There is one thing more which the ancients perceived, and that is involution; but in modern times, this is not yet so clearly perceived. The seed becomes the plant; a grain of sand never becomes a plant. It is the father that becomes the child. A lump of clay never becomes a child. Out of what this evolution comes is the question. What was the seed? It was the same as the tree. All the possibilities of a future tree are in the seed; all the possibilities of a future man are in the little baby; all the possibilities of any future life are in the germ. What is this? The ancient philosophers called it involution. We find then, that every evolution presupposes an involution. Nothing can be evolved which is not already in. Here again modern science comes to our help. You know by mathematical reasoning that the sum-total of the energy that is displayed in the universe is the same throughout. You cannot take away one atom of matter or one foot-pound of force. As such, evolution did not come out of zero, then, where does it come from? It was there before through involution. The child is the man involved and the man is the child evolved. All the possibilities of all life are in the germ. The question becomes a little clearer. Add to it the first idea of continuation of life. From the lowest protoplasm to the most perfect human being, there is really one life.

Just as in one life we have so many various phases of ex-

pression, the baby, the child, the young man, the old man—extend that farther, and trace the baby a few steps back, then back, and back, until you come to the protoplasm. Thus, from that protoplasm up to the most perfect man we get one continuous life, one chain. This is evolution, but we have seen that each evolution presupposes an involution. The whole of this life which slowly manifests itself, involves itself from the protoplasm to the perfected human being, the incarnation of God on earth, the whole of this series is but one life, and the whole of this manifestation must have been involved in that very protoplasm. This whole life, this very God on earth was involved there, and only slowly comes out, manifests itself slowly, slowly, slowly. The highest expression must have been there in the germ state, in minute form; therefore this one force, this whole chain, is the involution of what? Of that Cosmic Life which is everywhere. This one mass of intelligence which is from the protoplasm up to the most perfected man, slowly and slowly uncoils itself. What was it?

VIVEKANANDA.

(To Be Continued)

SAYINGS OF RAMAKRISHNA PARAMAHAMSA

The magnet of Godconsciousness attracts the human soul, it destroys in a moment man's sense of earthly personality and selfishness and plunges the soul into the Ocean of God's Infinite Love.

He finds God the quickest whose yearning and concentration are the greatest.

Ceremonies and rites are no longer necessary for him who has realized the highest truths. Deal in the essentials of Religion, leave the non-essentials alone.

Psychic Powers are useless to a true aspirant.

The Wind of God's Grace is incessantly blowing. Lazy sailors on this sea of Life do not take advantage of it. But the active and the able always keep their minds unfurled to catch the friendly breeze and thus reach their destination very soon.

Eternal Truth is not realized by one who is not Truthful.

AMRITA-BINDU UPANISHAD

Introduction

This Upanishad is said to belong to the Atharva Veda and is known by two names, *Amrita-bindu* and *Brahma-bindu*, meaning "a small work treating of the immortal Brahman;" or, "a treatise of which every syllable is like a drop of nectar." It is chiefly intended to reveal how best to attain to *Brahma-sakshatkara*, to an intuitive recognition of Brahman as identical with one's own Self. The best process, the one which lies at the root of all others, the type of which those others are more or less imperfect specimens, is said to consist in *manonirodha*, the restraint of all the internal and external—subjective and objective—wanderings of the *manas* till it ceases to be what it appears to be and attains to its true being, which is nothing but Brahman, the Bliss. This state is called *samadhi*.

The conclusion of all Upanishads may be summed up thus: by a knowledge of the identity of *Jiva* or the individual self with Brahman, cessation of all evil may be brought about and Spiritual Bliss attained. And this *Brahma-jnana* can be acquired by an enquiry into the teaching of the Upanishads, followed by reflection and contemplation thereof, which require again the aid of *manas*. *Manas* is, like a wild elephant, very hard for men to control, and it is therefore first taken up for treatment in this Upanishad.

PURE AND IMPURE MANAS.

1. *Manas*, verily, is said to be two-fold, pure and impure; the impure one is that which has thoughts of objects of desire (*Kama*), and the pure one that which is free from desire (*Kama*).

Manas is the *antah-karana*, the inner sense, which undergoes various modifications called *vruttis*. The wise say that it is twofold, pure and impure. Impure as it generally is, it is rendered pure by the innumerable acts of righteousness (*punya*) done in the past, by *Brachmacharya* (physical and mental chastity), by *upasana* or meditation and other such observances in the present birth. *Manas* is said to be impure when it is full of desire, when it thinks of objects of desire. When it is altogether free from desire, *manas* is said to be pure. Sometimes it is neither quite pure nor quite impure; and sometimes it is quite dull and inactive.

KARMA

Karma! Thine are the vestures of a
Thousand lives. The diadem of
Kings, the robe of state, the
Blows and bludgeonings of
Irate fate, which scourge us
Onward to our destiny, the
Soul's completion in the Light of
God! No chance is thine but
Sowing as we reap, the
Cavalier of yestere'en today the
Motley wears; if—through his
Great soul the Master plays, the
Cap and bells may e'en lie
Neath his feet, now or anon.
In that new life to which he
Marches. Tomorrow then, the robes of
State again he borrows and if the
Ermine trails not in his
Brother's blood, blest be he in the
Wearing. No fault within the
Ermine lies but in its
Usage. The soul of man, a
God within his right who
Plays the fool upon the stage of
Life, trailing his colors fair in
Slime and mire, remembering his
Calling high, his deathless birth—
Endless he is and endless is
His Way, into that Heart of
Love wherein he lay before the
Cosmic Splendor in the womb of
Night, all things impregnating with
His High Primal Light, conceived
Divinely and divinely born, then
Nourished at the breast of Earth his
Mother, erstwhile he play the
Fool, returning make some
Progress on his way and then
Again returning, 'til the soul's
Repugnance shall outstrip the
Flesh, the mire of past desire in

Which he wallowed for a
Season brief, returning to his
Father's House, the inner consciousness of
Thinking high and great endeavor. The
Spirit, bathed in illumination
Bright and in the might of
His High Godhead which he
Wore, e'en with the Father ere
He sent him forth into
Dimensions three to win his
Spurs and battle for the
Right. Robed now in ermine of no
Earthly King, his soul stands
Forth, a glorious thing as when
From out the Father's breast, he
Started on his cyclic course of birth,
Rebirth and Karma. He wears no
Crown or diadem for that
High Light which burns within
Illumines him. No motley now to
Play the fool in, but great
Robes of state woven in God's
High Kingdom of the Stars where
Radium is and was before the
I AM said: "Let there be
Light," and light effulgent
Raced upon its way. Darkness
He filleth in no night at
All for He is ALL—the
ONE—the OVERSOUL who
Fills all space no vacuum
Leaving. The Karmic debts
Entailed along the way to
Utmost farthing now the soul has
Paid and rebirths o'er in
Glistening robes of his High state of
Sonship into the Absolute returns
Once more unto his Father's House.
Rebirth he knoweth not—nor
Thee, if thou wilt tread with
Him the Illumined Way.

JEANNE STANLEY GARY.

HINDU IDEAS ON PRANAYAMA

The Science of Breath

Ida, *Pingala* and *Sushumna* are the names of three *nadis* or currents in the subtle organism of man. They have their physical correlation in three activities connected with the psycho-physical currents in the spinal canal; which, apparently, have not so far been investigated by modern science. The *Prana*, sometimes translated as vitality, courses through the human organism along the aforementioned three *nadis* (also along seven others, as well as along seventy-two thousand subsidiary *nadis*) and makes possible all kinds of physical and super-physical activities. A few of these activities manifest also in the lower kingdoms of nature—fewest in the mineral, more in the vegetable, and still more in the animal. But even in man it is only a small fraction of the possible functionings of *Prana* that show themselves at present. There are a great many potentialities connected with the operation of *Prana* in man, which will be brought forth into functional activity in the course of evolution. The *Yogi* tries to abridge this evolutionary work by putting forth more intelligent effort and so accomplish in less time what nature would take very much longer to accomplish for humanity at large.

The next range of activities connected with the *Prana*, to be brought into conscious functioning in man from the stage in evolution where he stands today, may be spoken of as psycho-physical and psychological. The farthest stage of all is well-nigh indistinguishable from the purely spiritual consciousness or the operation of the SELF in the plenitude of his power.

Prana may be looked upon more in the light of force or energy, and the various stages of *Prana-manifestation* would then correspond to different kinds of force—physical, mental and spiritual. The *Tattvas*, or “elements,” may be looked upon as the materials on which *Prana-force* works, moulding them in various fashions. The whole form side of nature, macracosmically and microcosmically, thus becomes a resultant of the interaction between *Prana* and the *Tattvas*.

To start with the simplest physical manifestation of *Prana*, we consider the breath, which has sometimes been regarded as synonymous with life. Compare, for example, the phrase “breath of life.” Some identify the breath with the soul; and

the Persians and Hebrew words for soul, also mean breath. While we may confine ourselves at any point in our study to the breath aspect of *Prana*, it must be remembered that this is only its most limited, *i. e.*, physical, aspect.

In this connection the following correspondences of the breath may be noted: The exhalation is regarded as corresponding to the male and destructive forces in nature; the inhalation to the female and nourishing forces. The *Ida* corresponds to the breath passing through the left nostril, and to the moon, and is more favorable in the bright fortnight of the lunar month. *Pingala* corresponds to the breath passing through the right nostril, to the sun, and is more favorable in the dark fortnight of the lunar month. Of the zodiacal signs, Scorpio, Leo, Taurus and Aquarius are spoken of as the moon's signs (corresponding to *Pingala*); while Pisces, Gemini, Sagittarius and Virgo are the signs of *Sushumna* (corresponding to the breath passing through both nostrils at the same time).

S. G. PANDIT.

WHEN PEACE ENFOLDS THE WORLD

When all mankind, at last, shall join
 Their hands in loving brotherhood,
And learn to live in peacefulness,
 For what is universal good;
Then love, at last, shall rule the world,
 For joyous days of happiness,
And we shall find the joys of life,
 All of God's human souls, to bless.

We'll wipe out nationalities,
 That fight for jealousy and greed;
Then, human brotherhood, we'll find
 Is all that we shall really need
To make an Eden here on earth,
 Where all life's blessings, we shall find;
Because, to all our fellow men,
 We're learning to be good and kind.

Oh! hasten, Lord, the joyous day
 When greed and selfishness shall flee,
And just one land of brotherhood,
 The earth, at last, will seem to be.
The great millennial dawn will then
 Be shedding light o'er all the world;
And then on battle fields of blood,
 Mankind, no more, will e'er be hurled.

Sweet peace and love will fill our souls
 With life's supreme, great happiness,
When greed and crime all flee away,
 And love appears, our souls, to bless;
Then what a blessed day 'twill seem
 When peace enfolds the world, at last,
And greed's cruel selfishness and woe,
 Forevermore, will all be past.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

UNITY IN HIM

Who am I, whence came I, and whither goest?
I am I, doth consciousness declare, knowest,
 Of life partake;
But what am I; being part of that Great Whole,
Of which I see expression; the Great Oversoul
Of all; Life of Reality to own,
 In me awake.

Eternal Father; I, in Thee, am Thou,
Where dwellest Thou, I am, and in Thee now,
 I e'er shall be;
Was always there, and will, a part divine,
Of Thine Own Self, Immortal Ego, Thine,
Incarnate found, to Thee return, life mine,
 Is thine in me.

For Thou art All to all, in all that is,
Infinite One, whatever is, is His,
 In Majesty;
He swings the worlds in space, His will obey,
In lowly hearts, He dwelleth there with they,
He was, when time was not, and is, today,
 Divinity.

Thou Changeless One. Omnipotent in power,
Creation's Source, doth manifest in flower,
 Where speaketh He
To man; His masterpiece, His image bear,
Vast in potential qualities to share,
His Oneness in Unity so merged there
 Eternally.

EDWARDUS.

KIT

"How would you like to hear a story about a boy who lived in the clouds?" I asked the children next afternoon. They all agreed that they would like to hear the story, so I began:

"Once there lived a boy who was tolerably good. He could have been better than he was—but he wasn't. Anyhow, he was about as good as a boy usually is, and that really is not so bad after all. This boy was always dreading strange dreams. When he was good during the day, at night the angel of dreams brought him beautiful dreams; but when he was bad this same angel brought him unpleasant dreams. One night when he went to sleep he had the queerest dream in the world. He had been pretty good that day, so the dream-angel came to him that night and touched his eyes with her purple wing and made him dream good things. The boy's name was Kit, and this is what he dreamed: He thought he was standing down by the bank of the river, near his home in Tennessee, and he thought he was looking up at the beautiful rolling clouds in the sky, and then looking down into the water and seeing the pictures of the clouds floating in the stream. The clouds were so big and soft and white that Kit said, 'Oh, My! I wish I could go up to the clouds and jump around in them and live up there!' The minute he had said that he saw a big white cloud floating down toward him, and in the cloud he heard some one singing. Pretty soon the cloud was resting on the ground, like a big balloon, very close to where Kit was standing. Then suddenly out of the cloud stepped the most beautiful woman Kit had ever seen. Her hair was like sunshine, her eyes shone like two stars and her cheeks were red as the skies at sunset. She wore a dress of violets, and the dress was bordered with shining drops of dew. Oh, she was very beautiful!

"'Who are you?' asked Kit.

"'I am the queen of the clouds,' she replied. 'Sometimes I come down to the earth to pick violets to make myself a new dress, and to gather a few drops of dew with which to adorn it. I heard you say you wanted to live in the clouds, so I thought I would take you up with me and let you see how you like to live in the air. Now if you wish to go, jump into this cloud and up we go!'

"Kit jumped into the cloud and then he felt himself going up, up, up, until he was at least five miles up in the air. Then he looked around over the country and saw what a beautiful land he had been living in. It was spring time, and everything on the mountains and in the valleys was bright and green. 'Oh, queen,' said Kit, 'this is a wonderful trip! See how fast we are going!' But the queen only smiled and said, 'Oh, you just wait! After a while we will go still faster, but don't be afraid for there is no danger of our getting hurt.' Kit asked the queen what she ate in the skies and she laughed and said, 'Don't worry, you will not want to eat as long as you live in the clouds—I don't eat anything and yet I am happy all the time.' After she had talked with Kit a few hours the queen said, 'Well, goodbye, Kit; I must go gather up some clouds over in Kentucky. The people in Kentucky need a rain. If it doesn't rain there pretty soon, the people cannot raise any corn and, besides, all the flowers will die.' So away flew the queen, leaving Kit alone in the cloud, and he watched her gathering clouds as she went. Finally, he saw her get a great bunch of black and white clouds together and then he saw her spread them out over the blue skies. Then Kit heard the thunder rumbling and then he saw the lightning flashing, and soon he saw the soft raindrops falling in Kentucky. It was fine to sit up there in the cloud and watch the rain fall on the earth. While he sat there in the soft cotton cloud he suddenly felt the cloud moving. Then a heavy wind came, and the cloud went whirling through the air about a mile a minute. Kit would have been frightened, only he knew the cloud would not break because the queen had told him it wouldn't. So the cloud went whirling along and it went through nearly all the states in this country. Kit looked down and saw the strangest things in the world. He was so high that everything on the ground looked very small to him. Horses and cows looked like toy animals and the people on the streets looked like dolls. Then the cloud went out of this country and went clear around the world. So Kit saw China and Japan and the little Chinese and Japanese boys and girls, and he saw the babies of India and of Russia and of all other lands. He also saw all the strange beasts in the world, all the tigers and lions and elephants; he saw them roaming around in the woods, and sometimes he saw the show men come and capture them and put them in cages to take them to the circus and show them to

people all over the world. Well, after he had gone all over this big round world, the cloud that Kit was riding in came back to Tennessee. There the queen met Kit and said, 'Well, Kit, did you have a good time while you were gone?' And Kit said, 'You bet I did—but I got lonesome sometimes, all by myself.' And the queen said, 'I am glad you enjoyed yourself; but of course you can't live up there always, 'cause you are a boy, and you will have to go back to the world some time. You have been gone all summer on your trip around the world; now it is winter time and I am going to make the snow fall on your home in Tennessee.'

"'Oh, I like to ride on sleds in the snow!' said Kit.

"'All right; I'll take you home pretty soon,' said the queen. So she gathered a bunch of white and black clouds together and she blew her breath on them and fanned them with her violet dress, and directly when Kit looked up he saw that the clouds were all gray and filled with snow. Just as Kit was thinking that he was going to freeze, the queen turned to him and said, 'Kit, how would you like to sail back home on a snow-ship?' And Kit said, 'Oh, I would be glad, but I never saw a snow-ship.' 'Well, you will see one in a minute,' said the queen. 'Help me gather a lot of snow here and we will see if we can build a ship to take you home.' So Kit and the queen gathered up a great pile of snow and the queen built a lovely ship out of snowflakes. 'Now, jump in,' she said. So they both jumped into the snow-ship and down they sailed to the ground. Kit jumped out of the ship and said, 'Thank you, Queen,' and the queen replied, 'You are very welcome, Kit; some day I will take you up with me again.' Then the queen sailed away in the snow-ship, and just as she was going into the big bank of gray clouds—Kit woke up! He looked around him to see the snow, but of course he didn't see any snow because he had dreamed all these things. He found himself lying in bed and the sun was shining in at the window. It was springtime and he heard the birds singing in the trees. Then he heard something that he liked even better than to hear the birds sing. He heard his mother calling him to breakfast."

JAMES M. WARNACK.

ONESIDEDNESS

Indeed I was glad to get out of ruts, which are said to differ
from graces only in their length,
For is not comparison the life of science and culture?
Is it not true that, in the study of languages,
Ethics, religions and codes of manners: "He who knows but
one, knows none?"

WILLIAM ELLIOTT GRIFFIS.

A FABLE

A Fly, flying around in his frantic efforts to go through a pane of glass, called upon a Bee for advice. When the Bee had carefully explained that his only opportunity for his desired exit was by the open door, the Fly indignantly exclaimed, "Oh! I could have told you that!" and away he flew!

Moral: Ingratitude.

OLIVE WALKER.

WHERE

Good, to forgive;
 Best to forget
 Living, we fret;
Dying, we live.
Fretless and free,
 Soul, clap thy pinion
 Earth have dominion,
Body, o'er thee.

Wander at will,
 Day after day,
 Wander away,
Wandering still,
Soul that canst soar,
 Body may slumber,
 Body shall cumber,
Soul flight no more.

Waft of souls wing
 What lies above,
 Sunshine and Love,
Skyblue and Spring,
Body hides where
 Ferns of all feather,
 Mosses and heather,
Yours be the care.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Bless everyone, for everyone being everyone, is then blessing himself, is blessing the Supreme One. Praise everyone, for everyone being everyone, will then praise himself, and praising himself, is praising the Divine. Love everyone, for everyone being everyone, will then love himself, and loving himself is loving the Infinite. Everyone who blesses everyone, everyone who praises everyone and everyone who loves everyone then knows that there is but One—God!

LUCRETIA.

MIDDLE AGED FAILURES WHO MADE GOOD**Being One of the Little Journeys Into Success****DON'T BE A QUITTER**

*"It's easy to cry that you are beaten—and die;
It's easy to crawlfish and crawl;
But to fight, and fight when hope's out of sight!
Why, that's the best game of all!
And though you come out of each gruelling bout,
All broken, beaten and scarred,
Just have one more try—it's dead easy to die,
It's the keeping-on-living that's hard."*

—Robert Service.

We had been listening to Sousa's band play "The Stars and Stripes Forever," when Caroline nudged me and said: "There he is now. The man who almost upset me in the hall yesterday. Oh, but he was—drunk! I know that it is not an elegant word, lady mine, but it's the truth. I never saw any one so far gone in all my life as a mission worker, and you know we get some pretty bad cases down at the Water-front Mission."

"Why, that's——" I had almost told the man's name but something away inside me whispered, "He's got enough burden to bear without you blazoning his proud name abroad and letting this chit of a girl, she was only 37, know who it was that was so far gone in intoxication as to trip over a nice young woman in the hall and then say ugly words to her because she did not get out of his way quick enough. And then he came along our way, and seeing me, could not avoid recognizing me. Why shouldn't he? Had I not been giving his little wife all the help I could all winter long and getting nowhere. No, sir, try as we would, that little woman just would not or could not make her demonstration. She was ill in body and mind. Not insane. Not what the M. D.'s call insanity, anyway, but just bowed down under a load of mixed badness so heavy that it was not in human nature to rise above it. That's what she said. What her mother and father, and sisters, uncles and aunts said and tried to make me believe. But it's sort of difficult to make me believe what I am determined

not to believe, and I had determined not to think that any load was too heavy for human nature to dislodge, provided they were using the right sort of dislodging power. And so, I set myself to work to find out why they were not using the right kind of force to gain their desires, *i. e.*, health and happiness for Susan Rand. Knowing from long practice that **THOUGHTS ARE REAL, TANGIBLE, HELPFUL THINGS, I GOT HOLD OF A FEW WORKING THOUGHTS AND SENT THEM OUT TO GET ME THE INFORMATION I NEEDED TO HELP ME PROVE MY POSITION AND THUS BE THE MEANS OF BRINGING TO SUSIE THE THINGS SHE DESIRED, THE AFORESAID HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.**

And then I saw that dear man there eagerly drinking in the wonderful music of that stirring march of Sousa's. "Phillip Rand," I thought, "and he is the man who stumbled over Caroline in the hall. Now what on earth caused Phillip to get himself in that condition?" I don't mind asking questions when it is necessary or asking favors either, when I know I am getting ready to return that favor with interest, so I said to Caroline, "I am rather tired walking all the way out to Van Courtland Park, if you don't mind I am going to take a taxi home or get some friend to give me a lift." You see I was not quite sure that I could walk fast enough to catch Phillip Rand before he got to his car, so I left myself the loophole of a taxi ride should I not reach him in time to ask him to give me a lift home. My thoughts were working very fast, you see, and bringing me in the information needed. I got up to the street just as Phillip was getting into his car. I waved my hand, and of course no nice man could ignore such a plain request for asking a nice little elderly lady to have a seat in his car homeward bound. So it was not long before we were hurrying down Broadway, when I thought to ask him if he would not care to drive around past the Hermitage Museum as I wanted to get the location of the museum fixed in mind so I would have no trouble in finding it at a later date when I wished to visit it and see a lot of that wonderful stuff the Russian explorers were said to have brought there. Having reached the museum we found that it was open and Phillip, hearing the first time about the won-

derful things this expedition had brought there, asked if I would not stop then and view them.

"Ha," thought I, "Little Thoughts, you have stuck fast in his consciousness. You are good, clean, pure, helpful thoughts. You know you can help this man to brace up and try again. You know you can. You know you can. You know that deep within this man's being there is a Godhead. The Divine spark which cannot die. Little Thoughts, get hold of that Divine spark and kindle such a big roaring fire that this man will forget all about past mistakes and make up his mind that life is too sweet, beautiful and worth-while to die."

Oh, yes; you've guessed it. I believe thoughts to be actual things. Barbed shafts that can sting, hurt or kill, or they can be messengers of peace, and hope, and courage. My thought messengers were of this latter kind, and they did locate the Divine spark in double quick order, for we had hardly got within the doorway of that museum before Phillip Rand turned to me and said, "I would like to have a good long talk with you, Mrs. G——. I know that you are a friend of my wife; will you not be my friend, too?"

"Sure," I replied, "that's why I ran after you and asked for this ride in your car. I got a notion that you needed a friend, and it's my business to be friends to people."

"So you ran after me, did you?" he laughed.

"Surest thing you know," I answered, unabashed. "Had to attract your interest in some way. You see I am working for Susie's health and happiness and got hold of a notion that she would only get what she wanted by proxy. Sort of your taking the treatment for her cure, you know. Now tell me, what I can do for you. You know I can't stop drinking whisky for you. You've got to do that yourself. All I can do is to teach you how to control your thoughts and in controlling these you will control your passions and your appetite."

"You think that can be done?" he asked. "Let me tell you that I do not care for drink. Actually dislike it. Do you believe that?"

"Yes," I answered, "I believe that because I know lots more men and women, too, who were in the very same fix you are in. They did not like drink, but they did drink until it became a demon of habit which would not let them go, because they were not controlling their thoughts."

"But that is not my fix," said he, "I drink because I want to forget. I have had so much bad luck. Speculation, losses, not always of my own funds, either, but funds entrusted to my care, that I am almost mad with the worry of it and drink to rest my mind from the constant worry about the matter."

"You are only proving to me that your whole trouble is a want of thought choosing and thought controlling," I said. "You see you have allowed your thoughts to dwell upon the affairs of failure, dishonor and such like things that those weak, cowardly thoughts have run around and gathered up a lot more cowardly thoughts and brought home with them telling you that you can drown yourself in drink and forget. But, have you forgotten? Has the drink stimulant taught you a way out of all your troubles? I know it has not and it never will. But I tell you now that there is a certain and an easy way out and it is found by the right sort of thinking. Begin now, Phillip, to think that you are a man. A man who wants to do right. Ha! Stop and ponder that statement a moment. **A MAN WHO WANTS TO DO RIGHT.** I will make a wager with you. It is this: That you cannot conscientiously dwell upon that thought, **I AM A MAN WHO WANTS TO DO RIGHT**—ten consecutive minutes without feeling the thrill of desire. The desire to do right, to be the kind of man clean, honest, industrious people desire to call friends.

"Phillip Rand, Thoughts are things. Real, living, tangible things working for man's weal or for his woe. Get hold of a set of good live wire thoughts that are clean, intelligent and above board and just let them play around in your mind for a few days and ten to one—I'm betting real U. S. A. dollars, that you will find that these thought workers will open the way for first, sobering you up and next for making the way plain before you for re-establishing yourself in business and then for gaining the honorable success to **WHICH YOU WILL HAVE BECOME ENTITLED.**"

This was the beginning of Susie's making her demonstration by proxy. Oh, I kept on hearing from her and writing her. I had promised Phillip that I would not let her know that he was studying psychology until he felt that he could go to her and tell her himself. It was not long before friends were telling each other that Phillip Rand was looking so much better. It was getting to be a pleasure to have him drop

in at your office and exchange the time of day. Maybe tell one of his humorous stories. All this time he was not at work. No money coming in and with Susie so delicate there was always plenty of money going out. Finances were getting rather lower than it was pleasant to contemplate, but somehow Phillip had become so vitally interested in his mental work that he seldom ever worried and was learning daily to expect more confidently, new and better opportunities to open up to him. I do not mean by this that he had not been taught and was not using every honest material or physical effort to re-establish himself in business, but it just seemed that the way was not yet ready to open before him.

Then one day, it was raining real hard, and it seemed rather dreary out on the street. He always—at least nowadays—found a welcome in Jones and Jason's office. So he got into the lift at — Broad Street and went on up to the very top floor and got off and went into J. and J.'s office. A board meeting was in progress. Jones asked Phillip if he would mind going on into an inner office and waiting until the meeting was over. Phillip did this, as his clothes were rather damp from the rain. Ten minutes later Jones came in and asked Phillip what he knew about a certain stock that was at that time just being put on the market. Phillip happened to know more about the stock than he wanted to confess, but to help a friend he told Jones just what he knew and that it was in that deal that he had sunken most of his funds and gone broke. "But," said he, "I know now if I had done so and so, and if I had known this and that," explaining these different points, "I might have had a far different and pleasing story to tell."

"Come on in the other room," said Jones, "and tell that to the rest of these men. Rand, old friend, don't you know that you have given us just the information we need to put over one of the best and biggest deals handled in the last six months on the Street? What's more, you are going in with us. I'll see that you are taken care of in the right way and it will be something handsome."

That was the beginning of Phillip Rand's re-establishment in business. His knowledge was just what those capitalists required to carry out one of the finest financial deals of the time, an enterprise clean, wonderful and beneficial to all concerned.

AGNES MAE GLASGOW.

LOS ANGELES

Composed December, 1919, after viewing Pacific from Monaca Road
and Robt. Jones Ranch.

The Angels are always hovering
O'er thee and thy sunlit hills,
While the sapphire mists of the morning,
Hug the mountains base so still.

Like a gem on the vast Pacific,
You rest on your Queenly throne,
And the waters ardent curving lips
Beg to kiss you while they moan.

Here steeped in your marvelous beauty,
Of mountain, valley, and sea
I yearn as a mother o'er her babe,
For your glorious stature to be.

Oh Browns of your exquisite tinting
Reaching far as eye can see.
Soft, velvety, wonderful, glinting,
What mystery lies in thee?

Giving by love; through Nature's vast store
To all a marvelous share.
The spell of your charm is in my heart
Your magic is everywhere.

Could we but pause in our mad, mad race,
And gather wisdom from you,
How few; but would stop his brother man,
And say: learn this secret too.

The secret of giving without price
From the inner fount supreme.
The magic of earth is in us too,
Of its might we do not dream.

Cast off the curse of the egotist,
Oh! mighty life of the South.
Rise, rise a glorious gem of Truth,
Thrust it forth by word of mouth.

We are blood of the Sunny Southland,
Are kin to all human kind.
We will rise above our selfishness,
And prove that we have a mind.

A mind of the Glorious Giver,
The mighty secret of life.
We scorn to live in this hallowed spot,
And prove naught amid the strife.

ELIZABETH VAUGHAN FLEWELLING.

BOOK REVIEWS

"Soul's Secret Door," a book of poems by Swami Paramananda, has come to us for review. As we turn the pages of this chaste little volume, it seems to us that we could as easily review the Psalms of David or the Canticum to the Sun of St. Francis. Indeed it is not too much to state that in this young Hindu teacher we are face to face with that which is so rare, a veritable mystic with the power to clothe his lofty idealism in exquisite language. He lends to us his vision and for a moment we seem to see through the limpid depths of his soul. Yet these poems of his, profound in their spiritual realization, flow with the lightness and grace of song and are at times poignantly tender and childlike as in these lines:

*"I shall always remain a helpless child
that Thou, mighty Spirit of the
universe, may ever protect me * * *
I bless my fate that keeps me ungrown,
so I may cling to Thee alone."*

and in these:

*"When Thou art not near, I am desolate with loneliness,
I want no playmate but Thee.
They do not understand my simple games;
They have no need of me, for they have many others.
I have no other than Thee * * **

So simple! The humblest heart will understand and the subtlest mind be unable to imitate them.

In "Thy Holy Lamp" we read the inner story of this teacher-poet's life among us. We see him standing "at the corner of the street of life a long, long time," offering his sacred flame to the indifferent passers-by and we feel the spiritual pain of the ages in his final cry: "O unhappy fate that leads the weary travellers from light to dark!"

In contrast to this yearning quality "Inspiration," The Hymn of Adoration, at the close of the book, rolls in on us with the majesty of the Greek epic:

*"Thou divine Magician
 Transformer and transmitter of beauty,
 Thou dost change all earth's harsh notes
 into heaven's unspeakable sweetness;
 At Thy touch a broken reed sounds divine harmony
 And mortal voice sings immortal song. * * *
 Thou art the enchantment of song,
 Rhapsody of rhyme
 Intoxication of ecstasy!
 Thou art the might of the mighty,
 Sanctity of the saint,
 Melody of the musician;
 Thou all-glorious Spirit of transcendent loveliness,
 In awe and dumb wonderment
 I adore Thee!"*

The "Dedication" rings with that passion of consecration which is the key to "Soul's Secret Door":

*"To Thee Whose holy hand kindled
 my heart with this fire of love
 I consecrate my soul's outpouring.
 I lay at Thy tender Feet Whose sacred
 touch fills my whole being with ecstasy,
 This my inmost secrecy. * * *"*

Always the vision is one whether the Swami touches upon the madness of divine ecstasy or shares the "inmost secrecy" of tree or flower as in "Welcoming Host" and "Spirit of Rose." "Coming of the Dawn" is a song without music, a pure lyric.

The tired world needs the true rest, the refreshment and above all the sense of divine realism which these wonderful poems convey. The meditative will pray in their rhythm, the broken or discouraged will find new life even in these four lines:

*"Thou art my life's consummation,
 My abode of unbroken rest;
 I lay at Thy transcendent Feet
 My weary heart, for its peace."*

G. W.

Chas. Spencer, London, England, writes with illuminated insight under the title of "Cosmic Art," a free, simple, pure English version of the Eternal Truths as expressed in the Mundakaya Upanishad. It satisfies the man who makes life an art, balks the pessimist, tones down the optimist, and makes the opportunist *non est*. Have a delicious treat, read the book. Do not only read it but start living it.

W. N. G.

The Initiates of the Flame, by Manly P. Hall. The last word on Symbolism. It gives you not dead Symbolism but connects you up with the Eternal idea back of the Symbol. The book is not sold as no price has been put on it, but it may be obtained. If you get a copy, don't limit your generosity, but pay what you can really afford.

W. N. G.

Question Box

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Conducted by Dr. F. F. Tanaka

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Note:—The Editor is not going to attempt to answer *directly* any question that is impractical, inactual and non-existent, so far as life is concerned. But he will cast enough light upon the subject so that every one may be able to see for himself why he takes that stand.

All answers will be irrespective of the "standardized" or "authentic" versions, though sufficiently universal. Questions must be brief and definite. Anybody desiring discussions to be comprehensive and precise, and requiring in answer, a considerable essay, should take the matter up privately.

—THE EDITOR.

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- Feb. 24—The Sacred Legends of India.
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- Mar. 10—Lohengrin.
- Mar. 17—The Mystery of the Zodiac.

Sunday Afternoons 3 p. m., Class on Spiritual Alchemy

- Feb. 18—Mercury.
- Feb. 25—Sulphur.
- Mar. 4—The Unfolding of Consciousness;
The Building of Thought Power.
- Mar. 11—The Faculty of Observation.
- Mar. 18—The Laws of Discrimination.
(Class to be continued)

Tuesday Evenings 8 p. m.

- Feb. 20—DEBATE: Resolved; "That Civilization is a Failure."
AFFIRMATIVE, Rev. George Chalmers Richmond;
NEGATIVE, Manly P. Hall.
- Feb. 27—DEBATE: Resolved; "Reincarnation is not a Reasonable Hypothesis."
AFFIRMATIVE, La Verne Twining;
NEGATIVE, Manly P. Hall.
- Mar. 6—Subject for debate to be announced later.
- Mar. 13—Little Tin Gods.
- Mar. 20—The Eternal Tomorrow.

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- Feb. 17—The Story of Hiawatha.
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Devoted to the publication of Spiritual Truth along Ethical, Philosophical and Religious Lines

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EDITORIAL

Religion is the manifestation of the Divinity already in man.

WORLDLINESS AND TRUST

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.—Matt. 6.33.

Earth is typical of manifestation; it has become visible. Heaven is a condition within one's self, and is not a place where we go after that event in life called death. Jesus was conscious of power when he knew its source to be that perfect harmony of mind which was not influenced by the external, God being the Source, Light and Life of it. Thus, he said: "All power is given unto me in heaven (my harmonious attitude within) and on earth (the visible manifestation)."

The form changes, over and over again, but the real substance, never. The earth is ever changing, and the form might disappear altogether, but it would be still the living substance of God, but manifest.

Education is the manifestation of the perfection already in man.

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All the different phases, all the different points of view—are brought together in a form so universal—giving no room for controversy, building brick upon brick on the foundation of the individual where he happens to be in his particular state of unfoldment, conveying in a form easy to read to those who are busy in their particular specialization, truth in the form of the product of the best cultured minds, bringing extracts of the expressions of the wise of ancient and modern times.

It is a true food-for-thought magazine—helpful and inspirational to progressive truth seekers. It is a delightful companion when a change is required from the mad, rushing

requirements of modern life. It is replete with hidden treasures, giving strength and power in unfolding visions of wider scope. It is interesting and stimulating. It is a storehouse of knowledge—broad and expansive—yet concise and expressive, conveying the imagery of seers and sages, with the enhanced value of contributions of the best modern minds.

Just the magazine that you have longed for—all-comprehensive and non-exclusive, arousing your latent powers into activity, into life's varied channels. It is uniquely creative, and gives you that greater ability for work which leads to worklessness.

In fact, it broadcasts to wisdom and helps the individual to express that wisdom along myriads of lines of achievement.

"Los Angeles", a poem of rare beauty by our new Canadian friend, Elizabeth Vaughan Flewelling, appeared in the January number of Broadcast and caused considerable comment. In the current issue, a word picture of the Mojave Desert appears, which will be like a greeting from the Far West to her many friends.

Los Angeles is to be congratulated to harbor within her, an artist of such dynamic qualities as Charles M. Crocker.

At the Los Angeles Museum during the month of April, a rare treat is in store for all lovers of the beautiful in this important exhibit of Mr. Crocker's pictures. His unique canvasses typifying California will be on exhibit showing equal facility with the brush in oils and aquarelles. Small pastels and water colors of unusual charm are interspersed with important large works in oil.

If you are a real connoisseur, you will appreciate them.

Katherine Hillwood Poor is a name that will be long remembered by readers of BROADCAST, not only by those who are discriminating in the realms of good poetry, for this number carries to you a veritable gem from her pen, but also along the line of deeper thought in prose. The March number will be the container of an original article well worth while. Look for its appearance. We are all looking forward to future contributions from Mrs. Poor's pen.

THE EDITOR.

THE MOJAVE DESERT

What did you say? It was hot that day
As we sped o'er the scorching earth;
The engine's song, as we rolled along
Formed a requiem for the turf.

The land seemed ablaze from old Sol's rays,
As the scrub oaks disappear,
And sage brush trees, as high as the knees
Dotted the landscape drear.

Then on we flew 'neath the dome of blue
To the heart of the Desert's home—
There no signs of life, nor worldly strife,
Nor living thing could roam.

The waving ray, o'er the white baked clay
Like a messenger seemed to spring—
A warning to man, the Desert's span,
Hold a mirage to which they cling.

And tales of woe, wherever you go
Come back in the buzz of the wheels
Of those who seek, through the awful heat
The Desert's heart throb surely feels.

This question came, and the answer "Vain",
Stood out upon the hot baked clay.
Why are you there, and why should men care
With your arid secrets to play?

But in this strife called "the game of life",
The far distant mirage charms;
And so man falls, as the Desert's pall
Covers up his struggling arms.

To beat a way on the sun-baked clay,
Or to have your dreams come true,
You must gain your strength the world's wide length
From a Source that's known to few.

ELIZABETH VAUGHAN FLEWELLING.

THE RELIGION OF THE NEW AGE

The radio is giving birth to a new expression of religion. In fact, I would go so far as to say that the radio is the symbol of the religion of the future. The preacher speaking to the unnumbered thousands through the radiophone cannot be narrow, dogmatic and sectarian. There is something about broadcasting a sermon that makes it impossible for a preacher who really appreciates the significance of what he is doing to be intolerant or bitter. He is free from the restrictions of church and creed. The glorious blue canopy of heaven is the roof of his auditorium and the purifying winds of God should blow through his sermon. His audience embraces all kinds and conditions of men; the followers of every creed, Christian and Jew, Methodist and Unitarian, Roman Catholic and Christian Scientist, and men and women of no creed whatsoever, all are listening-in.

This is the time to forget the miserable differences of ancient religious controversies and speak the eternal word of truth that touches the heart of every right-thinking person. This is the time to declare those mighty principles of righteousness that are common to every religion, are taught by every denomination, and that are so self-evident that they make all skepticism absurd. These splendid principles form the common denominator of all religions, and formulate the religion of the new age.

The doctrines and disputes that divide us into fighting, struggling, disputing sects are of no importance. Only those teachings are fundamentally true in which we all believe.

We all believe in the immortality of the soul. Man is not an utterly depraved and wretched creature, conceived in sin and begotten in iniquity. He is a divine being. It is true he is made of mud, but you remember the ancient story has it that God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul. Lost in sin, deluded by his senses, bewildered by his follies, he may for a time forget his celestial origin, but he never entirely loses that sense of his divine nature. Man is not merely body, not merely intellect; he is spirit; therefore divine, therefore immortal.

*"Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be, never,
Never was time it was not, end and beginning are dreams,
Birthless and deathless and changeless, remaineth the spirit
forever,*

*Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it
seems!"*

When a man fully realizes that he is the child of eternity he will rise to live a new life. No man fully conscious of his immortality can be mean or selfish or bad.

We are learning in this latter day that this universe in which we live, and of which we are a part, is not a mere mechanism of atoms and forces and laws, set in motion by some mysterious fiat and kept in motion by blind forces. No. We know that the universe is a vital organism. It is alive. Science has pulverized matter and melted the atom, and in its definition of the electron it comes close to giving confirmation to the teachings of the highest philosophy and the noblest religion, that this glowing and multifarious cosmos is a manifestation of Mind; Mind Intelligent. Purposeful. Beneficent, Loving.

If this were merely a material universe, then the things most worth while are those things that please the senses and gratify the sensual desires; gold, pleasure, fame, ease, self-indulgence. But if this be a spiritual universe and man a spiritual being, then it behooves him to seek those things that minister to his spiritual well-being; beauty, truth, goodness, love, altruism, wisdom. Otherwise, he starves his soul and impoverishes his life.

The Brotherhood of Man

Another fundamental religious teaching, common to all the great religions, a teaching that we are only now beginning to appreciate, is the brotherhood of man. It is the main-spring of all social advance. It is the star of hope gleaming in the vanguard of human progress. It is the assurance that the universal dream of peace and concord shall be finally consummated.

The brotherhood of man is religion taken down out of the clouds of rhetoric and ritual and made a *living, pulsating force in human affairs*. The brotherhood of man is justice, freedom, equality and social redemption blossoming fragrant and glorious from the hearts of men.

Co-workers With God

Happy the man who sees the trend of the evolutionary processes and becomes an intelligent co-worker with God in remolding the universe nearer to the heart's desire.

All religions teach that character is the greatest thing to be achieved. Only that religious experience is worthy that transforms itself into character. In real religion it is not the emotion that counts, not the enthusiasm, not the profession, but the life that flows spontaneously and beautifully from heart and mind dedicated to righteousness. This is character. Character is better than a bank account or social position or popularity; it is the only thing we carry with us to the life beyond.

The religion of the new age will be wonderfully tolerant. The old days when preachers bitterly and angrily debated sectarian doctrines, valiantly bombarding one another with proof-texts and opprobious epithets are gone forever. Intelligent men do not criticize their neighbor's religious belief; nor do ministers of education and good breeding hold up other denominations to scorn and contempt. We are all sincerely seeking the light. We are all worshipping, each in his own way, the Great All-Father. Why, then, should we abuse one another? Let us be kind. Let us be tolerant. Let us be sympathetic. Let us minimize our differences and emphasize our agreements. Let us stress the unities and build upon the eternal verities.

We may well ponder the words ascribed to Krishna in the scriptures of ancient India: "I am in every religion as the thread through a string of pearls. Wherever thou seest extraordinary holiness and extraordinary power, raising and purifying humanity, know thou that I am there." We might quote a striking metaphor from Emerson: "All religions are one wine in different colored glasses."

The religion of the new age will not concern itself with theologies and rituals; perhaps less and less with institutions. It will become more and more a vitalizing, energizing, purifying, spiritualizing force in human affairs. Gradually and surely it will permeate education, industry, politics, literature, art. It will determine the very character of future civilization. It will belong to the office, the factory, the street,

the home. It will be a living ideal dominating the thoughts and affections of man. It will be intensely practical and to it all men will render homage and allegiance.

The religion that shall command the future may be defined in the words of the Hebrew prophet: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God.'

REYNOLD E. BLIGHT.

WILL YOU MAKE THE GRADE?

Will you make the grade in the game of life,
In your manhood arise above the strife—
Your part to play all the journey through
And smile though the frowns be given you?
At foot of the hills you gaze at the crest—
Will you firmly resolve to do your best,
Unheeding the setbacks, the stumble or fall,
And count not the cost—but heed just the call?

In striving God's will to do and obey,
In faithful endeavor, be true while you may
To Conscience within, of God's angelhood—
Die unto yourself—live but for the good;
Each step on the path, as climbing the trail,
Bravely to tread, though the wrong may assail—
In scaling the heights, and meeting with scorn,
Where giving the rose, there comes back a thorn—

Though bitter the cup to drink, will you share
The bitterness found, with no sweetness there—
Joy with its laughter, though sought for in vain—
Would you take instead, but sorrows again;
Yet press on the road where the burdens are,
With the gloom of night, not a guiding star—
Just the Hope Eternal—there unafraid
Would you bear these tests? Will you make the grade?

EDWARDUS.

From A YEAR WITH YOUR MIND

Since the middle of the XIXth century then, the world has been waking slowly to a *New Consciousness*. This is a new general mental attitude, a new way of seeing things and a new way of doing things; not new in the sense that no one ever before did them, but never so consciously and intelligently. You may live in this New Consciousness and scarcely be aware that your thought-world is far-removed from that of your parents or of former times. It is the native air of many; for every new epoch of consciousness produces a type of mind instinctively ready and sensitive to its thought atmosphere. On the other hand, many more will find their way into it by the pangs of rebirth.

It is important here to emphasize that the New Consciousness is not an intellectual process of reconciling the past and the present as one puts two and two together, or sorts out colors or marshals arguments. To be possessed by the New Consciousness is to have a harmonizing instinct, the unfailing evidence that the vital past has been absorbed and combined with the living active present. Truth has become for you a Living Thing, not a matter of creeds and traditions. You are newly-born into a freshly-realized world of life and truth. Past and present as such do not disturb you. They have ceased to exist as epochs of contradictory opinion.

Evidently the New Consciousness is freer from the intellectual pre-posessions that were the peculiar mark of the preceding age. Tradition, embodied in creed, sets a bound to the free action of mind. Those who try today to bring the old intellectual standards to bear on the present time, succeed only as they are able to limit the range and freedom of mental action. The New Consciousness is emancipated from these limitations. It has one unvarying standard: "Ye shall know the TRUTH and the Truth shall make you FREE."

CHARLES PEASE.

A Few Constructive Thoughts on Universal Love

Behind the gloom of seeming disappointments and bitterness of this material world there is the world of, "Universal Ideals." The nature of these ideals is composed of light, joy and harmony. They are indestructible substances and eternal realities. The sorrows of this world and its miseries in comparison with those ray-revealing substances, are shadows and non-beings; they are the veils that prevent the sun of "Universal Ideals" from shining. The greed of humanity may dispossess an adept from all his property, but they cannot take away from him the "inner possessions"—those bright ideals of the heart that are age-abiding and imperishable. The people of the world—nay, rather, thy kith and kin—those whom thou holdest dear and near to thy heart—may turn against thee, may pour upon thee the venom of their hatred, passion and unreasonable fury—yet shouldest thou remain firm and calm, turning thine inner eyes to those joyous, silent companions of the spirit, receiving from their ever-elevating presence, comfort and consolation. The cold indifference, the indulgent eye of scorn, the ominous silence of superior air, the blighting effect of injured egoism, the attitude of bickering and nagging criticism, the pettiness and peevishness of small minds, the religiosity of Psalm singing hypocrites, the adulation of so-called friends before thy face and their cut-throat enmity behind thy back—may disconcert not a few—but must only add to the strength and passion of thy love and sympathy for such misguided and pitied men and women. These things are completely impotent to break the ideal images of love, beauty, tenderness and devotion enshrined by the Higher Destiny on the altar of the soul.

These ideal pictures are thy celestial guardians and divine Saviors. They come to thy help when all else fails. When friends and strangers turn the vials of their wrath upon thee, these shining ideals scatter the darkness of thy gloom and these spiritual recipes grant the balm of healing.

A day may come, or the day has already come, so far as thou art concerned when those whom thou most loved, those who thou served most zealously, may rise against thee and scatter abroad calumnies concerning thee. What of it? Art thou such a fool as to harbour the idea of retaliation? Hast thou not learned better. Art thou then a baby in the

school of morality? Did the Almighty sign a contract to safeguard thee against these inconveniences? What if thou hast been born to be persecuted, scoffed at, scorned, calumniated and ridiculed? Art thou not big enough to bear this load as the Man of Galilee bore it 2000 years ago? Canst thou not turn thine eyes to the galleries of the priceless masterpieces of "Universal Ideals" in the empire of thy spirit? Having them, thou hast everything; not possessing them, thou art poor and indigent, even shouldst thou boast of the wealth of a kingdom; yea, I tell thee, thou art indeed poor and at the mercy of the buffeting waves of circumstances. Hence, love thou those who hate thee; serve thou those who turn against thee; keep thou not in thy heart the least trace of ill-feeling. Do not mind what they say, what they do, how they act. This is indeed the life of the man of the New Day.

This world is full of love, the very atmosphere is vibrant with love. Love is the divine alchemy and the inspiration of the Almighty. Love is the positive force which mirrors all the joys of life. Let thy life be impelled by the energy of love. The world is charged with the electricity of love; the ocean of air in which we swim is thrilled with the vibrations of love; without love nothing exists; love is the origin of all phenomena. Think love, drink love, eat love; then thy life will be beautiful, glorious, sublime, ethereal. Love is not blind. It is the all-seeing God. Spend thy life in the paradise of love. Build thy nest on the leafy branches of the tree of love. Soar in the crystalline air of love. Swim in the shoreless sea of love. Walk in the eternal rose garden of love. Move in the shining rays of the sun of love. Perfume thy nostrils with the sweet fragrance of the flowers of love. Familiarize thy ears with the soul-entrancing melodies of love. Be intoxicated with the wine of love. Drink deeply of the elixir of love. Let thy ideals be the bouquets of love and thy conversation the white petals of the ocean of love.

Acquire thou love and more love, a love that melts all opposition, a love that conquers all foes, a love that sweeps all barriers, a love that aboundeth in charity, large-hearted-

ness, tolerance, forgiveness and noble striving, a love that triumphs over all obstacles—a boundless, resistless, sweeping love. Ah me! Thou must become a sign of love, a sea of love, a center of love, a haven of love, a pearl of love, a palace of love, a mountain of love, a world of love, a universe of love. Hast thou love? Then thy power is irresistible. Hast thou sympathy? Then all the stars will sing thy praise. Hate does not come from “The-Me” but from “The-Not-Me.” There are people who look upon the world with the soiled and dirty eye-glass of hate, pessimism and animosity—foolishly imagining that all the confused pictures before their eyes came from within; never realizing that the Eye of Love is looking through the smoky glass of Hate and thus all the images seem to be distorted and out of proportion.

All that thou needest to do is to dash against the rock of divine resolution this terrible unclean eyeglass of Hate and just look upon the whole world with the clear, penetrating Eye of Love—native within thee and given to thee by the Creator. Then, in a twinkling of an eye—the whole world will be changed into a warm, pulsating, moving panorama of affection, friendship and sympathy—the scales will be dropped and light will stream forth from all directions. It is so easy to do this, my dear friend; wilt thou just try it and feel its glorious, stimulating effect?

The Melody of Universal Love is a joy-song of life, whispering its sweet message into thy heart, like a singing creek that offers its prayer in music. It is the clear, blue river of Love that flows on and on through the green hills of thought, bearing on its white bosom the dancing ripples of trustful intimacy and ideal affinity.

Whilst thou art standing by the side of this river, make thy ways the ways of gentleness and not of harshness. Be not discouraged, let not thy heart be heavy, for the silver light of inspiration and revelation will come to those who in the dark night of disappointment, open the windows of their souls and let the ideal courts be flooded with the rays of the stars of Faith and Hope.

Close thine ears to the discordant notes of humdrum existence and then listen to the twilight music of God’s heavenly orchestra. Walk thou in the woods and be thou not in a hurry, for the lullaby songs of the flowers and trees will glad-

den thy heart and chase away thy griefs, and thou wilt be real happy because thou are alive.

If thou hast the heart of a child, thou art able to converse with the stars and they will tell thee their secrets—even the earth-songs will bring glad voices of the sun-gleams waving on the green leaves. Walk thou in the open—so that the raindrops descending from the heaven of love may bless thy head. They are indeed the white pearls of the Kingdom of God. They shine as they come down in a gentle way and do they not make thy heart glad? As thou art walking in the garden of spirit, listen to the mind chanting the dreams of the rose of affection and the violets of grace in thy ears. And when the cool breeze plays harp and aeolian music through the leaves of the forest, let thy soul dance on the wing of the morning.

Do not become old and settled in thy ways, but let the heart-voice of nature sing in the chamber of thy being. Renew thy thoughts in the same manner that thou renewest the furniture of thy house. Do not shut the doors of thy intellectual palace and let them be wide open at all times and let the breezes of fresh and new ideals waft through all its chambers and galleries. Be thou plastic and receive all criticism and all truths with a gladsome gratitude.

It thou dost listen as a child, voices of happiness will come to thee from the mountains and canyons, and the soul-thoughts of the trees will speak with thee. Dost thou know that the cool shadows with their velvety tongues speak at the early dawn with the white fairies of the mind, as they wander through the green lanes and the airy tree-tops?

How wonderful if thou couldst interpret their soft delicate messages in thine own way, for a bewildering humanity! What! The message has already gone out and all the world is a-thrill? "Make the earth glad." That is the message of the cool shadows with their velvety tongues in this Young Dawn of the New Day. That is the message that will keep the fire-tongue of the glad harmony even in thy heart. This fire will not go out, because thou art keeping the joyous melody ever singing and when thou art singing the new anthem, then, will the hosts of others also sing. Love thou humanity in such a manner that when one meets thee, he may cry out: "Here comes the Kingdom of Heaven."

MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB.

Now had the Night spent her black stage and all
Her beauteous, twinkling flames grew sick and pale,
Her scene of shades, and silence fled; and Day
Drest the young East in Roses; where each ray
Falling on Sables, made the Sun and Night
Kisse in a Checquer of mixt Clouds, and Light.
EUGENE PHILALETHES.

On her throne of green—

Behold the rose,

The summer's gorgeous queen.

Pink petaled pure, with leaves so warm

A perfect Hebe in flower form.

Beautiful Rose with a heart of fire,

Thou art my Queen, my fond desire.

A glow in thy sweetness, oh queen of flowers,

With thee it were bliss to pass the hours.

COLOR SCHOOL.

BE AN ENTHUSIAST!

Those of us who are accustomed to tracing words back to their source can hardly understand how they can so completely lose their true meaning. For instance, from pure Anglo Saxon origin, "Godsip," or "Kindred together in God" has come to stand for "gossip" or the most unfriendly criticism. Just such a surprise awaits us when we get to the root of the word "Enthusiasm," which is a compound of two Greek words—" *en theo*," literally translated "in God," or "God inspired."

True enthusiasm flows from the heart of the Infinite. It is a fountain of inexhaustible active energy, or "living water" from which all may drink and *live*; not only live, but *enjoy* the fullness of youth, health, happiness *here, now*, and continually throughout all time.

What we call *youth* is but an *active energy* that interests itself in everything; is part and parcel of the whole. Youth sees the bright side and believes in a way out of every predicament. Companions of Youth are Joyful, Faith and Trust.

What we call *Health* is but an *active energy* expressing freely and spontaneously its joyful nature. What we call Happiness is but an *active energy* joyfully manifesting its appreciation of the many blessings continually showered upon it.

All Life being in God, is of necessity bursting with Joy, Beauty, Radiance. Everybody has the spirit of Enthusiasm, and there is a great need for its true expression. It is the well-spring that is ever bubbling up, seeking an outlet that it may inspire and encourage every man to show forth the best that is in him. So we should open the way to his Spirit that it may add its glory to every thought and act.

It is this Enthusiasm that we are talking about that makes us feel at times as if we were walking on air, that interprets Life as joyful, sparkling everywhere, that gives us a sense of strength that is greater than any problem or task that confronts us. In this state of enthusiastic faith and trust we inspire others and lift them up, we remove mountains, and heal the sick and comfort the sorrowing. Nothing is, or even seems, impossible to the soul that realizes the true Source of its power. When working under the holy influence of God-Mind, inspired with the true spirit (enthusiasm), no task seems hard, no problem baffling, no day is cold or dark or dreary.

Enthusiasm ever lightens our darkness, and reveals to our understanding and sight that *none are burdened*. The veil of ignorance conceals the *real* purpose and opportunity until we rise in our understanding and might and see that we are able to answer any call and meet any condition by recognizing that the strength ever equals the need. Knowledge of Truth awakens the God-enthusiasm, and we begin to think Truth, to speak truthfully, to *live* the Truth.

The soul aware of the Truth of its Being has everything to inspire it to this higher thought and higher living. It is bound to grow in grace, and the increasing grace brings an enlarged love and faith and trust, yes, the *greater enthusiasm*. So let us never again speak of enthusiasm "wearing off" or "dying out." We have reclaimed for the word its true deep meaning. It is sourced in Eternal Life, or God; therefore it is Spirit and can neither "wear" nor "die." It is the everlasting inspiration or urge of Life seeking expression through the mind, heart and soul of man. Let it out! Be an enthusiast!

MAUD FLETCHER GALIGHER.

SEVENTY-FIFTH LETTER

The following two paragraphs from Occult Meditation on the dangers of interior striving, show the character and quality of the two books. It was these lines which I saw first—a vibration which awakens my interest in this work of Mrs. Bailey and her Tibetan Teacher.

“One of the things accomplished in meditation when pursued with regularity and under correct instruction is the transference of the consciousness of the lower self into the higher. This carries with it the capacity to see on casual levels, intuitively to recognize facts in the lives of others, to foresee events and occurrences and to know the relative value of a personality. This can only be permitted when the student can be silent, selfless and stable. Who, as yet, answers to all these requirements?

“I am endeavoring to give you a general idea of the dangers incident to the too early development of the powers achieved in meditation. I seek to sound a note—not of discouragement—but of insistence upon physical purity, on emotional stability and on mental equilibrium before the student passes on to greater knowledge. Only as the channel opens to the intuition and closes to the animal nature can a man wisely proceed with his work. Only as the heart enlarges its capacity to suffer with all that breathes, to love all that is contacted, and to understand and sympathize with the least desirable of God’s creatures, can the work go forward as desired.”

Remember through what I still have to say, that these two books came to me at the right time, that they did me good, that I consider them the best I know of their kind It may seem to be the sheerest audacity for one working far out here in the midst of American men and women to confront the Tibetan Teacher, said to be working in the world through Mrs. Bailey, with a private reaction concerning these books but I found the brittleness of mind power, the lack of Levity, suddenly appall me after dwelling with the work very closely for several days. Remember to each soul his own way. The Occultism back of these books misses nothing of the Way-at-Large; it envelops intellectually many ways to the Way, even the migh-

ty importance of Humor. Yet in the two volumes for me there was not the faintest moving vibration of Humor as a working principle of the Spirit. In pagan and modern humor—I experienced a curious balancing effect through the attraction of his daring, even of his deviltry.

Lawrence stands as the scoffing young one in the midst of a family of bookish brothers and sisters. "You poor fishes," he says, "come on out and swim and ride and dance. You're getting musty. You make me sick" . . . His is a good voice. We'll remember his voice later on, if not now. A very real and racy voice to all of us caught in the strains of austerity, in the clumsiness of denial. We suspect he is Pan calling to the groves. We know the finish that goes with following Pan—a finish of fingers twiddling in emptiness and the hateful furry smell in our nostrils that went dithering after the fair breasts of the Gods. Aye, we've come up with the goat before now . . . But to me the Tibetan Teacher is not Angus Og—not the lover of my dreams with mystic larks in the dear glow of his hair. Form, form, form, he says. Form of rock, form of flower, form of animal and man, leaping in to God from form to form, form always finer . . . but he does not sing, as he leaps inward to the Source of forms. And the forms stay dead behind him. The stones and plants do not arise from their enchantment in the pressing of his magic. At least, not to my eyes. So I thank him for doing that for me among the forms just now which I have not the heart to do; and I thank and wave a blessing to Young Lawrence for reminding me of the sweetness of earth, the bubbling springs, the deep drinking among the rocks, the painful joke of poor old Pan. After these contrasting refreshments of Occultist and Artist, I take heart to plot my further way—not their ways, nor yours, but my own, remember—a way between them possibly, between and above them, if I can—practicing as best I may, the Levity of the Spirit, remembering in the midst of each opposing attraction one sentence of Romaine Rolland's—that "the Spirit creates that which it lacks."

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was made flesh—that is all creation unrolled like a scroll from the Utterance. The word that we speak or write cannot become flesh; that is, cannot come true in matter, until the Throat of

man has become one with the Heart, until the throat, as a plexus, is awakened and unified with other centers. This telescopic work only becomes possible when one has ceased to blurt and curse, when one has learned to resist the desire to astonish others, when one can even silently resist the brilliance and cleverness of his own mind.

I confess I am drawn by the racy charm of Lawrence as a hunter among us, his superb and child-like regardlessness, as temporary as childhood. We are the flock and away he bangs. Down come tumbling our trances and egotisms, and auto-hypnotisms and sophistries. The time may come when his fowling-piece jams a bit, or its rifling becomes fouled—may the kick-back then be not too rough! Pray understand that I am drawn to something back of him as well, and to something back of Gandhi, the Tibetan teacher and Mrs. Bailey back of Aurobindo Ghose and back to you. To fall for Lawrence, or you, or any one of these—is not to stand. So that we may become the more genuine comrades soon, pray understand that all I ever hope to do in telling you from time to time of men and things that help or hinder me—is to help you to Yourself, help you to stand in the presence of the Self to practice the presence of the Self to stand and not to fall.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

LIFE'S CONSUMMATION

Thou art my life's consummation,
My abode of unbroken rest;
I lay at Thy transcendent feet
My Weary heart, for its peace.

PARAMANANDA.

THE FLOWER GARDEN

By James M. Warnack

"Shut your eyes and open your hands!" laughed Ellen.

I had been sitting alone and reading while the children had been away, romping and playing. When I heard Ellen speak, I looked up from my book and saw all the children there together. Ellen was in the lead and she was holding something in her hands, behind her back. The rest of the children were smiling and winking at one another, but they tried to look very sober when they saw me looking. I closed my eyes and opened my hands and Ellen gave me a big bouquet of wild flowers.

"We all picked 'em for you," said Ellen, "aren't they pretty?"

"They are lovely," I said, "almost as beautiful as the hands that picked them. I am happy to know you all thought of me in this pretty way," I said. "Once I heard a story about a man who owned a flower garden. You may believe this story, for it is true. I think all beautiful stories are true. At least the man who told me this story said it was true, and he was such a good man that I just had to believe him.

"Once there lived a man who owned a fine flower garden—that is, it was a good garden, but he had only a few flowers in it. Somehow, the roses and tulips and daises would not grow much for him. He had only a few roses in the garden and they were all red roses. Not a single white rose did he have, nor even a cream-colored rose. But he had lots of weeds. The weeds grew up everywhere, and they were so thick and so high that they almost hid the few flowers that grew among them. Well, the man who owned the garden said to himself, 'What on earth can I do? I'll have to cut all these old weeds down, I suppose.' So he took a hoe and chopped them all down. 'Now, maybe my flowers can grow,' he said, and he went away and lay down to rest. But the sun shone down hot on the flowers, and they nearly all died, because the weeds were not there to shade them; and the lazy gardener had even forgotten to give his flowers a drink of water. Well, when the gardener awoke he went to his garden and he saw the flowers wilting away; he also saw that the weeds had already begun to come up again—for you know weeds always grow, everywhere where there

is land, whether one waters them or not. Then this gardener grew real angry and he said, 'Oh, my goodness, this does make me so mad! Why won't these old weeds stay dead? I guess I'll have to cut them down again!' So he cut the weeds once more, and then went away to sleep again. When he went back to his garden he saw that the weeds had come up again and were growing faster than ever—for weeds grew very fast in that country especially when one made them mad. So the gardener said, 'Well, I bet I will fix these weeds. You watch me!' And he called in twenty men, and said, 'You men stay here in this garden all the time, and I will give you five dollars apiece every day; every time you see a weed sprouting out of the ground, cut it down quickly. I want to raise flowers here.' So the men said they would stay. And they did; but even all these men could not stop the weeds from growing. So thick and fast the weeds kept coming that finally these men went to the gardener and said, 'Mr. Gardener, we can't keep down the weeds, and there is no use to try. We are tired and we are going to quit working for you.' 'Well,' said the gardener, 'I'm sick of it all. I don't care what becomes of the old garden. I wish I could give it away!' Just as he said this he saw a young man coming toward him. And the young man said, 'If you don't want your garden, give it to me, will you?' 'Why, surely you may have it and welcome to it,' replied the gardener, 'but I don't think you can raise any flowers, because the weeds grow too fast.' 'Oh, that's all right,' said the young man, smiling. 'If there are no flowers, then I will love the weeds. I have always wanted a garden of my own, and I am sure I shall be happy attending to this one.'

"So this young man went into the garden and lived in it. And he saw there nothing but weeds and grass; all the flowers were dead. 'But, oh, how beautiful the weeds are!' he said. 'How tall and graceful they are! How they bend and bow and whisper to one another when the soft winds blow! And see the tiny green leaves on them! And the little branches like limbs on trees. Oh, I love the weeds! I shall lie down among them tonight and sleep, out here under the quiet stars.'

"The young man tried to show the old gardener that the weeds were beautiful, but the gardener and everyone else only laughed and told the young man he was crazy. The people

said, 'You had better cut those old weeds down. They are not pretty. What makes you admire them so?' And so the people kept on laughing at this man who loved the weeds.

"'Well, you may laugh at me if you wish,' said the young man, 'but still I think the weeds are good to look at; and they are going to be even more beautiful after awhile for they are going to have lovely blossoms on them.' Then everybody laughed and said, 'Now we know that he is crazy, for he says that weeds can have blossoms on them!'

"'Yes,' said the young man, 'these weeds will have flowers on them because I will love them until they burst into bloom.'

"Of course, every one laughed at him, but he did not mind. He was the greatest, best man in all the world. He was not even angry when folks made fun of him, 'But we will show the people that what I say is true,' he whispered to the weeds.

"Well, he waited a long time, through many days and weeks, and months, and sometimes he grew very tired of waiting; but he knew that some time the weeds would bloom for him. One night, when he was very tired, when he had worked very hard watering the weeds and taking off all the dead leaves, he looked out over his garden and smiled. Then he lay down to rest for the night. As he slept, he dreamed that the whole garden suddenly burst into bloom. And when he awoke he found his dream had come true. The sun was just rising and his golden beams were kissing the world good morning. As the young man rose from the ground where he had slept, he looked around over his garden and on every weed he saw a lovely flower. On some of the weeds were flaming red poppies, on some there were bright tulips; on others were yellow poppies while on others there were marigolds, nasturtiums, geraniums and all kinds of flowers you could think of, and some that you couldn't imagine without having seen them. In fact, the young man saw flowers that he himself had never seen before. Even the grass blades were crowned with violets, buttercups and daisies. Well, the young man was not surprised but he was so happy that he began to sing very softly and sweetly. His song was heard by the old gardener and he came up to see what made the young man so happy. When he looked and saw the garden full of flowers, instead of weeds, he almost fainted, he was so surprised.

“‘Oh, how beautiful they are!’ said the old gardener. He was sorry now that he had given the garden to the young man. ‘Why wouldn’t the weeds bloom for me, like they do for you?’ asked the old man.

“‘Because you did not love them,’ said the young man.

“‘Well,’ said the old gardener, ‘you must give me back my garden now. You kept it long enough.’

“‘No,’ replied the young man, ‘I cannot give nor sell you back the garden. You are welcome to come and see my flowers as often as you wish and I hope their fragrance and beauty will make you a happier man; but I cannot let you have the garden again. I am afraid you would not live in the garden as I do. I’m afraid you might go away and sleep and then the flowers all would die. I have made the weeds bloom by loving them and now they are all mine. They are living and beautiful and I shall never leave them to the care of a stranger.’”

“Is that all of the story?” asked Jack.

“Yes, that is all; only, I want to tell you that many people are just like those weeds. When you see anybody who is not smiling and not happy, or when you see a boy or girl who you think is bad, just remember that they will smile and be glad if you tell them that you love them. If you see a boy or girl that nobody else likes, then you just go to that boy or girl and say, ‘I love you,’ and you will see how quickly that little friend will turn to you and smile. That will make you glad, too, just as the gardener was glad when the weeds turned to flowers. No boy or girl is really bad. If they act bad, or if they are unhappy, it is only because somebody has not loved them enough.”

LAND OF HARMONY

There is a realm where Love doth reign
'Tis Oh divinely fair
Thoughts lifted up above all pain
Sweet music fills the air.

Bright flowers bloom amidst the green
'Neath its sunlit azure skies
The birds sing happiness, the doves coo peace
And Love's in each brother's eyes.

Oh happy Land of Harmony,
Where shines Love's golden light,
For there is naught but good in thee
And none of Sin's black night.

Paradise where Good is supreme,
No cloud is in thy sky;
Life's like a beautiful passionless dream
In Thee—Happy Land, on high.

Holy Land of Harmony
Reached by the Road of Prayer,
Where pilgrim saints, their journey done,
Find rest from strife and care;

And unto Thee, Almighty God
This is my constant prayer,
That from Earth's dream I might awake
And know that I am there.

EMMETT OSBORNE.

I WILL NOT FEAR

I will not fear
For Thou art here
Whose hand divine
Gives power to mine
And guiding me
Makes me to see
Thy pathway straight
The way to go I know, away from hate
To dwell in Love, with Thee.

'Tis not too late
Thy way to go,
For Thou dost walk with me.
Though footsteps slow
And stumbling stray
Thou leadest me back
To Thy straight track.
Love lights the way, 'tis clear—
When Love is here, how can I fear?

EMMETT OSBORNE.

NOTHING WILL DIE

When will the stream be aweary of flowing
Under my eye?

When will the wind be aweary of blowing
Over the sky?

When will the clouds be aweary of fleeting?

When will the heart be aweary of beating?
And never die?

Never oh! never, nothing will die;

The stream flows,
The wind blows,
The cloud fleets,
The heart beats,
Nothing will die.

Nothing will die;
All things will change
Thro' eternity,
'Tis the world's winter;
Autumn and summer
Are gone long ago;
Earth is dry to the centre
But spring, a new comer,
A spring, rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Thro' and thro',
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be fill'd with life anew.

The world was never made;
It will change, but it will not fade.
So let the wind range;
For even and morn
Ever will be
Thro' eternity.

Nothing was born;
Nothing will die;
All things will change.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

IMMORTALITY

Whence cometh this impassioned flow,
An energy sublime within, a power
Which radiates expressive of Divinity;
Where Lights Eternal flash across the soul.

Vision there beholds vast creative life,
In vibrant force excelling; ride on
Swayed where majestic thrilling might
Moves Planets in their Orbits; yet dwells
In man of lowly heart, stilled in calm,
Bathed in morning glory of the dawn,
In-dwelling Presence mine, and inner whisper,
That gentle voice benign, of Peace be still.

Now speaks where higher consciousness
Is quickened there, in silent solitude
Beguiles, communes with Greater Life,
Embraced in sweetness of Eternal Love;
In the silent watches, Oh linger near
Where heart responsive to that glory touch,
Avails to keep me nigh, as vespers twilight hour
Approach with dewy eve.

The bells ring out
In chimes so clear; rhythmic charm vibrating there
Where I, in sweet attune with heavens melody,
Celestial music hear; as Thou Beloved;
Hush me to calm and rest. Awakening dawn
In bosom of Thy Unity, find Thee my All in All.
My Immortality.

EDWARDUS.

IMMORTALITY

(Continued from the January issue)

It was a part of the cosmic universal intelligence involved in that little protoplasm itself and it was all there. Not that it grows. Take off all ideas of growth from your mind. With the idea of growth is associated something coming from outside, something extraneous, and that will break the mathematical demonstration that the cosmic energy is the same throughout. It can never grow. It was there, only, it manifests itself. What is destruction? Here is a glass. I throw it on the ground, and it breaks to pieces. What becomes of it? It becomes fine. What is destruction? The gross becoming fine. The elements, the particles, the components, the materials, the causes are combined and become this effect called the glass. They go back to their causes, and this is what is meant by destruction—going back to the cause. What is the effect? The cause manifested. There is no essential difference between the effect and the cause. Take this glass, again. Here was the material, and that material plus the will of the manufacturer, these two made the glass, and these two were its causes, and are present in it. In what form? Adhesion. If the force were not here each particle would fall off. What has become of the effect then? It is the same as the cause, only taking a different form, and different composition. When the cause is changed and limited and condensed for a time or space, then the very cause is called effect. We must remember this. Applying it to our idea of life the whole of the manifestation of this one series, from the protoplasm up to the most perfect man, must be the very same thing as cosmic life. First it got involved and became finer, and out of that fine something which was the cause, it has gone on evolving, is manifesting itself, becoming grosser. But the question of immortality is not settled here still. What have we got? We get this that everything in this universe is indestructible. There is nothing new; there will be nothing new. The same series of manifestations are presenting themselves alternately, like a wheel, coming up and down. All motion in this universe is in the form of waves, successively rising and falling. Systems after systems are coming out of the finer forms, evolving themselves, taking the grosser forms, again

melting down, as it were, and going back to the fine forms. Again they rise out of that rising for a certain period and slowly going back to the cause. So with all life. Each manifestation of life is coming up, and then going back again. What goes down? The form. The form breaks to pieces, but the same form comes up. In one sense the body even is immortal. In one sense bodies and forms even are eternal. How? Suppose we take a number of dice, and throw them. Suppose the dice fall in this ratio 6-5-3-4. We take the dice up and throw them again, and again, and again; there must come a time when the same number will fall again; the same combination must come. Again let them fall, and the same combination comes, but after a long while. Now each particle, each atom, that is in this universe I take for such a die, and these are being thrown out, and combined, again and again. This is one combination; all these forms before you. Here is the form of a glass, a table, a pitcher of water, all these things. This is one combination; the next moment it will all break. But there must come a time when exactly the same combination comes again, when you will be here, and this form will be here, this subject will be talked, and this pitcher will be here. An infinite number of times this has been, and an infinite number of times will be repeated. Thus far with the physical forms. What do we find that even the combination of physical forms is eternally repeated.

(To Be Continued)

VIVEKANANDA.

II.

THE PRINCES

Gauntleted and jewel-girdled, now the warlike princess came,
With their stately bows and quivers, and their swords like wreaths
of flame,

Each behind his elder stepping, good Yudhishtir first of all,
Each his wondrous skill displaying held the silent crowds in thrall,

And the men in admiration marked them with a joyful eye,
Or by sudden panic stricken stooped to let the arrow fly!

Mounted on their rapid coursers oft the princes proved their aim,
Pacing, hit the target with arrows lettered with their royal name,

With their glinting sunlit weapons shone the youths sublime and high,
More than mortals seemed the princes, bright *Gandharvas* of the sky!

Shouts of joy the people uttered as by sudden impulse driven,
Mingled voice of tens of thousands struck the pealing vault of heaven,

Still the princes shook their weapons, drove the deep resounding car,
Or steed or tusker mounted waged the glorious mimic war!

Mighty sword and ample buckler, ponderous mace the princess wield,
Brightly gleam their lightning rapiers as they range the listed field,

Brave and fearless is their action, and their movement quick and light,
Skilled and true the thrust and parry of their weapons flaming bright!

—MAHABHARATA.

DUTY OR MOTIVE IN WORK

The universe is one ocean of Divinity, and all fear of death and punishment must vanish with the realization of this truth. The real self never suffers. It is already divine and free from birth and death; and when we know this, life becomes worth living here and now. Otherwise we may perform duties forever without finding peace and happiness; but he who has understood the one supreme duty and fulfilled that, has reached freedom and gained Divine Love and Wisdom of this earth.

From Philosophy of Work.

To work thou hast the right, but not the fruits thereof.

Gita.

You must learn to accept with patience the circumstances of your life. It is not for you to attempt to alter them, but to accept them quietly, and bring out of them all the good possible for yourself and for others. The circumstances really do not matter, since in any we can accomplish our destiny.

You must not be overborne by discouragement; that arises when results are sought for, and results are not your affair.

CAVE.

“SACRIFICE”

Nothing is more sublime than sacrifice in life;

Because it is a supreme effort of the fullness of life.

Nothing is more beautiful than sacrifice in life;

Because it is a prompting act of the fullness of life.

Nothing is richer than sacrifice in life;

Because it is an extreme pleasure of the fullness of life.

Nothing is more perfect than sacrifice in life;

Because it is an absolute accomplishment of the fullness
of life.

Sacrifice is therefore an expression indicative of the fullness
of life

Found only in spirit Divine.

F. F. TANAKA.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA

*Translated by Pramada Dasa Mitra with Explanatory notes by
Walter N. Goldschmidt.*

DISCOURSE V.

Arjuna spoke:—

Thou teachest, O Krishna, the relinquishment of actions, and then again the Devotion of Action (Yoga) Declare to me, in perfect certainty, the one which is the better of these two. (1)

The Divine Lord spoke:—

Renunciation and the devotion of action both lead to happiness; but of these two, the Devotion of Action is preferable to Renunciation of action. (2)

Know him to be always a Renouncer of action, who neither hateth nor desireth; for he, O thou of mighty arms, who is free from the dishonor (of desire and hatred, honour and dishonour, etc.) is easily emancipated from (all) ties. (3)

The ignorant, not the wise, declare the Sankhya and the Yoga to be distinct. He who perfectly abideth by one only, obtaineth the fruit of both. (4)

The place, which is attained by the followers of Sankhya, is also reached by those of Yoga. He who seeth the Sankhya and the Yoga as one, seeth (rightly). (5)

Yoga here and in the following verses means "Karma Yoga".

Performance of action—is superior to mere renunciation, that is, unaccompanied with knowledge, in the case of the novice in the path of spirituality. (See verse 6).

A real renouncer needs no formal vows, but if he has the frame of mind as such, he is a renouncer for ever. He neither hates pain nor the objects causing pain nor desires pleasure nor the objects of pleasure, though engaged in action.

The ignorant, those devoid of insight and the true purpose of life. "Fruit of both" because either one of these paths leads to spiritual knowledge.

Renunciation and right action do not differ in reality.

Renunciation is of two kinds—one accompanied by true knowledge—the other without such knowledge is inferior.

Performance of action (Karma Yoga) is easier for the beginner.

But Renunciation, O mighty-armed one, is hard to attain without Yoga. The Sage, who practiseth Yoga, obtaineth Brahma in no long time. (6)

He who practiseth Yoga and thus hath his heart purified, hath subjugated himself and conquered his senses, even though acting, is not affected (by action), his soul identified with the soul of all creatures. (7)

“Naught do I”—thus should think the Yogi who knoweth the truth—while seeing or hearing, touching or smelling, eating or going, sleeping or breathing. (8)

Talking, quitting or holding, even opening or closing his eyes—(ever) remembering that the senses do act upon their objects. (9)

He who acteth, relinquishing attachment, and resigning his actions to Brahma, is not touched by evil, as the lotus-leaf is not (wet) with water. (10)

With the body, with the mind, with the understanding, or even with the senses only, the Yogis, relinquishing attachment, do act for the purification of the soul. (11)

The Yogi, abandoning the “fruit” of actions, attaineth to peace, perpetual; whilst the non-Yogi attached to fruit by the impulse of desire, falleth into bondage. (12)

One pointed devotion brings with it purification.

Corinthians XV-10—But by the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all: yet not I but the grace of God which was with me.

When egotism is absent, we are not conscious of action.

“Evil”—The results of good and bad producing bondage.

Proverbs XVI 3—Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established.

Without egotism or selfishness: it applies to body, mind, senses and intellect.

Due to gradual perfection in the path of knowledge having the following stages:

- (1) Purity of heart.
- (2) Gaining of knowledge.
- (3) Renunciation of action.

The self-controlled, Embodied One, renouncing by his mind all (his) actions, resteth at ease in the city of the nine gates, neither acting nor prompting to act. (13)

The Lord createth neither the agency nor the acts of the world, nor the attainment of the fruits of but Nature doth act. (14)

The All-pervading One partaketh not of the good or evil deed of any creature. Wisdom is covered over by ignorance, and so the creatures are deluded. (15)

But those of the nescience of whose soul hath been destroyed by knowledge, their knowledge, like the sun, illumineth That, the Supreme. (16)

With heart and soul fixed upon That (Supreme), devoted to That, and regarding That as their highest support, they return not to transmigration, their sins cast off by knowledge. (17)

The wise look with equal eye upon the Brahman endowed with learning and virtue, upon the cow, upon the elephant, aye, upon the dog and the chandala (who lives upon the flesh of the dog). (18)

Even here (in this world) they have conquered creation, whose mind abideth in equality; for Brahma, without any imperfection, is equal; and so they abide in Brahma. (19)

The Conqueror.

"But ye are not in the flesh but in the Spirit."

He rests happily in the body seeing inaction in action not relating or identifying himself with anything of the dual universe.

Principle of action.

That is the divine creative energy.

The Supreme Spirit being changeless, it is not likely to create; but divine creative energy of all things.

"Brahman" the highest caste—"with equal eye" because they can see nothing but the real Self.

All possibility of bondage is destroyed when the mind attains perfect evenness, which in other words means becoming one with God. "I and the Father are One."

The undeluded man, steady in understanding, who knoweth Brahma and abideth in Grahma, exulteth not on obtaining what is pleasant, nor grieveth on meeting with what is unpleasant. (20)

With his soul fixed in union with Brahma, he attaineth to bliss everlasting. He whose heart is unattached to external experiences (touches), experienceth that joy which liveth in the soul. (21)

The pleasures that are born of the senses are ever the sources of pain; they come and they go. O Kunti's son, the wise man delighteth not in them. (22)

He who, even here, before he is separated from his body, can resist the impulse born of desire and anger—that man is wakeful (Yukta) that man is happy. (23)

He who is joyous within, blessed within, and luminous within, that Yogi who is all Brahma, attaineth to absorption in Brahma. (24)

Absorption in Brahma do the saints obtain, whose sins have been destroyed and doubts dispelled; the self-controlled, who love to do good to all creatures. (25)

"Heart" (Antah-karana)

The positive qualities of the illuminated sage.

"Within" in the Self.

To the hermits of subdued hearts, freed from desire and anger, absorption into Brahma standeth close—they who know their (highest) Self.

(26)

Keeping out the external sensations (touches and fixing the eye betwixt the eyebrows, making equal the inhaled and exhaled breaths that pass through the nostril.

(27)

Controlling the senses, the mind and the understanding, the sage intent upon (his) emancipation, and ever free from desire, fear and anger, is emancipated, indeed.

(28)

Having known Me, the Receiver of sacrifices and austerities, the Lord Supreme of all the worlds and the Friend of all beings, he attaineth to peace.

(29)

“Pranayama”—see January number.

Science of the Breath—S. G. Pandit.

Vivekananda “Raja Yoga”

Prana is the outgoing breath, apana the incoming.

Above two verses 27 and 28 are the Aphorisms upon which the following chapter is the commentary.

Thus ends the Fifth Discourse, entitled “THE DEVOTION OF RENUNCIATION,” in THE HOLY ODE OF THE DIVINITY, the Essence of Spiritual Wisdom, the Science of Brahma, the System of Yoga, the dialogue between Sir Krishna and Arjuna.

AMRITA-BINDU UPANISHAD

Manas the cause of Bondage and Liberation

Now the question arises: what is the evil of the manas being impure or what is the good of its being pure? The answer follows:

2. Manas, verily, is the cause of bondage and liberation of men: engrossed in objects (it leads) to bondage; free from objects (it leads) to liberation: so they say.

The antah-karana is the cause of bondage (bandha) and liberation (mukti) in the case of all of us, the children of Manu. Bondage consists in the egoistic thought of "I" and "mine" and their cause; and liberation consists in the manifestation in ourselves of the self-luminous Bliss or Atman, in the Atman manifesting Himself in His true nature. When manas is engrossed in the objects of sense—in food and drink and other carnal pleasures, in sound, touch, colour, taste, smell—with a longing desire, it causes bondage.

To be continued

SAYINGS

Matter or object is related to Spirit or subject; and the subject or Spirit is equally related to the object or matter.

If there were no object, there would be no subject; and if there were no subject there would be no object. For on either side alone nothing could be achieved.

IV, 8.

—From Kaushitaki Upanishad.

The Infinite and Eternal Truth, Brahman, pervades the whole universe, the visible and invisible—if the perceptible phenomena be destroyed, that which will be left is the Infinite.

May we realize the Infinite in this life, may we attain to that truth and enjoy peace forever.

—From Isha Upanishad.

SAYINGS OF SRI RAMAKRISHNA PARAMA- HAMSA

Easy to Talk Religion, Difficult to Act It

208—It is easy to utter “do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si,” by mouth, but not so easy to sing or play them on any instrument. So it is easy to *talk* religion, but it is difficult to act religion.

209—Common men talk bagfulls of religion but act not a grain of it, while the *wise man speaks little*, but *his whole life is a religion acted out*.

210—What you wish others to do, do yourself.

211—Man is born in this world with two tendencies—the Vidya tendency, or tendency towards liberation, and the Avidya tendency, or tendency towards world and bondage. When born, both tendencies are in equilibrium like the scales of a balance. The world soon places its enjoyment and pleasures in the one scale, and the spirit its attraction on the other; and if the intellect chooses the world, the worldly scale becomes heavy and gravitates towards the earth. But if it chooses the spirit, the spiritual scale gravitates towards God.

212—Seeing the water pass glittering through a network of bamboo twigs, the small fry enter into it with great pleasure, and having once entered, they cannot get out and are caught. Similarly, foolish men enter into the world, allured by its false glitter, but as it is easier to enter the net than to get out of it, so it is easier to enter the world than to renounce it, after having once entered it.

213—The tender bamboo can be easily bent, but the full-grown bamboo breaks when attempt is made to bend it. It is easy to bend young hearts towards God, but the heart of the old escapes the hold when so drawn.

AMBITION

Ambition, how powerful it is!
The spirit of ancient Rome.

Ambition, how heroic it is!
The master of Napoleon.

Ambition, how deceitful it is!
The mirage in the desert of life.

Ambition, how cruel it is!
The enslaver of human souls.

Ambition, how inimical it is!
The creator of separations.

Ambition, how fanciful it is!
The builder of air-castles.

Ambition, how heartless it is!
The breaker of home and romance.

Ambition, how deadly it is!
The god of slaughter and war.

A man of ABILITY with no Ambition is like a water-lily
planted in the heart of the desert.

A man of AMBITION with no ABILITY is like a drop of
water poured into a burning house.

A man of ABILITY and AMBITION with no SENSE of
DIRECTION is like one climbing a tree in the hope of
catching fish.

A man who succeeds is he who succeeded in making his
SOUL the MASTER of his AMBITION.

—Moon Kwan.

INITIATION

Adrift—alone—on a vast and shoreless sea
The mists low hang; the fog and chill
Pierce to my very depths; clouds heavy and dark
Strike terror to my soul, foul odors fill the atmosphere,
My breath comes heavy, drawn with difficulty.
The waves loom black above me,
Threatening—each one—to o'erwhelm my craft;
Low thunders roll and lightnings flash,
Blinding mine eyes. Grim shapes arise
Whose fetid breath
Enwraps me as a sheath.
Endless it seems; on, on, my boat high tossed,
Thickens the gloom; the thunders crash o'er head,—
“Master,” I cry, “hast left me thus to perish?
Can I endure through anguish such as this?”
Silence, deep and profound,—and then
A low voice through the gloom:
“Child, tis the weary way that all must tread—
The journey each must take
If all he would attain.
He who dares all, wins all;
He who endures, arrives
And is fast clasped within his Father's arms.
He who succumbs unto the tempest's blast
Sinks deep beneath the angry waves—
For long is lost.”

Ceased the low Voice—
Again arose the clamor of the storm,
Waves beating in upon me as I lay
Flat down within my boat.
Clinging, with all my strength fast going,
To the frail craft which seemed my sole support.
Pain wracked my body frame
Until it seemed bone rent from bone.
Within my fevered brain
Abyssmal darkness reigned.
No light—no dark—
Remembrance of the Master Voice.
My last hope—all had gone;
And yet—from far within
My inmost depths, SOMETHING struggled on.
At last, full spent, weak, all but lifeless,
Gasping, I lay prone within my little boat
Mine eyes upturned to Heaven.
Lo! Lo! a miracle,—a rift within the cloud
Faint light ashine therein
Whose brilliance did increase.
Slow-ceased the wind and storm
The waves subsided, and no more the thunder rolled
Nor lightning flashed.
My boat then ceased to toss,
Steady and sure it moved forward o'er the deep.
My breath returned and as above I gazed
The Sun burst forth in glory over all.

Upright within my boat I stood
My strength renewed, the blood within my veins
Quickened and vitalized, flowed on; my heart pulsed
strong
Whose life had all but ceased.
"Master," I cried, "I live! my boat well bears me on;
Now shall I reach thee."
"Child," came the longed-for and adored Voice
Its low melodious tones filling all space,
"Thou hast won home. Receive thy accolade."
The STAR flashed high above;
Upon my head bowed low
I felt a touch as of intensest Fire—
Through all my body passed the lightning thrill.
I saw and sensed the Mighty Flame
Enwrapping me, that burst
From the great ROD in Its descent,
A momentary contact; but therefrom
I rose another being—
Purified and full born
Returned I to the human swirl
Wherefrom, great lessons learned,
Onward I pass unto the next high step
Of the Great Ladder leading to the Stars.

—KATHERINE HILLWOOD POOR

The most permanent investments are those of considerate kindness and our biggest dividends appear in the affection of our friends.

WHEN WE ARE WEARY

We confess—to all who care to listen; to the “God of the universe,” whoever, whatever, wherever He or It may be; to whatever power, force or entity that is responsible for the fact that we are capable of making confession—we confess that sometimes we grow weary.

Weary of what? Almost, we might say, of everything—or, rather to our apparent relationship to all that seemingly is a part of us and yet which we sometimes doubt is the Self of us or eternally related to us. For we are often disappointed. In fact (to make the confession complete) we do not now remember anything, any event, any circumstance or time that has not, at some particular point, given us cause for dissatisfaction.

What does it all mean—this continual disappointment, this seemingly endless dissatisfaction, this longing to “escape,” this desire to “get away from it all?” Surely, surely there is a meaning to it, a reason for it. We believe there is—and we believe that it is the urge on the part of that divine “Something” within us to realize Itself, to cast aside “the tinsel,” to cease to identify Itself with the shadow pictures that It originally created for Its own amusement.

“God geometrizes,” it has been said. It would also seem that He experiments. And all this illusion constitutes His experience. And perhaps even He is yet to redeem Himself from His projected selves, His shadow selves in whom and in which He became interested, involved, identified. It is said that He “so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.”

That Son is, we believe, veritably His Sun—His light, His warmth, His love that shall indeed redeem His creation, dispelling all shadows and bringing all His errant children (who, in the last analysis, are HIMSELF) back into His heart. And we believe that He will be—aye, that He is already—All and in all, and All in All, and that so surely as His consciousness includes all beings, so shall the consciousness of each and every being finally include Him and that we shall indeed come to know that He is in us as we are in Him; that without Him we can do nothing, can be noth-

ing, but that in Him we can do all things because we ARE all things.

And so, when we grow weary we try to think of this blessed thing, and usually we succeed fairly well and our weariness vanishes and we come, if even for but a moment, into that "ocean of bliss" which, in reality, is eternal—and in that moment we live eternally. And some day we shall burst the bonds that bind us, or seem to bind us for a season, and the storms shall touch us no more. Has He not said "For a little while have I forsaken thee, but with great mercy shall I gather thee?" He is experimenting, perhaps, but it is for our glory, as well as for His own. And His children shall be glad with His own gladness when they get back home.

Foothill Philosopher.

Strength of Conviction

Wait not 'till you are backed by numbers.

Wait not until you are sure of an echo from a crowd.

The fewer the voices on the side of Truth,

The more distinct and strong must be your own.

CHANNING.

Contentment

*The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to heaven the rest.*

—John Vance Cheney.

BOOK REVIEWS

I want to tell you of my gratitude to whatever gods there be for the appearance of BROADCAST in the field of Magazinedom. My joy is increased, no doubt, by the vibrant messages of joy which are being broadcast—automatically and voluntarily by many other readers of BROADCAST—messages which touch the receiving set of my soul, making me aware of the existence of a vast circle of friends whose names I do not know—nor need to know.

A friend is one who knows me, first for that which I am, rather than for that which I may seem to be (to myself or to others); and, second, for my desires to escape the SEEMING and to perceive the REAL; and who—added to this, assists me in fulfilling these desires.

Surely you saw deeply into my soul when you kindly placed in my hands the two wonderful books: "The Life of Jehoshua" by Franz Hartmann, and "A Dweller on Two Planets" by Phyllos. It may be that in this kindness to me you were paying a debt, and if so, you paid it most gladly, and with interest. I know that I have known no sweeter joy than that which I have found in introducing some one to a book worthy of his attention.

The study of myself has ever been my greatest fascination, and in this regard it has been interesting to me to note what a similarity of effect has been produced upon me by reading the two above mentioned books which—apparently, at least—are so different in style and, to some extent, in theme.

The difference in the style of the books—the literary style, I mean—is something that I feel rather than recognize intellectually, or, if I do recognize it mentally, I am not enough of a literary analyst to define it, except to say that, so far as I could notice, there is not an error, from a grammatical standpoint in the book "Jehoshua", which is builded like a perfect temple of finely chiseled stones; while, on the other hand, the English in the other book is not always perfect. And yet, how could it be, in such a large volume, written under the circumstances claimed by the amanuensis? No matter who or what was responsible for the presence of "A Dweller on Two Planets" in the world of letters, it is surprising that it contains so few typographical and grammatical errors.

The themes of both books, of course, deal with that staggering mystery called by various names, that mystery which we may all find to be no mystery at all, one of these days. Yet in their treatment of this theme the two books vary to such an extent that it would seem at times as if the very theme of one is different from that of the other. And this in spite of the fact that both might properly be called—and in a somewhat orthodox sense—theosophical. Both touch upon such interesting side lines as “karma”, “reincarnation” and the various planes of consciousness.

But it is in this that the books differ: That book by Hartmann, “The Life of Jehoshua,” goes more directly to the root of the subject matter, dealing almost purely with fundamental spiritual principles (in spite of the fact that it is written as an allegory), while the book by Phylos, “A Dweller on Two Planets” deals, to a great extent, in the manifestation and operation of phenomena. The message of Phylos most fascinates my mind; the work of Hartmann gives comfort to my soul. And yet, let me say, that this is a fact only when I am conscious of a living line between mind and soul. When I am not conscious of such a dividing line, I find that both books impress me exactly the same way. Why? Perhaps because in Phylos’ book, filled with the marvels of the phenomenal, or symbolical, I find that unity which is “the holy spirit” of me and of all that sometimes seems to be NOT me: and because, in Hartmann’s book, which deals almost purely with unity, I find also that glorious variation of the phenomenal which is also in me as I am in it.

It may be that, from a personal standpoint, I am considerably one-sided (for I never quarrel with Hartmann for not introducing more of the phenomenal into his book), while I am sometimes tempted to quarrel with Phylos for clothing his principles with so many forms. But when I reflect that these forms were probably never intended as anything but symbols, and that it is my own lookout if I take them too seriously, and that I have no business to twist the author’s intention and to accuse him of juggling with the minds of his readers—then I cease to quarrel, for I sense the spirit behind the forms, knowing and appreciating the latter for what they are—creations not of Phylos but of MYSELF. And then it is that I know myself for the author of the

personality called Phylos as well as the author and reader of the book.

In this connection I have come to the conclusion that it is folly for the mind to dwell on "the origin of evil", just as it is folly to dwell on so-called evil or its effects. And for this reason—the mind, which seems to be a creation of spirit, can never succeed in solving the "origin" of that which has no substance and which therefore, had no beginning. I challenge any man to point out to me a single second in time or eternity in which positive good and perfect justice do not exist—and then I will believe in "sin". I challenge any man to point out to me a single atom in all the universe that is not exactly in the place in which it belongs—and if he can do so, then I will believe in disorder and disappointment and disease. But if he cannot do that, let him keep his misconception and leave me my peace.

James M. Warnack.

..

We have received books and periodicals for review which we hereby acknowledge, and, from time to time, will take such opportunity as the occasion demands to give them comment in our pages.

A Year With Your Mind, Rev. Charles Pease, of San Jose.

The Mystery of the Grail
A revelation of the hidden meaning of
PARSIFAL
The miracle play.
An interpretation by Elizabeth Cary-Kratzer and Glenn
Andrews Kratzer

The Mills of the Gods
By the author of "The Soul of Genius"
Anton Dahl
Blanchard Hall, Los Angeles.

Eighteen Outline Lessons on the Bhagavad Gita
Prepared by Alice A. Bailey

Universality of Vedanta
A new Pamphlet by Swami Prakashananda

The Conquest of Disease

By Eugene Delmar

Author of "The Divinity of Desire", "Living Ideals" and
"Fulfillment".

Published by *The Progressive Literature Company*,
New York City.

The New Thought Bulletin

Published by the International New Thought Alliance

Ouray Building, Rooms 311-312

805 G Street N. W.,

Washington, D. C.

Short Talks on the Practical Application of the

BAHAI REVELATION

By Aseyeh Allen Dyar and Harrison G. Dyar

Washington, D. C.

Bible Review

Advanced Esoteric Thought

Published at Applegate, California

The Messianic

WORLD PROGRAM

A Declaration of Independence

Published for The Universal Messianic Brotherhood, Ocean-
side, California

The Conqueror

A Magazine of Modern Thought

Published by Eleanor May Cantor and Joel E. Smith

Grant Building, Los Angeles, California.

The Psychic Leader
A National Weekly for the Promotion of Spiritualism and
Psychical Research
Chicago, Illinois

The Sovereign Citizen
Published by The Universal Life Institute
Founded for the redemption of the individual and of society,
and the establishment of world peace.

A new volume entitled, "We are Here—Why?"
By Edna Wadsworth Moody
Deals with principles set forth by
Mrs. Besant and Madam Blavatsky
Published by Marshall Jones Company,
312 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
A series of articles based on this book are now running in
the San Francisco Call and Post.

Soul's Secret Door
By Swami Paramananda
Poems of Inspiration, Handsome flexible binding
The Vedanta Centre, 1 Queensberry St., Boston, Mass.

Life Books: By Dr. Axel Emil Gibson
New Light on Living, The Salvaging of the Appendix
Bradbury Building, Los Angeles.

RELIGION OF THE PARSIS

In the Lyceum at Denishawn, 932 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, California, Feb. 4th, Madam Hirabai Kumi Vacha of Bombay India, gave a most interesting talk on her people and on the religion of Zoroaster, for which the Parsi is the present day custodian. The Parsis of today in India are the only pure remnant of the ancient Persian stock. They are not Hindus.

The Holy Scriptures of the Parsis are written in Zend, an ancient language bearing considerable similarity to the Sanskrit, and which was spoken in those days to the east of what was then known as Baetria. The leading idea of Zoroaster's theology, as recorded in the Zend Avesta was monotheism, that is there are not many gods but only one, and the principle of his speculative philosophy was dualism—that is the supposition of two primeval causes of the real world and the intellectual; while his moral philosophy is based on the triad of thought and word and being.

Zoroaster's religion is a simple form of theism, recognizing but one God; "Ahura Mazda" (sometimes called Ormuzd), the creator, ruler and preserver of the Universe, without form and invisible. Zoroastrianism does not require any image of God to be made for the purpose of worship, as to Him is attributed no form, shape or color. He is an immense light, from which all glory, bounty and goodness flow. He is represented thus, the mightiest, the most just, and the most benevolent.

The whole moral foundation of the sacred or religious works of the Parsis is, as it were, built upon three important injunctions, which pervade the Parsi scriptures, and are pithily expressed by three significant terms, signifying purity of thought, purity of speech, and purity of action. Evil actions are placed in their proper light and condemned, whereas the practice of every virtue is enjoined, highly extolled and sanctioned by reward in this as well as in the next world. Virtue alone is happiness in this world, and its path is the path of peace. Virtue is a garment of honor, while wickedness is represented as a robe of shame.

Fire is used as a symbol of purity. The charge of worshipping fire, sun, water and air has been brought against

the Parsis by those imperfectly acquainted with the teachings of Zoroaster, and unable to form a just opinion. God, according to the Parsi faith, is the emblem of glory, the refulgence and light, and, in this view, a Parsi, while engaged in prayer, is directed to stand before the fire or to turn his face towards the sun, because they appear to be the most proper symbols of the Almighty.

It will not be out of place here to examine some of the causes that induced the Parsi to reverence fire. In the first place, fire is held by a Parsi to be the emblem of effulgence, glory and light, the truest symbol of God, and the best and noblest representation of his divinity. In the eyes of a Parsi its brightness, activity, purity and incorruptibility bear the most perfect resemblance to the nature and perfection of the Deity. Secondly, fire is the noblest, the most excellent, the most useful of God's creations. As the manifestation of heat and light, it serves innumerable purposes in the animal, vegetable, and mineral world. Third: A new element of purity is added to the fire burning in the fire temples of the Parsis, by the religious ceremonies accompanied by prayers that are performed over it, before it is dedicated in a consecrated place on an altar in a censer or proper receptacle. The sacred fire burning there is not the ordinary fire burning on our hearths; it has undergone several ceremonies full of meaning that render the fire more sacred in the eyes of a Parsi. Fire is thus the most suitable representative of God, corresponding to the Parsi's high idea of God as Eternal Light.

The establishment of sacred Fire is one of the most difficult things imaginable, because it cannot be said to be completed until it is made up of about 101 different kinds of fires, such as the fire produced by lightning, by the friction of trees in the forest, the fire from a human body while cremated, and the fire belonging to all kinds of industries and all classes of people. The process of collecting, combination, and purification of all these fires by certain laborious and elaborate ceremonies, takes years before the sacred fire can be produced.

It seems then that although the primary ideals remain much the same, as taught in ancient time by Zoroaster, the modern tendency of the Parsi today is progressive and not shell-bound.

Mme. Hirabai Kumi Vacha.

Questions and Answers

On Occultism and Religion

By Manly P. Hall

Question. What advantage have those who know nature's laws over those who do not understand the reason for their being?

Answer. The wise man knows the law, lives it, and is happy, while the ignorant are forced against their will to do the things wise ones love to do.

Question. What is the difference between knowledge and wisdom?

Answer. Those with knowledge know the things that they should do; those with wisdom do them. Wisdom is knowledge applied.

Question. What must we give up in order to be true students of mystic philosophy?

Answer. The student is not supposed to give up things. He is expected rather to correct his use of things, so that they will conform with the laws that bring with them the greatest harmony and balance. We do not have to deprive ourselves or to be miserable in order to be good. We are only to constructively make use of all our energies and opportunities.

Question. What should we believe when there are so many different phases of truth being presented to the world?

Answer. We should deny nothing because some one else denies it and believe nothing because others believe it, but weigh all things in the light of understanding, and labor daily to increase our power of discrimination and broaden our field of experience that we may be better fitted to cope with the many sides of spiritual and material problems.

Question. What is the threefold path referred to in ancient religious doctrines?

Answer. It is the three ways that lead the student to a realization of his own being, the three grand divisions into which all life is divided and along one of which paths all students go. They are called knowledge, love, and service (will, wisdom, and action), but no student can become great in the truly spiritual sense until he has walked all three of these paths and discovered the fundamental oneness of them all.

Question Box

PROBLEMS OF LIFE SIMPLIFIED AND ANSWERED

(All Questions Must be Essential to the
Practical Life.)

Conducted by Dr. F. F. Tanaka

All matters of communication should be addressed to the "Problems of Life" Editor, care of Broadcast, 930 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Send in your questions, giving full name and address.

Note:—The Editor is not going to attempt to answer *directly* any question that is impractical, inactual and non-existent, so far as life is concerned. But he will cast enough light upon the subject so that every one may be able to see for himself why he takes that stand.

All answers will be irrespective of the "standardized" or "authentic" versions, though sufficiently universal. Questions must be brief and definite. Anybody desiring discussions to be comprehensive and precise, and requiring in answer, a considerable essay, should take the matter up privately.

—THE EDITOR.

Q. Why is it that in the business world the less intellectual men usually succeed easier than intellectual men?
—M. L. P.

A. Because, in the first place, the goal for which the former struggles is fixed at the point where money is, and knowing that money buys everything there is on the market for sale, causes them to be extremely active in that particular direction.

In the second place, while the unlearned men are not paying for the advantages of the intellectual men, they are getting prices for theirs. For intellectual attainment is not a commercial "article", whereas the "stuff" produced by the unintelligent is invariably marketable—therein lies the difference.

Finally, commerce is far from ethical, and the intellec-

tual men are ethical and unlearned men subconsciously are not, so that it is easier for the latter to engage in money-making propositions than the former. Because of these advantages the less intellectual men in the business world usually succeed more easily than those men of intellectual attainment.

Q. Is disease physical or mental? M. S. Y.

A. Disease is decidedly physical. The term "mental disease" can only mean figurative expression for *ignorance*. Ignorance is brought about by the false impressions, impractical beliefs and artificial standards. To put this ignorance into practice causes mental derangement. And the mental derangement impairs or arrests the functions of the physiological organs of the body. When any part or portion of the organs cease to function normally, the physical body is diseased. This type of disease is a malady of mental origin primarily due to ignorance.

Q. Have men more rights than women? G. C.

A. Both have equal rights. But men's rights are not women's rights, nor women's men's. One sex claiming the rights of the other sex is impractical in the extreme.

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From "Spiritual Unfoldment"

Universal Religion vs. Dogmatic Idolatry

Dr. F. F. Tanaka

Book Reviews

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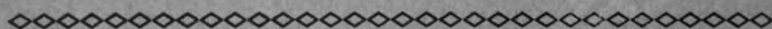
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B R O A D C A S T

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Devoted to the publication of Spiritual Truth along Ethical, Philosophical and Religious Lines

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VOL. I.

MARCH, 1923

No. 6.

EDITORIAL

AVOID UNDUE EXTRANEEOUS INFLUENCE

Use your own mind.

Control body and mind yourself.

Until you are diseased—no extraneous will can work upon you.

Avoid anyone who asks you to believe—blindly.

For the time being, sensitive persons are easily controlled by others—when this is prolonged, it tends to degenerate—even whole races.

It is healthier for the individual to remain wicked than to be made apparently good through morbid extraneous control.

Irresponsible, yet well-meaning fanatics, unconsciously do untold injury to humanity, therefore an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and it is essential to become self-dependent, sharpening one's discrimination and strengthening one's will to unfold naturally without the imposition of an outside will, possibly a great deal stronger than one's own, but who knows how impure? The deluded victim little realizes in his ignorance that he is sowing the

seed for crime, lunacy, decay and death by the weakening of his will.

Beware of everything that takes away your freedom.

Know that it is dangerous and avoid it, by all the means in your power.

FREE YOURSELF from all thralldom.

Begin with your thoughts—substitute pure ones for impure. Practice this unceasingly. With practice comes strength and efficiency. Control your mind by transmuting the trend of turbid thoughts into pure ones,—then you are putting powerful causes into motion and the effects will take care of themselves.

Every attempt at control which is not voluntary, not with the controller's own mind, is not only disastrous, but it defeats the end. The goal of each soul is freedom, mastery,—freedom from the slavery of matter and thought, mastery of external and internal nature. Instead of leading toward that, every *will* current from another, in whatever form it comes to me, either as direct control of my organs, or as forcing me to control them while under a morbid condition, only rivets one link more to the already existing heavy chain of bondage of past thoughts, past superstition.

CULTIVATE SELF-DEPENDENCE!

THE EDITOR.

LOVE AND WISDOM

The heart of man is the home of two angels. The name of the one is Love and the name of the other is Wisdom. The nature of Love is generosity, the nature of Wisdom is discretion. Love is forever radiant and unreserved. Wisdom always discriminating and cautious. He who would bring his life to perfect balance would do well to confer with both angels before setting his hand to any enterprise.

War will cease when man's desire for peace becomes greater than his love of conflict—and that time will never come so long as men remain slaves of the philosophy of multiplicity, in the sense that the many manifestations of life are different in origin and purpose.

FOOTHILL PHILOSOPHER.

EASTER

Arisen life: Oh, fairest emblem known
Of Immortality in victory shown;
No death could mar thy spotless robe of white,
Nor beauty of thy pure celestial light
In matchless grace revealed of holier scope,
As heavenly hosts enchant eternal hope
Within the breast of man. The songs of praise
In sweetest melody their anthems raise,
Borne on swift wings from realms of light above.
His whispered gentle voice yet breathes in love,
Assures to man the blooms Immortal worn
In deathless life's arisen Easter morn.

EDWARDUS.

THE BAHAI MESSAGE TO HUMANITY

Humanity is its own enemy!

From the days of Adam until now the rays of the sun have blessed all. The rain has descended for all. The crops have grown for all. The fruits and flowers, birds and beasts have come under the hand of mankind.

The bounties of God are from everlasting to everlasting. His kindness universal—His wisdom comprehensive.

Yet in the world of thought, man finds trees from which he plucks the fruit of hate. He eats of the quinine trees of prejudice. Thereafter his tastes become abnormal. Under the name of race, nationalism, greed, and religion, he arises to destroy. Woe follows woe.

Amidst black clouds of animosity created from these sources, with mankind turned away from its Prophets, who taught only love, Bahá'U'llah, the founder of the Bahai teachings, arose.

He proclaimed the oneness of mankind and the singleness of God.

The search after Truth is necessary. In the words of Abdul Baha, his successor, servant and son, who himself lived a life that was the glory of progressive souls, this is explained. "First: Investigate the reality. Man must leave imitations and seek reality. The contemporaneous religious beliefs differ because of their allegiance to dogma. It is necessary therefore, to abandon imitations and seek their fundamental reality."

After having investigated reality, we arrive, to quote further, at—"Secondly: The oneness of humanity. All human creatures are the servants of God. All are submerged in the sea of His mercy. The Creator of all is one God, the provider, the giver, the protector of all is one God. He is kind to all; why should we be unkind? All live beneath the shadow of His love: why should we hate each other? There are certain people who are ignorant; they must be educated. Some are like children; they must be trained and educated until they reach maturity. Others are sickly, in-

tellectually ill, spiritually ill; they must be treated and healed. But all are the servants of God.

“Third: Religion must be conducive to love of all, the cause of fellowship, unity and light. If it be the cause of enmity, bloodshed and hatred, its non-being is better than its being, its non-existence better than its existence.

“Fourth: Religion and science conform and agree. If a question of religion violates reason and does not agree with science, it is imagination and not worthy of credence.

“Fifth: Equality between men and women.

“In all degrees they are equal.

“The status of woman in former times was exceedingly deplorable. It was the belief of the Orient that it was best for woman to be ignorant. It was considered preferable that she should not know reading and writing, in order that she might not be informed of events in the world. Woman was considered to be created for rearing children and attending to the duties of the household.

“If she pursued educational courses, it was deemed contrary to chastity; hence women were made prisoners of the household. The houses did not even have windows opening on the outside world. His Holiness Baha’U’llah destroyed these ideas and proclaimed the equality of man and woman. He made woman respected by commanding that all women be educated; that there be no difference in the education of the two sexes, and that man and woman share the same rights.

“In the estimation of God there is no distinction of sex. One whose thought is pure, whose education is superior, whose scientific attainments are greater, whose deeds of philanthropy excel, be that one man or woman, white or colored, is entitled to full rights and recognition. There is no differentiation whatsoever. Therefore, the status of women in the East has undergone change. At present they attend schools and colleges, pursue the ordinary curriculum and day by day are becoming indispensable to men and equal to them. This is the present condition of womankind in Persia.

“Sixth: The readjustment of the economic laws for

the livelihood of man must be effected in order that all humanity may live in the greatest happiness according to their respective degrees.

“Seventh: The spiritual brotherhood. All mankind must attain to spiritual fraternity, that is to say, fraternity in the Holy Spirit; for patriotic, racial and political fraternity are of no avail. Their results are meager, but divine fraternity, spiritual fraternity is the cause of unity and amity among mankind. As heretofore material civilization has been extended, the divine civilization must now be promulgated. Until the two agree real happiness among mankind will be unknown.

“By mere intellectual development and power of reason, man cannot attain to his fullest degree; that is to say, by means of intellect alone he cannot accomplish the progress effected by religion. For the philosophers of the past strove in vain to revivify the world of mankind through the intellectual faculty. The most of which they were capable was educating themselves and a limited number of disciples; they themselves have confessed failure.

“Therefore the world of humanity must be confirmed by the breath of the Holy Spirit in order to receive universal education. Through the infusion of Divine power all nations and peoples become quickened and universal happiness is possible.

“These are some of the principles of the Bahais.

“Today the religions are at variance; enmity, strife and recrimination prevail among them; they refuse to associate, nay rather, if necessary they shed each other’s blood.

“Is it impossible for us to receive the infinite bounties of God? Is it impossible to attain the virtues of the spiritual world because we are not living in the time of His Holiness Moses, the period of the prophets, or the era of His Holiness Christ?

“Those were spiritual cycles.

“Can we not develop spiritually because we are far from them and living in a materialistic age?

“The God of Moses and Jesus is able to bestow the same favors, nay, greater favors upon His people in this day. For

example, in past ages He bestowed reason, intelligence, and understanding upon His servants. Can we say he is not able to confer His bounties in this century?

“Would it be just if He sent His Holiness Moses for the guidance of past nations and entirely neglected those living now? Could it be possible that this present period has been deprived of divine bounties while past ages of tyranny and barbarism received an inexhaustible portion of them? The same merciful God who bestowed His favors in the past has opened the doors of His Kingdom to us.”

TO YOU A THOUGHT

I saw a Thought of Happiness
With joy-wings swift as light;
I saw it lift the sadness
Of a Soul in sorrow's night;
And in its stead left joyousness
And peace to sooth the Heart,
Yet the Thought of Love and Happiness
Of its joy lost **not** a part,
But sped with greater loveliness
Till it nestled in your heart.

HAZEL REDMAN BEATLEY.

THE HIDDEN FLAME

Deep in the heart of shiny black coal
Is a glowing, warming flame,
Deep in the Shrine of every Soul
Is a Fire we cannot name.
So for ages both have lain,
Awaiting the magic touch
That will wake to Life the Vital Spark
Till It glows as a living Flame.

HAZEL REDMAN BEATLEY.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

When a man earnestly and devoutly resolves to believe in goodness and to so order his life he rises to live a new life. He assumes new standards by which to judge his actions, new ideals by which to test his motives, a new purpose by which to direct his life. He soon comes to know he is a spiritual man living in a spiritual universe. This great truth may not be fully disclosed at once. Its perception may be a slow and gradual process, but it surely reveals itself. Just as a child merging into boyhood becomes self-conscious, so the man passing into this new life dominated by goodness becomes spiritually conscious, or enters into the experience of self-realization. The former life of eating and drinking, of easy comforts, commonplace habits, sensual gratifications, routine work; of narrowness, prejudice, sickness, sin; of selfishness and triviality; is only a dream life, unreal and unworthy. Even the intellectual attainments are by comparison of minor worth. Under the illumination of the goodness to which he has consecrated himself he learns that he is not merely a body to be fed, clothed and indulged, that he is not merely a mind to be educated and developed, he discovers that he is spirit, that in a real though subtle way he and goodness are one. At first dimly perceived, the identification becomes gradually more apparent. The deepest joy of his life comes as he discovers that as he yields himself to live according to these noble and unselfish impulses he becomes more and more conscious of this inner life that expresses itself through him in virtue, beauty and blessing. He becomes conscious of the divinity of his being. The effect of this increasing realization is revolutionary. He becomes a new creature. Old things do indeed pass away, all things become new. Old ambitions, habits, ideals, hopes, dreams, all expressed in terms of selfishness and limitations, give place to aspirations, purposes, ideals, that are unselfish, that seek universal ends, that make him the clear channel for the manifestation of the divine life within.

Goodness, mercy, sympathy, tolerance, beauty, sincerity, love, pour themselves a resistless tide of energy through

his thoughts, looks, words, and deeds, vitalizing his deepest being, and becoming a moral dynamic as it touches other lives. If he be an orator his speech vibrates with compelling power. If he be a writer his pen flashes with an electric spark. If he be a politician his policies take on a statesman-like sweep. If he be a teacher his instruction pulsates with a quickening life that is more effective than the teaching of his textbooks. If he be a merchant his cheapest clerk and his most distant customer feel the vibration of his awakened soul. If his work be common and routine, it takes on a deep significance even though it be understood only by his own soul. This is the spiritual life. It is spiritual truth realized in everyday experience. The spiritual life is not simply meditation, prayer and philanthropy. It is a spirit that expresses itself most fully in the commonplace duties of the daily work. The spiritual life is not a life of stress and strain, conflicts with evil, battles with temptation, struggles with bad habits. It is rather a life of relaxation. The new affections drive out the old loves. The more splendid ideals destroy the old ambitions. The new power possesses the soul and leaves no room for evil thoughts and desires that formerly plagued him.

The spiritual life is not a smug Phariseism, a thanking of God that he is not as other men, a holier than thou attitude. Self-righteousness is repugnant to the gentle sincerity and childlike simplicity that characterizes the truly spiritual man. Nor is the spiritual life an austere Puritanism. The glorious qualities of goodness enrich life in a thousand ways. The splendor and sparkling gaiety of nature reflect the glory of the illumined soul, a glory that must shine in acts and words of love and tenderness. Austerity, gloom and bigotry are the farthest removed from a truly spiritual life. While thus the revolution is being accomplished within, a new world is being created without, rather he views the universe through enlightened eyes.

The universe that reveals itself to the scientist as orderly, reasonable, purposeful, discloses itself to the awakened spirit as the creation of an All-wise, All-powerful, All-good Power. To the scientist, there is no vacuum, no miracle or caprice, no break in the eternal laws. To the spiritual man there is no evil, no discord anywhere. His

eye perceives the all-pervading beauty. His ear is attuned to the universal music. He knows that:

*"In the mud and scum of things
There always, always something sings."*

The material world loses its substantiality in the realization of spirit, and the testimony of the senses is corrected by the apprehension of spiritual truth. The order of the world is assurance that all the universe with triumphant march moves toward a "far-off, divine event." He sets himself therefore to co-operate with that immanent Power, intelligently and consistently. He subordinates self to the universal purpose. Finding that the goodness within responds to the goodness without, and learning thereby that the purpose of his life and the world life is to fully express that interior goodness, he surrenders himself with renewed consecration to express that goodness in every moment of life. Thus he learns to co-operate with the evolutionary purpose. He becomes a creator. The result is his life is two-fold. He is emancipated from the thralldom of sense, he is freed from the slavery of sin, fear, ignorance and sickness. He becomes a master of life. The world becomes plastic to his touch. The limitations that fretted him become wings to lift him heavenward. The mesmerism of the material world falls from him like a bad dream and he awakens to the consciousness of his own divinity and spiritual power. He has learned the open sesame that opens the treasure house of God. He has been given the word of the master that only the masters may know. His experience cannot be described because it transcends language. It is peace, serenity, power, victory, self-realization.

He comes to know God. That goodness to which he consecrated himself, that becomes a creative power within him, that flows in beauty through his life, is not some blind, vague, impalpable force like magnetism, or gravitation, or electricity. It is vital, life itself. It is God. He enters into communion. He enjoys a tender filial relationship. He experiences companionship with God. Here again language fails. The boor cannot know the inspiration of the artist, the coward cannot understand the hero, the sensualist cannot appreciate pure love, neither can the carnal mind understand the spiritual life. It must be experienced to be understood.

REYNOLD E. BLIGHT.

THE GOLDEN RULE

CHRIST: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

HINDU: "The true rule is to do by the things of others as you do by your own."

BUDDHA: "One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self."

PARSEE: "Do as you would be done by."

CONFUCIUS: "What you would not wish done to yourself do not to others."

MAHOMET: "Let none of you treat a brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated."

JEWISH: "Whatever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not unto him."

DOMINANT NOTE OF CHRISTIAN: Love—

HINDU: Divine Presence pervading nature.

BUDDHA: Renunciation.

CONFUCIUS: Repentance for the past.

MAHOMET: Submission.

JEWISH: Righteousness.

ZOROASTER: Purity.

MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB.

From "A YEAR WITH YOUR MIND"

The New Consciousness is the fulfillment of a philosophic necessity. It is set definitely toward *UNITY*. Just a thousand years ago the world achieved as complete a unity as any that history records. The unifying force was that of the Roman Imperial Church. The thousand years just ending finds a shattered thought-world searching for the note of unity again. The immediate past is marked by the most disconcerting diversity of thought. Schools, sects and divisions have multiplied. Truth seems to have defeated herself in the multiplicity of her teachers.

The New Consciousness strikes the note of unity in a distracted world, a better note than that of a millenium ago. That was secured by the power of an institution that gained pre-eminence by dwarfing general manhood to low superstitious levels and a relative insignificance. It exalted the Man of Nazareth to a God, and humbled the God in Man to worse than the dust. Philosophic Unity is vital for human progress only as it gives MAN pre-eminence over any and all institutions. Out of the thought experience of the race the *New Consciousness evolves a New Measure of MAN*. Starting with the Christ concept, vitally interpreted, it relates Man to the Cosmic Order and Identifies him with Universal Mind.

The New Consciousness therefore, with its philosophical trend toward a better Unity, *is the expression of a New Synthesis*, the Second Great Synthesis, the dawn of the Christian Era being the first. Like that first one, the second is a hopeful effort to resolve the complexity of life into Simplicity and to resolve the antagonisms of history into Friendliness. It accepts the dictum of Jesus that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." It applies that truth boldly to human society as well as to human nature; to the cosmic order as well as to the moral nature. It challenges those incomplete, so-called metaphysical systems that endeavor to establish the values of life by emasculating it or by denying some phase or aspect of it.

CHARLES PEASE.

Live as abundantly as you can. The kind of life is most essential, but the amount of life, that, too, is vastly important.

The direction of the stream is the first thing to care for, but when it is pointed the right way, then do all you can to increase its volume.

The stronger it runs, the more it will keep the right direction.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE TWO DOORS

In my house there are two doors.
They told me that
One led to Truth,
And one to Evil,
And that I must open one of them
If I opened the door of Truth
I would receive Everlasting Life.
If I opened the door of Evil
I would receive—Death—
—Which was I to choose—?
I had to make my choice.
I sat in deep thought between the two doors,
And made up my mind I would open the door of Truth.
Therefore I made my way to it—
—But—I had not taken two steps
When I heard a knock at the door of Evil.
Thinking this was some friend who wished to enter
I turned to answer the call;
Scarcely had I done so, when a tiny tap I heard upon the
door of Truth,
Which seemed to call me to it.
Then a louder rapping came upon the door of Evil,
And with a shake of the head

I turned to open the door that they said led to Death—
Yet I was arrested by the memory of the light knock
I had heard upon the door that led to Life.
Then with bold deliberation I turned and opened that Door
And in entered Truth
Which filled my soul with Happiness.
Again a knock,
This time a very vicious knock,
Came upon the door of Evil.
At first I was filled with fear and was about to run away,
But when I looked in the face of Truth—
A great calm came upon me—
I determined I would open the door of Evil,
And take the Truth with me;
Which would change Evil into Good.
So asking Truth to come with me,
I went to the door of Evil
And opened it;
And there before me stood—
THE CHRIST.
“But,” I said, “they told me that Evil was behind this door?”
“Yes,” answered Truth, “that was the door of Evil,
But, when with determination you opened my door,
All your Evil was transformed into the Christ.”

IAN HAMILTON CAMPBELL.

HAIL THE SPECIALIST

Many well-meaning individuals have recently indulged in excessive deploring of the fact that this is the day of the specialist. These individuals, who are themselves specialists in that they are adepts in the art of picking flaws in social, political and religious systems, contend that specialization in the arts, industries and sciences tends to warp the minds and narrow the outlook of men and women and that it restricts society, as a whole, preventing people from living the functional, inspirational life.

For the life of us we can't "see it that way," although at times we are tempted, through the desire to escape special duties assigned us, to pray for the abolition of "specialism" and for a wider latitude in the realms of thought and activity. Yet, when the writer considers, for a moment, the unpayable debts he owes to those men whose entire lives are spent in "doing one thing well" he is ready to sing, "All hail to the specialist!" and to admit that modern society and modern civilization—which is better on the whole, than it is bad—could not well eliminate the specialist and live or, rather, that we could not eliminate the specialist and live well.

In the first place, it is hardly true that the specialist, along any line, need be a narrow-minded individual. Rather is the reverse true, in spite of the fact that the person who is particularly efficient in any line of endeavor must give most of his time to his special task. However, the lesson of mental focalization, so well learned by the specialist, gives to him a power of concentration of his intellectual faculties far transcending the capability of the untrained mind and he can employ his leisure hours or moments to educational advantage to a degree undreamed of by your thoughtless, slipshod, undisciplined inspirationalist.

What do we owe to the specialist? Rather, what is it that we do not owe him? I could not live in a house if some men had not made carpentry the dream of their lives. If hundreds, yes, thousands of men had not studied electricity from a thousand angles I could not have electric lights in my

house. Nor could I have gas for cooking were it not for specialists—no, not even water to drink, if I lived in a city far from the source of supply. Even the foundations of my house were laid by men whose business it is to wield pick and shovel and ax, men whose bodies are fitted, by training, for this particular work.

It is the same with the food that I eat and the clothes that I wear, the streets that I walk on or ride on, the museums, parks and libraries that I visit. In brief, I cannot touch society nor anything of interest, animate or inanimate, in present-day life, without realizing my eternal indebtedness to specialists.

Even the newspaper that I read in the morning is the result of the labor of thousands of specialists—miners, carpenters, bricklayers, printers, advertising men, reporters, editors, telephone operators, telegraph men, manufacturers of all sorts of machinery—it would require many columns of space even to mention them.

All hail the specialist! He is a master in his own kingdom and, nine times out of ten, is a happier man than “the jack of all trades” who does nothing well and who is responsible for more blunders, “accidents” and poverty than any other type of citizen, except the criminal. As a rule the “hobo,” who does nothing at all, is less dangerous to society than the man who pretends to do many wonderful things, yet who does everything so badly that he keeps the specialists—including moral reformers—in hot water trying to straighten out his mistakes.

Specialists should form a universal admiration society, each seeing in his fellow member something to admire, to almost worship—for it is they who are responsible for the progress of the world. The biographies of great men should be like Bibles to the specialists—for no man ever achieved any great thing nor gave to the world any great idea or movement without having specialized, without having directed all his energy and thought in a specific direction. It is true in government, in science, in art, in religion. Even God—Who is evidently general—seems to have created special agents for special purposes. This is so apparently true that the ancients and even many nations of today worship a multiplicity of

deities, believing that the various elements are presided over by their respective gods. To such an extent have many nations carried this idea that they have created gods of the household, gods of the temples, gods of harvest, of the seasons, of the planets, of the rivers and plains, mountains and forests. Paganism has its charms.

The household of Mother Nature is full of special agents. The wind does nothing but blow, fire does nothing but burn and give light, water has its own great but limited power, and the soil does nothing but produce vegetation—although to do so it must have the assistance of nature's other specialists—fire, water and air.

Nature, "God expanded," is always beautiful, always harmonious—taken in its universal sense. Let mankind copy Mother Nature's specialists, each man doing the thing that is most natural and easiest for him to do best and most joyously and human society will become as gloriously active and as full of peace as nature herself.

THE FOOTHILL PHILOSOPHER.

(L. A. Times, February 17, 1923.)

Every day that is born into the world comes like a burst of music, and rings itself all day through; and thou shalt make of it a dance, a dirge, or a life march, as thou wilt.

CARLYLE.

BOOKS

Within their silent chambers treasures lie
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And Orient gems, which for a day of need
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs;
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will.

WORDSWORTH.

I not only commend the study of this literature (the eastern, but wish our sources of supply and comparison vastly enlarged. American students may well derive from all former lands—all the older literatures and all the newer ones—bearing ourselves always courteous, always deferential, indebted beyond measure to the mother-world, to all its nations dead, as all its nations living.

WALT WHITMAN.

In books lie the SOUL of the whole Past Time—the articulate, audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. No magic RUNE is stranger than a book. All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been, is lying in magic preservation in the pages of books. Do not books still accomplish MIRACLES as RUNES were fabled to do? They persuade men.

CARLYLE.

Where a book raises your spirit, and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, seek for no other rule to judge the event by: it is good and made by a good workman.

DE LA BRUYERE.

You despise books; you whose whole lives are absorbed in the vanities of ambition, the pursuit of pleasure, or in indolence; but remember that all the known world, excepting only savage nations, is governed by books.

VOLTAIRE.

OH LAND O' DREAMS

(Southern California)

Oh, Land of endless wonders,
Growing and glowing and glad,
If ever my heart forgets you,
Then will my life be sad;
For, just as a smiling infant
Creeps to its mother's breast,
So, into my soul your beauty
Silently crept to rest.

Oh, Land of wondrous glories,
With your wild-rose tinted skies,
With your days of dancing sunbeams
And your nights with starry eyes!
With your purple hills around you
To guard your loveliness,
Ne'er shall the Storm King touch you,
Nor maddened winds caress!

Land of the perfect sunsets,
Colorful, mystical, grand—
Masterpieces of beauty
Straight from the Maker's hand!
And, oh, so softly, gently
Sinks the day into night
That one might think the darkness
Were keeping tryst with Light.

Oh, verdant, blooming meadows,
Where sweet birds rise and sing—
A harp of heaven in each throat,
A rainbow on each wing!
Oh, fairy-haunted foothills
With your limpid lakes and streams!
Oh, Mother Mountain looking down
Upon your Land O' Dreams!

Let others seek your silver,
Your gold and jewels rare—
But leave me free to roam the hills
For blossoms sweet and fair;
Oh, give your wealth, dear land,
To men of the busy mart—
But leave to me the mem'ry
Of your beauty in my heart.

JAMES M. WARNACK.

Where suffering is involved we are apt to overlook the resultant blessings—but in the perspective much that seemed dark and hopeless is changed by distance, and we can see that even the bitter had its sweet.

E. B. S.

SEVENTY-SIXTH LETTER

Part of a letter: It is not a mere saying, my friend, that Love hath nothing of her own. The little self of the earth-lover cannot know this, could not bear the truth if it were known. The preparation is long and difficult—all possessive instincts changed, all jealousy changed, all lesser dreams of mating and companionship. The two who set out upon that Pursuit enter the Stream together, but cross alone. They ford the dark waters single-handed. They must not turn back. They must not lose faith. They must learn to feel the world rushing between them and not cry out. Every day they must love more, not less, for this alone will neutralize the self-poisons of fear and hate. They must become more and more delicate from pain, and more splendid in strength from the struggle—until the light of the Farther Shore appears. In the quickening of this Light, each shall perceive that the other is not distant, not in danger, but consciously alive in the heart. It cannot be said exactly, but this suggests what I mean: That the two in a way change hearts! . . .

. . . There is no separation except in the mortal condition. That is all that human passion is, a confession of separateness, and after a time, the union which passion seeks to accomplish, appears for what it is, a *cul de sac*. . . . Dearnness for you both goes from this house—as you sit and walk together—and apart.

So this is what happens: Play ceases to be an end in itself, but co-ordination with the Player; love ceases to be an end as an outward quest, but co-ordination with the Lover; work ceases to be a quest (of the multiplication of books there is no end but co-ordination with the Worker. Thus the transfer goes on from the thralls of outward pursuits, to the becoming of the Spirit of these pursuits, which is the Self. One finally must realize what He is Doing.

The essential force of Mahatma Gandhi has awakened many devotees in America. In their first outrushes of enthusiasm these devotees ascribe to him all the transcendent and miraculous powers that a loveless but passionate world is dying to heap upon a possible Saviour. This is a serious burden for one remarkably straight little saint to carry. Also there is inevitably a reaction to this sort of glamorous out-

pouring. The misery that follows romantic and other human attachments is caused by the revelation that the object is not what we thought it was. We hurl a great devotion upon a "soul-mate" or a political or religious leader and our human feelings sweep back even to the opposite pole of hatred, when we discover that this leader or lover is himself, not the creature we have built to suit ourselves out of our desire. We feel that we have been bilked.

A lot of experience in this sort of pain, (and possibly there is no intenser pain for the human heart than the disrupting of its glamors), teaches us to go slow, to walk softly, as they say in India, or watchfully to wait, according to the sayings made in America. Before learning this, we have probably lapsed into reactions of ugliness and apathy, denying that there is sanctity or sweetness anywhere. However, it is truer and kinder to distrust our early tendencies to enthusiasm, than to smear a human being with all our long pent feelings and idealization, to which he cannot possibly fit. Walking softly, we have the chance to enter into real allegiance with a leader or a real romance without the torments of infatuation.

Gandhi's truest friends in America are those strong enough not to "fall for" him, but to stand for him. We are not exactly virgins, but we are all white with waiting, and there is a slugging impact when the call goes out, "The Bridegroom Cometh". But Mohandas Gandhi is not an avatar. Perhaps the one person in the world surest of this is Gandhi himself. There were men and women being imprisoned and even martyred in Europe in 1914 and '15 for refusing to play the War Motif, while Gandhi was aiding and abetting in Britain's war against the Germans. He was approximately forty-five years old at that time.

No man has stood harder for Co-operation than the Non Co-operator himself. All his gamey and tireless work for the Hindu people in South Africa was done on the basis of working with British Government. It was only after the Great War was over and British Government passed the Rowlatt Bills (which tightened India's bonds, when she was expecting them to be loosed); only when British Government refused to withdraw the imposition of her taxes in the Karia district which had suffered from famine for two years; in fact, it was really only after General

Dyer had fired 1650 rounds of ammunition into a public square containing over ten thousand native men, women and children, in Amritsar, April 1919, that Gandhi lost his hope of Co-operation.

He declared at this time that it did not appear that British Government seemed able to heal herself; in other words, that the Government would have to be changed from outside. When Gandhi turned however, every part of his body turned, body, mind and soul. He left no hampering doubts or indecisions. He stands now to cut India clear from Britain with all the force that he formerly stood for the East and West to work together.

It is evident that Gandhi has held the dream that now challenges poets and dreamers of all lands—that of the ultimate mating of the East and West. This is the concept of the world citizen, the man too big to be a nationalist, for whom there can be only one unit and that a globe. The world citizen sees ahead the blending in himself and in the world of the spirituality of the East and Western mastery in materials. But Gandhi has apparently perceived on top of this that the present English penetration of India is only a preliminary experiment toward that union, an experiment that has failed, but out of which all countries shall gain wisdom. He appears to see the Anglo-Indian affair as an entanglement of a school-boy and girl, not without its shocking aspects. However, he does not stop to make similies like these. He has launched into the job of getting the two mad children apart.

He has assumed the place of the male parent of the Eastern damsel. He has taken her by the hand and will not let go. He has led her home and shut the door of the house.

“Wait until you know what you are about,” he says. “You call this love; it is only a school-day infatuation. This Western boy has hurt and degraded you. He does not know what love means. He has made a slave of you, defiled you, and now you must shrive yourself and sit alone in your house and pray and spin and grow into a woman and learn what a Wife means by love—not a girl who has only a body to bestow. We shall not fight him, my daughter. We shall shut the door of the house. When he sees that he cannot come in, perhaps he will go away and find himself.”

India is peculiar as a daughter in that she listens to her

male parent. India is listening now It is grim work to renounce the challenging dream of the mating of the East and West. Only one who can forget the self, only one trained in austerity and sacrifice can do this; grim and better work for a man who can see around the world, to slow his step down to the pace of the people of his native land along their lanes and highways.

Indian students here in America and students of Indian life anywhere will tell you that there are great men in India today of whom Gandhi is only one. They mention Gokale and Tilak and Lajpat Rai and Vivekananda and Aurobindo Ghose as men whose intellectual faculties are cultured beyond those of Mahatma-ji's; yet save those narrowed to fiery partisanship, all these Indian and world students love Gandhi with a great and growing endearment. He is a fanatic, they may grant, but the few things that he knows, he lives. That which he knows, he performs. He has lost the sense of self with all its itchings and fears; therefore his few intellectual principles have been spiritualized, and have become incredibly potential. He is a specialist; even his limitations are being used.

Gandhi is a shaft of light not an incandescent globe, but that shaft pours upon India and points the way for the next step she must take. This step is to look within, to regain herself, without which she has nothing to give. Gandhi is great enough to put away a world of dreaming for one small painful ugly bit of essential doing. Fasting and penance and restraint, isolation and celibacy are not ultimate, not harmonic; but they are means by which one who is lost may return into the Law. One must learn to weave one's own garment before one can adorn oneself gracefully in the wedding garment. One learns to hold his poise in victory by suffering through many defeats; one learns the rapture of together by having found his own integrity through separation.

Not an avatar, but a man great enough to put away dreaming for doing, to darken the many windows of his house that one ray may shine with more power for the pilgrims of the street; great enough and kind enough to take his eyes from the stars to the rutty road, to leave the great companions and slow down his step to the drag of the crowd.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

LITTLE MOTHER

(A Child's Story)

The Little Mother sat beside the window and looked out at the hyacinths which bordered the walk. In the sky the fleecy clouds blew by and the gentle breeze wafted the fragrance of nature in to her. The Little Mother's eyes were bright, but the gray was creeping into the beautiful black hair at her temples. And, bigger than all Eternity was Little Mother's heart.

Soon Little Baby came softly, almost as softly as the sunlight, and crept into Little Mother's arms and laid his head on Little Mother's breast and whispered,

"See, Little Mother, the buds have opened and everything is calling, calling me to come out and play. Little Mother, may I go out and play?"

So Little Mother bundled up her Baby well, and kissed his two red lips and his pink cheeks, and sent her Baby into the world.

The Great God Mars looked down and smiled, and there came a flash of lightning.

Little Mother's hair became a little whiter, her eyes a little brighter, and her heart a little bigger. Perhaps she cried when she saw a bird fall from the sky at the feet of some hunter, or perhaps she cried when one of the beautiful twinkling stars left the sky.

Soon Baby Girl came softly, almost as softly as the rain-drops on the roof, and crept into Little Mother's arms and put her arms tight around Little Mother's neck.

"See, Little Mother, I sit at my window and the birds and butterflies and all the fairies come and play with me. I do not want to go out and play like Little Brother did. Little Mother, why did he never come back?"

"Baby dear," she whispered, holding her closer to her heart, "when Mother brings you a rosebud, soon, too soon,

Baby dear, the rosebud is gone and it never comes back, Baby dear, why doesn't the rosebud come back?"

And Baby Girl untwined her little arms and ran to the window to play with the fairies. But the Great God Malaria looked down and smiled, and there came the moan of the wind in the caves.

Little Mother's hair became a little whiter, her eyes a little brighter, and her heart a little bigger. Perhaps she cried when she saw the Jay take the life of a Golden Butterfly, or perhaps she cried when she heard the bleat of the little lost lamb on the hill.

The Little Mother sat beside the window, and looked out at the hyacinths which had drooped until their little heads touched the earth. In the sky the grey clouds blew here and there, covering the face of the sun, and so the earth was dismal and the bare trees creaked and swayed in the bitter wind. One little lone bird had been left behind because it had a broken wing. It hopped onto the window sill beside where Little Mother sat. She opened the window and it hopped onto her palm. And into her ears it whispered:

"Dear Little Mother, my babies have flown from me, too, and left me alone in the cold dead world."

"Lovely Bird," sighed Little Mother, "mine have left me, but I am going to them. They have gone out to play, but their mother must be there to kiss their little bruises if they are hurt in playing."

And God smiled, and held out his arms, and the Little Bird fluttered its broken wing; but the wings of a mother's soul are strong, and they bore her back to her Babies.

Does it matter if there was no one on earth who was sad because another twinkling star left the sky?

ELAINE HELMER.

Without, for long I searched for Truth
But found it not—elusive snare;
At last, within I looked, and lo!
All Truth, with God, found dwelling there.

EDWARDUS.

IMMORTALITY

(Continued from the February Issue)

A most interesting question that comes along with this particle repetition is the explanation of all such questions as this. Some of you, perhaps, have seen a man who can read the past life of another man, and foretell the life of the future. How is it possible for anyone to see what the future will be, until there is a regulated future? Effects of the past will recur in the future, and we see that is so. But that does not affect the soul. Think of one of these big Ferris wheels in Chicago. These wheels are going on, and the little rooms in the wheel are regularly coming one after the other, one set of persons gets into these, and after they have gone round the circle they get out and a fresh batch of people get in. Each one of these batches is like one of these manifestations, from the lowest animal to the highest man. This is the circular chain of the Ferris wheel of nature; gigantic, infinite, and each one of the bodies or forms is one of these little houses or boxes, and fresh batches of souls are riding in them, and going up higher and higher until they become perfect, and come out of the wheel. But the wheel goes on, ready for others. And so long as the body is in the wheel, it can be absolutely and mathematically foretold where *it* will go, but not of the *soul*. Therefore it is possible to read the past and the future of nature absolutely and mathematically. We come to this that there is recurrence of the same material phenomena at certain periods, that the same combinations have been going on through eternity. But that is not immortality of the soul. No force can die, no matter can be annihilated. What becomes of it? It goes on changing, forward and backward, until it comes back to the source from which it came. There is no motion in a straight line. Everything is in a circle, because a straight line infinitely produced, becomes a circle. If that is the case, there cannot be eternal degeneration for any soul. It cannot be. Everything must complete the circle, and come back to its source. What are you and I and all these souls? As we have seen in our discussion of evolution and involution, you and I must be part of the cosmic consciousness, cosmic life, cosmic mind, which get involved, and we must complete the circle and go

back to this cosmic intelligence which is God. That very cosmic intelligence is what the people call Lord, or God, or Christ, or Buddha, or Brahma, whom the materialists perceive as force, whom the agnostics perceive as that infinite, inexpressible beyond. This is that infinite cosmic life, cosmic intelligence, cosmic power, and we are all parts of that. This is the second idea, yet this is not sufficient; there will be still more doubts. It is very good to say that there is no destruction for any force. But all the forces that we see are combinations, and all the forms that we see are combinations. This form is a composition of several component parts, and so every force that we see is similarly composite. If you take the scientific idea of force, and call it the sum-total, the resultant of several forces, what becomes of your individuality? Everything that is compound must sooner or later get back to its component parts. Whatever in this universe is the result of the combination of matter or force, whatever is the result of combination, must sooner or later get back to its components. Whatever is the result of certain causes must die, be destroyed. It gets dispersed, broken up, resolved back into its components. Soul is not a force; neither is it thought. It is the manufacturer of thought, but not thought; it is the manufacturer of the body, but not the body. Why so? We see that the body cannot be the soul. Why? Because it is not intelligent. A dead man is not intelligent, or a piece of flesh in a butcher's shop. What do we mean by intelligence? That reactive power. We want to go a little more deeply into it. Here is a pitcher; I see it. What happens? Rays of light from the pitcher enter my eyes; they make a picture in my retinae, and that impression comes to the brain. Yet there is no vision. What the physiologists call the sensory nerves carry this impression inward. But up to this there is no reaction. The nerve centre in the brain must carry the impression to the mind, and the mind reacts, and as soon as this comes, the pitcher flashes before it. To make it more clear, and give it rather a commonplace example; suppose you are listening to me intently, and a mosquito is sitting on the tip of your nose, and giving you that pleasant sensation which mosquitoes can give; but you are so intent on hearing me that you do not feel the mosquito at all. What has happened? The mosquito has bitten a certain part of your skin, and certain nerves are there. They have carried a certain sensation into the brain, and the impression

is there, but the mind, being otherwise occupied, does not react, so you are not aware of the presence of the mosquito. When a new impression comes in, if the mind does not react, we will not be conscious of it, but when comes the reaction, along with that will come the consciousness, and we feel, we see or we hear, and so forth. With this reaction comes illumination, as the *Sankhya* philosophers call it. We see that the body cannot illuminate, because we see that in one case I did not feel, my attention was not there, I did not feel the sensation at all. Cases have been known where, under certain conditions a man who had never learned a particular language, was found able to speak that language. Subsequent inquiries proved that the man had, when a child, lived among people who spoke that language, and the impressions were left on his brain. These impressions remained stored up there, until through some cause the mind reacted, and illumination came, and then the man was able to speak the language. This shows that the mind alone is not sufficient, that the mind itself is an instrument in the hands of some one. In the case of that boy the mind was full of that language, yet he did not know it, but later there came a time when he did. It shows that there is someone besides the mind, and when the boy was a baby that someone did not use the power, but when he grew up, took advantage of it, and used it. First, here is the body, second the mind, or instrument of thought, and third behind this mind is the self of man. The Sanskrit word is *Atman*.

(To be Continued)

VIVEKANANDA.

From
"THE MESSAGE OF THE EAST"

If you see a man undaunted by dangers, undisturbed by passions, happy when fortune frowns, calm in the midst of storms, will you not be filled with reverence for him? Will you not say that here is something too great and grand to be regarded as of the same nature as the trivial body in which it dwells? A divine force has descended here—a heavenly power moves a soul so wonderful, so calm, one which passes through all life as though it were of small account, and smiles at all our hopes and fears. Nothing so great can exist without the help of God, and therefore in the main it belongs to that from which it came down. Just as the rays of sun touch the earth, but belong to that from which they are sent, so a great and holy spirit, sent here that we may have a more intimate knowledge of deity, lives indeed in our midst, but remains in contact with its source. On that it depends, thither its eyes are turned, thither its life tends: among men it dwells as a noble guest. What then, is this soul? One which relies upon no goodness but its own. What is proper to man is his soul and the perfect reason in the soul; for man is a rational animal; therefore his highest good is reached when he is filled with that of which he is born.

SENECA.

BHIMA AND DURYODHAN

Bihima came and proud Duryodhan with their maces lifted high,
Like two cliffs with lofty turrets cleaving through the azure sky.

In their warlike arms accoutred with their girded loins they stood,
Like two untamed jungle tuskens in the deep and echoing wood!

And as tuskens range the forest, so they range the spacious field,
Right to left and back they wander and their ponderous maces wield,

Unto Kuru's sightless monarch wise Vidura drew the scene,
Pritha proudly of the princes spake unto the Kuru queen.

While the stalwart Bhima battled with Duryodhan brave and strong,
Fierce in wrath, for one or other, shouted forth the maddened throng,

"Hail to Kuru prince Duryodhan!" "Hail to Bhima hero proud!"
Sounds like these from surging myriads rose in tumult deep and loud.

And with troubled vision Drona marked the heaving restless plain,
Marked the crowd by anger shaken, like the tempest-shaken main,

To his son he softly whispered quick the tumult to appease,
Part the armed and angry wrestlers, bid the deadly combat cease,

With their lifted clubs the princes slow retired on signal given,
Like the parting of the billows, mighty-heaving, tempest-driven!

Came forth then the ancient Drona on the open battle-ground,
Stopped the drum and lofty trumpet, spake in voice like thunder's sound:

"Bid him come, the gallant Arjun! pious prince and warrior skilled,
Arjun, born of mighty INDRA, and with VUSHNU'S prowess filled."

—MAHABHARATA.—

THE BHAGAVAD GITA

*Translated by Pramada Dasa Mitra with Explanatory notes by
Walter N. Goldschmidt.*

Discourse VI.

The Divine Lord spoke:

Depending not upon the fruit of action, he who doeth the work that ought to be done is a Sannyasi as well as a Yogi; not he who hath renounced the (sacrificial) fire, nor he who hath renounced action. (1)

What they call Sannyasa (Renunciation), know, O Pandava, that to be Yoga; for never doth any one become a Yogi who hath not renounced his fancies. (2)

To the sage who wisheth to rise to Yoga, Action is said to be the means; to the same person, when he hath risen to Yoga, quietism is said to be the means. (3)

Interior illumination is the spiritual part of meditation. Before interior illumination can take place the body must be purified and the mind must be purified and all actions performed must be dedicated to the good of all. Acceptance, not resistance, leads to the receptivity of this illumination, then renunciation becomes natural.

For the man of action three stages exist:

Performance of action.

Meditation.

True illumination.

The only renunciation that is of true value as a means of attainment of the supreme goal, is the renunciation of the desire of possession.

"Sannyasi": Renouncer of action.

"Yogi": Devotee to action.

Sacrificial fire (Agnihotra) Cere-
monial.

"Sankalpa"—is the working of the imaging faculty, forming fancies—making plans and then brushing them aside, conceiving future results.

No one can be a karma-yogin or a devotee to action, who makes plans and wishes for the fruit of action. "Yogam"—in the original—see commentary in "Mahabharata," "Shanti Parva" 175, 38. "For a Brahmana there is no wealth like unto the "eye of oneness, and evenness, trueness, refinement, steadiness, harmlessness, straightforwardness, and gradual withdrawal from all action."

When one who, shunning all fancies, is neither addicted to the objects of sense nor to actions, he is then declared to have risen to Yoga (Yogarudha). (4)

One should raise himself up by his own self; never should one let himself sink. For one's own self is his friend and his own self his foe. (5)

To him is his own self a friend, who by self hath conquered himself; but to him who is not self-subjugated, his own self acteth inimically like an enemy. (6)

In the self-subjugated and peaceful resteth the Highest Spirit, in cold and heat, pleasure and dishonour. (7)

The Yogi gratified in heart by learning and wisdom, unshaken, and with senses subdued, is called Yukta, with whom a clod of earth or stone or gold is the same. (8)

He excelleth, who looketh with equal regard upon a well wisher, a friend, a foe, an indifferent person, a mediator, a person to be hated, and a kinsman, even upon the virtuous and the vicious. (9)

"Yogarudha"—Attained concentration. The root of desire lies in "Sankalpa."

Two aspects of the self-conscious nature of man: The object of spiritual uplift and the subject of spiritual uplift.

When restlessness is ended then "the self is conquered" or "subjugated." The self is the active part of our nature. The unconquered part of ourselves is inimical, that is, behaves like an outside enemy.

The self is the friend of one, in whom the aggregate of the body and the senses has been brought under control, and an enemy when such is not the case.

"Resteth in the highest Spirit," hence remains unruffled in pleasant and adverse environments.

"Wisdom"—Jnana—knowledge
Scriptures—"Realization"—Vijnana—one's own experience of the teachings.

"Yukta," changeless.

Things are hammered on an anvil but the anvil remains un-

Such a person being the most changed.
excellent, constant effort is made to gain meditation.

The Yogi, seated in seclusion, and solitary, should constantly concentrate himself, with mind and body subdued, free from desires, and without possessions. (10)

Having, upon a pure spot, placed his steady seat, neither too high nor too low, made of sacred grass (Kusa) a hide and a cloth, one placed upon another— (11)

There seated upon that seat, concentrating his mind and controlling the actions of his mind and senses, he should practice Yogi for self-purification. (12)

Steady, holding upright and motionless his body, neck and head, gazing at the end of his nose, and looking not around, (13)

Calm in mind, fearless, abiding by the vow of the Brahmachari (continuance), bridling his thoughts, fixing his heart on Me, sedulous should he sit, having Me for his Highest End. (14)

Thus concentrating himself the Yogi, with a mind subdued, attaineth in absorption and abode in Me. (15)

But the Yoga is not for him who eateth too much or abstaineth altogether from food; nor for him, O Arjuna, who sleepeth or even waketh in excess. (16)

Ancient instruction for meditation, safe from interruption.

Ancient custom dictated the arrangement of kusa grass first on the ground, above that, a tiger or a deer skin, covered by a cloth.

The reasons for these were to banish fear of: Instability, falling, illness from dampness.

"Gazing at the tip of the nose" is not literally meant here. When the eyes are half closed in meditation, the eyeballs are still and *seem* to be directed on the tip of the nose.

Having absorbed into his mind all functions but union with the highest.

The Peace which culminates in Freedom.

Success does not come to the intemperate.

The Yogashastras prescribe: Half the stomach for food; one-quarter for water, and the last quarter for the free passage of air.

The Yoga destroyeth the sorrows of him who regulateth his activities in work and who regulateth his sleep and watchfulness. (17)

When the mind, subdued, resteth in the Spirit alone; when he ceaseth to desire the enjoyments of the world—then is he designated Yukta (or a Yogi). (18)

As the flame of a lamp placed in a windless spot flickereth not, even such is the likeness of the Yogi, of heart controlled, practising that Union with his Spirit. (19)

Wherein the mind restrained by an application to Yoga ceaseth to work, wherein beholding his Spirit by himself (*i. e.* by a purified understanding) he rejoiceth in himself (or in his inner Spirit)— (20)

Wherein that Bliss Absolute, which is cognized by the understanding and which transcendeth the senses, he perceiveth, and wherein fixed, he moveth not from the Truth— (21)

Having acquired which, he regardeth no other acquisition as higher, wherein placed he is moved not even by a heavy sorrow— (22)

Conditioned existence then turns into spiritual knowledge; then true meditation is attained.

Changeless, one-balanced.

(To be Continued)

TAKE care of your health for the sake of your family, which greatly needs you. May the courage of faith sustain you. It is a courage which is unassuming, and which does not inspire a conscious strength whereon to rely. They who have it have no self-confidence, and yet they never lack in time of need; they are rich in poverty. If they unintentionally go astray, they turn it to profit learning humility thereby. They continually return to their centre by acquiescing in all that deprives them of self-will. They surrender themselves to God, no longer dwelling in themselves, or trusting in their own strength. Then by degrees all becomes recollection, silence, dependence on grace from moment to moment, and inward life through death unto self. In this condition they no longer cling to anything they see; but they find again in God, in the closest, truest union, all that they fancied they had lost.

FENELON.

THE WILL OF GOD

By Jessie W. Boerstler

(Continued from the January Issue)

There have been only a few in the history of civilization who have attained to the insight of Unity, and the rest are all afraid of blasphemy. They are afraid to say what they please,—they are afraid to say that they are perfect, whole, and complete. They say that is blasphemy. No one ever used the word “I” or I AM in vain. You have the power and you are using it. That is what is the matter with you. You say, “I am sick—unhappy—everything is wrong. I have not wealth.” You cannot take the name of the Lord in vain—the I AM. You are this power. You are this will. There is only one. You are perfect. There is only one God—that God is truth!

There is the power of God and not another power opposing this power. There is the power that wills for you, for humanity, success, prosperity, happiness and perfect peace—everything. This was finished in the beginning. Man was placed in the Garden of Eden, and the power of God given unto him. He left the Garden of Eden because of his disobedience.

But of the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.

Deviation from unity, one power only without another.

There was a man by the name of Jalal’uddin, a Persian, who was called the dynamic man, a man of great insight and power. This man understood there was only one power,—the power of God. He did everything he chose. He went through the air to any place he desired. “Ten Arrow Shots in the Air” he was called. As this man was giving an elementary instruction, there entered into the room a very wise sage, and Jalal’uddin could no longer give the instruction. He knew he was giving the wrong instruction. He saw the truth. One day he was walking down the street with one of his disciples, and they passed a man who was working in a ditch. This man had been instructed in the modern, orthodox way, to say: “If it is the will of God, it will be done.”

Jalal'uddin said "Tomorrow I will give you this instruction,"—and the man in the ditch said: "If it is the Lord's will." And he came in contact with power and it killed him. Jalal'uddin restored him to life, with a caution to beware of the Power of God. Jalal'uddin knew the Truth—he was the will of God.

We find the same idea today—that if God is willing, he will heal you. That is blasphemy. As though God were willing you should be sick or poor! And if one should say "Arise, take up thy bed and walk; I have forgiven you," that is blasphemy. Only God can do that. The Pharisees in the days of Jesus thought the same thing. But Jesus said: "Before Abraham was I AM. I and the Father are one." They said "He blasphemeth—therefore he is a criminal"—and they crucified him. In this day and age if one makes an affirmation, such as "I am the power," people will say, "How daring you are!" They would not dare to crucify you. They admire the daring. There is nothing but God. All, all there is, is God. God is life. A dead body does not move. You are either God, or that which is, or you do not exist. I am life—therefore I am that which is. It is the acknowledgment that you are this that frees you from the limitations superimposed upon you. You have no power other than God. The image is as nothing. There is nothing but God. There is no other being. No other power—no other word other than Truth. This power that moves the body is I, the Lord. The talker is God Himself. The body is the image. The life of God, therefore, you are the power that Is. You are the intelligence. We are afraid to say it! We are afraid to say it, so we say that man is the power of God. What is the difference? Are you not man? Why not bring it down to the pin point? The sentence is, description of the spiritual man, the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou canst not tell from whence it cometh or whither it goeth.

The body is spirit, the form is light. There is another description. As small as the small atom in the heart, and as great as all the space of the universe—it is the smallest of the small, and the greatest of the great. When one speaks of God he always forms an estimate in his mind. God is the only power there is. I and the Father are one. I have the power to forgive sins, and heal the sick. If Jesus stood here in your midst, you would not know it, because you would

know who his parents were. They said that Jesus was the Christ, but the people asked: "Is he not Joseph's son? Are Mary and Joseph not his father and mother? Can it be that this is the Christ?" But if he went to another town where he was not known, it would be quite different. There would then be a mighty mystery about him.

What does the word "all" mean? Is there another that can have a beginning and ending, beside that which is? God is all there is. Beside God there is none other. Jesus said: "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the ending. The great and the small are the same. If there is only one, then it is the greatest and the smallest, because there is only One.

That is the reason it can be every place at the same time. The first and last can be at the same time, when there is none other. There has always been one God, one mind, one will, and that one is the Will of God. And since the will of God is the only will there is, do not be afraid of your will for you have no human will. One makes distinctions. One says the body dies but the soul lives on. But if the body and spirit is one, can it die? Life is all. It is the will of God that man have dominion over all things.

Keep my sayings and ye shall not see death.

Jesus had power to take up His body and to lay it down again. Jesus had this power because he was the Christ, but man has it not. Jesus had the power to heal, to raise the dead, and to forgive sins, to perform everything that was to be performed in the world. But you do not have, and He said, "The works that I do shall you do," but the people crucified him. They said He blasphemed, because He made himself this power—this one—because He was the will of God.

This body is the image of yourself, and the image is nothing but you. You never find a dead body walking about, do you? That which speaks acts, lives, moves, even to the bending of your finger, is the power of God. There is no other. It is not egotistical, or a sense of conceit to take unto yourself this power. That was the downfall of King Nebuchadnezzar, causing him to eat husks. He was making himself a great being, endowed with power, and caused the others to submit to him. That is not the truth. Truth is

Unity. There is only one being, and that being is the Self. There is only the one. There is no other to obstruct the way, no other to submit or to govern. It is the recognition of the one and only one being that is your power. Few see why they should not cease to have this power, which is not egotism. Sometimes it is said—I cannot forgive sins, because I am the child of God, another teacher greater than I. Do not say it! When a patient approaches you with a difficult condition to heal, don't say, "It is greater than I, it is impossible, I could not heal it." Jesus did it, and he said:

Greater shall you do if you keep the will of God. There is only one will. There is no power opposing this will of God, causing humanity to be incompetent or weak.

"Before I formed thee in the belly, I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb, I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations."

Then said I, Ah, Lord God, Behold I cannot speak, for I am a child.

But the Lord said unto me, "Say not, I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatever I command thee thou shalt speak."

"Be not afraid of their faces; for I am with thee to deliver thee," saith the Lord.

Then the Lord put forth his hand, and touched my mouth, and the Lord said unto me, "Behold, I have put my words into thy mouth.

See I have this day set thee over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out and pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, and to plant.

"Be not afraid of that which does not exist, if the truth is all there is, the truth is eternal, perfect; then be not afraid of the appearance of the opposition to Truth."

Therefore, it is the will of God that nothing but God shall ever exist. Nothing but Good. There is no opposing force to the Truth. The light never knoweth the darkness. God is so pure that his eye does not behold anything but success, prosperity, and satisfaction. It is so, for it is the will of God.

LAOTZE

You are going too fast ;
You see your egg and you expect it to crow.
You look at your bow and expect
To have boiled duck before you.
I will say a few words at random,
And you listen at random.
How does the sage seat himself
By the Sun and Moon
And hold the universe in his grasp?
He blends everything into one harmonious whole,
Rejecting and confusing this and that.
Rank and precedence,
Which the vulgar prize,
The Sage stolidly ignores.
The revolutions of years
Shall pass him undisturbed.
Eons of ages shall leave his soul unscathed.
The universe itself may pass away,
But he will flourish still.
How do I know that the love of life
Is not after all a snare?
How do I know but that he who dreads to die
Is like a little child
Who has lost his way and cannot find his home?

LAOTZE*(Confucius visits Laotze)*

Sir, strive to keep the world
In its original simplicity.
As the wind bloweth
Wheresoever it listeth,
So let virtue establish itself.
Wherefore this undue energy
As though searching for a fugitive
With a big drum?
The swan is white
Without a daily bath;
The raven is black
Without daily coloring itself.
The original simplicity of black
And white are beyond the reach of argument,
The vista of fame and reputation
Are hardly worth enlarging.
When the pond dries up and the fish
Are left upon dry ground,
To moisten them with the breath
Or to dampen them with a little spittle
Is not to be compared with leaving them
At first in their native rivers and lakes.

ABOUT THE ETERNAL BOOK OF THE ALL-IN-ALL, TAO-TEH-TEM

Laotze's Teaching

The main spiritual verities of religion may be summarized thus:

- I. One eternal infinite incognizable real Existence.
- II. From THAT the manifested God, unfolding from unity to duality, from duality to trinity.
- III. From the manifested Trinity many spiritual Intelligences, guiding the cosmic order.
- IV. Man a reflection of the manifested God and therefore a trinity fundamentally, his inner and real Self being eternal, one with the Self of the Universe.
- V. His evolution by repeated incarnations, into which he is drawn by desire, and from which he is set free by knowledge and sacrifice, becoming divine in potency as he had ever been divine in latency.

China, with its now fossilized civilization, was peopled in old days by the Turanians, the fourth subdivision of the great Fourth Race, the race which inhabited the lost continent of Atlantis, and spread its offshoots over the world. The Mongolians, the last subdivision of that same race, later reinforced its population, so that in China we have traditions from ancient days, preceding the settlement of the Fifth, or Aryan race in India. In the Ching Chang Ching, or Classic of Purity, we have a fragment of an ancient Scripture of singular beauty. It is attributed to Ko Yuan (or Hsuan), a Taoist of the Wu dynasty (A. D. 222-227) who is fabled to have attained to the state of an Immortal, and is generally so denominated. He is represented as a worker of miracles; as addicted to intemperance, and very eccentric in his ways. When shipwrecked on one occasion, he emerged from beneath the water with his clothes unwet, and walked freely on its surface. Finally he ascended to the sky in bright day. All these accounts may safely be put down as the figments of a later time.

Such stories are repeatedly told of Initiates of various degrees, and are by no means necessarily "figments," but we are more interested in Ko Yuan's own account of the book:

When I attained the true Tao, I had recited this Ching (book) ten thousand times. It is what the Spirits of Heaven

practise and had not been communicated to scholars of this lower world. I got it from the Divine Ruler of the Eastern Hwa; he received it from the Divine Ruler of the Golden Gate; he received it from the Royal-mother of the West.

Now the "Divine Ruler of the Golden Gate" was the title held by the initiate who ruled the Toltec empire in Atlantis, and its use suggests that the Classic of Purity was brought thence to China when the Turanians separated off from the Toltecs. The idea is strengthened by the contents of the brief treatise, which deals with Tao—literally "the Way"—the name by which the One Reality is indicated in the ancient Turanian and Mongolian religion. We read:

The Great Tao has no bodily form, but it produced and nourished heaven and earth. The Great Tao has no passions, but It causes the sun and moon to revolve as they do. The Great Tao has no name, but It affects the growth and maintenance of all things. (i. 1.)

This is the manifested God of unity, but duality supervenes: Now the Tao (shows itself in two forms), the pure and the turbid, and has (the two conditions of) Motion and Rest. Heaven is pure and earth is turbid; heaven moves and the earth is at rest. The masculine is pure and the feminine is turbid; the masculine moves and the feminine is still. The radical (purity) descended, and the (turbid) issue flowed abroad, and thus all things were produced (i. 2.)

This passage is particularly interesting from the allusion to the active and receptive sides of Nature, the distinction between Spirit, the generator, and Matter, the nourisher, so familiar in later writings.

In the Tao Teh Ching the teaching as to the Unmanifested and the Manifested comes out very plainly:

The Tao that can be trodden is not the enduring and unchanging Tao. The name that can be named is not the enduring and unchanging name. Having no name, it is the Originator of heaven and earth; having a name, it is the Mother of all things. . . . Under these two aspects it is really the same, but as development takes place it receives the different names. Together we call them the Mystery (i. 1, 2, 4).

FROM BJERREGAARD.

(To be Continued)

EASTER-TIDE

The earth now lays her gifts on Easter's shrine,
As flows the wine of life in budding vine;
While lilies tall their censors gently swing,
To wooing winds their fragrance freely fling;
That joyful bear their perfume far and wide,
An incense rare afloat on Easter-tide.
While treasured tales are told of ancient lore
That echoing ring from shore to distant shore
Of heralds bright that sing in words that thrill,
The risen One with joy all hearts shall fill
When man true peace shall seek with earnest will.

JUNE HOWE.

SELF-CONTROL

"SELF is the Lord of Self, who else could be the Lord?"

"Oneself conquered is better than all other people; not even a god could change into defeat the victory of a man who has vanquished himself and always lives under restraint."

DHAMMAPADA.

Essentials and non-essentials are found in all religions. Under non-essentials are classed doctrines, dogmas, rituals, ceremonies, and mythology. All creeds include these more or less. The non-essentials, however, are not useless; on the contrary, the very fact of their existence proves that they have been helpful, and they are even necessary at certain stages of progress. They are not, however, absolutely necessary for making one live a purely spiritual life. A man or a woman may be highly spiritual without performing any of the rituals and ceremonies ordained either by the scriptures of the world or any religious hierarchy.

A man or a woman may be truly religious without believing in any creed, doctrine, dogma or mythology.

Those who think that these non-essentials are indispensable for attaining the ultimate goal of religion have not yet grasped the fundamental principles that underlie all religions. They mistake the non-essential for the essential.

They cannot discriminate the one from the other.

They lack the insight of spiritual illumination.

Those who understand the essentials of religion and strictly follow them in their every day life, do not disturb themselves very much about the non-essentials. These simple and sincere souls alone reach the goal of religion by the shortest way possible.

Essentials of religion are principally two:

One: Self-knowledge.

Two: Self-control.

Self-knowledge means knowledge of the higher self, the divine nature of man.

Self-control is the restraint of the lower self, or selfish nature. True knowledge of the Divine self naturally becomes apparent when self-control is established, and thus the lower self is subdued. In ancient times Greek philosophers

understood these two as the essentials of religion and therefore, over the temple entrance of Delphi, the phrase "Know thyself" was so conspicuously engraved.

Heraclitus, the ancient Greek philosopher, interpreted this motto by saying, "It behooves all men to know themselves and to exercise self-control."

The ancient seers of truth in India understood the essential part of religion so well that they tried their best to keep it separate from the non-essential part of the popular religion of the masses.

This resulted in the discovery of the system of Yoga. It deals entirely with the essentials of religion. It has nothing to do with dogmas, creeds, rituals, and ceremonials of mythology. Its object is to teach mankind through different methods the practice of thought control, and thereby the knowledge of the true self.

A true Yogi is one who has perfect control over himself, and who has acquired self-knowledge. The science of Yoga explains what self-control is, how it can be acquired, and what the nature of self-knowledge is.

The ultimate goal of religion and spiritual perfection can be reached without wasting energy in non-essentials by the truth seeker. Crutches have their use, but are not essential to all.

Purity and simplicity should be held to by the earnest seeker.

Give essentials to those hungering after the highest ideal and spirituality follows in its wake. The essential of self-control means using the will power to control the lower self by the higher self. It curbs the animal nature still resident in man, by developing the higher powers that lie latent in the individual soul.

Man, whose unfoldment is only germinating lives first on the animal plane, and then rises higher and higher, and the latent powers gradually begin to manifest and overcome quite naturally the animal tendencies.

Self-control is not manifested in the character of any man who ignorantly obeys the dictates of the senses and blindly serves the internal masters of passion, anger, greed, self-delusion, pride and egotism.

Those who can control themselves, or check the mad rush

of the mind towards sense objects, and who cease to obey the animal impulses which stand like fierce enemies in the path of spiritual progress, enjoy undisturbed peace as long as they live, thus reaching the highest goal of freedom; but those who are constantly dragged on by sudden waves of passion, anger, pride, jealousy and hatred, are always disturbed in their minds, they are restless and unhappy. How can persons who are slaves to their senses expect happiness? Happiness comes in a state of perfect freedom and not in slavery; that freedom can only be acquired through the practice of self-control. The practice of self-control is of the greatest assistance in the struggle for freedom.

Those who have learned to study their own minds find the attainment of self-control comparatively easy. Those who after discovering their weaknesses, try to reform their own characters, are saved many obstacles in their effort to unfold their natural powers. In many human beings the tendency is like in the lower animals, to seek pleasure and avoid pain. While living in the darkness of ignorance one cannot trace the causes which make one happy or unhappy; as long as one does not understand whether happiness or pleasure come from external objects, or from within, so long one fails to be master of one-self. Right discrimination, therefore, is the surest guide in the path which leads to the attainment of self-control.

FROM "SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT."

THEN AND NOW

*"The light shineth in the darkness;
and the darkness comprehended it not."*

In the midst of a garden of darkness

I lay asleep on the sod;

When a fairy came whispering gently:

"Awake! All around you is God."

I opened my eyes to a vision

Of beauty, of grandeur, of love;

And I saw in that Garden—no darkness

But Light underneath and above.

AMOS CAMPBELL.

A POEM

The sun was slowly sinking,
The shadows were growing long,
The birds were flying homeward
Forgetting their joyous song.

The pathway was deserted,
'Twas the hour before night,
And o'er the quiet landscape
Settled a yellow light.

And pensively I wandered
On a path I had never trod—
That hour was my communion,
For I spoke my heart to God.

ELAINE HELMER.

GANDHI

Among us, as I write, is dwelling for brief space one whose presence is a benediction, and whose feet sanctify every house into which he enters—Gandhi, our Martyr and Saint. He too by strange ways was led into circumstances in which alone could flower all that he brought with him of patient, unwearying courage that naught might daunt, unselfishness that found its joy in sacrifice, endurance so sweetly gentle that its power was not readily understood. As I stood for a moment facing him, hand clasped in hand, I saw in him that deathless Spirit which redeems by suffering, and in death wins life for others, one of those marked out for the high service of becoming Saviours and Helpers of Humanity, I who tread the path of the warrior, not that of the Saint, who battle against Enthroned Injustice by assault, not by meekness, I recognise in this man, so frail and yet so mighty, one of those whose names live in history among those of whom it is said: "He saved others: himself he could not save."

(New India) MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

GANDHI

As he moves from city to city, crowds of thirty and even fifty thousand people assemble to hear his words. As he pauses for the night in a village, or in the open countryside, great throngs come to him as to a holy shrine. He would seem to be what the Indians regard him—the perfect and universal man. In his personal character, he is simple and undefiled. In his political endeavours, he is as stern a realist as Lenin, working steadfastly toward a fair goal of liberation which must be won. At the same time, however, he is an idealist, like Romain Rolland living ever in the pure radiance of the spirit. When I think of Rolland, as I have said, I think of Tolstoi. When I think of Lenin, I think of Napoleon. But when I think of Gandhi, I think of Jesus Christ. He lives his life; he speaks his word; he suffers, strives and will some day nobly die, for His kingdom upon earth.

Do you recall how it is told of Jesus, that one day, as he was journeying, he heard his disciples quarrelling. And he said, "What were ye reasoning on the way?" And they said they had disputed who was the greatest. And Jesus said, "If any man would be first among you, let him be the servant of all."

DR. J. H. HOLMES.

UNIVERSAL RELIGION vs. DOGMATIC IDOLATRY

GENERAL CONSIDERATION

One of the gravest themes, fraught with the utmost consequence, concerning the practical religion is perhaps no other phrase than this: *When will the will of God be done on earth as it is in heaven?* The misinterpretation of this catechism makes the universal religion of the Absolute God a mere dogmatic idolatry of absent God.

To this pertinent question, are we then “measuring” to ascertain the Absolute Supremacy of God? Are we waiting for the “second coming” of Christ? Are we preparing for the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven after the establishment of the “permanent peace” throughout the world? Are we waiting for the “heathen” and “atheists” to be converted to our own religion—“Christianity?” Are we waiting for the days when all “good men” shall take oath in public office? Are we waiting for the complete “wiping out” of the “evil” of alcoholism? Are we waiting for the restoration from the so-called “social unrest” to “normal conditions?” Or, are we waiting for some unknown “miracles through which these deeds are to be performed, or do we have any definite ideas at all in this important matter, other than that our “efforts” are merely habitual and professional bigotry? These questions indeed arise to bother the God-conscious men of honor, character and integrity very gravely, whereas religion itself does not. For, in reality these various forms of “effort” seem rather to resemble the Pharisees attempting to represent the true meaning of the universal religion.

UNIVERSAL RELIGION

Before we attempt to correct some of these paradoxes, let us consider the first relationship we have with God and His Providence.

Whereas God is the Supreme Authority, we are to know that our relationship with Him is, that He is our Master by virtue of His Infinite Being, and we are by His Grace bound to become His beneficiaries. To this end, we understood

that in the beginning, He has given us *life, liberty and happiness*. He has no other object in view, so far as we are concerned, save that our lives may profit by these gifts to the fullest extent. With that object in view, He has turned over His entire stock of goodness, righteousness and mercy at His own expense, so far as our needs are concerned, and everything else there is to be had in our lives. He has made no restriction, reservation or discrimination in this provision. He has done all this in inexhaustible abundance for every living creature for now and all time to come.

In order that we might enjoy life to the fullest extent, He has appointed the natural life for us to live. By living this natural life, we may become so grateful that there is nothing impossible to us to endure, perform and sacrifice. In fact, our living in this life enables us to appreciate the riches of life in its highest state of exaltation. In it, only, may our true life be fully realized.

Moreover, His attitude toward us is so magnanimous that He has given us everything; permitted us everything; and admitted us to everything. In plain words, He has provided us a *full Life*,—a *Carriage to Life, The Way to Life, Fare to Life*, and the only thing He has not furnished (unless we are invalids) is an *Ambulance to Life*. If that is not sufficient to fulfill the needs of our real life, our prayers must then be, "Oh, God, give us an ambulance!" Because that is the only thing we have not had in following His footsteps. He has done everything for us to the utmost and He does not need to have any more ears for our superficial, uninteresting and sophisticated petitions. It is all up to us now to make ourselves good while everything is at hand and at our command. He is ever inviting if we accept! If we do not accept, He cannot help! That's final! Then we are helpless, not knowing that His final Precept—His last warning—is to live up to His Providence—"Just as I am without one plea"—not to go ahead and do something else, using His name in vain.

DOGMATIC IDOLATRY

Those professors of God who believe in the government (various programs and plans) of their own manufacture, in preference to God's Providence, may be appropriately termed, "*Fanatics of Idolatry*," instead of calling themselves "*Believ-*

ers of God;" because their efforts bear no direct relation with that of the Divine Ordinance.

Believers of God are not, as a rule, those who acknowledge God, but those who live His life. We generally find more believers among the poor, humble and abused than otherwise, in the communities of professors, communicants and Pharisees. On the other hand, the exact opposite is true in regard to those fanatics. They always try to know God "*adverbially*" rather than to live up to His Providence. They habitually talk about the regional heaven and hades, which they do not know anything about. They often discuss the second coming of Christ, when in reality they have not yet become reconciled with His first coming. They are generally judging the sins of the world, when they themselves are a part of the world. They are invariably condemning the faults of those whom God would forgive in the first instance; likewise they are upholding those upon whom God would pronounce punishment. Thus we more or less, find those fanatics among professors, communicants and Pharisees, than in the communities of the poor, humble and abused. It seems very strange, unnatural and sad, nevertheless it is true.

God's Providence is better than our governments. To substitute our governments (various efforts) for His Providence in "upbuilding" His Kingdom, is destructive rather than constructive in its essence. Take for instance such a prominent example as talking in terms of our own governments about the "*second coming*" of Christ; *abolition of wars; prohibition enforcement; conversion of "heathen;" divorce evil*; and everything else from the unwholesome bread to the improper adjustment of a hat, are ridiculous in the extreme. These problems remain ever before us because we have not lived up to the universal religion, and we refuse to accept His Providence. On the other hand, if we give up these dogmatic ideas of religion in place of God's doctrine, the sooner we will realize the absence of these problems. To substitute our governments for His Providence is therefore a plain act of Idolatry. To believe God or live in His Providence is as far as we can go in our lives.

CONCLUSION

God cares for us because we are yet to attain His likeness. God uses those of us who have already attained His

likeness. God neither cares about nor sacrifices those of us who are not either living to attain His likeness, or have not attained His likeness.

Thus we see that *real religion* does not necessarily consist of those preposterous houses of worship, ministers, missionaries, reformers, philanthropists, subscriptions, contributions and empty words. They may be all right in their respective places, but their direct kinship with the universal religion is as distant as the North is from the South Pole. *God's will may be done on earth as it is in heaven*, as soon as we discard these various forms of Idolatry, abide within His Providence and leave the distant things until their due season. With that condition only, exclusive of everything else, we may fully realize the presence of heaven in all its glories in this seemingly much-troubled world.

DR. F. F. TANAKA.

"To thine own self be true,"

Look thou oft within;

What thy soul longs to do,

That is sure to win!

Seek not for worldly fame,

Nor aught but good and true;

Make for self no lesser claim

Than what thy Soul can do.

MARGARET LANGE.

BOOK REVIEWS

"The Scripture of the Serene Life," by J. William Lloyd, an exquisitely beautiful little booklet, truly contains the heart-truths. It is for you—whoever you are—in *your* effort to attain *your* solution on *your* way to *your* liberation, and will make you realize that from the fountain of serenity flows unfailing joy. It is the biggest little book that has come to our attention, and is one of the few intended to keep and to cherish, not one that passes like ships in the night.

One of the old ones well worth reading: Arthur Edward Waite's *"The Doctrine and Literature of the Kabbalah."* It introduces us to the post-Christian literature of the Jews, familiarizes us with sources and authorities, and the history of the coming into being of the Kabbalah; also with its doctrinal content and the three different periods of the written word of Kabbalism, familiarizing us with some of the Christian students of the Kabbalah, and connecting us up with other channels of esoteric tradition.

A modern book, pregnant with life, shedding illumination in a beautifully fluent way, showing how most ordinary actions in every walk of life may be spiritualized, how the senses may be disciplined, how the truth can be apprehended, realized, lived today, how the will should be utilized, and how the personal will may be merged into the Cosmic Will, and how by constant practice, the most ordinary thought can be transmuted and spiritualized into the larger and grander and essential point of view. Spiritual ministry to others is the best way to spiritualize oneself. These are the wonderful themes ably set forth in *"The Illumed Life,"* by Helen Van Anderson Gordon.

"Inspired Talks," is an unusual book recording the intimate talks of the world-renowned Sannyasin, Swami Vivekananda, to his American disciples during a seven weeks' stay at Thousand Island Park on the beautiful St. Lawrence River. Vivekananda is a disciple of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa (Great Soul), called by Prof. Max Mueller, of Oxford University, the "Modern Hindu Saint." The talks were given informally, the truths were stated clearly, and the record given in a free rendering. Such statements appear as

“Intense search after my own reality is Bhakti.” “All the means we take to reach God are true; it is only like to find the pole star by locating it through the stars that are around it.” And again, “When the three-fold bondage of knower, knowledge and known ceases, there is the ATMAN (Real Self), where the delusion of bondage and freedom ceases, there the Real Self IS.” And again, “What if you have controlled the mind, what if you have not? What if you have money, what if you have not? You are the ATMAN, ever pure, Say: ‘I am the ATMAN. No bondage ever came near me. I am the changeless sky; clouds of belief may pass over me, but they do not touch me’.” “Only a slave sees slaves, the deluded delusion, the impure impurity.”

In his own inimitable way, Swami Vivekananda discusses the most abstruse subjects in the simplest and clearest way. He makes us familiar with things that have formerly seemed very remote.

ZOROASTER

Our knowledge of the religion of the ancient Persians is principally derived from Zendavesta, or sacred books of that people. Zoroaster was the founder of their religion, or rather the reformer of the religion which preceded him. The time when he lived is doubtful, but it is certain that his system became the dominant religion of Western Asia from the time of Cyrus (550 B. C.) to the conquest of Persia by Alexander the Great. Under the Macedonian monarchy the doctrines of Zoroaster appear to have been considerably corrupted by the introduction of foreign opinions, but they afterwards recovered their ascendancy.

Zoroaster taught the existence of a Supreme Being, who created two other mighty beings, and imparted to them so much of his own nature as seemed good to him. Of these, Armuzd (called by the Greeks Oromasdes) remained faithful to his creator.

Questions and Answers On Occultism and Religion

By Manley P. Hall

Question—What is real and what is unreal?

Answer—Everything in the universe is real to something some time and all the rest of the time it is unreal. That part of the real which we cannot realize because there is nothing within ourselves attuned to it, we call the unreal, while the real is the unreal of others which we have realized. Example: In the East among the oriental peoples, this world we live in is the world of unrealities, while the worlds of spirit are the real; among the western people this world is the tangible and concrete plane of existence while the spiritual worlds are the unrealities. The unreal of today is the reality of tomorrow, and matter, which we call the real, will cease to be when we no longer labor with it. The world to which we are attuned by bodies and consciousness must be to us the world of realities, but as we evolve spiritually and physically, we are eternally attuning ourselves to new conditions and we are realizing the things which before were unreal while those to which we are attuned today become the unrealities of tomorrow.

Question—What is divine law?

Answer—Law is the plan through which God, man, and the universe, the triple unit, were brought into manifestation, are being preserved in manifestation, and will later be dissolved. There are none who are above law and those who spiritually rise to such a height are too great to dream of disobeying it. To deny law does not destroy it, for it grinds all things to dust who attempt to stay it. *No one has ever broken a law—the law has broken them.*

Question—What is the greatest of all natural laws?

Answer—The law of eternal progression which we have named evolution. The wisdom teachings of the world are unanimous in their teaching of the continual unfoldment of all created things—how every grain of sand contains within itself cosmic proportions and celestial possibilities, how all things are various stages in the unfoldment of one ever-existing essence, which we call spirit, and how all diversity is the result of various stages of growth in the expression of this One Thing.

Theosophical Questions Answered

By L. W. Rogers

"What is Theosophy?"

Answer—"Theosophy" is a Greek word meaning divine wisdom, or the knowledge of God. It is a study of the universe, of life and matter, that seeks to discover the origin and destiny of the soul and the laws that control its evolution.

"What was the origin and what is the purpose of the Theosophical Society?"

Answer—The Society was formed in New York, in 1875, by Madame H. P. Blavatsky and Colonel H. S. Olcott. The former was a great seer and was conscious in regions, or planes of nature not visible to those who do not possess a high order of clairvoyant sight. Later, headquarters were established at Adyar, India. The Society is world-wide, having national societies in most of the European countries and in North and South America. The original president of the Society, Col. H. S. Olcott, died in 1907, and was succeeded by Annie Besant.

The purpose of the Society is to spread the knowledge of spiritual truths and to gather into a compact organization those whose minds are open to such truths in order that, as a whole, they may become an instrument through which the spiritual enlightenment of the world may be hastened. The specific objects of the Society are three: To form a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color; to encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science; to investigate unexplained laws of nature, and the powers latent in man.

Why do the great religions like Christianity, Mohame-danism, Buddhism, etc., differ so much if they have a common origin? Are not some of them of little value to the world?

Answer—On the contrary all have been of value to the world. They differ because the people to whom they were given differ. Each religion contains as much of the truth as the people to whom it is given are, at the time, able to take and use. Each religion has its place and purpose in evolution.

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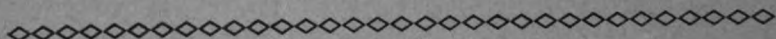
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EDITORIAL

Poised strength is needed nowadays. Activity we have in plenty—leaks and waste of energy are the order of the day. Our social life, our political life is a helter-skelter one, bordering on chaos. Right action must be based on right precept. How salutary then it is to find a courageous individual, daring to sound the right note to a group of young University students who are specializing in commerce and business administration. Mr. Charles Andrews Carver, at a dinner of the "Seven Seas Club," under the heading of "Ideals of International Relations," said:

"The only period of this planet's history approaching even comparative peace and quietude was the period of the second century of our Christian era. Roman law ruled—there were no wars and almost no violence. This condition, however, lasted a short hundred years. Why? Because force—something from without—held man in check and neither reformed him, nor taught him what to do. When we contemplate this, we realize that there must be something radically wrong with our ideals of civilization.

"We want something—what do we do? Selfishly, quickly, often ruthlessly, not thinking of the other man, not trying to give him a chance, not trying to give him what he wants, we get it, and he who is the shrewdest business man, or the most subtle diplomat is praised, flattered and rewarded.

"We must get out of the competitive into the co-opera-

tive, with the full realization that there is enough in the Great Universe for everyone.

"Too many of us waste our lives trying to prevent others from creating instead of creating ourselves.

"If someone has a different way of thinking, a different language, a different way of doing business, a different belief—that does not prove him wrong. Until we know his side we know nothing, and it behooves all of us to think carefully, analyze honestly and act with justice.

"The great law is that whatever we give out we get back, and if we give the other man something he really wants he will be more than willing to give us the same.

"We start from the wrong side for the balanced mastery. It cannot be contacted from creeds, churches or legislatures. It comes only from right thoughts, right desires, right actions. I am! I will! I do! We must not lean on anyone or anything, only ourselves, for all life is a preparation for standing alone—and we must give the other man an equal chance, remembering that God loves him just as much as He loves us, that we all are children of the One striving for the same goal and are equally important—equally loved.

"The secret of all success is to have a clear definite vision of what we want, will to work for it faithfully and cheerfully and constantly keep in our minds gratitude to the One that it is ours. If what comes is not the exact thing we set out to get, let us not be discouraged, for the law of gratitude never fails, but thank God for His love, justice and the privilege of living, keep on working and something much more wonderful will come.

"Until we realize that goodness is power, that silence is strength, that will reigns omnipotent, that love lies at the foundation, that the Kingdom of Heaven is within, that we take It by the force of will through love, that we alone are masters of our fate and that no outside force has any power over us—only then can we find peace, harmony and mutual understanding. Remember that crystallization is the only death—that man must manifest, must evolve, must advance into perfect love, perfect harmony, perfect unity—with the One."

AN ACROSTIC

Broad in the scope of all ethical thought,
Rare in philosophy Ancients have taught
O'erflowing where splendor of depths comes to view,
Aptly rich where the modern writers too
Delve with the sage all jewels to find,
Care so bestowed where the spiritual mind
Arises with joy in feast so designed,
Star gems of wisdom through ages long past—
Truth, ancient and modern, blends in Broadcast.

EDWARDUS.

From "MAY-DAY"

Why chidest thou the tardy Spring?
The hardy bunting does not chide;
The blackbirds make the maples ring
With social cheer and jubilee;
The redwing flutes his *o-ka-lee*,
The robins know the melting snow;
The sparrow meek, prophetic-eyed,
Her nest beside the snow-drift weaves,
Secure the osier yet will hide
Her callow brood in mantling leaves,—
And thou, by science all undone,
Why only must thy reason fail
To see the southing of the sun?

The world rolls round,—mistrust it not,—
Befalls again what once befell;
All things return, both sphere and mote,
And I shall hear my bluebird's note,
And dream the dream of Auburn's dell.

EMERSON.

A CURE FOR CRIME

No, we didn't say we were going to administer a cure for crime—that's just our subject—and we must have a subject, else our readers might not know what we are writing about—and neither might we! However, we are going to give our opinion on the subject of curing crime—or, rather, eliminating crime—and let us say, right at the start, that we don't believe the real solution lies in either killing or jailing criminals. Segregation of saints from sinners may be all right on the Judgment Day—but Gabriel hasn't blown his celestial saxophone yet—and most of us had better be hoping it will be a long time before he does so. The separation of good and bad folks would probably be all right, even now,—only it can't be done.

Recently the writer attended a conference of preachers, doctors, lawyers, detectives, police and high-school boys who met, as guests of a local club, to "challenge" crime and criminals and to discuss the best methods of eliminating the former and curing the latter. All of the speakers were evidently sincere in their desire to offer helpful suggestions, and doubtless there was much reason and truth in what many of them said—yet it seemed to me that not one of them suggested "the one thing needful."

One of the speakers said that people must be educated to keep them from being bad. But does education, using the term in its generally accepted sense, prevent crime? Does it not rather make wilfully evil persons more capably--bad? "Live the life and you shall know the doctrine," it was said of old—but it does not follow that he who knows the doctrine will "live the life." We need neither Milton nor Swedenborg to prove to us that knowledge does not necessarily make for virtue. We see that fact exemplified every day, and we know that many libertines, thieves and murderers are mental masters, especially in their respective spheres of activity:

Vice may not only learn every secret that virtue knows, but the vicious are often more clear-headed than the virtuous because, for one thing, they possess a certain freedom from that worry which vigilant watchfulness and

the sense of responsibility impose on upright men and women. Moreover, if courage were indeed a virtue, it would be a slander on vice to say that evil minded persons are less brave, as a rule, than "good" people. As a matter of fact, leaving sentiment out of the discussion, the criminal is often more courageous than the law-abiding citizen, for the same reason that he is often stronger physically—and that is because (in spite of the fact that he seldom conserves his strength) he is more of an animal than his law-abiding brother.

Courage is a good quality to possess, but it is not a virtue, for virtue must be acquired, while courage is natural.

It is possible for a person to be very good and very timid—even cowardly. In fact, that is usually the case, although the sense of duty is stronger than the negative sense of fear and can overcome fear through the power of volition. From the splendid though ignorant courage of the beast to the knowledge, sensitiveness and fear of God-aspiring man, on to the perfection of understanding and love "that casts out all fear"—this seems to be the psychological evolution of humanity.

"The fear of hell's the hangman's whip to haud the wretch in order," said Bob Burns. But it doesn't hold the wretch in order. Capital punishment does not abolish murder—still less the tendency to kill. The exhibition of terrible pictures, showing the awful fate of criminals, is not usually a deterrent of crime. Such sensational demonstrations are more likely to breed morbidity, curiosity and fear—and all of us who fight fear also fight because we fear.

Back of all punishment, of course, inflicted by the agents of nature, the civil law and the mind, there is the spiritual force that insists on balance—the eternally "jealous God" whose laws cannot be fractured with safety.

The white blood of a little flower, they say, is making slaves of the human race. But is that really true? Is not the opiate, first of all, in the mind of the dope-lover? Destroy all the poppies and all the seeds of poppies in the world, and leave the desire for un-earned dreams of

heaven in the heart of man—and you have only “scotched the snake, not killed it.”

Destroy all the idols of men, but if you leave men with their hands they will carve other images to worship. Take all the poisons out of the world—but if you leave the madness for sensation in the mind of man he will make other and different, and maybe stronger poisons. This is not an argument against prohibition. It is an attempt to suggest something better. Prohibition, if anything, is negative, at best. The way to freedom is right desire, in aspiration for self-mastery.

The cure? It is regeneration of motive, change of heart, repudiation of the unnatural, rejection, to a great extent, of even that which is known as “natural.” The cure is to be found in “conversion,” “the new birth.” Call it what you will. The old time Methodists called it “getting religion.” The Holiness people call it “sanctification.” No matter. It means the same thing—and it means the remaking of man, the complete change of his spiritual nature.

The method for accomplishing this? That is another matter. The writer advocates no special way. The Buddhist would point to Buddha and meditation on him; the Christian will point to Christ. Perhaps there is no technical method. “*The wind bloweth where it listeth, and so is every one that is born of the spirit,*” and perhaps when society begins to recognize the need for the regeneration of the criminal, and to suggest to the criminal his greatest need, then it may be that the method will take care of itself. But the first essential is the realization of the necessity for such a spiritual medicine. Most of us, when we need, or even want anything, manage somehow to find a physician who will supply our
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wants.

FOOTHILL PHILOSOPHER.

LOVERS

The young rose dreamed of the morning time
All through the long dark night,
And then she woke and opened her heart
To the welcome loving light.

The birds and the bees and the children came
And drank of her fragrant breath—
But a sunbeam hid in her heart of flame
And kissed her and kissed her to death!

And the soul of the rose became like light—
For she and her lover were one;
And together they fled, with the coming of night,
To their home in the heart of the sun.

JAMES M. WARNACK.

OBERAMMERGAU

The village of Oberammergau contains about 2,500 people, and lies in the heart of the highlands of Bavaria, the highest mountains in Germany, surrounded by lovely lakes, dense forests and waterfalls. A very pretty stream of ice cold water runs through the village on its way to the Rhine.

In the early part of the 16th century, when Germany was devastated by the Thirty Years War, and the plague hung darkly over the valleys and villages of the Bavarian Tyrol, the people made a vow that if its ravages would cease, they would once in ten years set forth the life, death and meditation of the Christ; and they have tried to be faithful to that solemn obligation. They live in its spirit, and the play is considered an act of worship. To the village pastor, Daisenberger, more than anyone else, is due the credit of originating and carrying out the details of the "Passion Play." He aimed to bring the living Christ once again to the sons of men. "It is for us," he said to his people, "to represent visibly and audibly a living repetition of what the Apostles preached, the most sacred truths of the Divine Teacher, the sublime example of the Lord, His sufferings, death and victory."

The production of this play, growing out of the lives and labors of the peasants, was added to and improved upon by successive generations, until its qualities became traditional, and it developed into what it is today—a masterpiece of the Renaissance. The World War called performers and spectators away, and troops overran the village. These were real trials and visitations. But never was the carrying on of the vow so difficult for Oberammergau as it was this year. The play should have taken place in 1920, but it was found to be impossible. First, the political and economical situation had to be cleared up. The new performers had to be chosen and trained to take the place of those sacrificed by the war. Sixty-seven sons of the village had lost their lives. Many still suffer from the effects of their severe wounds and illnesses. As it was the result of the Thirty Years War that caused the Oberammergau peasants to make a

vow to produce the "Passion Play," how much more appropriate it is to carry it on and give it in 1922, just after the World's Greatest War, where there has been so much destruction, devastation, suffering, disease, starvation and death! While there were no important actors killed in the war, there were several new roles taken by new or different players. Anton Lang, as the Christ, has played that part for three successive seasons, or thirty years. The women actors are usually new, as no married women are allowed to take part in the play, or even sing in the chorus. About seven hundred people take part in the play. Of course, in all of the principal roles the actors are selected for their fitness to represent the character they are chosen to represent (as I understand it) physically, morally and spiritually. Most of them were well chosen.

The theatre holds about 5,000 people. The band is composed of fifty pieces—all male players; the choir had forty-five voices—male and female.

THE "PASSION PLAY"—THE WORLD'S GREATEST DRAMA

I arose early and took a walk along the beautiful Ammer river. The play was scheduled to start at eight o'clock, and I noticed throngs wending their way toward the great theatre building. I soon joined the crowd, and in a few minutes found myself occupying a good seat in the centre of the theatre. The theatre is under cover, but the stage is in the open, with mountains and meadows in the background. Birds flutter back and forth over the stage, and lend a charm to the presentation.

Promptly at eight o'clock the curtain rose, and the band and choir rendered the opening piece—the sweet strains reverberated through the valley and hills. The members of the choir were beautifully and gorgeously robed and gowned. Then came the tableaux.

The closing tableau represents the Ascension, and as

the Christ disappears from earthly vision, the choir takes up the jubilant song:

“Alleluia
He hath conquered, He victorious,
He hath quelled the foeman's might;
Died, but found a life all glorious,
Even in the grave's dark night.
Sing unto Him your joyous psalms,
Wave before Him victor's palms,
Risen is the Lord of Life.

“Lord, let the heavenly host unite,
To hymn Thy glory, wisdom, power,
Worship, honour, kingdom, might,
From evermore to evermore.”

On the whole the play was very well rendered. The actors were at ease and sustained their parts well, but there were seven of the characters that stood out boldly and above all others—Christ, Mary, Judas, Pilate, Caiphas, Annas and Herod.

The music, both instrumental and vocal, was sweet, lovely and inspiring. The play was entertaining, instructive, impressive and at times very pathetic. There was not a time when it became tedious, and at the close one is loath to leave. Hardly a person out of the 5,000 left his seat during the entire performance, which lasted until 6 P. M. with a two hour interval at noon.

All in all, the “Passion Play” is something never to be forgotten, and I shall always be thankful for having seen it.

CHRISTOPHER GLEAVES, M. D.

EASTER LILIES

Beautiful Easter Lilies, fair thoughts of celestial light,
Emblems of wondrous promise, sweet flowers so pure and
white;

Hidden away in the earth you lay
Awaiting the glad Easter tide—
Awaiting a touch to bring you forth,
Sweet flower—fair Easter bride.

All lives are like Easter Lilies,
With the better part hidden away,
To blossom forth in Heaven
On the Soul's glad Easter Day.

COLOR SCHOOL.

EASTER SUNDAY AT SANTA CATALINA

Church today? Yes, today is the day of all days for church-going. Down in the shade of the eucalyptus grove the bell of the Protestant church proclaims that there will be Easter services in the fine, new building. And the gentle-hearted minister who knows the secret of the Oneness of all Life will doubtless have many beautiful and inspiring thoughts to give to his people today. From the north comes the sweet call of another bell, ringing out from a cross-tipped belfry, set like a watch-tower far up on the hillside. And as its notes die away there will be heard in the church beneath the solemn tones of the white-robed priest as he lifts before the silent, kneeling people the sacred host.

But it is not to either of these that I shall go today—but to the church not made with hands—the great eternal, universal church, the church which has throughout all ages spoken loudest to the heart of man—spoken truest of the great heart of God, and to listen to the sermons it may preach today, I take my way up the winding stage road which leads to the Summit. Past the crowded caravansaries, the tiny vine-wreathed cottages, the throngs of chattering, churchward-hurrying people, past the cross-crowned church on the hill, into whose cool, incense-laden nave I slip for a moment. The altar is spread with all the beauty and splendor the poor, little church can afford; and to the stolid, black-browed Mexicans kneeling so reverently, it must bring visions of the glories of Paradise. With a prayer for the priest and people, and for all priests and all peoples, I go on my way.

Now I can look over all the quaint little town with its rainbow-hued cottages nestling down in their valley like birdlings in a nest. And the rippling waters of the bay come laughing to the very door, as if inviting the merry crowds, which, when the warm breath of summer comes, will sport and play in their cool depths.

But now the scent of the spring flowers is in my nostrils, and the sunshine is in my veins like wine, and the bird-choirs are calling me on to church—to the church in the hills—in the hills of God. They rise up out of the

deep blue ocean like sentinel-towers pointing up to Heaven; their massive buttresses of solid rock protruding here and there as if to prove their eternal stability. Where are their bases set? And how many years have they stood 'neath summer sun and winter rain, fanned by balmy breeze or beaten by fierce winds, When did they rear their mighty heads and when will their grave be made?

The road winds ever upward and round and round like a yellow snake spying out the secret places, creeping into the hidden chambers where shy birds and timid beasts have their abode. Now I can look far down into the yawning, rock-ribbed canyons and over range on range of hills and mountains. And far, far over the shimmering sea, beyond a bank of cloud, the glistening snowy peaks of the mainland appear. They look unreal as if floating in space. I wonder if those glorious, shining things are not the souls of the mountains—of the earth—of nature—come on this Heaven-born day, within range of the vision of man? Or, maybe, they are the altars of Heaven spread with such beauty for this Easter Mass that their splendor shines even down to earthly vision. Listen! Do you not hear the hymns of the angels? The roll and sweep of the music of the universe? The waves of the sunlight bear it on, the blue of the sea echoes it back, and it floats over these hills until my soul is dissolved in its harmony. And this is the church of God!

Farther and still farther up through the sweet air, past blooming slope and rocky cliff, 'neath shade of tree and glowing sun, with widening view and shortening turn, the road climbs on, as though the builder thought the gate of Heaven must be near and strove to find it.

At last the highest mount is reached and I lay me down upon the warm bosom of Mother Earth to drink in through every fibre of my being the strength-renewing currents that flow so freely for all who will partake of them.

Mother Earth! Mother of the tiny flower and the giant tree, of the timid mouse and the roaring lion, the tender babe and the sturdy man, the granite rock and

the shifting sand. All from thy bosom came, all to thy bosom go.

Men hew they wood and mould thy steel and probe thy vitals for gold and jewels; they study the stars and weigh the sands to find the secret of thy being. But the secret of thy being is hid in the heart of God. And the Truth of God is shown in thy Truth. Heart-soul of earth, heart-soul of God—One. Truth of God, truth of earth—One. Man, child of earth, begotten of God,—body of earth, soul of God—One.

All is One! This is the Sermon Grand—this is the angel's song. Thou—Earth—wast born of God, man was born of thee: the Holy Trinity.

There is no death nor dying—we but go back to Mother's bosom, to Father's house. As the flowers spring up, bloom and fade, so do we grow, work and perish. Some stalks are bent and broken by stormy winds, some lives are crushed and warped by wrong and sorrow. Some blooms bear golden grain, some poison juice; some lives leave blessings, some a curse. But God sent all forth, all to Him return; by devious path or straight, the end can none escape.

As the flowers take their winter sleep so do the souls of men take their sleep in *Devachan*—to spring forth with the seasons, change to newer, stronger growth. "I—soul—am the resurrection and the life!"

To the Great Teacher who spoke these words the vision true had come—the knowledge of the Oneness of All—of the sleeping and the coming forth—the passing up to Heaven's gate. And to each of our souls in turn will the vision come when we have reached a higher plane. Now we but "Stand on the borderland of the cosmic knowing." Then shall we float in the ocean of knowledge—the vision no longer vision, but reality.

Down the heights at set of sun—the strength of new life in my veins, the Glory of God in my eyes, the assurance of Heaven in my heart, to the habitations of men, I come.

MARY ESTHER BATES.

IN MEDITATION

Drawn where in meditation's hour I rest
From labored toil of earth, within my breast
Responsive there, so stilled in calm repose,
Attuned where melody beguiles and flows
With heaven's vibrant touch, to gently hear,
As echoes of some silvered chimes so clear
Ring out their sweetest strain,—Oh joy to glean
And drink from chalice cup, where peace serene
Enfolds my heart, instils where life of mine
On wings of thought arise with love Divine,
Encircled as its radiant glow to me
Bespeaks His tender care, drawn there to be
My strength and shield, upheld in wisdom's way
And onward lead through stress to fairer day.
Draw nearer where the guiding hand I hold,
Find richer worth in wealth of love untold
To keep me there sustained. Shrine of my soul!
As yet soft lingering echoes sweetly roll,
And in the silence, freed of earthen clod
Commune in meditation's hour with God.

EDWARDUS.

A HERITAGE WORTH WHILE

A TRIBUTE

When my grandmother was about thirteen years of age her parents moved from Kentucky to northern Missouri where they took up a section of land. They were forty miles from their base of supplies, and had to make their own candles, weave the blankets, and the linen for clothing, and then make the garments which the family used. Before she was eighteen she married, and her father built a small house near his own home for the bride and groom. The eldest of nine children, she was left with her baby sister to bring up, as her mother died and left this baby in my grandmother's care. She had her own first son who was six months old at the time, and, before she was twenty-one, a second son was born—and she had the care of three infants under two years of age, and was the head of a large family of brothers and sisters. My grandfather practiced law and was at the beginning of a promising career, when he died after a brief illness, the last words on his lips being a whispered, "*Keep together.*" At that time my grandmother was only twenty-eight years of age. She had four living children and an unborn baby who lived for eighteen months only. Left almost without means, too proud to accept help from friends or relatives, burdened with the bringing up of three sons and a daughter, she yet was able to keep her family together and to educate her children so that the three sons made their mark in the business and professional world. She had her little home, with its garden and a cow, and decided that it was possible to teach school and yet look after her home and children.

For thirty-five years she had a class in the Sunday School, and it was always well attended by young men. Today there are many of her former scholars who look back to her influence as the most dominant factor in their education. Her wonderful personality and example were impressed upon them, and no one who knew her smile, her encouragement, her never-failing sympathy, and came into contact with her fine character could ever forget her uplifting influence.

When I was born, a brunette baby, my father was greatly disappointed—for both he and my mother were blondes—and he turned to my grandmother and said that I must belong to her, as I had her coloring. From that hour I did belong to my grandmother in spirit, I am sure, for there was always a peculiar bond of sympathy between us, and today, more than twenty years after her passing away, her vital influence is just as strongly alive as if she were still here in the flesh. I remember how she was always ready to mend a torn garment, to bind up a cut finger, to rub little aching limbs,—and how sure we were of her willingness to help us if we called on her in the middle of the night. Always she would answer with a cheery reply when we would knock on her door and explain that we had a pain of some kind that needed attention. She had the most wonderful stock of supplies—camphor water for interior discomfort, bandages for hurts, strings for bundles, bits of silk or thread when something had to be matched—and she always knew just where to lay her hands on the thing that was required. Even in the dark she could reach into a drawer and find the very thing we wanted, and never acted as if it was any trouble or inconvenience. She always had a smile and a word of encouragement for anyone who came to her for help, and her very dependability made her a rock of security in our household.

There never was an hour that her hands laid idle in her lap—she was either knitting, crocheting, or getting ruffles ready for beautiful undergarments which she was constantly making, either for her own grandchildren, or for the church sewing society. Each Thursday for many years a group of ladies had gathered together in the church parlors and sewed on trousseaux and layettes—a congenial corp of workers, many of them trained in the days before sewing machines came into existence, and their work was an art—and they had a glorious day of gossip and companionship, with a lunch together at noon. This gathering was one of my grandmother's greatest pleasures and her one dissipation. When she was about seventy years of age, my father built a home some distance from the city, and it was sometimes impossible for

her to get out in bad weather. The train service in the summer was very good, but nearly all of the convenient trains were discontinued in the fall and we were obliged to drive six miles to the trolley car. So there were many Thursdays when my grandmother could not join her companions of so many years in their work of love together, and she felt very sad and lonely. She began to look about her for something to expend her energies upon. As she looked out of her window and watched the children passing the house on their way to the school a mile away, each one carrying his bucket or basket of lunch in little red hands, the thought flashed upon her that a pair of mittens might be a comfort—and she made a pair as quickly as the needles could complete their work. She carried them down to the road and the first child that came by received a welcome gift. As the days passed she made other mittens, and, before the winter was over, she had presented mittens to every child that went past the house.

Each birthday, or Christmas, she had a lovely garment of some kind for each grandchild in the family—all made with loving hands and elaborately tucked and trimmed—and made of such beautiful material that they used to last for years and years.

One day in the winter before she left us she was reading in her little book, "Daily Helps for Daily Needs," and the verse for the day was "*My work is finished.*" The realization came to her that it was time to lay down her burden and regulate her affairs. She had read this little book for many years, and must have read that same verse many times before—but it had a special message that day, and she did pass away in the spring. Today, in spite of the intervening years, her memory is just as fresh and vital as if she herself were still here with her tender loving sympathy.

ELIZABETH BOND SCALES.

Extract from "THE LIGHT OF ASIA"

* * * * "The foolish oft-times teach the wise;
I strain too much this string of life, belike,
Meaning to make such music as shall save.
Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth,
My strength is waned now that my need is most;
Would that I had such help as man must have
For I shall die, whose life was all men's hope."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Extract from "THE LIGHT OF ASIA"

"Fair goes the dancing when the sitar's tuned;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high."
And we will dance away the hearts of men.

"The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

LETTER 78

Three remarks I repeat with profit:

Don't tamper.

No haste, but no delay.

You've got to brood if you are going to hatch.

Do not deal with personalities; neither put your faith in your own, nor another's. Study to be that which is back, or better, central, to your personality; study to deal in another with that which is central to his personality. All the outer is illusion, confusion, treachery. Put no trust in the unstable. You need only to regard your own personality a moment from within this central calm of the Self to perceive its ridiculous instability. Judge by that what the personality of others is made of, but do not judge them as individuals. Remember that in you and others this personality must be built and perfected and controlled before it can be merged in the superman.

The personality in its present form is a back-and-forth proposition. I do not care for its lovey-dovey side any more than its spats of bitterness and anger. When I hear over the telephone the adorably sweet voice of one I am familiar with, there comes to me its opposite—its scathing and punishing tones. To one who knows neither is fetching. But the tone and the look and the smile and the word of un-selfconsciousness is invincibly attractive. For many years artists like Frederic Remington studied the movements of horses in the trot, pace and gallop. The subtleties of these gaits were too fast for the eye, but intuition was awakened by faithful effort, and the work of the artists showed traces of truth which the optic nerve could not prove. Then along came the slow movement camera with its revelation. Through it, we watch physical events as from another cooler and clearer dimension of life. We are vibrating so rapidly (like the shutter of the camera) that all movement in three space is ridiculously slowed-down, its last secret revealed. Now, the mystic stands in the midst of physical events and personalities (having duly escaped from these) in the clearness and calm of one watching slow movements. And here is unexpected magic: From the

eminence he has gained, the irrefragible beauty of the personal and physical is seen for the first time. The mystic moves and speaks in abundant poise, with unerring accuracy, for there is nothing about him now that confuses, uncenters or draws him out.

In his intrinsic enlightenment, he is vibrating so rapidly that all the physical world is as soft and easy as the movement of shadows among the crags.

Stress is gone, pester of nerves, ache of aloneness, agony of want; gone, is the destructivity of fear, anger, fatigue, and their poisons from the blood stream. Passion is the ache of division—that is gone. Competitiveness is the acknowledgment of inferiority—that is gone. But the beauty, even of the physical, lives, that ineffable secret caught from the slow movement.

To enter the Slow movement of life! No haste but no delay. There is no fear; there is no failure; there is no want, for these are ephemera. In the poise of Genius, these are seen as ephemera, seen as the mere sheath and environment of personality, a realm of confusion, a practice and preparatory realm. One can never watch the parade when marching in it. In the poise of the spirit one watches the parade of the personal. He sees the parade for the first time as from an upper window. . . . On a tennis court last summer I strained to return cross-court drive. Before reaching the ball the strain suddenly ceased. The shot which had looked like an impossibility to myself and others was consummated with absurd ease and accuracy. I said afterward to one of the young men who had been at Stonestudy: "There is a dimension, if one could only reach it, wherein that which is too fast for the human eye to follow, and the human hand to execute, is seen as leisurely as the movements of a pollywog in a pail." I have known these moments in a pinch, in the fall of a horse underneath, in writing, in baseball. One suddenly enters the Slow Movement; that which has been confusion and dilemma and alarm is suddenly reduced to terms, thoughtlessly simple. A frantic snatch ends in a graceful taking, as one would take bread from a passing plate.

If one refuses to deal with personality, one can endure

in soothing stillness all injustice from another, for that injustice appears clearly for what it is, a passing aspect of personality. From the central calm of one's Genius, the element of choice and chance are eliminated, opposites are seen as one, all phases and facets are seen as variations of one thing; there invariably appears a way out through the perils and crashes and conflicts of the three space world.

The fine moments of genius must one day be sustained. That ease and poise which we have known in the revealing moments of work and play and love, must one day become our abiding consciousness. I used to think that this sustained elation would come in a great flash of light; that thus and so I should be changed for good and all. But I have found through the years that progress toward it is swiftest in those times when I have forgotten all mental pictures of what illumination is or how it is to be attained. I have found it best to give myself thoughtlessly as I can to the action of the days, finding each action important, withdrawing the personal aspect from each as well as I can; ceasing to like one and hate another, ceasing to live in the forenoon for something that is to happen in the afternoon; by sinking more and more into the core of the present moment; by realizing that so long as I entertain motives or am involved in results; so long as I am nervous, hasty, in tension, ambitious, craving, anticipatory, resentful—I am still caught in the choppy channel of the personality. Not sudden illumination, but slow steady struggle of the years; daily, hourly, momentarily, at last, practicing, rendering, discarding fears, thoughts, impulses of the personal, more and more easing down on the frantic clutch of life, and studying to withdraw into the central calm.

About the word Vibration which becomes more and more significant with the days. We gather around a stove for its vibration; we draw a chair to the light for a vibration to read by; we bend to a flower for its fragrance, or hurry past a cart of hides; we are at peace in some rooms, restless in others; we seek some people and avoid others—all matters of vibration. We go out in search for a master's vibration to cleanse and correct and

heal; finally we turn to the Spirit within. The vibration of our mind power is one thing; the vibration of the Spirit is another. The practice of Discrimination between these two; the promotion of the one, the restraint of the other, is the conscious cultivation of Genius.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

THE DESTINY OF DREAMS

I DREAMED that heaven was builded
Of fair thoughts gleaned on earth
To be new cast and gilded
In the mould of another birth,
And each bright hope we win here
Will find its true life there,
But every thought of sin here
Will make that heaven less fair—
O God, keep ever from us
All thoughts not bright and true,
That so the Land of Promise
May be of Beauty too!

S. CHARLES JELlicoe.

"BUSHI-DO"

In the days of romance in the Land of Sunrise
Where flowers bloom and birds sing,
Lovers nestle and inmates quarrel,
Lived the Samurai, the chivalry of Yamato,
Whose heart and polity—Bushi-do,
To pay his homage and deny his might.

The life of Samurai is an eternal conflict
In the greatest battlefield of duty and sympathy.
Where sympathy rules, he is the object;
Where duty dominates, he is the subject.
Battle never ceases in the heart of Samurai,
For he has placed it on the altar of sacrifice.

The pleasure of Samurai is duty he attests,
For the expression of gratitude he repays
Is stronger far than the mistress he adores;
Precious more than the heirs he prizes.
The heart of Samurai here ceases to pulse,
Given only to the sacrifice measure.

The joy of Samurai is sympathy he renders
In manifestation of the service of his life.
He faileth it not at any cost or price
In position or possession or life or honor.
Ne'er a time in life of Samurai
Tears and triumph do not meet.

The heart of Samurai is in life he testifies,
In act of benevolence or deed of kindness.
Though mute be the tongue or palsied the hand ;
Who has said that he is immune
From the cause to which he hath pledged ?
Alas ! He hath shown in the sacrifice complete.

So he carries a brace of swords,
In spirit and truth purely a Bushi-do.
One for the smite and the other for hari-kari.
Marches he on to the battle of duty
Till death claims within or without,
As all in one when he finishes the plight.

How brave and strong may be the Samurai—
Unsheathes not the sword for hatred,
Nor against the righteous, superior or weak ;
But alone for the injury meted in cowardice,
To protect the superior and defend the righteous,
Dips his sword in the crimson blood.

The life of Samurai is a life of pressure,
To live in cowardice is to disgrace his kin
Forever on the isles of exile.
To die in valor is to exalt his name ;
Forever on the altar of his household
And be worshiped by generations to follow.

F. F. TANAKA.

THE SERENE LIFE

Alone, you are one with All.

Letting go everything, everything supports you.

When you become serene you become young, for serenity is youth. In that moment you see that you who have always lived and always shall live, need never grow old—peace in the present and toward the future, that is all,—and that is eternal youth.

Serenity accounts for the joyousness of children, animals and all natural life, for the natural life yields itself without hesitation to the currents of the universe and troubles not itself for the morrow.

When I sat on the sod in the sun I said: “Here is happiness enough for one of God’s babies.”

Insult and injury—serenity will lift you to the Overlook, and then your sympathy will not be for yourself.

Or if you have given offence, Serenity will show you how to make amends.

Can you imagine a serene man pitying himself?

Can you imagine a serene man unkind?

Can you imagine a serene man losing his head?

Can you imagine a serene man weeping at a funeral?

Can you imagine a serene man breaking his heart? Or having indigestion? Or going mad? Or asking God to change his mind?

Did you ever reflect that serenity constituted a perfect and universal school of manners?—self-possession, radiant consideration and sweetness, that is serenity and that fills the code.

J. WM. LLOYD.

RE-BIRTH

O Death, stay thy errand, in mercy!
Thy sinister wings hover near
Slowly beating the dirge of my Loved One.
Dread Reaper—thy footstep! Thou’rt here!

A light streams in holy effulgence;
In trembling I fall on my face.
On the air, to empyreal strains, float
These words of compassionate grace:

“All hail to the Life everlasting!
‘Ye die, yet shall live,’ the Lord saith;
Through the ages Earth’s children have shunned me—
His merciful Angel of Death.

“I sever the soul from its bondage
Of Sorrow—of Sickness—of Strife;
Rise, Beloved! in Death’s shining Angel
Behold ye the Way and the Life!”

List well to divine revelation—
Be comforted, children of Earth;
Life abundant—the Heritage lasting;
Death—but the Celestial Re-birth.

HAZEL DELL CRANDELL.

SELF CONTROL

(Continued from March issue)

Now, let us examine the present conditions of our mind: The mind is naturally attracted by objects which are pleasing to the senses, or which help in fulfilling the purposes and desires that are extremely strong in us. The majority of mankind are attached to those objects which give pleasure, both sensuous and mental. They are never attached to anything or anybody where they do not find pleasure. In the same manner, it can be shown that the natural tendency of the mind is also to get away from pain. The eyes look to the beautiful; the ears are pleased to hear that which is melodious; we like to smell sweet fragrance and to taste things pleasing to the palate; that which pleases the senses of one man gives pain to another. Many people enjoy curious flavors and high seasoning, while others are disgusted by them. The same color, the same sound or taste, which is pleasing to some may be the source of discomfort to another. This shows that pleasure and pain are not the inherent properties of the objects of senses, but that they depend upon the conditions of the mind and body which come in direct contact with those objects.

Mind has a tremendous power over the body; if a certain idea gets possession of the mind, it affects the body, and produces corresponding changes in the whole system. The same mind which found pleasure in a certain thing at one time dislikes the very sight of that thing if new ideas happen to get a hold upon it. There is nothing in the universe from which all individuals can derive absolute pleasure or absolute pain, or that can even please the same individual at all times; satiety is the inevitable result of continued experience and with that comes loss of interest. Constant change of the objects of pleasure is absolutely necessary for those people who seek pleasure from the external world. Many people have the erroneous idea that the rich must always be happy. So, they often fail to enjoy the pleasures within their reach. Thus making their life a burden. They fail to understand that wealth has its own trials that are more unbearable than the ills of poverty. The truth is that true happiness can only belong to him who can control his own mind. The practice of self-control would be a great blessing to such unhappy people, and would make their life more worth living.

Before we can control the natural tendency of the mind to seek pleasure in external objects, we must realize that the feeling of pleasure depends upon the feeling of pain by comparison. Pleasure is pleasure only when it stands in relation to a feeling of pain. We can readily understand that pleasure and pain may arise in different individuals from their contact with the same objects of the senses.

The natural tendency of the mind is to seek pleasure and to avoid pain. We are attached to those objects from which we derive pleasure, but the moment these cease to yield us gratification we become indifferent to the very things we so eagerly desired. Sometimes we grow to hate them and wish to get away from them.

Our minds are constantly seeking new objects of pleasure through the gates of the senses, and attach themselves to every fresh object that promises to give us a pleasant feeling or sensation. While this attachment lasts the mind becomes a slave to it. If anything happens to come in the way and prevent the mind from enjoying a particular pleasure, the mind tries to overcome that obstacle. The stronger the opposing power, the greater the mental struggle to subdue it. If the desire be very strong and we cannot succeed in gratifying it by ordinary means, we often get enraged and adopt more violent measures, thus losing all possibility of a peaceful state of mind.

(To be Continued)

"The perfect victory is to triumph over one's self."

THOMAS A'KEMPIS.

"SELF is the lord of Self, who else could be the lord?"

"One's own Self conquered is better than all other people; not even a god could change into defeat the victory of a man who has vanquished himself and always lives under restraint."

From The Dhammapada.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

A poet wrought
In an attic room
Threads of thought
At a mystic loom—

Wrote as his conscience bade him phrase
Of a worldly world with its wayward ways
Meshed with purple and black and gray
That strangle the sunlight of struggling day.

"Let there be Light!"
Spoke a Voice from the Silence—
"Let there be light!
Write for the might of it,
Smite for the right of it,
Lighten the night with it—
Let there be Light!"

So he wrote for it,
Smote for it—
And there *was* light!

Light like a burst from an April cloud
Over the minds of men;
Light that coursed through the worldly shroud
Straight from his trenchant pen—
The pen that served as a lightning-rod
Conveying the Absolute Word of God.

Men quote it now as he wrote it then
By the sweat of his brow with his dripping pen;
They hail him now as they flailed him then
When he bore the rod for the sake of men—

God's was the only Word he feared,
"Let there be Light!"
With faithful hand at his plodding home
He worked—and starved—in his attic room—
God's was the only World he feared—
"Let there be Light!"

PHYLLIS FORTUNE.

THE BELLS OF MOSCOW

From forty times forty churches,
In the dark hours of the dawn,
The steeples hurled against the world
Defiance on swords drawn;
They boomed upon the Easter air,
Upon the doomed—upon despair—
The word crashed through:
 "Peace be to you—
Forgive them, they know not what they do!"

From forty times forty churches,
In the red hours of the dawn,
Above loosed Hell each brass-tongued bell
Rang on—and on—and on
Above those heads, above those "Reds"
Above that kneeling few
Where sabres merged with rags, there surged
The word: *"Peace be to you!"*
And—*"Father of All, forgive them,*
For they know not what they do!"

PHYLLYS FORTUNE.

I AM RADIO KHJ

I am a Voice pulsating in the ether, filling the air everywhere.

I am an Idea, handed down from the Divine Mind and I am hailed with joy as a Messenger of Inspiration, the forerunner of bigger and better things.

I am first heard and made captive by dreamers of dreams; men who had visions and inspirations when insulated from earth life by slumber; unselfish men who gave me to others without money and without price.

At first I could speak only in whispers; now my voice—of higher planes—has been strengthened and magnified by cunning craftsmen, setting dull wires vibrating and pulsating to the sound.

At first I was a feeble toy, the plaything of youth; but I have grown until the keenest minds on earth are at work to give fuller expression to my voice and to increase the good I can do.

My voice is still the voice of youth; but I have changed the life of nations.

I am the new voice that is revolutionizing the methods of teaching. Times change but the human heart never changes. The pulpit and the university reach the few; but I reach the masses of the common people, and "God must love the common people, for he made so many of them"—as the immortal Lincoln said.

My voice appeals to every class—the young and old, rich and poor, great and small, of every clime, every color, creed or nationality; to all who have ears to hear, the learned and unlearned.

I know no creed or dogma, but my voice links you to the unseen, higher life that exists in you, with you and all around you; that recognizes a belief in God as a personal possession instead of a profession.

I have revealed that the voice lifted in prayer, may reach the farthest Heaven.

I travel with speed of light and thought, and speak in many places and at all hours. By my magic you are whirled through space from the poles to the Equator; from above the clouds to the gardens on the ocean floor;

from the marts of busy men to the haunts of the wild beast; from the King's chamber to the hut of the savage.

I speak in Los Angeles and at the same time my voice is heard in Boston and Honolulu.

I make a tour of the world possible in your home—taking the listener everywhere and broadening his mind and making him a better citizen.

I have brought the ends of the earth together and for the first time people of the world understand each other's needs.

I comfort the sick, cheer the lonely and uplift the depressed.

I delight, enthuse, inspire and uplift all to higher planes of living; speaking to the lonely men sitting in remote places amid mountain snows or desert sands; bringing the news of the day and the familiar songs of long ago.

I bring the family closer together and bind them with cords of mutual interest and better understanding of what is best in life.

I keep wayward, restless youth in the home circle during the long evenings, while I fill them with delight, singing the best songs, telling the latest news, or describing the last marvels of science.

I have a beautiful home in the top of a tall tower in the metropolis of the Pacific, where snowy mountains look down on the quiet sea; where the sweet songs of birds and the perfume of orange blossoms fill the air.

I am "RADIO KHJ, THE TIMES, Los Angeles, California."

I am on the air three times a day. LISTEN IN!

GILBERT E. BAILEY, Ph. D.,
U. of So. California.

*Good, Better, Best,
Never let it rest
Till your Good is Better,
And your Better Best.*

ANON.

THE LOTUS EATER

(Lost in the Himalayas)

Great Isis! hear me, lost and alone—
Alone on these mighty heights
Where silence reigns in majesty
Enthroned, dumbstricken by the
Symphonies of Om, Lord of the Universe!
Thy cosmic rhythm holds the spheres in
Place and lights the candles of the
Stars. Lost and alone

Great Isis, weave me now a garland
Of the lotus here that I may crown
My brows with happy dreams and sweet
Forgetfulness shall waft my spirit to the
Blessed Isles. I pray thee, Goddess, weave me a
Chariot of the lotus flowers lest in this
Immensity I hear once more the
Sobbing of the Nile and see again
As in those days of yore the
Sacred bloom of Isis rise from out thy
Shimmering depths robed in a garment of the
Glistening moon. Like golden lilies trod my
Loved one's feet upon the luminous blossoms then
And crushed their fragrance out as
From the wine-press of the Gods. What sweet
Communion held we there in Allah's Garden
While that grim guardian of the
Desert gazed with unflinching eyes and
Smile inscrutable upon my wooing. Again I see
As in a crystal the shifting of the
Golden sands and see the night clouds fall
Athwart the Nile like darkening shadows on a
Purple sea, while wrapped in the star-flecked
Ermine of the night we told our love unto a
Shamed moon who hid her face before the
Rapture of our kisses and higher rose

Beneath the scuttling clouds less passion-roused
She dared not gaze on our completeness.
So drank we of the cup of life while
Royal palms swayed drowsily in
Allah's garden and fell asleep to
Waken with the dawn to see the
Sun Lord mount victorious on his way to
Memnon's singing, while far away great Gizeh
Stood triuned against a pulsing sky and
Gave no sign that locked within its
Mighty heart it held the secret of the
Ages. Clad in death's robe the
Golden lilies of my loved one's feet no
Longer crush the lotus bloom while I, swift pinioned
Seek my heart's desire beyond the reaches of the
Farthest star—and find her not—
Lost and alone!

Great Isis, weave me a
Garland of the lotus now, lest in this hour
I hear once more the sobbing of the Nile—and
See again as in those days of yore
The sacred flower of Egypt rise from out
Thy shimmering depths robed in a garment of the
Glistening moon—

Great Isis, save me! Lost and alone—
Lost and alone—

—JEANNE STANLEY GARY.

WHAT FLOWERS SYMBOLIZE

“Speak ye flowers, tell us of your trust, and how you draw your fragrance from the common dust.”

The first thought flowers bring to us is their fragrance and their beauty of form and color, and then we are reminded of the great variety in which they are expressed. Poets, artists and admirers of the beautiful in nature have delighted to extemporize on the symbolism of flowers; and from the ideas they have expressed has been conceived the idea of the God Spirit manifested through the deeper nature of His Masterpiece, the Immortal Soul of Man. For is not the soul like a flower that expands and unfolds beneath the sunlight of Divine Love?

From time immemorial flowers have been used as the insignia of Nations, orders and societies. The lily and the rose seem to be of all the varieties those most chosen. We know that the Lily, rising from the dark slime of the earth and opening its beautiful and fragrant chalice to the sun is symbolic of the soul's immortality; and the rose, as it passes through its different degrees of perfection from bud to blossom, and from blossom to expanded flower, is symbolic of the soul's progress, always striving toward Godly perfection, passing through one higher expression after another only to find that there is a still higher one, and a more perfect expression still higher up.

What is the deeper symbolism of flowers, and what do they express in relation to the soul? What is a symbol, and what do we mean by a soul? Ah, my friends, the soul of man is the power-house of The Great White Spirit, the everlasting life manifestation of God Power in Eternity. The symbol is the outward and visible form of the Supreme Idea which to the reflective mind is the keynote to man's nature. Thus we say, “Are there not women who fill our homes with a tender and subtle power like that of the rose?” The lesson of their character is like a fragrant perfume, and they fill our hearts with sacrificial wine. Thus the rose is the symbol of Love between the souls which friendship seals. Flowers symbolize the virtues attained by the soul through its many

degrees of life and form on different planes of Nature. The virtues are human qualities in their highest import in the degree of perfection thus attained. The rosebud is symbolic of the soul's awakening to the perception of that great beauty which commands a higher degree of love, love that ennobles and refines. Certain varieties of the rose have been chosen to symbolize different expressions. People of all countries recognize the power of the French Tea Rose—expressing as it does the perfection attained through some inner force of nature, and manifested in the creamy elegance of the flower, which seems to be like the deep underlying force of a Nation's honor. Honor, Loyalty and Truth, all nations ascribe to the fearless American Beauty, herald of a symbolic triplicity of life, courage and power not yet consummated in the higher order of God's message to man. History is filled with beautiful legends of the flowers and the character of many people is revealed in their choice of flowers.

The little white Star of Bethlehem that blooms at Easter, is a sweet and tender symbol of the birth of a more perfect soul consciousness which seems to say, "I alone am aware of the God power manifested in and through me—to me the darkness of the night is Holy, for within it I have found the light."

All souls who seek to find the great Master must pass through the Valley of the Shadow if they would reach the mountain peak where dwells the Great White Brotherhood of perfected humanity whose flower symbols are the Lily of the Valley and the Rose of Sharon.

The violet is the symbol of constancy. It seems to send to Heaven its vibrations of praise and aspiration. The delicate incense it breathes forth is akin to the harmony of those souls who send into the atmosphere colors and odors exquisite beyond description. Have we not all friends who are like violets upon which shines the dew of their character? One may give a rose to a friend or a loved one, but a violet inspires a finer sentiment which brings with it a feeling as of something highly cherished, something enshrined in the deeper chancel of the being where one brings himself face to face with his own soul.

The tulip is the symbol of Justice—its great cup held out to be filled with the wine of Charity whose supply should be inexhaustible. That charity which Justice creates is as free and boundless as the great forces of the Universe that have been and always will be.

The lotus flower with its golden heart is a symbol of the universe. It is the lily Lady of the Lake, and the royal flower of Egypt, and symbolizes the power of chemistry and alchemy. Some of these mystic flowers seem to manifest on their upturned faces the thoughts of which they are the living representation. The deeper the soul's perception and realization of the flower in relation to its perfect union with the Universal through the change from youth to age the more responsive will it become to the vibrations which the flower suggests—delicacy of color and exquisite outline of form and the countless variety expressed. Verily, the flowers are stars embedded in the bosom of the earth reflecting the lights of the heavens.

Students of the philosophy of life prize above all other flowers the daisy, which is symbolic of light, humility and faith,—faith in a future life, revealed in God's greatest creation the soul of Man.

The sunflower is symbolic of the soul in its attainment of the knowledge and consciousness of the spirit. Among the old Atlanteans were many souls who were living symbols of the sunflower. They lifted their faces always to the sunlight of God's power. This was their duty, their delight and their privilege. God, realizing this, gave them great manifestations of his power.

The myrtle among the ancient Greeks and Romans symbolized Love and its consecration to the Goddess of Beauty.

The pansy has been suggested as the Flower of Thought, symbolizing different forms of vibration, and is known to be the fount of Universal Consciousness.

The forget-me-not is also a thought form, symbolizing humility and soul elevation.

The daffodil is a lonely soul who finds delight in solitude.

Orange blossoms and mistletoe manifest Unity and spiritual union.

The camellia is a symbol of gratitude. It is a flower that stands out as a manifestation of pure loveliness, serene and calm with a crystalized brilliance that can only be caught in the transparent purity of memory.

The snowdrop, holding ever aloft its flag of truce, is the fair white expression of Peace.

The morning glory is symbolic of souls who sit at the feet of the Master and twine about his knee.

The carnation is the symbol of morality,—verily, an angel amongst men, as modesty is an angel among the flowers.

The chrysanthemum is symbolic of a love of truth—a lighthouse of many colored rays in a sea of Thought. It is an ideal of reality, a tower of strength in an ocean of distress, since strength embraces Truth and is crowned with victory—so Truth rises like a beautiful tower with torch of shimmering golden light, like the tresses of a fair maiden.

The poppy is symbolic of sleep, the consolation of weary travelers embarked on the sea of life.

The peony symbolizes in its cup of clustered petals the soul of Power and Devotion. A soul whose character is represented in the peony seems to possess a talisman that works wonders among men. The knowledge possessed by such a soul protects, defends and encourages in the many vicissitudes of life.

The cypress flower is symbolic of the power to climb through hindrances and adverse conditions. This plant is a wonderful climber and sends out its tiny filaments to cling to whatever background it finds to support it. It is indeed a beautiful plant and its flowers are very rare. The bees love the honey it contains. It has one great significance in relation to the human mind, and that is inspirational speaking—always the highest form of inspirational expression, demonstrable in a place where the harmony is unbroken by the discord of the outer world and where the vibrations are sympathetic with the melody of the uplifted soul. Though the lips may be silent, here inspiration finds expression and

brings the soul forward to its best ability. The hand lifts the mystic curtain and the soul enters the sphere of wisdom. He who is thus blessed learns the secret of the Alchemists of old. He learns to watch the interplay of symbols and brilliant colors interwoven in all their splendor with their varied lights and shades, and thereby revealing the forms of the teachers and Masters in their robes of dazzling purity, their faces shining like stars—star symbols of the Christ born in the human heart.

The calla is the symbol of majesty which signifies the soul's surrender to the will of its Creator where it finally loses itself and is merged in the God-head of creative law. It thus commands the reverence of lofty souls as it aspires and climbs toward God.

The rare and ever welcome white heather is a symbol of Hope that spurs the soul onward for the conflict of life. It manifests the hope born of the courage that sees itself in possession of that which it would attain. The fragility of the soul symbolized in the beautiful white heather is one of its chief charms.

No other forms of life and beauty come so close to the human heart as the flowers in their beauty, since they are related to all that is sacred in human life. Flowers are symbols of higher law. Their form and color are like smiles that make radiant the Universe. We each represent through our soul's unfoldment one or more flowers, and it is the mission of some to shed glory and fragrance over the pathway of others.

* * * * *

Being an expression of what flowers symbolize in relation to the unfoldment of the soul.

By one who sees the smiles of God expressed in Nature, and revealing through the silence, stars of lustrous light.

COLOR SCHOOL.

“The Lord says: Whenever religion declines and ir-religion prevails, I manifest myself to protect the righteous, to destroy evil and to establish true religion.”

Bhagavad Gita, IV. 7-8.

SAYINGS

“That which exists is one: Men call it by various name.”

From Rig Veda I, 164, 46.

“The Supreme Spirit is devoid of the defining attributes of form, color, etc. He is unchangeable, unborn, eternal, indestructible, imperishable, and is always of one nature. He is pure and the repository of all blessed qualities.”

VISHNU PURANA.

“The all-pervading, omnipotent Spirit, manifests Himself in various forms under different names to fulfill the the desires of His worshippers.”

VISHNU PURANA.

“The soul enchained is ‘man’, and free from chain is ‘God’.”

*From The Life and Sayings of
Sri Ramakrishna by
Prof. F. Max Mueller.
P. 145.*

“The Divine Lord says: A portion of Myself has become the living Soul in the world of life from time without beginning.”

Bhagavad Gita, XV, v. 7.

Salvation it self is nothing else but transmutation.—

EUGENIUS PHILALETES.

Follow not me nor my path, but the path that I show.

H. P. B.

AWAKE!

Awake!
Call to the world,
Awake!
The stork arrives,
And in its beak
A message brings
To all mankind.
Awake, vast world!
Dig deep a grave
And of the past, bury
All wrongs and strife;
All mournful tears.
Call to all Nations,
To all peoples, call,
Awake! Arise!
Think of today,
Forget the yestermorn.
Call to the Kings,
To Rulers of the land;
To Statesmen,
Makers of the Laws;
Bid them awake!
Make effigy
Of autocratic man;
And at the stake
Let naught remain
But ashes of his past.
Workers, awake!
All workers of the world,
Foundation builders of the land;
Build structures new

From blocks of "commonsense,"
And, with spirit rightly tense
Erect democracy
Which nothing can destroy,
Decay.
Churches, awake!
Teach to humanity
There's but one God,
One heaven,
One Church alone has He,
One Unity.
New world, awake!
The bright new man arouse—
TOO long already has he slept
All these past years,
While multitudes have struggled,
Wept.
Awake, new man!
'Tis time that you now live.
Look! See what gift
The stork has brought,
As, soaring high
It now proclaims
To all mankind
New birth
Of God's own message,
God's own thought—
"Peace be to you
As unto others peace you give."
Awake!

AMOS CAMPBELL.

FROEBEL

"Come, let us live with our children; so shall their lives bring peace and joy to us; so shall we begin to be, and to become wise."—Froebel.

April 21st is the birthday of Froebel, the child-lover who started the idea of the kindergarten in Germany nearly a hundred years ago. His mother died when he was only a year old, and his father was a busy minister. Froebel was left in the care of a busy maid who would shut the child up in a room alone when she had work to do, and he was obliged to amuse himself playing with the furniture in the room, and by watching men at work repairing a church which was nearby. He was permitted to play in the garden, also, but was not allowed to get even a glimpse of the world beyond.

When he was old enough to go to school his father put him into a school for girls, as he thought it would be better for the child than to have him grow up with other boys.

When he was ten years old an uncle came to visit them and asked to be allowed to take the child home with him to live, as he seemed so very unhappy. This uncle had a home on the banks of a sparkling little river, and everything in the house was pleasant and happy.

After five years of schooling, during which time he found his greatest pleasure in being out of doors with the flowers and plants, he decided to become a surveyor, and learn also how to take care of trees and forests. He studied many things in connection with the care of the woods, and the making of maps and plans for houses, but decided at last that there was nothing he loved so well as teaching—for he loved children and liked to be with them.

When he was about thirty years of age he went to war for a year, but returned to his home and continued teaching. He was never quite happy or satisfied until he thought of the kindergarten, where children could play together and learn games and songs and have teachers who love little children.

He spent many years of his life in more or less poverty, but devoted his life to making children happy, and was never too old to play with them. Almost the last words he spoke were about the flowers he loved so well, and about God who had been so good to him.

VISION

A vision of something to work for,
A dream of the best in our scope,
Is uplifting, compelling and broadening
And brings with it blessings of hope.

The artist within us awakens—
We plan and we build, we believe
That forces are blended and strengthened,
And thus have the power to achieve.

E. B. S.

The deepest sorrows may be transmuted into an element which brings peace and serenity even though we may be conscious of our loss.

E. B. S.

SOUL'S SECRET DOOR

I seek no more for I have found Him, not by seeking,—
He came to me when I was not looking,
Opening my soul's secret door.
Friend, how can I tell thee of this strange mystery?
He is seen unsought only through this, the soul's secret
door.

SWAMI PARAMANANDA.

TRANSCENDENT LIGHT

Out of the deep darkness of night
A light burst upon my soul,
Filling me with serene gladness.
All my inner chambers
Are opened at its touch;
All my inmost being
Is flooded by its radiance.

SWAMI PARAMANANDA.

IMMORTALITY

(Continued from March issue)

As modern philosophers have identified thought with molecular changes in the brain they do not know how to explain such a case, and they generally deny it. The mind is intimately connected with the brain, and dies every time the body changes. Self is the illuminator, and the mind is the instrument in its hands, and through that instrument it gets hold of the external instrument, and thus comes perception. The external instrument gets hold of the impression, and carries it to the organs, for you must remember always that the eyes and ears are only receivers, it is the internal organs, the brain centres which act. In Sanskrit these centres are called *Indryias*, and they carry sensations to the mind, and the mind presents them further back to other states of the mind, which in Sanskrit is called *Chitta*, and there they are organized into will, and all these things, which place it before the King of Kings inside, the Ruler on His throne, the Self of man. He then sees and gives His orders. Then the mind immediately acts on the organs, and the organs on the external body. The real Perceiver, the real Ruler, the Governor, We have seen then that this Self of man is not the body, and the Creator, the Manipulator of all this is the Self of man. it is not thought. Neither body nor thought. It cannot be a compound. Why not? Because everything that is a compound we must either see or imagine. That which we cannot imagine or perceive, that which we cannot bind together, that is not force or matter, cause or effect, or causation, cannot be a compound. The power of compound is so far as our mental universe, our thought universe, takes us. Beyond this it does not hold good. It is as far as law will take it, and if it is anything beyond law, it cannot be a compound at all. I think that is easy enough to you, yet I will be more explicit. You see what makes a compound. This glass is a compound, in which the causes have combined and become the effect. So these compound things can be only within the circle of the law of causation, so far as the rules of cause and effect go, so far can we have compounds and combinations. Beyond that it is impossible to talk of combinations, because no law holds good therein. Beyond this they do not hold good, and law holds good only in that universe which we see, feel, hear,

imagine, dream, and beyond that we cannot place any law, the idea of law does not hold good beyond that. We have seen, too, that that is our universe which we sense, or imagine, and we sense what is in our direct perception, and we imagine what is in our mind, therefore what is beyond the body, is beyond the senses, and what is beyond the mind is beyond the imagination, and therefore is beyond the universe. Therefore beyond the law of causation, is the free ruler, the Self. Therefore the Self rules everything that is within the law. This Self of man goes beyond the law, and therefore must be free, cannot be any composition, or the result of any combination, or the effect of any cause. It will never die, because death is going back to the component parts, and that which was never a compound can never die. It will be sheer nonsense to say it does. It does not end here.

(To be continued)

From "TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN"

All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or withhold it;
I but distribute His gifts to the poor, and to those of His
People

Who, in journeyings often, surrender their lives to His
service,

His, not mine are the gifts, and only so far can I make
them

Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given.

LONGFELLOW.

LAOTZE AND THE MESSAGE OF THE KING

In the December number of BROADCAST under "Message of the King," we took from the Tao-Teh-King the digest of Laotze's philosophy:

*There is no Life
But GOD:
No God
But GOOD:
No Good
But LOVE:
No Love
But BEAUTY:
No Beauty
But TEH:
No Teh
But TAH:*

*Without sound, not without voice,
Without shape, all form;
Magnificent; beauty.*

Among the philosophers of the east, Laotze is commonly known as the "Old Boy". Neither Laotze nor Confucius are called Saviors in the strictest sense, but are generally known as sages and philosophers. The teacher of Taoism was fifty-three years older than Confucius, but they met each other, and the substance of their conversation has been handed down by Chinese historians. Unlike Confucianism, Christianity, Buddhism or Mahometanism, the religion of Taoism was not named for its founder, Laotze.

Laotze was born in 604 B. C.—that is the third year of the reign of the Emperor Ting Wang of the Cho dynasty. Tradition says: "The master Laotze was conceived under the influence of a star. When he received the breath of life we cannot fathom, but when asked, he pointed to the plum tree (in Chinese called Li), under which he was born and adopted it as his surname. We do not know whence came the musical sounds that were heard, but he kept his marvelous powers concealed in the womb of his mother for more than seventy

years. When he was born the hair of his head was already white, and he took the designation Lao-Tze which means "Old Boy". These words were inscribed in 586 A. D. by the Emperor Wan Ti on the stone tablet on the temple built in memory of Laotze at his birth place in the village of Chu-Jhren, Li county, belonging to the Ku Province of the State Chu. It lies in the east of what is now the province of Honan.

Besides this inscription on the stone tablet, we find a brief account of Laotze's life in the familiar historical records, or Shi-ki of Sze-ma-chien, the Herodotus of Chinese history. This Shi-ki was compiled in the year 91 B. C. We have still another account of Laotze's life by his renowned follower, Chwang-Tze, who lived in 330 B. C. Both of these accounts say that the family name of this great soul was Li (plum tree)—and his name was Er (ear), but after his death he was called Tan (long lobed). This in those days was considered a sign of virtue. His appellation was Po Yang, or Count of Positive Principle. Popularly he was called Laotze—the Old Boy, or Philosopher—which signifies "One who remains childlike even when old."

Laotze was one of the recorders of the royal court of Cho, and especially in charge of the sacred archives as State historian.

In the year 517 B. C., Confucius, who was then about thirty-five years old, went to the library of Cho in order to consult Laotze regarding some ceremony in connection with ancestor worship. Referring to ancestors, Laotze said to Confucius: "The men about whom you talk are dead, and their bones are mouldered in dust; only their words are left. If a nobleman finds his time he rises, but if he does not find his time he drifts like a roving plant, and wanders about. I observe that the wise merchant hides his treasures deeply, and appears as if he is poor; and that the wise man though his virtue be complete, assumes an attitude as though he were stupid. Put away your proud airs, your many desires, your affectations and wild plans. They are of no advantage to you Sir. This is all I have to tell you, Sir."

Hearing this, Confucius left, and being unable to grasp Lao-Tze's ideas, he said to his disciples: "I know how the birds can fly, fishes swim, and animals run; but the runner may be snared, the swimmer hooked, and the flyer shot by

the arrow. But there is the Dragon—I cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds, and rises to heaven. Today I have seen Lao-Tze, and can only compare him to the Dragon.”

The teachings of Lao-Tze are contained in the book he wrote himself in the 6th century B. C., and which is known as the Tao-Teh-King. This title was given by Emperor Ching, of the Han dynasty—156-143 B. C. He issued an imperial decree that Lao-tze work on Tao and the Teh, which means the virtues or characteristics of Tao, should be respected as a canonical book or “King”—hence it is called Tao-Teh King.

The different European scholars have translated the word Tao variously. Some have translated it as “The Way”, others again as “The Eternal Being”; some have called it “Reason”; others say it is the same as Nature of modern science. The Buddhists used the term “Tao” for enlightenment; it literally means Path, or Way, or Method. Just as the word “Brahman” of Vedanta cannot be translated into English by one word so there is no single English term for “Tao.”

Happiness is the reflection of our Blissful or Divine Nature on the mind undisturbed by desires, passions or anxieties.

Happiness comes in freedom, never in slavery.

True freedom means the emancipation of the soul from the bondage of ignorance, delusion, selfishness and all other imperfections.

—Abhedananda.

AMRITA BINDU UPANISHAD

(Continued from February issue)

When manas is free from a longing for the sense objects, mentioned above, it leads to liberation. Thus by anvaya and vyatireka, by what is called the method of agreement and difference, we find that pure manas conduces to moksha. So, too, do the wise people think.

Manas should be completely restrained from objects.

Every one should strive to render manas nirvishaya, to set it free from sense-objects:

3. Since liberation is ensured to this manas (when) free from objects, therefore by the seekers of liberation should the manas be ever made free from objects.

This: Manas is Sakshi-pratyaksha, ever directly present before Atman, the Witness. We are ever conscious of the existence of manas. Mukti consist in liberation from such bonds as avidya, i. e., mukti is attained when manas is dissolved or merged in the heart-lotus, when it attains to what is called unmani-bhava or mis-sankalpata state, the state in which there is no thought whatever in the manas. It is the condition known also as manonmani, that state in which there reigns a perfect steadiness of manas.

NIRODHA LEADS TO LIBERATION.

The result of such a nirodha or restraint of manas is stated as follows:

4: When manas, free from engrossment of objects, well restrained in the heart, attains to the *Atman's* being, then it is the supreme abode.

Manas, when completely restrained in the heart-lotus, attains to the *Atman's* being, i. e., it attains to a consciousness of the identity of Jiva and Brahman, to the consciousness that "I am Brahman." This attaining to the *Atman's* state is the result of the restraint of manas. Than this there is indeed, nothing higher to be attained.

(To be continued)

THE INCLUSIVE

I am the great Forever—
 No man has seen my face.
I am the now and the never;
 I am the boundless space.

I am the thunder of Heaven;
 I am the song of the sea;
I am the storm of the mountains;
 I am the breath of the lea.

I am the silence of midnight;
 I am the gladness of day;
I am the madness of moonlight,
 I am the sun on its way.

I am the life that surrounds me,
 I am the sweet inner breath;
I am the darkness about me—
 I am the shadow of death.

The dreamer am I—and his dreaming;
 I am the knower and the known;
I am the real and the seeming
 In form and color and tone.

I am the crucified Master;
 Judas am I who betrays;
Order am I, and disaster—
 I am the Ancient of Days!

I am the end of duty—
 I am the budding rod!
I am the heart of Beauty—
 I am the love of God!

JAMES M. WARNACK.

THE FORGE OF PURIFICATION

Sorrow, suffering, are but stepping stones
To a higher Plane of Thought;
We only attain a more Spiritual Plane
Through trials the Soul has fought.
We climb so high through knowledge,
In cold hard facts we are taught,
But unless we experience sorrow,
Our Knowledge is but naught.
We can be as One with Infinite Life
Through the Forge of Purification;
We are a Spark of Creative Fire
And are here for Transmutation.

HAZEL REDMAN BEATLEY.

A LITTLE SONNET

I'm never lonely, since God is here
My soul to bless, my heart to cheer;
He understands and He leads the Way,
And guards each step from day to day
Mid roses fair, and blossoms sweet;
And those whose souls I'm glad to greet—
So noble, gentle, loyal and kind—
Are true at heart, and pure in mind:
So why be gloomy?—why despair?
Since God is HERE—And EVERYWHERE!

MAYOR MASON.

THE ADVENT OF ARJUN

Gauntleted and jewel-girdled, with his bow of ample height,
Archer Arjun pious-hearted to the gods performed a rite,

Then he stepped forth proud and stately in his golden mail encased,
Like the sunlit cloud of evening with the golden rainbow graced,

And a gladness stirred the people all around the listed plain,
Voice of drum and blare of trumpet rose with *sankha's* festive strain!

"Mark! the gallant son of Pandu, whom the happy Pritha bore,
Mark! the heir of *Indra's* valour, matchless in his arms and lore,

Mark! the warrior young and valiant, peerless in his skill of arms,
Mark! the prince of stainless virtue, decked with grace and varied charms!"

Pritha heard such grateful voices borne aloft unto the sky,
Milk of love suffused her bosom, tear of joy was in her eye!

And where rested Kuru's monarch, joyous accents struck his ear,
And he turned to wise Vidura seeking for the cause to hear:

"Wherefore like the voice of ocean, when the tempest winds prevail,
Rise the voices of the people and the spacious skies assail?"

Answered him the wise Vidura, "It is Pritha's gallant boy,
Godlike moves in golden armour, and the people shout for joy!"

"Pleased am I," so spake the monarch, "and I bless my happy fate,
Pritha's sons like fires of Yajna sanctify this mighty State!"

Now the voices of the people died away and all was still.
Arjun to his proud preceptor showed his might and matchless skill.

Towering high or lowly bending, on the turf or on his car,
With his bow and glist'ning arrows Arjun waged the mimic war,
Targets on the wide arena, mighty tough or wondrous small,
With his arrows still unfailing, Arjun pierced them one and all!

Wild-boar shaped in plates of iron coursed the wide-extending field,
In its jaws five glist'ning arrows sent the archer wondrous-skilled,

Cow-horn by a thread suspended was by winds unceasing swayed,
One and twenty well-aimed arrows on this moving mark he laid,

And with equal skill his rapier did the godlike Arjun wield,
Whirling round his mace of battle ranged the spacious tourney field!

MAHABHARATA.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA

*Translated by Pramada Dasa Mitra with Explanatory notes by
Walter N. Goldschmidt.*

Continued from March issue

Discourse VI.

Explanatory Notes:

*Attention — Concentration —
Meditation God-Consciousness.*

Attention is the first step in the path to Realization. Then Concentration.

When the MIND, absolutely restrained by the practice of concentration, attains quietude and when seeing the SELF by the self, one is satisfied in his own Self; when he feels that infinite BLISS—which is PERCEIVED by the *purified intellect* and which transcends the senses, and established wherein he never departs from his real state; and having obtained which, regards no other acquisition superior to that, and where established he is not moved even by heavy sorrow.

This state should be practised with perseverance, undisturbed by depression of heart.

Purified Intellect grasps independently of the senses.

That (condition) should one know to be what is named Yoga—the cessation with pain. That Yoga should, with a firm faith, be practiced, and with an undespairing mind. (23)

Practical application is real yoga.

Foregoing completely all the desires which arise from imagination, and restraining by the mind the whole group of senses from all directions. (24)

One should, by degrees, rest (from mental action) through the understanding kept (in subjection) by Firmness; fixing the mind in the Spirit, he should think nought. (25)

Whithersoever the mind, unsteady and volatile, goeth forth, from thence restraining it, he should curb it back into the Spirit. (26)

To such Yogi, with the mind thus tranquillized and passions quieted, cometh Bliss Supreme—him who hath no sin and hath become one with Brahma. (27)

Thus subjugating himself constantly, the Yogi with all his sins purged off, easily attaineth to that contact with Brahma which is Absolute Bliss. (28)

(Thus) with his mind concentrated by Yoga, he beholdeth himself in all beings and all beings in himself, seeing the same (Brahma) everywhere. (29)

He who seeth Me in all and all in Me, loseth Me not, nor do I lose him. (30)

How this meditation is to be striven for.

Without attempting to fix the mind at once upon the Supreme, proceed step by step from the gross to the less gross. See "Kena Upanishad."

Has become one with the all-in-all, the Supreme Spirit.

Declaration of the ultimate goal. Unmixed, pure, perfect eternal BLISS comes to him who attains this.

No longer separated by time or space of anything intervening. Restfulness of the heart is the only medium through which comes the perception of true UNITY.

This means that the Individual Spirit knows the Universal Spirit as the self, and the relation is reciprocal. This is the Acme of IDENTITY.

He who, abiding in unity, worshipping Me as residing in all beings, that Yogi, howsoever living, liveth in Me. (31)

He, O Arjuna, who by self-comparison regardeth pleasure and pain as everywhere the same, that Devotee is held as the highest. (32)

Arjuna spoke:

Of this Yoga, O Slayer of Madhu, that that been declared by Thee as characterised by Unity (with the Absolute Spirit) I see not the permanent condition because of fickleness. (33)

For the mind, O Krishna, is wandering and tumultuous violent and hard (to control). To curb it I regard as difficult as (to curb) the wind. (34)

The Divine Lord spoke:

Undoubtedly, O mighty-armed one, the mind is unsteady and hard to curb; yet by practice and dispassion, it is subdued, O Kaunteya (35)

But hard is Yoga to be attained by him who is not self-controlled: such is my judgment; while by the self-controlled who striveth, it can be obtained by (the prescribed) means. (36)

Arjuna spoke:

See John 17:20-23.

"Liveth in Me"—Attains to LIBERATION.

Seeing that whatever is pleasure or pain to himself, is alike pleasure or pain to all beings, he, the highest of Yogins, wishes good to all and evil to none—he is always harmless and compassionate to all creatures.

"Slayer of Madhu" Krishna is here represented as the slayer of the quality of passion in nature.

Characterized by UNITY with the Supreme Spirit that is the rest of the mind in the Self freed from discursiveness and inaction.

"Krishna" is derived from "Krish" to scrape, because he scrapes or draws away all sins and other evils from his devotees.

"Patanjali 1, 12."

"Practice"—Earnest and repeated attempt to make the mind steady in its unmodified state of Pure Intelligence, by means of constant meditation upon the chosen Ideal.

"Dispassion"—Freedom from desire for any pleasures, seen or unseen, achieved by a constant perception of their true nature.

"Prescribed means"—Practice and the absence of desire.

Cessation of the thinking principle.

What condition, O Krishna, doth he obtain who, though endued with faith, being unable to subdue himself, hath swerved from Yoga, without obtaining perfection therein? (37)

I trust he perisheth not, like a rent cloud fallen from both, being without a support, O Great-armed One, and deluded in the path of Brahma. (38)

This doubt of mine, O Krishna, be Thou pleased to remove completely, for there is none other than Thou who is able to remove this doubt. (39)

The Divine Lord spoke:

Neither here nor hereafter, O Partha, doth evil come to him. For one that doeth good, beloved one, never attaineth an evil condition. (40)

Having attained to the regions of the righteous and having resided (there) for everlasting years, the man who hath fallen from Yoga is born in the house of the pure and the prosperous. (41)

Or even in the family of wise Yogis is he reborn. Very difficult indeed is it to obtain a birth like this in the world. (42)

In this (re-incarnation) he gaineth the intelligence of his previous embodiment, and thence doth he strive again

“What condition”—What state of being.

“Fallen from both”: That is from both the paths of knowledge and action.

“Path of Brahma”—Path of Spiritual Knowledge.

Since there can be no better teacher than the Omniscient Lord.

A very long time.

More difficult than the one mentioned in the previous verse.

“Intelligence” in the original “Samskara”: Store of experience in the shape of impressions and habits.

for perfection (in Yoga) O descendant of Kuru. (43)

Even, as if under constraint, he is carried away by that previous practice of his (in Yoga), and even the enquirer into Yoga passeth beyond the Vocal Brahma (the Veda). (44)

But the Yogi who striveth with perseverance, his sins purged off, attaineth to perfection (by a practice continued) through many a life, and then he attaineth to the Supreme Goal (Brahma). (45)

The Yogi is greater than those who practice austerities, is regarded as greater than those who have obtained wisdom (through the scriptures). He is greater than those who are engaged in the works (ordained by the Veda). Be, therefore, a Yogi, O Arjuna. (46)

Of all the Yogis again, he, who with his inner soul resting in Me, him do I regard as the highest Yogi. (47)

Strives more strenuously to attain higher planes of realization, than those acquired in his former birth.

Carried to the goal of the course which he marked out for himself in his last incarnation, by the force of his former Samskaras, though he might be unconscious of them—or even unwilling to pursue it, owing to the interference of some unwonted Karma.

By the accumulated Spiritual strength of many births the wise man is able to make such strenuous efforts as quickly to acquire that truth which sets him free.

Knowledge from precepts, but not direct insight into the Divine Truth.

Of all Yogis he who devotes himself to the All-Pervading Infinite, is superior to those who de-

Thus ends the Sixth Discourse entitled “The Spiritual Devotion,” in the Holy Ode of The Divinity, the Essence of Spiritual Wisdom, the Science of Brahma, the System of Yoga, the Dialogue between Sri Krishna and Arjuna.

From "A YEAR WITH YOUR MIND"

The New Consciousness accepts Life as it Appears, as a Totality. Matter and Spirit it declares to be the Hemispheres of Existence; both indispensable, both phases of THE ONE. If we look too intently on Matter, Spirit dims and fades. If we emphasize Spirit overmuch, the Material base of life is insufficient to support a sound and vital experience. When both are held in balanced proportions, a third factor is perceived, *or inwardly sensed*, that is neither matter nor spirit, nor a combination of the two; it is THAT for which the Soul is ever seeking, REALTY, DIVINITY, GOD!

The New Consciousness perceives and acts upon the truth that the Metaphysical supports and energizes the so-called Material. The more recent scientific definition of matter as electronic, in no way affects its practical value as the vehicle of life and expression. Systems of thought throughout the past accepted the metaphysical basis of phenomena as a philosophical speculation. *The Modern Consciousness accepts it as a Practical Working Principle.* Man is not a clod, nor a piece of mechanism. *He is Creative. What he IS, determines what he DOES.*

The POWER of the New Consciousness consists in its TRANSFER OF ATTENTION *from the outer world of Sense and Effect to the Inner World of Insight and Cause.* This re-discovery of the Inner Life is the most significant fact of the modern world. It is the most potent thought influence since the coming of Christianity. It takes that which has been largely an unconscious process of the mind and makes it a consciously directed process. From Within, by the operation of the mental, flow the Creative Forces that shape and direct all action.

Every act of life is the translation of Ideal and Thought into Action and Effect. Every possible future action of the individual or the race exists in potential possibility as Ideal or Concept in the Mind. Progress, the upward

and forward trend of man, is due to the Mind coming more and more under the dominance of the Constructive and Creative Purpose of the Ideal. The way to all the future lies in and through the Mind. It is the "*Beyond that is Within*," to use the expressive phrase of Boutroux.

CHARLES PEASE.

GANDHI

My sketch is very imperfect; the story forms an extraordinary illustration of a contest which was won, or practically won, by a policy of doing no wrong, committing no violence, but simply enduring all the punishments the other side could inflict until they become weary and ashamed of punishing. A battle of the unaided human soul against overwhelming material force, and it ends by the units of material force gradually deserting their own banners and coming round to the side of the soul!

Persons in power should be very careful how they deal with a man who cares nothing for sensual pleasure, nothing for riches, nothing for comfort or praise or promotion, but is simply determined to do what he believes to be right. He is a dangerous and uncomfortable enemy because his body, which you can always conquer, gives you so little purchase upon his soul.—*Hibbert Journal*.

The realization of failure is the PUSH that makes success.

All things that illuminate the soul are religious.

MANLY P. HALL.

BOOK REVIEWS

“Soul’s Secret Door”—by Swami Paramananda.

Swami Paramananda, one of the best-loved teachers of ancient oriental wisdom in America, and who has just returned to Los Angeles from a long visit to Boston, has written a book of poems which, for purity of expression, alone, comprise a refreshing contribution to contemporary poetry.

Author of a score of books, written in English, French, Sanskrit, and all dealing with religious, philosophical and mystic subjects, Swami Paramananda seems to touch the loftiest peaks of thought and feeling when he deals with the theme of devotion. This is probably due to the fact that in such writing he most nearly expresses the motif of his personal life—for his chosen, or natural “path” to that higher consciousness “toward which the whole creation moves,” appears to be the path of love, or devotion.

From reading Paramananda’s poems one is impressed with the conviction that they were written by one to whom the ideal means everything. The idea of renunciation is the keynote to all the poems—renunciation of all that is personal, mean and narrowly selfish in one’s nature in order that the soul may enter more fully into the life and love of the “Father-Mother” who is to be revered, loved and worshiped first and above all else.

In the Swami’s beautiful lines, the hope, the faith is expressed that in some far-off world and time the aspiring soul may completely rid itself of separate selfhood and attain unity with the object of its worship. However, so pronounced is the expression of the spirit of idealism that, for the most part, the author keeps his transcendent deity at a distance, seldom daring to assume that unity which is the reason for, and the end of devotion.

“I have given up life—yet I live!
Yea, I live now not separate
But in wholeness of Thy life.”

Only in rare ecstatic moments, however, does the author hint at the possibility of attaining such a consciousness of the present state of existence. In the main, the poems follow, in their idealistic import, the theme of many of the old Persian poets whose love songs are usually symbolical of the soul's desire to sit at the feet of the Perfect One. As an example, the following lines, chosen at random, will give the reader a fair idea of the spirit of Paramananda's poems:

"I thank my fate that keeps me ignorant of many things, so I may know naught else but One.

"I bless my fate that keeps me ungrown, so I may cling to Thee alone."

JAMES M. WARNACK.

"The Cathedral," by Hugh Walpole, is a dynamic novel describing English life in a small Cathedral town. The interest is sustained throughout, and the peculiarly dominating influence of the large cathedral upon the lives and thoughts of the characters is indicated in a masterly manner. The men in the novel are so wonderfully sketched that one has the feeling that they are types rather than individuals; there is not a single strong character among the women involved in the plot. Joan, the Archdeacon's daughter, is a sweet, little nineteenth century maiden in a twentieth century story, wholesome and true throughout, but entirely alone in that she is the only attractive woman mentioned. The end of the story is a tragedy, but nothing else could be possible, and one has the feeling that the details have been well correlated and developed. The English used in the novel is pure and flowing, and the book will stand out as one of the strongest and best novels of the day.

E. B. S.

Question Box

PROBLEMS OF LIFE SIMPLIFIED AND ANSWERED

(All Questions Must be Essential to the
Practical Life.)

Conducted by Dr. F. F. Tanaka

All matters of communication should be addressed to the "*Problems of Life*" Editor, care of Broadcast, 930 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Send in your questions, giving full name and address.

Note:—The Editor is not going to attempt to answer *directly* any question that is impractical, inactual and non-existent, so far as life is concerned. But he will cast enough light upon the subject so that every one may be able to see for himself why he takes that stand.

All answers will be irrespective of the "standardized" or "authentic" versions, though sufficiently universal. Questions must be brief and definite. Anybody desiring discussions to be comprehensive and precise, and requiring in answer, a considerable essay, should take the matter up privately.

—THE EDITOR.

Q. Tell us something about Universal Truth.—M. P.

A. If you are referring to some particular creed, I do not know exactly what it is. However, if you are seeking to comprehend the *constitution of the Universe*, then I can give you the essence of it, upon which you can build your constructive thoughts.

The vital principles of the Universe are: (1) spiritual; (2) physical; and (3) mechanical. The vital functions of the Universe are: (1) intelligence; (2) instinct; and (3) institution. Intelligence is a combination of spiritual and physical principles. Instinct is a combination of physical and mechanical principles; and institution is a combination of spiritual and mechanical principles.

The vital elements of the Universe are: (1) man; (2) animal; and (3) vegetable. The vegetable is a mono-

principled creation, or simply mechanical—non-functional—“tends to grow.” Animal is a bi-principled creation, or *mechanical and physical*—instinctive in faculty—“strive to exist.” Man is a tri-principled creation; or an active representative of the universe possessing the *spiritual, physical and mechanical principles* of the Universe; hence also the *intelligence, instinct and institution*—“exist to live.” This is the primer of *Universal Truth*.

Q. Will laws ever help the disorderly conditions of the present days? N. F. H.

A. In general, no law is ever a help to the *natural movement* of the present, or any other time. It may interfere—but seldom for the better, and often for the worse.

Q. What is the difference between soul and mind, as to their functions? Mrs. H. B. S.

A. Soul and mind are two of the three life-principles of man—*soul, mind and energy*. Soul is the source of *perception*; and mind, *conception*—and the combination of perception and conception is *wisdom*.

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THE EDITOR.

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BROADCAST

Devoted to the publication of Ethical, Philosophical and Spiritual Truth

Elizabeth Vaughan Flewelling

Henry Christeen Warnack

Martha Boswell Bresler

Ida Eckert-Lawrence

Cyrus C. Johnson

Charles P. Huey

Phyllis Fortune

Lucile Evans

Poems

By Edwardus

The New Star

James M. Warnack

Bhagavad Gita

Physical Correlations of Spiritual Prototypes

Katherine Hillwood Poor

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A Dweller on Two Planets

OR

The Dividing of the Way

By

PHYLOS THE THIBETAN

This is before the coming of a new Heaven and a new Earth, in which shall reign the Prince of Peace forever and forever, as the old shall pass away, for lo! on earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind

BROADCAST

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B R O A D C A S T

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VOL. I.

JUNE, 1923

No. 9

EDITORIAL

He who has discovered the true nature of the Real Self: The WITNESS of what is going on within and without, begins to REALIZE, first: the true nature of his physical body—the storehouse of energy; second: the emotions—the finer form of the pair of harmonious and discordant vibrations; and third: the mind—the bridge between the witness and the thing witnessed—and he seeks to exercise constant watchfulness and control over THOUGHTS, WORDS and ACTIONS.

Right thoughts prompt discreet speech, and constant RIGHT THINKING makes right action automatic.

He who exercises triple control over his mind, speech and body respects all creatures and controls desire and anger. Then good will and LOVE naturally grow and wax strong.

Impressions live in the mind, and the sum total becomes more and more latent, but these impressions remain there and, as soon as the right stimulus touches them, they manifest.

Vibration will never cease but it can be stepped up or down. Therefore repetition of good thoughts is like keeping good company in your own mind. There is nothing more salutary than this, for good impressions have the same tendency to come to the surface in the shape of speech or action.

The more the introspective power is nourished, the sooner the mental and physical obstacles will begin to vanish.

This body is the boat which carries us to the other shore of the ocean of LIFE. It must be taken care of. Mental laziness makes us lose all lively interest in this kind of transmutation. Without this lively interest there will be neither the energy nor the will to put into execution these valuable precepts.

Doubts will arise in the mind about the TRUTH of these things, however strong one's intellectual conviction may be, until certain peculiar experiences manifest. These peculiar experiences will come invariably with constant effort and constant practice.

The first glimpse will strengthen the mind, and this makes us persevere. Occasionally the mind will be calm and then it is easily directed and concentrated, and you will progress rapidly. Again, all of a sudden this progress will cease some day and you will find yourself seemingly stranded. Persevere! All progress proceeds by such rise and fall.

By actual experience each individual will find out which thoughts must be expelled by the substitution of opposite salutary ones. Only keep up the good work!

RIGHT THOUGHTS

RIGHT SPEECH

RIGHT ACTION.

THE EDITOR.

PHYSICAL CORRELATIONS OF SPIRITUAL PROTOTYPES

All physical manifestations—all life activity in form—is projected or emanates from a spiritual source. The religious creeds down the ages of human history have taught the trinitarian aspect of the Godhead. Fundamentally this is a basic truth, although through resulting and changing man-made doctrines, it has become distorted and sometimes almost unrecognizable.

Humanity of today must grasp spiritual truth through certain avenues which as yet are very limited in scope and power. Human mentality—which forms the channel, the connecting link, between the personal levels upon which functions the consciousness of physical man, and the spiritual levels whereto he aspires and upon which he must one day function,—is in its childhood of development, and only as the superphysical faculties of the human organism unfold and expand, only as each acquired grade of consciousness opens to another and wider one, can the greater truth enter and become realities built into the human structure, which pave the way to the true spiritual structure.

It is well to obtain a specific understanding of the meaning of word symbols, particularly in our language which is so loosely and carelessly used at the present time, and because of which there is so much confusion of terms and complexities of definition. Therefore we define our title words exoterically: correlation literally means—a reciprocal relation; the interdependence of functions, organs, natural forces or phenomena. Prototype is defined as: the original from which others proceed or are copied. Therefore we postulate our opening statement—all physical manifestation is of spiritual origin.

Our Solar System, the field of operation for a human and superhuman—therefore spiritual—evolution of consciousness, is composed of substance of varying degrees of quality and of vibratory rates. Spirit—so called—is substance just as dense physical formation is substance, the difference being one of refinement of quality, or *condensity* of vibration.

The Supreme Consciousness of this Solar System, known to the Christian religionists as GOD, used a circumscribed quantity of Primordial Root Substance—which is in its last analysis COSMIC FIRE,—out of which to construct His system, a foundational base for a period of manifestation which is to advance the evolution of the Supreme Consciousness Itself, who is evolving and expanding cosmically even as the human being is expanding spiritually. All terms must be understood relatively in their application to one necessarily limited period of expression. Human comprehension is limited by its undeveloped perceptive faculties, which although potentially *limitless*, are as yet dormant and inactive.

Our first correlation is this: even as the human physical body is composed of infinitesimal atoms of physical, chemical, gaseous and etheric matter, so is the Solar Body, the manifesting instrument of the Supreme Consciousness, composed of atoms of substance of **varying** degrees, and so does the Solar System as a whole form an atom in a still greater body belonging to Cosmic Evolution, and therefore beyond the range of human comprehension save as a vague abstraction.

In the Eastern Wisdom is put forth the expression: "The Great Breath." By this we understand the following: the Supreme Consciousness *outbreathed* and thereupon came into manifestation the processes of INVOLUTION; a differentiation of Its substance-atoms into form; a condensation, a slowing down of vibratory action. The Supreme Consciousness *inbreathed*, and thereupon begins the manifestation of EVOLUTION, a stimulation and quickening of vibratory action, and consequent unification and re-absorption into the Supreme Consciousness of the perfected atoms composing His body of expression. In other words, involution, a deepening and condensing of spirit-substance-matter into differentiated forms enhousing units of consciousness; evolution, the unfolding, quickening and expansion of these units of consciousness, stimulation of their slow vibratory rate into ever-increasing swiftness by the influx and action of the Fires of Mind and the Fires of Buddhist Love-Wisdom (differentiated aspects of Cosmic and Solar

Fire), and their ultimate union with their Divine Originator, the Supreme Consciousness.

Even as physical manifestation is of spiritual origin, so is spiritual manifestation of Divine origin, and Divine manifestation of Cosmic origin. Evolution, the unfoldment of Consciousness, is carried on through successive states, a series of expanding waves—if the term may be used,—each one opening and blending into a larger, finer and more comprehensive grade, and all to a greater or less extent interpenetrating, interpermeating and interacting with and upon each other.

Human evolution then, is primarily concerned at its present stage—the transition from the human to the spiritual—with two things: Form and the Life or Consciousness within the Form. At this point we return to the trinity of the Godhead, the Supreme Consciousness which, according to the Sacred Science, expresses Itself in three aspects: the aspect of Will, the aspect of Love or Wisdom, the aspect of Active Intelligence. Upon the Spiritual plane of Being, these are again aspected in the Spiritual Triad of Atma, Buddhi, Manas, the component principles or qualities of the Higher Self, the Soul-Ego, of the human being. We have now reached the subject of our discussion: these spiritual prototypes projected into and ensouling forms of active expression, functioning through differentiated personalities upon the physical earth plane.

The second Divine Aspect, that of Love-Wisdom, the Form Builder, is the primary vibratory Force in operation in our present Solar System, and is the synthetic quality which shall eventually absorb all others. The attainment of the Love-Wisdom-Compassion consciousness (the liberation of the Life within the Form) is the present goal of human expansion. The spiritual prototypes are again reflected in the human personality as mental, emotional (astral), and physico-etheric qualities and vehicles, functioning on the three planes of corresponding substance and vibratory rate.

Each human being may be considered as an individual unit of consciousness forming an atom (we pass over for the time its intermediary states) in the Supreme

Consciousness and gradually expanding its capacities and powers until it achieves conscious identification with IT. Thus evolutionary re-absorption is accomplished: the atoms of differentiated life-consciousness, gradually refining, coalescing and uniting with the Fire-Source, the Supreme Consciousness, thereby eventually effect the perfection of a Cosmic Atom, a structural component of a Cosmic Body.

We bring down in direct correlation or correspondence the particular line of our present human evolution as follows:

The second Divine Aspect of the Supreme Consciousness, Love-Wisdom.

The Form-building and life-ensouling vibratory Force.

The Son-Force.

The second quality of the Spiritual Triad, Buddhi, the Christ or Love principle.

The second factor of the human personality, the emotional body, vehicle of Desire.

These have an intimate connection with each other and with their origin, the Christos Vibratory Force. Just as the human being of today embodies the emotional or desire quality as its *almost* controlling principle, so does the Great Master whom we designate the Christ, embody the Christic Principle, the Love-Wisdom-Compassion aspect of the Supreme Consciousness. To expand along the line of the Christic evolution is to eventually attain to Christ Consciousness, oneness and identification with it; and this is accomplished through the processes of the Buddhistic-emotional fire currents of the Christic vibratory force working upon and stimulating the personality, quickening, raising and stabilizing its vibratory rate.

Human personal desire is the lower pole of manifestation of the Fire of Spiritual Love; therefore the emotional body of the personality, the vehicle of passional desire, must be transmuted and purified, become the perfected instrument of the Spiritual Body; must become a clear and pure reflector and transmitter for the Great Buddhistic Fire Currents from the Intuitional Plane.

While the bulk of humanity has not yet awakened to the consciousness of these truths and is following its evolutionary course along normal and more or less unconscious lines, a certain number awake to the reality of human need, and consciously take upon themselves the duty and labor of hastening these processes in themselves, that they may be better fitted to serve and thereby further the evolution of the race.

These work consciously to perfect themselves as active working instruments, tried and tested, and to that end set their feet upon the Path of Spiritual Unfoldment and Accomplishment and undertake the duties and labors of discipleship to a Great Spiritual Teacher and Leader. The Path of Discipleship leads directly to the Path of Initiation, and from the life of the personality, the disciple passes into the Spiritual Prototypal life with an ever expanding, increasingly unifying consciousness.

Those who guide and assist humanity along its lines of individual development, who are fitted to build prototypal forms on spiritual levels and project them into physical manifestation are assuredly the Masters of Natural Forces. They are the Supermen who have attained high development and a wide expansion of consciousness, who function to a great extent in the Spiritual Kingdom, and from that level direct human evolution in accordance with Their knowledge of natural and Divine Law. Humanity is passing from the human to the spiritual state of consciousness, which is the next step in evolution to be attained by the progressing race.

Human consciousness today is largely focused in the emotional-desire body, and the great need of the present is to so purify and stabilize that body as to make it a true and accurate reflector of the spiritual impulses from the Buddhic Plane: it must respond to the Buddhic stimuli, attain to its vibratory rate, and endure the spiritual electrifying of the Buddhic Fire Currents, the infusion—so to speak—of the Christ Principle.

Herein—upon the emotional plane of the personality, must first be awakened the Christic impulse; within this body exists the tiny spark of the Divine Christ Fire which must be fanned to a brighter and clearer upburn-

ing ever increasing in volume and strength until its light streams upward to the Intuitionial or Buddhic Plane and expands into true spiritual quality, the Fire of Christ Consciousness which shall ultimately consume all below it. These are the Creative Fire Currents whose lower passion pole of sexual desire and of physical appetite must be transmuted into desirelessness or dispassion, which is its spiritual prototype.

The mental unit or body of the personality must become the wise discriminator, the director and controller of personal activity, responding to the directive impulses of the Higher Self, even as the emotional unit or body must become the dispassionate reflector of spiritual love activity, also following the dictates of the Higher Self. These prototypal forms, whose initiatory impulse of vibratory force is rooted in the Christos or second Divine aspect of the Supreme, the Son-Force, must ultimately absorb the personality: the Higher Self or Soul-Ego will become Master of his active working instrument, and as gradually each human unit reaches this stage of unfolding consciousness, so will the vibratory rate of the race consciousness quicken and reach higher levels of spiritual activity, limitless in possibility and potency.

The spiritual prototype of Universal Service which is the direct outbreathing of the Second Divine Aspect of the Supreme, the Christos, forms the model for the objective life of the spiritual disciple; inner spiritual (esoteric) attainment must be marked by outer objective (exoteric) activity in service to humanity, along his own particular line of development: The student must realize that he is a subjective life-consciousness expressing in an objective form body, which is necessarily limited in power: therefore his effort is directed to the liberation of that Life-consciousness and attaining the expanded consciousness of LoveWisdom whose outer expression must necessarily be one of selfless Love service to all humanity to the extent of his capacity and power. To such world service in an ever increasing degree of capacity and power, lead the Paths of Discipleship and Initiation, to conscious identification with the Supreme Consciousness, and therefrom to heights beyond human comprehension of the present day.

Just as there are spiritual prototypes correlating with and reflecting themselves into individual human units upon the separative plane of the personality, so there are spiritual prototypes of groups of units upon the various planes, and so must these groups perfect themselves *as units* in both subjective and objective activity, in both spiritual and personality lives, thus attaining to **GROUP CONSCIOUSNESS**.

Thus is attained unity of consciousness: Individual consciousness expanding to higher and higher levels, blending into group consciousness; these groups again uniting upon higher and higher levels until is accomplished the Unity of all Atoms of Consciousness in the Supreme Consciousness of Love-Wisdom-Compassion, the Christos Principle of our Solar System.

KATHERINE HILLWOOD POOR.

FROM "KRISHNA"

The Lord of Love

Each man receives a wisdom that is born in this Realm. You eat from the table whereat you do sit, you munch of the fruit from the tree that you pluck, but your pure hearts are hindered for want of satisfaction. Yet you turn from my table of plentiful supply and often from the crumbs that fall from my feast. Would you know, oh, my children, how your hearts shall be led? You yourself shall be fed with My Love. Quit the longing and striving for that which is null and void. Cease from your ignorant ideas of happiness, of wisdom, from your empty desires, your thoughts insincere. Know this is what hinders thy heart from knowing My Love. It is this that prohibits thine eyes from seeing My face. Lo, oh heart that is empty and is shadowed by darkness! I bring thee now a light to give peace, a peace that is buried and strives to be felt. Lo, freely from the blessing that flows from My Love, you may partake. It is its own flavor and virtue. Its richness of charm it never can lose. Its grace is unbounded, as far-reaching as the sky you see. And as you quaff of its nectar your heart will grow, bursting with joy.

BABA BHARATI.

BE STILL

Be still, Oh, heart within—let come what may,
Be undismayed; the Father's will obey—
Fear not nor dread the path pursued alone
But firmly tread, and cling where wisdom shown
Will lead aright, as steadfast faith ensure
To onward press and bravely there endure,
Though seemingly bereft 'mid tears to sigh—
Forlorn 'mid grief where seems no longer nigh
The treasured joys which nearest to heart lain
Seem vanished in the mists where darkness reign;
Yea, even so, 'tis for some purpose good
Of wisdom's way, e'en though not understood.

Be still, Oh, heart within, from all alarm—
Though seemingly alone, yet naught of harm
Can there o'ertake, but, wisely led aright
Through mists where thorn-strewn paths obscured the
light,
The fairer dawn there breaks, where may be seen
The promised rainbows where the night has been;
The rainbow of His smile assurance gives,
His greater love bestowed where joy yet lives
Through all refining fires in patience borne,
In spirit purified beholds the dawn
Where His illumined light in promise fill
And brightly glows. Oh, heart of mine, be still!

EDWARDUS.

I thought that my voyage had come to its end at the last limit of my power,—that the path before me was closed, that provisions were exhausted and the time come to take shelter in a silent obscurity.

But I find that they will know no end in me. And when old words die out on the tongue, new melodies break forth from the heart; and where the old tracks are lost, new country is revealed with its wonders.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

A NEW FAITH

Some of us in Los Angeles have a new faith, by which we foresee a better world. We know that this new faith is the first step to this end.

1. We have faith that it is better to prefer the children before ourselves in all the business of the world; that when we have made the best possible provision for them we shall have provided best for ourselves.

2. We have faith that it is better for us to "heap up" riches in this world under the corporate title of the Creator, by the industry of all for the use of all, thus creating an abundance for all with ease and happiness, than to try to "heap up" riches for each individual under a multitude of conflicting personal titles, to minister to personal selfishness, with many in foulness and poverty.

Such change would remove much of the present friction in life and result in the application of more power to industrial production and to human happiness.

3. We have faith that any educational system should be founded upon the soul rather than upon the "mind"—whatever that is—and that this change of foundation would not impoverish the "mind" but brighten up its faculties in the light of the Creator and put greater energy behind them.

Our "Mental Machinery" is now lacking in accuracy, application and power.

4. We have faith that the greatest product and wealth of the human race on earth is the human race itself, with its possibilities of glorious development, and that peace everywhere on earth will promote such product and wealth better than war.

We believe that war is waste; peace, wealth. Blessed, therefore, are the peacemakers—and the traders rather than the warriors.

Having faith that these features of life are the true "seeds" of a new civilization which can make "the desert blossom as the rose," and perhaps "the kingdom of heaven come on earth as it is in heaven," we are working to that end, and invite others to work also.

PHILOS COOK.

LINES TO A SEAGULL

An Irish Classic

White bird of the tempest! O beautiful thing!
With the bosom of snow and the motionless wing,
Now sweeping the billow, now floating on high,
Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the sky,
Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form,
Now breasting the surge with thy bosom so warm,
Now darting aloft with a heavenly scorn,
Now shooting along like a ray of the morn,
Now lost in the folds of the cloud-curtained dome,
Now floating abroad like a flake of the foam,
Now silently poised o'er the war of the main
Like the spirit of Charity brooding o'er pain,
Now gliding with pinion all silently furled,
Like an angel descending to comfort the world!
Thou seemst to my spirit, as upward I gaze,
And see thee, now clothed in mellowest rays,
Now lost in the storm-driven vapours that fly
Like hosts that are routed across the broad sky,
Like a pure spirit true to its virtue and faith,
'Mid the tempests of Nature, and passion, and death.

Rise, beautiful emblem of purity, rise!
On the sweet winds of Heaven to thine own brilliant skies:
Still higher—still higher—till lost to our sight,
Thou hidest thy wings in a mantle of light;
And I think how a pure spirit gazing on thee,
Must long for the moment—the joyous and free—
When the soul disembodied from nature shall spring,
Unfettered at once to her Maker and King!
When the bright day of service and suffering past,
Shapes fairer than thine shall shine round her at last
While, the standard of battle triumphantly furled,
She smiles like a victor, serene on the world!

GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUL

In the beginning Man and I were as One, so completely did we share everything. I recall the pleasure we had in weighing and considering the best plans to pursue, for, while I was, to the world, the Silent Partner, yet always was I consulted. I was content to be the power behind the throne; the very fact of not being the one TO ACT gave me an insight which he needed, that was sufficient compensation. In crises and times when quick decision was needed, I was like a flash to instruct. This continued until the second incarnation, when an infatuation made him appear to forget me (when with the fair damsel) so our constant companionship had interruptions. It was incomprehensible to me, at first, for I had never thought that such might be the case; 'somehow being born with that man made me feel secure, especially since I knew that I was necessary to his happiness—but since Wisdom was my other name, I didn't complain. Of course, I was lonely, it had been so sweet to have a constant conscious companion; now I had to devote myself to ways and means of returning, whenever I was ignored for a time. Then I was obliged to realize that this was liable to continue through a large part of Eternity; therefore I must be content to be, for the most part, an onlooker, watching for an opportunity to make myself known. So I grew to know what it was to be almost helpless. I grieved to see what illusions man made real, thus making himself miserable, then crying out demanding why he had to suffer. I strove to make him see that he did it all himself, but he shut his Inner eye, and wailed on. It was a peculiar position I was forced to hold; had it not been that when he was asleep I held complete sway, I doubt if I could have endured it. Then it was that I tried to show him **THAT MAN WAS COMPLETE WITHIN HIMSELF**, for his **SOUL**, who was his guide, counsellor and companion, **WAS ALWAYS WITH HIM**, and **NEVER FAILED**, as he discovered people, in all relations did. It took many incarnations for him to forget me entirely—then I had to know what

it meant to be reviled, imposed upon, cheated and scorned—still to love, and devote my existence to helping, happy enough to be called INTUITION, or, even A HUNCH.

LUCRETIA.

THE BRIDE OF THE SOUL

One night I went to sleep, thinking of my little son, and in a dream I saw the face of the world—and it was not the face of a goddess but the face of my darling boy.

There are two ways to keep the thing one loves. One way is to renounce it—in which case one discovers that love will not be rejected and that it makes all fair forms eternal, impressing them with love's own loveliness. The other way to perfect possession is to expand the sentiment toward the ideal object until that sentiment embraces the universe.

My wife, my child, my father, mother, friends, are not truly mine until I can see the face of each and all of them which ever way I turn. My brother and sister I shall surely lose unless I learn to feel their grace and goodness at all times, in all places.

"He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," said a great leader of men—and the voice of that Leader was and is the voice of the Lover of the Soul, whispering forever, "Come unto Me!"—and, giving up all for this bride of the spirit, the renouncer becomes one with the bride and needs no further joy.

Or, if the devotee shall refuse to enter the kingdom of glory except in company with all his friends and kin—lo, suddenly he shall find that he and all he loves are already in the Kingdom, and the Kingdom in them, and that he and his loved ones are not many, but one, and have never been and never can be separated.

For that which one loves in anything or in any being is only that which he loves in himself, and all things of beauty which one sees are those forms of light forever leaping from the creative spirit of gladness.

FOOTHILL PHILOSOPHER.

SONG OF THE SOUL

I am the proprietor of the flower garden of time. From the past I gather evergreens of peace and from the future I pluck roses of joy. I place my bouquet of beauty in the pearly vase of the present and its perfume feeds my soul.

Nothing is substantial but the Self. Objects, time and space are transitory, but I remain forever the same, the glorious Being in which all creatures of my dream-world live and move and have their being.

I did not live in any world of any yesterday. I do not dwell in any place today. I shall not make my home upon the island of tomorrow,—and this because all days and worlds exist only in me, passing before my spirit's eyes at my supreme command. This realization is my peace.

FOOTHILL PHILOSOPHER.

When I give up the helm I know that the time has come for thee to take it. What there is to do will be instantly done. Vain is this struggle.

Then take away your hands and silently put up with your defeat, my heart, and think it your good fortune to sit perfectly still where you are placed.

These my lamps are blown out at every little puff of wind, and trying to light them I forget all else again and again.

But I shall be wise this time and wait in the dark, spreading my mat on the floor; and whenever it is thy pleasure, my lord, come silently and take thy seat here.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

"The outward circumstances of our lives are but the shell of things."

HELEN KELLER.

EMERSON

The key to every man is his thought. Sturdy and defying though he look, he has a helm which he obeys, which is, the idea after which all his facts are classified. He can only be reformed by showing him a new idea which commands his own. The life of man is a self-evolving circle, which, from a ring imperceptibly small, rushes on all sides to new and larger circles, and that without end.

A man's growth is seen in the successive choirs of his friends. For every friend whom he loses for truth, he gains a better. . . . Every personal consideration that we allow, costs us heavenly state. We sell thrones of angels for a short and turbulent pleasure.

Men cease to interest us when we find their limitations. The only sin is limitation. As soon as you once come up with a man's limitations, it is all over with him.

The things which are dear to men at this hour, are so on account of the ideas which have emerged on their mental horizon, and which cause the present order of things as a tree bears its apples. A new degree of culture would instantly revolutionize the entire system of human pursuits.

The things that we want, when we get them,
Are frequently thrown away;
Life's treasures, at best, are only a test
Of the price we are willing to pay.
E. B. S.

What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it. Nothing venture, nothing have. Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less.

EMERSON.

THE BLACK DICE

At night when I play with the Black Dice.
Draining my evil wine—
The evil dice with a will of their own
And wine that is blood of a soul—
I come to the gate of a city,
A gate with never a key,
Whose portals are wide to the many,
But ever are closed unto me.

For I play in the night with the Black Dice,
With wine are my garments stained—
False are the dice and clotted
With wine that is blood of a soul—
The City Eternal is calling,
The city of flame and snow—
With the swine and their husks about me
I hear but I may not go.

Yet once as I played with the Black Dice,
Spilling my evil wine
The wine and the dice were as mirrors
And I saw the hands of a soul
Clutch at the thing which it strove for—
Ah, then came an end of the night,
The dead fell away from my footsteps
And I entered the city of light.

HENRY CHRISTEEN WARNACK.

THE MONEY-WIND

Gust of the smouldering prayers of desire!
Palpitant ghouls at the Conscience pyre—
Smoke-blackened talons spread widely to
 Rake it in, take it in,
 Stake it, in ashes of Hell.

Oh, breath of the prairie and wide-winged height,
Eagle of emblem, oh, wheel in your flight—
Scream through the night of it,
 Pity the plight of it,
 Blot out the sight of it—
 Flashes of Hell:

 Delving and piling—
 Shelving and fling—
Coin for self-glory the story of POWER;
 Dreaming and willing,
 Scheming and killing—
Man against man every God-given hour!

And the Money-Wind sowing the red seed of greed,
The Money-Wind blowing the poisonous weed . . .
Cyclonic funnel of cosmic disaster,
Coiling, despoiling,—man gambles the faster—
On with the pleasure, more speed to the measure,
 For treasure—more treasure! . . .

 The Money-Wind shrills:
 Ride with me!
Taste of the gold-liquored stills
Where glory and might are distilled as man *wills!*
 Stride with me—
Trample the weak and the wailing—
Stake off your claim as you'd drive in a paling!
Spring to my wings! Set the world-womb afire!

Sting with disdain the man tongue of desire!
Swing with your Money-Wind higher and higher!
 Away with the laws of it!
 (Never the paws of it
 Gashed by the jaws of it
Conscience lies dead on the branding pyre).

Conscience? What of it! (sneers the money-lender),
Excess of baggage to the reckless spender;
A sleep and a forgetting; let it be—
A self-hypnosis pyre—and gain for me!

Bring on the casket, costliest of all;
They pay best who fly highest—ere they fall;
Make haste then, we shall reap rich redress—
And print upon the plate: SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS!

PHYLLYS FORTUNE.

FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE"

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torne's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side;
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow;
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid Slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possess,
Though very poor, may still be very blest,
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

GOLDSMITH.

SELF-CONTROL

(Continued from April-May)

Passion and anger lead to hatred, jealousy, and many other undesirable feelings which are expressed outwardly in the form of vicious acts. He who can control his mind from being thus disturbed by passion and anger has obtained self-control. This control comes when the mind is not so much attached to external objects, but learns by experience the pleasure which can be derived through the senses is very transient. It lasts for the moment only, and its true source is not in the object itself, but depends mainly upon the mental and physical conditions of the enjoyer.

Passion and anger are the second and third stages of desire; these desires remain in the subconscious plane of our minds. Here the question arises: What is the cause of these desires? In tracing them we find that they are the outcome of the dormant impressions in our minds, or the awakened state of these impressions. When we enjoy any external object through our senses, our minds are impressed with certain changes which are produced while we are in direct contact with the thing. All the impressions which the external objects leave in the mind remain there in seed form, or in dormant state, by the law of persistence of force. None of them are lost; whatever things we have enjoyed or suffered in our lives are stored up in that seed form, in the form of dormant impressions. These dormant impressions are the causes of our desires. Professor Beneke says in his "Elementary Psychology" — "What has once been produced in the soul continues still to exist, even when it has ceased to be excited. That which was conscious merely becomes unconscious or lives in the internal substance of the soul." Sir William Hamilton says: "The whole we are conscious of, is constructed out of what we are not conscious of." He explains the psychic activity of the subconscious plane by comparing the chain of impressions with a row of billiard balls, of which if struck at one end, only the last one moves, the vibration being merely transmitted through the rest which remain motionless. But these dormant impressions are the seeds, or real cause, of desires.

The stored-up impressions of one life are not lost by the death of the body, but will remain latent for some time and will become the causes of future desires, possibly in another life. Everyone is born with the stored-up impressions of his past life, which will reappear in the form of various tendencies, desires and habits. This is the explanation of the wide variations we see in members of the same family, for which heredity alone, or even heredity plus environment, fails to account. As the number of impressions increases, desires also increase; if we allow the desires to rise up and play in our minds, they will take the forms of anger and passion and disturb the mental peace, create new impressions, and in turn cause fresh desires. Thus, there is no hope of controlling the mind by a mere gratification of desire. There is no hope of satiating the craving for enjoyment by getting the objects of pleasures; this is simply putting fuel on the fire. The more we enjoy, the more will desire increase. Foolish people never analyze their minds. They indulge their desires and seek pleasure from outside objects ad libitum. No one has ever succeeded in attaining self-control by being a slave to desire, nor has anyone ever become free from desires by gratifying them. Do you suppose that a man who works hard to become a millionaire will ever be satisfied with his possessions and cease to acquire more? He will go on seeking to add to them as long as he lives. A poor man desires to be rich, a rich man desires to be a millionaire, and a millionaire wants to be a multi-millionaire. Where is there any rest? Where is there happiness? When will this thirst for possessions or enjoyment cease?

Thirst for enjoyment is the real disease in us. Tremendous mental strength and will-power are required to control the restless mind from taking the forms of waves of anger and passion. The perfect restlessness of the mind of an ordinary person who is the slave to his desires has been aptly described in the ancient Aryan scripture comparing the restless mind to a monkey, who is restless by nature; then thinking this was not quite enough was added a drunken monkey, stung by a scorpion.

Will-power is developed by daily practice; higher powers are roused and the greatest enemies are fought

with firmness and determination until the end is accomplished. Perfect self-control is that state of mind where neither desires nor passions disturb the peace and tranquility of one's soul. The easiest way to remove these desires, these modifications of the mind, is by attacking them while they are still in their weak state, and this is done either by right discrimination of the nature of desire, by comparing the transitory pleasure which results from our contact with the objects of senses, with the serene, peaceful mind which is undisturbed by desires or passions. The highest desire of our life is the attainment of mastery over the lower self, and the manifestation of the Real Self.

There is another way of obtaining self-control, through concentration and meditation. Concentrate your mind upon the Supreme Self, and do not let it be disturbed by any other thought or desire at that time. In "The Light of Asia" a beautiful picture is painted describing Buddha sitting in meditation under the Bo tree. Here all the dormant impressions are shown as they begin to rise in his mind, and they are described as the attendants of Mara, the personified evil thought, but Buddha said, "It is better to die on the battle field while fighting with the enemy than to be defeated and forced to live like a slave, seeking little bits of sense pleasures and enjoyments." With such a strong determination, Buddha became master of himself "The Enlightened One."

Whosoever will display similar determination of purpose and strength of character will surely attain perfect self-control. They alone who have acquired self-control enjoy eternal peace and happiness in this life, and attain the goal of all religions, the knowledge of the Divine Self.

FROM "SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT."

MORNING

There's a place on the road where wild flowers smile
Where vast shadow vistas stand forth,
And there, in the west gleam I'll tarry a while
And wait for the stars of the north.

No dull recollection shall come to my mind
Of the vale that my bruised feet have trod,
Or the years that my soul had gone staggering blind
In the quest of the lost gift of God.

For Life is a loan from the Master of Light,
And a loan to be paid with a life—
Then may I walk bravely into the night
Though the chilling winds cut like a knife.

For life is a dream, and a half-waking sleep,
And its hours are fitful and strange—
Of all that life gives not a thing may we keep,
For the only thing changeless is change.

I shall not look back to the Valley below
On my dreams that once were so dear;
When the north star shines out I will hasten and go
With never a word or a tear.

Then the wind shall grow warm, and the north lights
shall glow,
All my dreams will be gone but instead—
Instead of my dreams—oh, at last I shall know!
And some dreamer will say, "He is dead."

CYRUS C. JOHNSON.

A PLACE THAT I KNOW

I am building a home in a place that I know;
It is just over there where in spirit I go—
And each day some good deed
Fills a niche that I'll need
When unfettered I go to my home.
It is builded so high
That it seems that the sky,
With the heavens so blue
And the light shining through
Are the fairy-like lands of my dreams.

Every day, if I will, in this place that I know,
I can wander awhile and my spirit beguile;
And I know that this building is real.
Each good deed finds a place
In this etheric space—
In this space where my spirit can feel—
Where the thoughts are the things,
And good deeds are the wings,
Bearing each to its self-built home.

I know that the way to this wonderful land,
As East from the West, it is wide—
With Truth for my guide
And my angels beside—
I'm floating along with the tide.
Like a swift winged bird,
As a thought, all unheard—
I'm there, and life's burdens are o'er;
Then a thought draws me back
On this etheric track,
And I wake on this crude old Earth-shore.

IDA ECKERT-LAWRENCE.

IMMORTALITY

(Continued from April-May)

We are now treading on finer and finer ground. Some of you perhaps will be frightened; we are treading on very delicate ground. We have seen that this Self, being beyond the little universe of matter and force and thought, is a simple, and as a simple it cannot die, neither can it live. That which does not die, cannot live also. So, what is death? The obverse, and life the reverse of the same coin. Life is another name for death, and death for life. One particular mode of manifestation is what we call life; another particular mode of manifestation of the same thing is what we call death. When the wave rises on the top it is life; falls into the hollow and is death. If anything is beyond death, we naturally see it must also be beyond *life*. I must remind you of the first conclusion, that this soul of man is one part of the cosmic energy that exists, one part of God. We now come to find that it is beyond life and death. You were never born, and you will never die. What is this birth and death that we see? This belongs to the body, because soul is omnipresent. How is that? We are so many people sitting here, and you say the soul is omnipresent. What is there to limit anything that is beyond law, beyond causation? This glass is limited; it is not omnipresent, because the surrounding matter forces it down to that form, does not allow it to expand. It is conditioned by everything around it. Therefore it is limited. But that which is beyond law, where there is nobody to act upon it, how can that be limited? It must be omnipresent. You are everywhere in the universe. How is it then that I am born and I am going to die, and all that? That is the talk of ignorance, hallucinations of the brain. You were neither born, nor will die. You have had neither birth, nor will have rebirth, nor life, nor incarnation, nor anything. What do you mean by coming and going! All shallow nonsense. You are everywhere. Then what is this coming and going? It is a hallucination produced by the change of this fine body, what you call the mind. That is going on. Just a little speck of cloud passing be-

fore the sky. As it moves on and on, it may create the delusion that the sky moves. Sometimes you see a cloud moving before the moon, and you think the moon is moving. But it is the cloud. When you are in a train you see that the land is flying, or when you are in a boat, you think the water moves. In reality you are neither going nor coming, nor born, or going to be born, you are infinite, ever-present, beyond all causation, ever free, never born, and never die. Such a question is out of place; such a question is arrant nonsense to ask. Because there was no birth; how could there be any mortality? You are the omnipresent beings of the universe.

One step more we will have to go to get a logical conclusion. There is no half way house. You are metaphysicians, and there is no crying quarter. If then we are beyond all law, we must be omniscient, ever blessed, all knowledge must be in us, and all power and all blessedness. Certainly. You are the omniscient, omnipresent being of the universe. But of such beings can there be many? Can there be a hundred thousand millions of omnipresent beings? Certainly there cannot be. Then what becomes of all of us? You are only one; there is only one such Self, and that one Self is you. Standing behind this little nature is what we call the soul. There is one only Being, one only existence, the ever blessed, the omnipresent, the omniscient, the birthless, the deathless. "Through His control the sky expands, through His control the air breathes, through His control the sun shines, all lives are." And He is the background of nature, He is the Reality that is in nature. He is the background of your soul. Not only so, but you are He. You are one with Him. Whenever there are two, there is fear, there is danger, there is conflict, there is strife. When it is all One, whom to hate, with whom to struggle, when it is all He, with whom to fight? This explains the nature of life. This explains the nature of being. This is perfection, and this is God. As long as you see the many, you are under delusion. "In this world of many, he who sees that One in this ever changing world, he who sees Him who never changes as the Soul of his own soul, his existence, his own Self, he is free, he is blessed, he has reached the goal." Therefore know that thou art

He; thou art the God of this universe, *tat tvam asi*, and all these various ideas that "I am a man," or a woman, or sick or healthy, or strong, or weak, or I hate, or I love, or have a little power, or more power, are but hallucinations. Away with them! What makes you weak? What makes you fear? You are the one being in the universe. What frightens you? Stand then and be free. Know that every thought and word that weakens in this world is the only evil that exists. Whatever makes men weak, makes men fear, is the only evil that should be shunned. What can frighten you? If the suns come down, the moons crumble into dust, systems after systems are hurled into annihilation, what is that to you? Stand as a rock; you are indestructible. You are the Self, the God of the universe. "I am Existence Absolute,—Bliss Absolute,—Knowledge Absolute, I am He." Say that, and as the lion breaks the little cage of bull-rushes and comes out, so break this chain and be free for ever. What frightens you, what holds you down? It is only ignorance and delusion; nothing else can bind you. You are the pure One, the ever blessed.

Silly fools tell you, you are sinners, and sit down in a corner and weep. Foolishness, wickedness, downright rascality to say you are sinners! You are all God. See you not God and call it man? Therefore if you dare, stand on that,—mould your whole life on that. If a man cuts your throat do not say no, for you are cutting your own throat. When you help a poor man, do not feel the least pride. That is worship for you, and not the cause of pride. Is not the whole universe you? Where is there anyone that is not you? You are the soul of this universe. You are the sun, moon and stars, it is you that is shining in the land. The whole universe is you. Whom are you going to hate, or to fight? Know then that thou art He, and model your whole life according to that, and he who knows this and models his life according to it, will no more grovel in darkness.

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

(The end)

FORGET-ME-NOT

Away out here in this land of flowers
How the sun laughs all day long,
And the mystic spell of the mountain top
Echoes back the soul's sweet song.
Yes, the Earth seems alive with its gardens
Each seed pouring forth a thought,
But the gladdest, the rarest, the sweetest
My small blue
Forget-me-not.

Yes, I would send it the wide world over,
To carry its message true.
But, perhaps your garden is of orchids
Or modest violets' hue.
Out here 'tis a land of Golden Poppies,
Poinsettias' crimson plot.
When I've seen all these gorgeous beauties
Give me the
Forget-me-not.

When I look on this sweet little flower,
Lovely joys of my whole life—
Past, present and future of Glory,
With you I would banish strife.
With you I would bring back the Holy Grail
And fill it with one sweet thought,
And there between the Golden Cherubim
You'd find my
Forget-me-not.

ELIZABETH VAUGHAN FLEWELLING.

SELF PITY is perhaps the worst form of extravagance, for we are all of us brimming over with potential energy; and energy rightly directed will accomplish seeming miracles. The man who wastes his energies is the most extravagant man in the world. E. B. S.

It is not what you do, but the way you do it that counts. A small task well done brings more tangible results than a big one half finished. E. B. S.

A few well-directed plans will save an infinite amount of regret and confusion. E. B. S.

Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual—THOUGHT IS SUPREME. Preserve a right mental attitude of courage, frankness, and good cheer. To think rightly is to create. All things come through desire, and every sincere prayer is answered. We become like that on which our hearts are fixed. "Do not fear being misunderstood, and never waste a minute thinking about your enemies."

ELBERT HUBBARD.

Do not let worldly thoughts and anxieties disturb your mind. Do everything that is necessary in its proper time and let your mind be always fixed on God.

SRI RAMAKRISHNA.

To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune; for our faculties then undergo a development and display an energy of which they were previously unsusceptible.

FRANKLIN.

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW GUISE

A new hand pulleth at my latch-string.
Enter friend or foe!
Whoso pulls my latch-string walks a while with me
Be he friend or foe.
A foot crosses my threshold
Looks long into eyes that are not new:
Ah! old wine sparkleth in bottle new!
Old wine doth not kindly take to mold so new.

Oh! old wine must mellow grow,
Like amber, rich and mystic show
When poured in crystal pure and new.
Sit with me, and let me quaff
The sparkling wine of vintage old
That memory spills from bottle new,
And I'll be I and you'll be you
On other stars that brightly glow.
Again a toast to friendship rare
In brimming cups of vintage old,
Brewed by the gods for me and you.
Eye meets eye, and hand clasps hand,
In bottles new, in bottles new.

MAPLET ELSEBETH HODGINS.

THE ADVENT OF KARNA

Now the feats of arms are ended, and the closing hour draws nigh,
Music's voice is hushed in silence, and dispersing crowds pass by,

Hark! Like welkin-shaking thunder wakes a deep and deadly sound,
Clank and din of warlike weapons burst upon the tented ground!

Are the solid mountains splitting, is it bursting of the earth,
Is it tempest's pealing accent whence the lightning takes its birth?

Thoughts like these alarm the people for the sound is dread and high,
To the gate of the arena turns the crowd with anxious eye!

Gathered round preceptor Drona, Pandu's sons in armour bright,
Like the five-starred constellation round the radiant Queen of Night,

Gathered round the proud Duryodhan, dreaded for his exploits done,
All his brave and warlike brothers and preceptor Drona's son,

So the gods encircled INDRA, thunder-wielding, fierce and bold,
When he scattered Danu's children in the misty days of old!

Pale, before the unknown warrior, gathered nations part in twain,
Conqueror of hostile cities, lofty Karna treads the plain,

In his golden mail accoutred and his ring of yellow gold,
Like a moving cliff in stature, armed comes the chieftain bold,

Pritha, yet unwedded, bore him, peerless archer on the earth,
Portion of the solar radiance, for the Sun inspired his birth!

Like a tusker in his fury, like a lion in his ire,
Like the sun in noontide radiance, like the all-consuming fire,

Lion-like in build and muscle, stately as a golden palm,
Blessed with every manly virtue, peerless, dauntless, proud and
calm!

With his looks serene and lofty field of war the chief surveyed,
Scarce to Kripa or to Drona honour and obeisance made,

Still the panic-stricken people viewed him with unmoving gaze,
Who may be this unknown warrior, questioned they in hushed amaze!

Then in voice of pealing thunder spake fair Pritha's eldest son
Unto Arjun, Pritha's youngest, each, alas! to each unknown:

"All thy feats of weapons, Arjun, done with vain and needless boast,
These and greater I accomplish—witness be this mighty host!"

Thus spake proud and peerless Karna in his accents deep and loud,
And as moved by sudden impulse joyous rose the listening crowd,

And a gleam of mighty transport glows in proud Duryodhan's heart,
Flames of wrath and jealous anger from the eyes of Arjun start,

Drona gave the word, and Karna, Pritha's war-beloving son,
With his sword and with his arrows did the feats by Arjun done!

MAHABHARATA.

THE GITA

The Gita is sometimes called an "Upanishad" because it contains the essence of SELF KNOWLEDGE, and because its teachings, like those of the "Vedas" are divided into three sections,

WORK	-	-	KARMA
DEVOTION	-	UPASANA	
and KNOWLEDGE	-	JNANA	

The central teaching of the Gita is the attainment of Freedom by the performance of one's duty in Life. We all sometimes fall into despondency and fail to fight for a just cause, and in the first chapter this is symbolized, directly after we are introduced to the scene of action and the dramatis personae.

In the first six chapters the path of work without desire is explained. In the following six chapters the nature of "THAT" is explained. In the "Kena" Upanishad we read: "We do not know 'THAT'; we do not understand how it can be taught. It is distinct from the known and also it is beyond the known. Thus we have heard from the ancient teachers who have told us about it."

IV.

“That which speech does not illumine, but which illumines speech: Know that alone to be the Supreme Being, not this which people worship here.”

V.

“That which cannot be thought by the mind, but by which, they say, mind is able to think: Know that alone to be the Supreme Being, not this which people worship here.”

VI.

“That which is not seen by the eye, but by which the eye is able to see: Know that alone to be the Supreme Being, not this which people worship here.”

VII.

“That which cannot be heard by the ear, but by which the ear is able to hear: Know that alone to be the Supreme Being, not this which people worship here.”

VIII.

“That which none breathes with the breath, but by which breath is inbreathed: Know that alone to be the Supreme Being, not this which people worship here.”

Ordinarily we know three states of Consciousness only—waking, dreaming and sleeping. There is, however, a fourth state, the superconscious, which transcends these.

In the first three the mind is not clear enough to save us from error; but in the fourth state it gains such purity of vision that it can PERCEIVE the DIVINE.

Ordinarily our mind is limited, but when it becomes illumined by the light of Cosmic Intelligence, or the “Mind of the Mind,” then it is able to apprehend the First cause or “THAT” which stands behind and permeates all activities.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA

*Translated by Pramada Dasa Mitra with Explanatory notes by
Walter N. Goldschmidt.*

Discourse VII.

The Divine Lord spoke:—

Hear, O son of Pritha,
how, without doubt thou
shalt know Me fully, prac-
ticing Yoga,—in Me thy
mind fixed—in Me thy
refuge. (1)

(1) "Fully," i. e., of infinite greatness, strength, power, grace, and other infinite attributes.

I will declare to thee this
knowledge together with
Wisdom without reserve,
which being known here,
nought else remaineth to be
known again. (2)

(2) Because he who knows the Reality becomes Omniscient.

Among thousands of men,
some one striveth for per-
fection; and among the per-
fected that strive, only
some one knoweth Me in
truth. (3)

(3) The "*raison d'être*" of this reduction of matter into five elements is quite different from that conceived by modern science. Man has five senses only, just five ways in which he can be affected by matter, therefore this perception of matter cannot be divided further. The elements are of two kinds: Subtle and Gross.

Akasha is just the sound-producing agency. From Akasha rises *Vayu*, having the properties of sound and touch. From *Vayu* springs *Tejas*, possessing the property of visibility as well as those above mentioned. From *Tejas* arises *Ap*, combining with the above properties flavor, and *Bhumi* includes all the above with the additional property of fragrance.

Earth, Water, Fire, Air,
Ether, Mind, Understanding
and Self-consciousness
—thus eightfold is My Na-
ture divided. (4)

Lower is this Nature;
other than this and higher
that Nature of Mine which
has become the Vital Soul,
O thou of mighty arms, by
which this world is sup-
ported. (5)

Remember that all be-
ings spring from this (two-
fold nature) I am the Or-
igin (Creator) and the Dis-
solution (Destroyer) of the
whole Universe. (6)

Higher than I there is
none else, O Dhananjaya:
All this is strung in Me as
pearls in a thread. (7)

I am the sapidity in the
waters, O Kunti's son, and
the brilliance in the Sun
and Moon. I am the Sound
Supreme (Pranava) in all
the Vedas, the sound in
ether, and effort in men. (8)

(6) In me the whole Universe or-
iginates and dissolves, as every-
thing springs from my nature
(Prakriti).

As Himself, the Deity has no
attributes; but as the WORD,
the Lord of the two powers, He
is the God of the Universe.

(7) "Dhananjaya" means con-
queror of Wealth.

There is no other cause of the
Universe but me.

"Strung in ME": Absolute
Consciousness is beyond all
things.

Universe of objects are but
manifestations of its power.

(8) In me as essence, all these
are woven, as my manifestations.

"PRANAVA" means "THE
WORD."

Sacred fragrance am I in the Earth, light in fire; Life in all the creatures, asceticism am I in the ascetic. (9)

Know Me, O Partha, the Seed eternal of all beings. I am the Intellect of the Intelligent; I am the Energy of the Energetic. (10)

Devoid of desire and passion, I am the strength of the strong; and I am Desire, unopposed to Religion, in all creatures, O Prince of the Bharatas. (11)

And all those conditions pertaining to Goodness, and those pertaining to Passion and to Darkness, know them to proceed from Me. But I am not in them—they are in Me. (12)

All this world, deluded by these three conditions consisting of qualities, knoweth not Me who am above these—Immutable. (13)

Divine is this Illusion of Mine, consisting of qualities, hard to be surmounted. They only pass this Illusion who fly to Me for refuge. (14)

The sinful, deluded, miserable men resort not to Me,—by illusion deprived of wisdom and standing in the demoniac condition. (15)

(9) All things are sacred in their natural condition; they become defiled by impure contact.

(10) "Seed," i. e., the final cause.

(11) "Strength," the capacity of not being overcome.

"Desire" (Kama): Thirst for objects not present to the senses.

"Unopposed to Religion (Dharma): the desire which moves in harmony with the ordained duties of life.

(12) All things are in Him, yet He not in them. Logically this can only happen in superimposition through illusion; as that of a ghost seen in the stump of a tree; the ghost is in the stump, from the point of view of the man in the dark, but the stump is never in the ghost.

(14) "Divine": Transcending human perception.

Abandoning formal religion.

(15) Cruelty, untruth and the like.

(To Be Continued)

Sri Gaudapadacharya's Exposition of Mno-Nirodha

Continued from April-May

In this connection, a study of Sri-Gaudapadacharya's exposition, in the Advaitaprakarana (a section of his commentary on the Mandukya-upanishad), of the process of mano-nirodha which leads to the attainment of Atman's real being may be found very instructive. Before describing the actual process he proves, by reasoning from experience, the declaration of the Sruti that Atman is all and that therefore manas has no real existence except as Atman.

Emanation of Duality from the One Sat

With this end in view the Acharya proceeds to establish the emanation of the dual universe from the one Sat or Absolute Existence. In the section above referred to, he says:

"As in svapna manas acts by maya, as though it were dual; so in the jagrat, manas acts by maya as though it were dual." (Verse 29).

It is, indeed, held by philosophers that it is the manas regarded as an independent entity that transfers itself into the whole world of duality as experiences in the jagrat and svapna states, in our waking and dream consciousness.

The fact, however, is somewhat different. It is the Sat, Brahman, Atman Himself that, by maya, emanates into various forms of being including manas. And manas itself is nothing but the Sat, as it is but a mere appearance of Brahman. Where a rope, for example, is mistaken for a serpent, the serpent has a real existence only when seen as identical with the rope. So also manas exists only in the sense in which it is identical with Atman, with the Absolute Consciousness, which alone is the Supreme Reality, and on which the whole superstructure of manas with all its modification is based.

Manifestation of the One as Many

It may be here asked, how can manas, identical with the one Sat or Atman, transform itself into the whole Universe? This question can be answered by an appeal to the Svapna state, in which the one manas is found to transform itself into various forms of being, into the percipient and the various objects of perception. It is admitted by all philosophers that the dual world which presents itself to consciousness in dreams is a mere illusory creation of maya, just as the serpent is an illusory appearance of the rope. In the jagrat state as much as in the svapna state, it is by maya that manas transform itself into various forms of being.

Manas Identical with Atman

It should not be supposed that we have thus admitted two causes of the universe, manas and Brahman. For as we have already pointed out, manas is but an illusory manifestation of Atman, just as the serpent is an illusory manifestation of the rope, and as such it is really identical with Atman and is therefore one and secondless. The Acharya says:

“And the non-dual manas appears, no doubt, as dual in svapna; so, too, the non-dual appears, no doubt, as dual in jagrat.” (Verse 30).

It is manas indeed, which manifests itself as the whole seemingly duality of svapna. In the svapna state, as everybody is aware, there really exists nothing but vijnana or consciousness; there neither exist the objects perceived such as elephants, nor are the eye and other organs of perception awake by which to perceive them. So, too, in the jagrat, or waking state, manas which is one and identical with Atman, the only Absolute Real Being, manifests itself as senses and sense-objects. Thus, manas is only an illusory manifestation resting upon vijnana or consciousness, inasmuch as consciousness alone is absolutely real, being present alike in the jagrat and svapna states without any change whatever; and it is the manas of this sort—that is, the manas which is really identical with Atman,—that presents itself in the form of all this dual world. Hence no plurality of causes.

(To Be Continued)

Good as is discourse, silence is better, and shames it. The length of the discourse indicates the distance of thought betwixt the speaker and the hearer. If they were at a perfect understanding in any part, no words would be necessary thereon. If at one in all parts, no words would be suffered.

EMERSON.

THE INMOST SHRINE

Deep down within the soul's remotest place
There is a shrine that God has builded there—
A shrine where man meets Maker face to face,
Communes with Him who made all life so fair;
But only those who pray and meditate
May know the joys of this supernal state.

Poor mortal man has eyes but never sees
The glories that His Being brings to us—
Dwelling in sense alone, governed by these,
Pleasure and Sleep and Appetite so gross—
He does not dream that deep within him lies
The Power that can uplift to Paradise.

The turtle in the mud ne'er looks to Heaven.
The crafty mole dwells in his burrow deep,
The beetle sees but earth from morn to even,
The sloth finds happiness in sluggish sleep;
And so to mortal mind it ever seems
That God and Heaven dwell but in men's dreams.

But there are those who know that inner shrine,
Who have, by prayer and sweet communion blest
Been shown the secret way to things divine,
To starry paths and visions loveliest;
Does not God say to Human consciousness:
"Ask in My Name, and I will truly bless?"

There is one pathway to this glorious shrine—
A pathway that is paved with utmost faith;
And Love does lead the way, with lamp ashine
And bids us triumph over Fear and Death;
Dear Love, supremest gift to mortals given,
Lighting the Cosmic road to a new Heaven!

From the far country of our sinful state
How glorious 'tis, to know that we may come
Unto our Father, sick and disconsolate,
And be received, as prodigal come home.
Things of earth, earthy, all these are forgot
When we commune with Him, in this most sacred
spot.

“The kingdom lies within you,” Christ has said,
Why are we blind, why can we seldom see
The glories that Our Father has so shed
Upon us, that most happy we should be?
Knowing His loving care can never fail,
That He does lead us safely through life's vale.

LUCILE EVANS.

Too great the burden,
The rose lies shattered at His feet.
But God takes each petal one by one,
And makes the rose again complete
To live and blossom on.
Its fragrance to enrich the heavenly air,
Its beauty ne'er bedimmed
It liveth still,
To work out God's Eternal Will.

LAUREL.

“Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.”

HELEN KELLER.

THE NEW STAR

"Well, children, we are all going home tomorrow."

This was what I told my little friends when we were seated to tell stories again next day. They were all very sorry when I told them we were going back to the city. Ellen looked as if she were going to cry, but suddenly her face lighted up with a smile and she said, "Oh, well, we can all go to the picture shows when we go back to town." Then everybody was glad to think of getting to go to the shows again.

"But you must tell us one more story before we go," said Flossie.

"Very well," I replied, "I will tell you a little story this afternoon that I heard some time ago. Ellen just now made me think of this story. Did you ever see the Big Dipper in the sky at night? If not, you must make your parents point it out to you one night soon. The Big Dipper is made of stars, you know. Well, one star in that Dipper used to be a very dark star. It was not bright at all like it is now, and no one could see it from this world. I don't know why the star was dark. Perhaps it was just made that way. Anyway, it was very dark. Now, there were thousands of people living in that star, for you know the stars are big worlds, just like the world we live in. Well, those people were very sad people, and some of them, I am sorry to say, were not very nice people. All they did was just walk around and say, 'Oh, my goodness, what an awful world this is to live in! What a terrible place! I wish we lived somewhere else. I wish we lived in one of those other stars away off there in the sky. They are bright stars; the people who live there have light and are happy; but here we must wander around forever, without any light, even to go to bed by!'

"'I wonder,' said one of these dark-star men one day, 'I wonder why this is such a dark, cold place to live in? I wonder why it is so black here and so bright everywhere else? I'm getting mighty sick of it! I feel just like crying—I surely do!'" Then one of his brothers said, "Oh, hush talking about it! You only make things

worse! I am tired of hearing you grumble. I know it's dark, as well as you do, but we can't help it, can we?' So these two brothers began to quarrel and pretty soon they began to fight like cats and dogs. It was the same way all over the star. Everybody was sad or mad or disagreeable in some way or other. Usually, when folks met on the streets they did not even speak to one another. They were not a bit pleasant. It was so dark in that star that people sometimes had to hunt around for a week before they could find a grocery store or a market place, and so people often almost starved. When little boys and girls got up in the mornings they had to look around for two or three hours to find their shoes and stockings. Sometimes it was dinner time before they could get dressed, so they had to eat breakfast and dinner all at the same time, and of course by that time they were so hungry that they nearly always ate too much, and that made them feel bad, too. For this reason many people slept with their clothes on and of course, that, too, was not very pleasant. So you can imagine what an awful place that was in which to live.

"Well, now comes the strange part of the story. A little girl, about ten years of age, started out to find a store to buy some candy. When at last she found a store she walked in and said, 'Mr. Store Man, please sell me a penny's worth of chocolate.' Do you think that store man was nice to her? Not a bit! He looked toward her a minute and said, 'Oh, I'm tired of selling candy to girls! Go out of this store! I don't like you! I can't see you, but I don't like you, anyway. I don't like anybody! Nobody in this star likes anybody else! Why did you leave your home? Go away now—and never come back!'

"Well, at first the little girl felt like getting angry, and then she felt like crying. What was her name? Her name was Sweetheart. Well, Sweetheart first wanted to be mad and then she wanted to cry, but as she started back home she said to herself: 'No, I will not be mad, and I will not cry, either! That would be foolish. If I get mad or cry I will only be hurting myself. I'm going to be just as happy as I can be, and I am going to try to make other people happy, too. I know this is a dark old star, and I know that everyone here is unhappy. I don't

know why it is so, but I know it will not do any good to grumble; so I'm going to be happy, anyhow!"

"When Sweetheart said that she began to smile, and when she smiled a light began to shine on her face. A man who was passing saw the light on Sweetheart's face and he ran to her quickly and exclaimed, 'Oh, what a beautiful little girl! I never saw anyone so beautiful! Little girl, what is that lovely veil over your face?' And Sweetheart answered, 'That is light.' And the man said, 'Oh, tell me, where did you get this light? Did you steal it from one of those flaming stars away off there in the blue skies? And how did you get to the star? Will you tell me? Can we all go and get some of this light?'"

"And Sweetheart said, 'No, sir, I did not get my light from any star. I found it in my heart. I think everybody in this star has this light, and if they only knew it they would be very happy. All you have to do is to smile and the light will shine around you. Just be glad and good and speak kindly to everybody and you will have light, too.'

"Well, pretty soon hundreds of people began to flock around Sweetheart and to admire her beauty. And of course everybody asked her to teach them how to smile—and of course she taught them, too. It took a long time to teach some of them but, finally, they all learned how to smile. Sometimes Sweetheart would teach a mother how to smile, and the mother would go home and be a light for the rest of the family. Sometimes it would be a sister or brother who would learn, and then this sister or brother would go to his or her home, and be a light for the rest of them. Well, of course the old star grew brighter and brighter all the time—and by and by, when everybody in the star had learned to smile and be kind, that star grew to be one of the brightest ones in all the skies."

JAMES M. WARNACK.

Opportunity will look for you if you are worth finding.

SAYINGS FROM SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA'S "HEART OF RAMA"

Accept not a Religion because it is the oldest; its being the oldest is not a proof of its being the true one. Sometimes the oldest houses ought to be pulled down and the oldest clothes must be changed. The latest innovation, if it can stand the test of REASON, is as good as the fresh rose bedecked with sparkling dew.

Accept not a Religion because it is the latest. The latest things are not always the best, not having stood the test of time.

Accept not a Religion on the ground of its being believed in by a vast majority of mankind, because the majority of mankind believe practically in the Religion of Satan, in the Religion of Ignorance. There was a time when the majority of mankind believed in slavery, but that could be no proof of slavery being a proper Institution.

Believe not in a Religion on the ground of its being believed by the chosen few. Sometimes the small minority that accepts a Religion is in darkness, misled.

Accept not a Religion because it comes from a great ascetic, from a man who has renounced everything; because we see that there are many ascetics, men who have renounced everything, and yet they know nothing; they are veritable fanatics.

Accept not a Religion because it comes from Kings and Princes; Kings are often enough spiritually poor.

Any Philosophy which does not explain all the facts in nature is no philosophy.

What is Truth but Love itself.

Truth need not compromise. Let the whole world turn round the Sun, the Sun need not revolve round the world.

Truth is nobody's property; Truth is not the property of Jesus; we ought not to preach it in the name of Jesus. . . . It is not the property of Krishna, or anybody. It is everybody's property.

To realize Truth is to become the master of the Universe.

BOOK REVIEWS

HEART OF RAMA

How swiftly one runs toward the thing he loves or from that for which he has an aversion! Yet with what different feelings! How easily one builds, of time and space, a house in which to woo his fairest desires! Thus it was that when a friend loaned me a copy of "Heart of Rama" I quickly sought a quiet spot (amid the rattle of typewriters and the shouts of editors and copy boys in a big newspaper office, where it was my business to be) and sat down to feed my soul on a feast of words. And it is a joyous privilege to be allowed to sit down again and record my gratitude for the loan of the book and the peace that followed the reading of it.

Not that I am such a "spiritual giant" as to have absorbed and assimilated the contents of "Heart of Rama" in one reading. I could—and shall—read it many times and be nourished at each perusal. For the little book contains food for the spirit sufficient to last one a lifetime. From English translations and interpretations that I have read on Vedanta, I am led to believe that the "Heart of Rama" contains the very heart of Vedanta—but whether it does or not concerns me very little—for the book contains enough for me for this present time of my eternal being.

Reading the book, which includes hundreds of sayings of the great Swami, one feels that he is standing under a cataract of shining gems of thought—the various colors blending into that great white peace which is Vedanta's message. For in all that this master has to say concerning India, Religion, Morals and Philosophy runs the central thought and theme of the divinity of man—besides which realization nothing else can satisfy.

Rama Tirtha (who is said to be a Vedantist—though not of the Rama Krishna school) could not well say the things he does without having realized their truth. To be sure, not everything he says is said in his own words, except as he may have made those words his own. At times he quotes the sacred books verbatim. He quotes Christ and other masters, but the reader feels that it is not "parrot" repetition. The fire of truth in the words

is transmitted to the heart of the reader through the masterful instrumentality known as Swami Rama Tirtha. However, most of the book is in the words of the Swami, and the words are something more than beautiful, for they are strong, suggesting to the reader that he suggest to himself those words and thoughts that make for freedom.

Except for the central thought and declaration of the fact of the presence, power, wisdom and love of the Eternal One, at all times and in all places (which is the very heart of Veda and the "Heart of Rama") no idea is more strongly stressed in this little book than the presentation of the need for attention to relative duties. The author tells India that "The Sannyasi spirit must be wedded to the Pariah hands" and he adds, "There is no other way today. Wake up! Wake up!" He offers no hope for India until "the little selves of the many are made absolutely at one with the great Self of Mother India." In regard to meaningless religious ceremonies he echoes, in different words, the stinging arraignment of the prophet of the Hebrew Scriptures: "*Your new moons and appointed feasts do I hate.*" In brief, he tells India, "You must work, work, work, without fear or shame."

In the section of the book devoted to "Religion and Morals" are to be found scores of polished literary gems, many of which I would be glad to quote if space allowed. One sentence that struck me forcibly is the statement which America needs to accept as advice. The Swami says, "Spiritual pauperism is produced by forcing religious beliefs on innocent boys and girls." Notice, he says BELIEFS, he does not say "truths" or "principles."

Without needlessly pronouncing a curse upon those who, as Schopenhauer says, "sin against the Holy Ghost by reading trash to pass the time," the Swami (doubtless feeling that they are cursed sufficiently by their idleness and madness for sensation) pronounces a blessing on those who seek peace. He says: "Blessed are those who do not read newspapers, for they shall see Nature, and, through Nature, God."

In "Philosophy" the Swami sums up all "New

Thought" and all worth-while old thought in the paragraph: "There is in reality only the one Self which we are; and, since there is nothing besides the Self, you cannot consistently say that you are a part. There is no division in Truth. You are the Truth, now."

The author offers the finest illustration I have ever read on the futility of the mind to solve the riddle of life when he says: "A pair of tongs can catch almost anything else, but how can it turn back and grasp the very fingers which hold it? So the mind or intellect can in no wise be expected to know the great Unknowable, its very source."

Of the many wonderfully interesting sayings on "Renunciation" one which the Occidental world would do well to ponder is this: "The civilized man, without renunciation through love, is only a more experienced and wiser savage."

Yet it is, perhaps, in "Rama" that the author gives the best that is in him to those who are willing to try to respond, if only in small measure, to the spirit that inspires the Swami's words. Here he speaks of Rama, the Divine One, and, taking no account of Rama as a separate being, declares Rama to be in every man. He repeats Laotze's sentiment, "Before God was, I Am." "Whatever you may be, whoever you may be, you are Rama's self," he says. Renouncing even the desire for spiritual leadership, he declares, "I do not want to produce converts and gather followers. I simply live the truth." The truth belongs to no personality, however high and holy, he contends, adding that all things and all beings belong to truth.

This remarkable little book of many choice sayings of Rama Tirtha was largely compiled and edited by his chief disciple, R. S. Narayana Swami. In his work is the disciple blessed, and the world which receives his blessing shall bless him in return.

JAMES M. WARNACK.

MY ANTONIA

By Willa S. Cather

It is quite possible that the author's intention in writing "My Antonia" was merely to give the public a good story, and this she has done. It is a story of tragic adventure and great hardships incident to frontier life, thrillingly told. Miss Cather's own trip to Nebraska when she was very young and her life there makes the book ring true.

The Bohemian family, Shimerda, is typical of the early settlers. They started with almost nothing—lived in a dug-out in the side of a hill, and the first winter had very little food. The father of the family, unable to cope with the situation, committed suicide; an older brother carried on. Antonia, in European fashion, did the roughest field and farm work. It was the custom for the daughters of immigrant farmers to seek positions in the homes in town. This had a two-fold effect. It helped the family to struggle out of debt, keeping the younger children in school, and at the same time developed the girls along the line of American home making. The town experience of the girls raised their standards of living and helped them to become mothers of an even finer type. At the time they were considered rather a menace to the conservative social order of the small town, for the young men of better social standing felt the attraction of these fine, well set-up girls. The ideal solution of this social problem was for the hired girl to marry the son of an immigrant farmer. She made a worthy wife, "a rich mine of life like the founders of early races." The girls were grateful for their town experience. Antonia voiced it thus: "If it had not been for what Mrs. Harling taught me I would probably have brought up my children like rabbits. I am glad I had a chance to learn, but I'm thankful none of my daughters will ever have to work out."

In those words is the whole social problem of the immigrant at that time delineated: The original immigrant was all but submerged by his difficulties; the second generation, hardworking but prosperous; and the third generation gently reared.

Miss Cather has not only told an excellent story, but has made a valuable contribution to our social history.

FRANCES DAWSON.

THE HUMANLY DIVINE

Hope is the light of ignorance. Faith is the fruit of hope. Peace comes only with the surrender of the personal self to the will of life.

To love one's neighbor as oneself is impossible without the realization of the spiritual identity of the lover and the loved.

The office of worship is this: that it brings the devotee into the presence and, finally, into the consciousness of the being worshiped.

Whatever it is that makes one aware of anything apparently outside himself, it must be something common to both perceiver and the thing perceived, else there could be no bond of sympathy to create the awareness. At least the organic unity of life is undeniable. It is possible to conceive of and to realize life as a whole, as a unit, as one body, perfectly and joyously functioning, without being troubled by the consciousness of its many apparently opposing parts and its seemingly antagonistic manifestations—just as it is possible to go about one's daily duties without a thought concerning one's hands and feet and head.

Consider this: If there were no connection between the thinker and the thought, between the seer and the seen, between object and subject—in other words, if any part of life were really separate from any other part it would be impossible even to conceive of differentiation, for the reason that the proposition of difference and the possibility of comparison depend upon the acknowledgment of relationship. At least the organic unity of life is undeniable.

No one could feel that he is in darkness without being somewhat aware of the power and presence of light. To admit one's ignorance on any point is equivalent to declaring that knowledge is possible. To say "I do not understand" is, as a rule, to admit "I am not yet ready to open my mental and spiritual eyes."

To realize that there is no barrier between the divine and the human, to know that the Father's "house of many mansions" is forever open to all His children, to be aware

of the truth that the so-called material and spiritual universes are identical, to perceive that the Spirit of positive good is eternally present in all its manifestations—this is the supreme bliss of consciousness.

FOOTHILL PHILOSOPHER.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

GOLDSMITH.

May we never be tempted to turn back nor even to hesitate and falter because the road before us seems to be steep.

The uphill road is the road to God, and if we keep on climbing we shall finally reach the crest and with it rest and peace.

A LITTLE BROWN HOUSE IN THE VALLEY

I know a small house in a valley
Not noted for beauty or grace.
That is dear to the hearts of its inmates
As the smile on a fond mother's face.

To the north of it stand age-old mountains,
Holding stately heads high in the air,
Giving shelter to all in the valley;
Protecting all things growing there.

To the eastward are orange trees blooming,
To the west the arroyo doth run,
While to southward Old Ocean lies throbbing
And shimmering 'neath the warm sun,

This little brown house in the valley
Fairly radiates love and good cheer,
And friends, gath'ring 'round its warm hearthstone,
Sense the peace and the joy 'biding there.

'Tis a house where the spirit of Poesy
Keeps pace with the spirit of Song;
Where there's room for the spirit of Laughter,
But no room for the spirit of Wrong.

In the morning, at noontide, at even'
The Angel of Love hovers near.
Through the night broods a peace and a quiet
That is born of the absence of fear.

And this little brown house in the valley
Turns no sorrowing soul from its door
But invites all to share in its blessing
Of Love, Peace and Joy evermore.

MARTHA BOSWELL BRESLER.

MEDITATIONS

Idle talking is merely wasting force.

If your thoughts are your only possessions, then lock fast your storehouse door, lest you be tempted to give them away and thereby be left as empty as a bubble and with as little reason for existence.

'Tis the still, deep river that bears the ship. The laughing, dashing, frothing brook can only turn a child's pinwheel.

If there be those who say that by commiseration they express LOVE, tell them they err.

MARY ESTHER BATES.

The most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not.

HUXLEY.

CAPRICE

A Sunbeam, falling, kissed a Rose;
The proud Rose blushed and smiled,
But nothing said,
And so the Sunbeam passed away.
But when the Rose had died
And all her petals fell apart,
They found the Sunbeam's kiss
Upon her heart.

CHARLES P. HUEY.

TRUTH

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new life which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it comes not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, when, as we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, "to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures," early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in soldiery, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth.

For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

MILTON

GOD'S LAW

Dost see yon star, how bright it shines?
That orb within God's Hand reclines;
Tho yet so far, 'twould seem forgot
'Tis in God's Law which changeth not,
Thus all within His world combines.
Tho' oft from Truth thou mayest wend
Thy daily needs on God depend;
Thou art not so far to be forgot
Thou't in His Law which changeth not
And to His call thou must ascend.
He reigns supreme from sky to sod
With love He wields His chastening rod;
Midst sun and rain, thru ebb and tide
In joy and pain thy time abide,
'Tis truly in the Hand of God.

MARGARET LANGE.

TO A MORNING GLORY

Thou humble, fragile, winsome flower,
To what sweet mission born?
Thou pensive transient of the hour,
Thou glory of the Morn!

LIFE

A groping in the dark,
A reaching out to better things,
To hear the chanting of the choir invisible,
To sense the rustling of the angel's wings.

LAUREL.

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