

# BROADCAST

Devoted to the Publication of Ethical, Philosophical  
and Spiritual Truth

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Vol. II

DECEMBER, 1923

No. 13

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## **Christmas**

*Stories and Poems by Dickens and Kingsley*

## **Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men**

*Editorial by Walter N. Goldschmidt*

## **Will Levington Comfort Letter**

## **Etymology of Name of Lao Tze**

*Prof. O. C. Getzinger*

## **Tragedy**

*By Foothill Philosopher*

## **Eighth Discourse Bhagavad Gita, with Notes**

*By Walter N. Goldschmidt*

## **Poems by**

*James M. Warnack, Elinor Woolson.*

## **The Passing Storm**

*Edmund K. Goldsborough*

## **Insight Into Truth**

*Thomas J. Hampton*

## **Cosmopolitan Biography—Francis Grierson**

*By Waldemar Tonner*

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*Published Monthly at*

**529 Phelan Building, 760 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.**

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*Given to the U. S.*

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# BROADCAST

*A Non-Sectarian MONTHLY MAGAZINE*

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

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*Required by the Act of Congress of Aug. 24, 1912.*

Of BROADCAST, published monthly at San Francisco, California, as of October 1, 1923.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss:

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and City aforesaid, personally appeared Walter N. Goldschmidt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says, that he is sole owner, publisher, editor and business manager of BROADCAST, and that his address is 529 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, California. And that there are no bondholders, mortgagees or any other security holders owning 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities  
(Signed) WALTER N. GOLDSCHMIDT.

Sworn to and subscribed to before me, 19th day of November, 1923.

D. B. RICHARDS, Notary Public,  
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Commission expires May 26, 1925.



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Vol. II

DECEMBER, 1923

No. 1

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## EDITORIAL

### Christmas

PEACE on Earth GOOD WILL to Men.

ALL men hold this attitude OCCASIONALLY.

The ILLUMINED ONES of all times and all places are  
CONSTANTLY holding this attitude.

Ordinary men hold this attitude of consciousness only when  
the little selfish "I" benefits thereby, regardless of what may  
happen to their brothers, may the results be good or bad.

Particularly at this season, has it become habitual for us, to  
stretch our consciousness to include our fellow beings and  
that is along the right direction.

Habit is a wonderful thing. Let us encourage good habits  
of Virtue. The vice will then be crowded out.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER, then co-operation will become  
habitual.

## IDEALISM AND JOURNALISM

When taken up in the spirit of service to one's own people as well as mankind in general, journalism promotes not only public good, but also one's own welfare, material, intellectual and even spiritual.

The eminent journalist gives many valuable practical hints and suggestions for those who want to equip themselves for further work along this line.

A journalist, like other human beings, is not omniscient, but the more subjects and the more things he knows the better fitted he is for his work.

A journalist's duty is to conserve all that is good in the existing state of things, to revive if possible, all that was good in the old order; to reform abuses where they exist, in order that the good may survive, and to suggest and help in the introduction of what is new for the promotion of the common good.

WALTER N. GOLDSCHMIDT.

## UNIVERSAL THOUGHT

Throughout the universe of varied thought  
Diversified in manyness, and taught  
By Ancient Sages—by the modern mind—  
The spirit of the age brings to mankind,  
The wider vision and the broader scope  
Awakens in man's breast Eternal Hope,  
Arising as a morning star to shine,  
Revealing Truth in majesty Divine  
Of man's blest heritage—and God's known plan—  
Freed from all narrow gage of thought to scan  
The Universal Mind where shall converge  
The manyness in one; all else shall purge  
And blend in unity a Spirit's might  
In quickening power suffuses radiant light,  
The light Eternal—clearly understood  
Of man's Divinity with Greater Good,  
In one vast brotherhood designed to be,  
Where love shall give unto humanity  
The gems of wisdom's way in thought's clear call,  
And oneness merge with Universal All.

EDWARDUS.

## CHRISTMAS DAY

How will it dawn, the coming Christmas Day?  
A northern Christmas, such as painters love,  
And kinsfolk, shaking hands but once a year,  
And dames who tell old legends by the fire?  
Red sun, blue sky, white snow, and pearly ice,  
Keen ringing air, which sets the blood on fire,  
And makes the old man merry with the young,  
Through the short sunshine, through the longer night?

Or southern Christmas, dark and dank with mist,  
And heavy with the scent of steaming leaves,  
And rosebuds mouldering on the dripping porch;  
One twilight, without rise or set of sun,  
Till beetles drone along the hollow lane,  
And round the leafless hawthorns, flitting bats  
Hawk the pale moths of winter? Welcome then  
At best, the flying gleam, the flying shower,  
The rain-pools glittering on the long white roads,  
And shadows sweeping on from dawn to dawn  
Before the salt Atlantic gale; yet come  
In whatsoever garb, or gay, or sad,  
Come fair, come foul, 'twill still be Christmas Day.

How will it dawn, the coming Christmas Day?  
To sailors lounging on the lonely deck  
Beneath the rushing trade-wind? Or to him,  
Who by some noisesome harbour of the East,  
Watches swart arms roll down the precious bales,  
Spoils of the tropic forests; year by year  
Amid the din of heathen voices, groaning  
Himself half heathen? How to those—brave hearts!  
Who toil with laden loins and sinking stride  
Beside the bitter wells of treeless sands  
Toward the peaks which flood the ancient Nile,  
To face a tyrant's captives? How to those . . .  
New patriarchs of the new-found underworld . . .  
Who stand, like Jacob, on the virgin lawns,  
And count their flocks' increase? To them that day  
Shall dawn in glory, and solstitial blaze  
Of full midsummer sun; to them that morn,  
Gay flowers beneath their feet, gay birds aloft,  
Shall tell of naught but summer; but to them,  
Ere yet, unwarned by carol or by chime,  
They spring into the saddle, thrills may come  
From that great heart of Christendom which beats

Round all the worlds; and gracious thoughts of youth;  
Of steadfast folk, who worship God at home;  
Of wise words, learnt beside their mother's knee;  
Of innocent faces upturned once again  
In awe and joy to listen to the tale  
Of God made man, and in a manger laid . . .  
May soften, purify, and raise the soul  
From selfish cares, and growing lust of gain,  
And phantoms of this dream which some call life,  
Toward the eternal facts; for here and there,  
Summer or winter, 'twill be Christmas Day.

The heath eats up green grass and delicate flowers,  
The pine eats up the heath, the grub the pine,  
The finch the grub, the hawk the silly finch;  
And man, the mightiest of all beasts of prey,  
Eats what he lists; the strong eat up the weak,  
The many eat the few; great nations, small;  
And he who cometh in the name of all . . .  
He, greediest, triumphs by the greed of all;  
And, armed by his own victims, eats up all;  
While ever out of the eternal heavens  
Looks patient down the great magnanimous God,  
Who, Maker of all worlds, did sacrifice  
All to Himself? Nay, but Himself to one;  
Who taught mankind on that first Christmas Day.  
What 'twas to be a man; to give, not take;  
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;  
To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live.

O blessed day, which givest the eternal lie  
To self, and sense, and all the brute within;  
Oh, come to us, amid this war of life;  
To hall and hovel, come; to all who toil  
In senate, shop, or study; and to those  
Who sundered by the wastes of half a world,  
Ill-warned, and sorely tempted, ever face  
Nature's brute powers, and men unmanned to brutes  
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day.  
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem;  
The kneeling shepherds, and the Babe Divine;  
And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

**THUMB-BOX SKETCHES****I****COURAGE**

Makes the shoulders erect,  
The eye determined,  
The voice calm;  
He who has Courage  
Reaches his self-appointed goal.

**II****MOMENTS**

Move in silent procession  
With the dignity of conquerors  
But they bring to all men  
A gift,  
The gift of Opportunity.

**III****SUNLIGHT**

Falls through the dark space  
Touching cold worlds with gold,  
Warming them with the breath of being,  
The elixir of life.

**IV****LOVE**

Is the strongest Lord on earth;  
No enemy can stand against him.  
In the human heart  
He accomplishes all things  
With ease.

**V****ENTHUSIASM**

Mover of trains and ships,  
Constructor of commerce  
And nations.

**VI****HAPPINESS**

Is the reward of deeds well done,  
The possession of him  
Who loves mankind  
Generously.

ELINOR C. WOOLSON.

## MAY THE HOLLY-TREE FLOURISH!

I had been snowed up a whole week. The time had hung so lightly on my hands, that I should have been in great doubt of the fact but for a piece of documentary evidence that lay upon my table.

The road had been dug out of the snow on the previous day, and the document in question was my bill. It testified emphatically to my having eaten and drunk, and warmed myself, and slept among the sheltering branches of the Holly-Tree, seven days and nights.

I had yesterday allowed the road twenty-four hours to improve itself, finding that I required that additional margin of time for the completion of my task. I had ordered my bill to be upon the table, and a chaise to be at the door "at eight o'clock to-morrow evening." It was eight o'clock to-morrow evening when I buckled up my traveling writing-desk in its leather case, paid my bill, and got on my warm coats and wrappers. Of course, no time now remained for my traveling on to add a frozen tear to the icicles which were doubtless hanging plentifully about the farmhouse where I had first seen Angela. What I had to do was to get across to Liverpool by the shortest open road, there to meet my heavy baggage and embark. It was quite enough to do, and I had not an hour too much time to do it in.

I had taken leave of all my Holly-Tree friends—almost, for the time being, of my bashfulness too—and was standing for half a minute at the Inn door watching the ostler as he took another turn at the cord which tied my portmanteau on the chaise, when I saw lamps coming down towards the Holly-Tree. The road was so padded with snow that no wheels were audible; but all of us who were standing at the Inn door saw lamps coming on, and at a lively rate too, between the walls of snow that had been heaped up on either side of the track. The chambermaid instantly divined how the case stood, and called to the ostler, "Tom, this is a Gretna job!" The ostler, knowing that her sex instinctively scented a marriage, or anything in that direction, rushed up the yard bawling, "Next four out!" and in a moment the whole establishment was thrown into commotion.

I had a melancholy interest in seeing the happy man who loved and was beloved; and therefore, instead of driving off

at once, I remained at the Inn door when the fugitives drove up. A bright-eyed fellow, muffled in a mantle, jumped out so briskly that he almost overthrew me. He turned to apologize, and, by Heaven, it was Edwin!

"Charley!" said he, recoiling. "Gracious powers, what do you do here?"

"Edwin," said I, recoiling, "gracious powers, what do you do here?" I struck my forehead as I said it, and an insupportable blaze of light seemed to shoot before my eyes.

He hurried me into the little parlour (always kept with a slow fire in it and no poker), where posting company waited while their horses were putting to, and, shutting the door, said:

"Charley, forgive me!"

"Edwin!" I returned. "Was this well? When I loved her so dearly! When I had garnered up my heart so long!" I could say no more.

He was shocked when he saw how moved I was, and made the cruel observation, that he had not thought I should have taken it so much to heart.

I looked at him. I reproached him no more. But I looked at him.

"My dear, dear Charley," said he, "don't think ill of me, I beseech you! I know you have a right to my utmost confidence, and, believe me, you have ever had it until now. I abhor secrecy. Its meanness is intolerable to me. But I and my dear girl have observed it for your sake."

He and his dear girl! It steeled me.

"You have observed it for my sake, Sir?" said I, wondering how his frank face could face it out so.

"Yes!—and Angela's," said he.

I found the room reeling round in an uncertain way, like a labouring humming-top. "Explain yourself," said I, holding on by one hand to an armchair.

"Dear old darling Charley!" returned Edwin, in his cordial manner, "consider! When you were going on so happily with Angela, why should I compromise you with the old gentleman by making you a party to our engagement, and (after he had declined my proposals) to our secret intention? Surely it was better that you should be able honourably to say, 'He never took counsel with me, never told me, never breathed a

word of it.' If Angela suspected it, and showed me all the favour and support she could—God bless her for a precious creature and a priceless wife! —I couldn't help that. Neither I nor Emmeline ever told her, any more than we told you. And for the same good reason, Charley; trust me, for the same good reason, and no other upon earth!"

Emmeline was Angela's cousin. Lived with her. Had been brought up with her. Was her father's ward. Had property.

"Emmeline is in the chaise, my dear Edwin!" said I, embracing him with greatest affection.

"My good fellow!" said he, "do you suppose I should be going to Gretna Green without her?"

I ran out with Edwin, I opened the chaise door, I took Emmeline in my arms, I folded her to my heart. She was wrapped in soft white fur, like the snowy landscape; but was warm, and young, and lovely. I put their leaders to with my own hands, I gave the boys a five-pound note apiece, I cheered them as they drove away, I drove the other way myself as hard as I could pelt.

I never went to Liverpool, I never went to America, I went straight back to London, and I married Angela. I have never until this time, even to her, disclosed the secret of my character, and the mistrust and the mistaken journey into which it led me. When she, and they, and our eight children and their seven—I mean Edwin's and Emmeline's, whose eldest girl is old enough now to wear white for herself, and to look very much like her mother in it—come to read these pages, as of course they will, I shall hardly fail to be found out at last. Never mind! I can bear it. I began at the Holly-Tree, by idle accident, to associate with the Christmas-time of year with human interest, and with some inquiry into, and some care for, the lives of those by whom I find myself surrounded. I hope that I am none the worse for it, and that no one near me or afar off is the worse for it. And I say, May the green Holly-Tree flourish, striking its roots deep into our English ground, dand having its germinating qualities carried by the birds of Heaven all over the world!

By CHARLES DICKENS.



## SUNSET OVER THE GOLDEN GATE

A mask'd ball, whence knights  
In armor ride, full tilt and  
High caparisoned across the flaming  
Banner of the sky, rare tapestried upon  
The violet walls of Night, outflung between  
That Gate of Gold which hails the Sun God's  
Setting. The ensign royal of the Land of  
Dreams whence pilgrims come to that  
Brave Mecca of the West set high upon  
Her seven hills where like to  
Rome of old she rules the world.  
Rose hue and blue upon a  
Field of flame the play is over and  
The maskers gone, the curtain falls upon  
The stage of Day and far aloft  
Upon the outflung mantle of the  
Night fair Venus rises clad in  
Robes of Light. The lesser lamps come  
Twinkling in the sky and far away  
Across the violet waters of the  
Bay the City's eyes are opening wide  
Like flaming jewels set aloft within the  
Diadem of Night far from Twin Peaks  
To that radiant star, the City of the  
Gates of Gold, who lights her lamps  
And laughs and sings while the Sun God sleeps.

JEANNE STANLEY GARY.

## THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL

Transparent life; what mirrored beauty shines  
Engraven in the heart where Truth entwines  
The garden of the soul, enriched to share  
In clustered fruitage fairest garlands there  
Of blooms Eternal in their fragrance seen  
With soul illumined, consciousness serene,  
Majestic in that poise of rhythmic sway,  
Reflecting halo-crown of peaceful ray;  
Bathed in Eternal light. Glad morn of morns  
Enthroned where love ineffable adorns  
Ennobled mind; with mastery's control—  
God-likeness merged in garden of the soul.

EDWARDUS.

## ATMOSPHERE

Mark well and know an emanation flows  
From every human soul, and influence shows  
In subtilty vibrating everywhere,  
As flowers exhale their fragrance sweet and fair,  
So man surrounded by a force reveals  
The quality of soul which wounds or heals.  
Guard the portals! Exhale alone that power  
Which yields the sweetest fragrance of the flower  
In radiant life to all, and clearly prove  
The shrine a temple of God's light and love,  
Illumined where in spirit will appear  
The glow diffused of purest atmosphere.

EDWARDUS.

## THE PASSING STORM

Sweeping in from life's tempestuous seas, the tides of trouble have devastated human shores.

Impotently we have bowed our heads before the blast. The umbrella of blind belief has to shield us from the storm. Knowledge, not ignorance, will dissipate the gale.

Lift up your heads, ye of earth, and seek to know that only the forces of Good can counteract the ill. Thought is power; when properly controlled it moves mountains.

Love is the lightning that destroys illegitimate thinking wherever it strikes. The healthy thunders of awaking being are rumbling. The rain of righteousness must deluge mankind before the skies of harmony are seen. Already drops are felt, and the atmosphere is sweetened. The timid of the world have sought shelter in houses built with hands. Eventually the rain will wash even these away. Mortal mansions cannot endure. Love cannot be confiscated by echism or sect.

Come out into the open, one and all, and be drenched in the deluge of progressive thought. Our outgrowing garments of ignorance and bigotry will be irreparably ruined, but when we are cleansed, angel light will enfold us in gorgeous robes of breadth and brotherhood.

EDMUND K. GOLDSBOROUGH.

## THE TRAGEDY

When Mother Eve watched the first black-brown murderer skulking from the side of his prostrate victim and looking with horror upon the still form of her beautiful son she probably thought nothing so terrible had ever happened before, . . . "Nothing so tragic will ever occur again."

When humanity multiplied upon earth and wars, famines and pestilences came, there is little question that with each fresh tragedy the people exclaimed, "This is the most terrible catastrophe in the world's history!"

When the World War came the people of all nations grew sick at the very thought of the blood that was spilled, seemingly to no purpose. When the earthquake took thousands of lives and destroyed millions of dollars worth of property in Japan the world exclaimed, "It is the greatest tragedy in history. Nothing like it ever occurred before."

But the world goes on, tragedy follows tragedy and each successive catastrophe is equally terrible as its predecessor. It is no more tragic that a million persons should die than that one should die, except in the minds of the living, whose imaginations seek to multiply and intensify the idea of misery and sorrow.

Two questions the Foothill Philosopher would like to ask; the writer writes about what he has heard, read, thought about, felt, and in part realized. He has arrived at that (possibly dangerous) point at which he holds fast to a conviction. The first question is: "Is there any escape from these tragedies?"

The second query is: "Is there any reality in these terrors that we take so seriously?"

Our answer to the first question is: "There is no escape from misery for those who consider themselves as entities separate from the One Supreme Being. Our answer to the second question is: "There is no reality to anything or event that has its birth and death in the phenomenal universe of time and space.

Upon what experience or form of logic does anyone base his conclusion that the law of change (in the phenomenal

world) will not be eternal? Constant change, flux, action and reaction, cause and effect, conflict, war, births, death, growth and decay are all that man knows of the world he senses. This world is a state of consciousness. Our mistake lies in mistaking these facts of consciousness for eternal truth, in giving to time, space, things, events, thoughts and emotions a reality which none of them possess.

Hate is worse than the act of murder. Why? Because it takes a deeper hold of the mind; the emotion is filled with apparent poison and broadens the distance between the slayer and the slain. It is not the act of killing that does this—it is the thought of the killer. Hate, which, being temporary, is not of the essence of truth, it is the emotion most to be dreaded because it is the demon that convinces man most strongly of the apparent truth of multiplicity, compels him to accept the theory that life is divided against itself.

Again, take this illustration: There may be peace for the soldier who, at duty's call and with no hate in his heart, goes forth to slay or to be slain. There is no peace for the so-called pacifist who hides from life, who shuns duty; who despises his government and hates his fellow-man and all human organizations that are struggling toward the light. No man finds peace by thinking of himself as better than or even as different from his fellow beings.

After reaching the conclusion that no one in this mesh of circumstances can know perfect peace and freedom, let us inquire:

Is there any freedom, any peace, any rest anywhere? And is it possible to obtain such a state of consciousness? Our answer to this is: "There is such a consciousness and it is in the Supreme Dictator, the Supreme Director, the *Eternal Spectator*. And to this *Supreme Individual* all that occurs (by His direction) in the phenomenal world is as unreal as are the moving pictures to the patron of the theatre. Just as the theatre patron does not identify himself with either villain or hero, (who are only shadows, after all) so the one *Supreme Observer* does not identify Himself with the shadows which he casts (for His own entertainment, perhaps) upon the screen of Space and Time.

Now how is it possible for one of the "shadows" in the play to find the peace of the Master Director?

This way: "Let Him confess that he is nothing and that the Master is everything, and this devotion to the Supreme will bring him at last to the consciousness of the Supreme. He will not find himself one with the Supreme—he will perceive that he is the Supreme.

What, then, is the great tragedy? This: "That man does not know himself, that he has never seen himself, that he refuses to look upon himself as he is. It is asking much to ask him to thus look upon his own Supreme Soul—but he will know no peace until he does so. And upon this central idea of life this religion of religions, this philosophy of philosophical systems is based on ideas of sacrifice, all the teachings of the mystics, all the love of Saints and Sages, all the hopes, desires and aspirations of the human heart. This central idea is the basis of what might be termed the sublime materialism of Swedenborg, it has been the inspiration of all the scriptures of the world.

One master said: "If a man hate not his father and mother and sister and brother—yea and his own life also—he cannot be My disciple." What does this mean? It means that he who considers his personal, selfish, separate life as of value is not yet ready to give himself with pure devotion to the one Supreme Being, to the Eternal truth of life which knows no second, "Beside Whom there is none other."

Another spiritual teacher, coming to earth 500 years before the great Galilean, said to his disciples: "Beware of the illusion of matter—all compounds are perishable." He also said in effect, "The last enemy to be destroyed is the sense of 'I'." The one message of all the masters to the world seems to have been this: "The sense of separateness is the only sin."

Listen to these words from the KENA UPANISHAD: "There is one Ruler, the Self of all human beings, who makes the one form manifold. Eternal among the changing, consciousness of the conscious, He is one, yet He fulfills the desires of many. The wise who perceive Him within themselves, to them belong eternal peace, eternal bliss. When He shines everything shines after Him. By His light is all lighted."

FOOTHILL PHILOSOPHER.

## GOD DECLARED!

I am that, I am!—For my truth prepare;  
    Wouldst search the depths of all being to know?  
I am that, I am. My truth shall declare,  
    Its vesture enwrap thee and wisdom bestow.  
The life of all living, I am the source;  
    The depth of all being is my resource;  
I hold the design of all intricate things,  
    In the silence pervading with power;  
Sustaining all motion in concentric rings,  
    From each silent center, dispensing my dower.  
My indetermined—thought—atom for basis,  
    As a foundation intrinsic, I've given;  
In the desert of space 'tis an Oasis—  
    Of manifested worlds, the projected leaven.

I'm the fourth dimension of matter and space;  
    The all-supporting power at every base.  
I fill immensity, am ether's power;  
    I swing all worlds in space from hour to hour.  
In my bosom, I cuddle the universe;  
    My caresses I bestow as a mother fond;  
In the real, I am the Infiniverse,  
    The manifested all, and all beyond.  
I am origin, power, presence, aim and end;  
    On me, as a thread, all things are strung;  
On me, as foundation, all results depend;  
    From me, as support, worlds and suns are swung.



My centers of being are everywhere;  
Circumferences—there are none to be found.  
I am the impulse and hope of every prayer,  
The rhythm and cadence of every sound;  
I'm the glory of sunshine, rest in shade,  
The softness and beauty of every glade.  
I'm the strength of the strong, the wisdom of the wise;  
My Spirit glints from intelligent eyes.  
I'm Mother-Father of immortal Souls,  
For their instruction, all creation unrolls.  
My kingdom is within and undefiled,  
My throne is the heart of a trusting child.

Be wise in your worship, be trusting and true;  
Remember, that all things were designed for you.  
No locks or bars guard, either worth or pelf;  
Become prepared in heart and help yourself.  
In immortal life and being, thou art mine,  
In one we are blended, as branch in vine.  
Then know, thy love my protection commands,  
And know that thy Father sees and understands.  
Thy true intentions are thy worth to me,  
True designs and efforts will make you free;  
Free from the turmoil and sorrows of earth; ;  
Free from demands of incarnating birth;  
Free to respond to my call, "Higher, Come!"  
And rest in my mansion, thy prepared home.

EDMUND R. ROCKWOOD.

## THE BHAGAVAD GITA

Continued from June Number, Vol. I, No. 9.

Is based on the "Great Saying" (Sanskrit: Mahavakyam) namely: "Thou art That." It is taken from the beautiful Aryan Epic Poem known as the Mahabharata, in fact, it constitutes the sixth portion of it.

The first to seventh Chapters, or Discourses, appeared, together with Explanatory Notes, in the first volume of "Broadcast," that is, from October 1922 number to June 1923, a limited number of which are still available at the present writing and can be obtained on ordering them from "Broadcast," San Francisco Office, 529 Phelan Building.

The seventh to thirteenth Chapters will appear in Vol. II of "Broadcast," December 1923 to December 1924. This portion deals mostly with the idea of the *Over-Soul*, in contradistinction to the Individual Soul idea treated in the first six Books.

The six last books treat about the identity of both Individual and Over-Soul.

There is only one TRUTH. but there are many concepts of it; and there are as many METHODS in the attempt to attain to its REALIZATION as there are sincere seekers.

## THE BHAGAVAD GITA DISCOURSE VIII

Arjuna spoke:—

What is That Brahma; what is the Embodied Spirit and what is Action, O Highest of Spirits? What is declared to be the Material and what is stated to be the Divine? (1)

Who and how is the Sacrificial in this body, O Slayer of Madhu; and how at the time of death art Thou known by those of subjugated souls? (2)

The Divine Lord spoke:—

The Imperishable is Supreme Brahma, and His own Essence is declared to be the embodied Spirit (Adhyatma). The Oblation (Sacrifice) that is the cause of the existence and support of animals, is named Action. (3)

UNION with the IMPERISHABLE.

Individual (Adhyatma) see Chap. VII, Verse 29—Those who strive for freedom from old age and death, take refuge in ME,—they know BRAHMAN they know the whole of ADHYATMA, and KARMA in its entirety. They realize in full the REALITY underlying the innermost individual Self.

(Adhidaiva)—Divine Realm. Vastness, Infinity is the literal meaning of Brahman.

(Adhibhuta)—Material Realm.

(Adhiyana)—Sacrificial Realm.

Sacrifice here means all virtuous works—where the lower ideal is replaced or transmuted into the higher ideal.

(Adhyatma)—That which first appears in the innermost Self or the body and ends in the Divine Self.

Oblation is the Symbol.

Sacrifice is the process of transmuting a lower ideal into a higher one.

Perishable existence is (called) the Material and the (Universal) Spirit is the Divine (or the Presiding Deity). The Sacrificial am I in the body, O best of the embodied. (4)

And at the time of death, he, who meditating on Me, leaveth the body and goeth forth, goeth into My being; there is no doubt in this. (5)

Whichever being (or condition one thinketh of, in death, and leaveth his body, even that, O son of Kunti, he cometh into, being ever absorbed in the thought of that being. (6)

So in all times, upon Me meditate and fight; having consigned thy mind and heart to Me, thou shalt, doubtless, attain to Me. (7)

Adhibhuta is everything that has birth—material—i. e., all that depends upon the self-conscious principle of separateness.

Adhidaivata is the Universal Self in its subtle aspect. The center from which all living beings have their sense power.

Adhiyajna—The Direction of all our actions. The Essence of the Infinite Spirit.

Vide: S. A.'s "Reincarnation."

Mortal Delusion — Immortal Reality.

At the time of death the Mind occupies itself with the most important thought of one's Life. One cannot get rid of it, even as one cannot get rid of a disagreeable thought image in a dream, no matter how hard you try; so the character of the body to be next attained by one is determined accordingly—i. e., by final thought.

Do your WORK, at all times remembering the paradox, however, that the "little you," the personality, is not doing it. (Of myself I can do nothing—it is the Father in me that doeth the work.)

Thus Purification of Heart is obtained.

This Method is yoga—Efficiency in work.

Meditating, with a mind  
endued with practical devo-  
tion and moving away to  
naught else, one goeth, O  
Pritha's son, to the Supreme  
Spirit, Divine. (8)

The Ancient Sage and  
Ruler, the most subtile of the  
subtile, the supporter of all,  
of nature Unthinkable,—  
whoever, at the time of de-  
parting (from this body),  
meditateth upon Him, who is  
glorious like the sun and is be-  
yond darkness—with a steady  
mind, and endued with devo-  
tion, impelling, completely,  
by the power of Yoga, his  
life-breath betwixt his eye-  
brows—he goeth to that Su-  
preme Spirit, Divine.

(9 and 10)

That which the knowers of  
the Veda describe as imper-  
ishable; which the ascetics,  
freed from passion, enter  
into; desiring which, they ful-  
fill Brahma's vow—that Goal  
(that Resting Place), in brief,  
I will declare to thee. (11)

Self-luminous like the sun, and  
beyond the darkness of

Maya—Ignorance and Delusion.

Life-Breath — Prana — Vital En-  
ergy.

Betwixt eye-brows—means concen-  
trating the whole of will and self-  
consciousness.

Ascetics freed from passions—are  
self-controlled Sannyasins.

Brahma's Vow—That of the Brah-  
macharin—that Goal I will declare  
in brief—Initiates in the highest  
Realization.

For description of the Brahmacha-  
rin, see the "Katha Upanishad," or  
Sir Edwin Arnold's "Secret of  
Death," a religious student who takes  
vows, and every moment thereafter  
of this stage is one of hard discipline.

Closing all the inlets (senses) and confining the mind in the heart, keeping his breath in his head, thus fixed in the concentration of Yoga. (12)

Having closed the door of the senses.

Pronouncing Brahma—the monosyllable “Om,” and meditating upon Me, he who goeth forth, leaving his body, goeth to the Goal Supreme. (13)

“Om”—The Seed, the Root of all Sounds. The “Pranava”—The Ineffable Name. “Me”—i. e., The Supreme Being.

“Goal Supreme”—They do not again reincarnate on a lower plane.

He who, with a mind abstracted from all other objects, constantly and perpetually meditateth upon Me, by that ever-devoted Yogi, O Partha, I am easily obtained. (14)

Who—daily—all through life remembers the Supreme—to him—salvation, i. e., the Realization of his true nature is easy.

Having obtained Me, the men of great souls do not come into rebirth—the fleeting abode of misery—for they have reached the highest perfection. (15)

Mahatma—Great Soul.  
The ephemeral as distinguished from the eternal.

To be continued in January, 1924

## LAOTZE—THE SOURCE OF HIS NAME AND TEACHINGS

Recent articles in the BROADCAST regarding the Tao-Teh-King and excerpts from Laotze, have moved me to write concerning some archaeological discoveries I have made on the subject. Especially with regard to the source of his name and of his precepts, both of which are up to the present shrouded in mystery. Scholars, as specialists, overlook a vast amount of material of immense value, by confining themselves religiously to their special fields of study.

Laotze was a product of one of the several brotherhoods which existed in China from times prehistoric, and after which the modern "Six Brothers" are named.

About 2000 B. C. the Achaians had invaded China with their Brotherhood and taught the Chinese their mysteries concerning "TOY" and taught them the "sacred writing" in hieroglyphics. The secret of making glass and porcelain was also one of the arts taught by their western "cousins." Every art, science, knowledge and mystery was held under sacred obligation of secrecy during all ages preceding 600 B. C., when the sign of Pisces, the symbol of "Understanding," entered the Vernal Equinox. Then gradually the priest-teachers were released from this obligation, and general education began among people, until at present, education is compulsory.

Before the Achaians came to China, the Babylonians had made contracts with them. We have found inscriptions bearing the heads of Chinese in stone, in Palestine, during the early Hittite period. They even wore "pig-tails" then. I have found that the "line writing" of the Chinese is a remnant of the Babylonian "wedge," or cuniform writing.

The Achaians had a sacred hieroglyphic writing, the characters were taken from the twelve signs of the Zodiac. Those who knew the secrets of making glass and porcelain, were also initiated into the mysteries of this sacred writing. Consequently it must have been as early as 2000 B. C. when the Achaians began teaching the Chinese their mysteries. During the period of the "Shang dynasty," some wonderful china works of art, vases, etc., were made by the Chinese. They contain a writing which no one is able to read or decipher.

The characters are a modified form of the twelve zodiacal signs, written in ideographic form.

In the Royal Asiatic Society Journal, Vol. 1, pages 62-63, you will find a description of one of these wonderful vases, with such a zodiacal inscription of the Brotherhood thereon. It was made during the Shang dynasty, and the date is about 1756 B. C. Mind you, it is not the Chinese zodiac, but the Achaian and Phoenician emblems that are written on the vase, such as the Scorpion, Crab, tail of Capricorn, the Breasts, the Arms, etc.

The Achaians were the worshippers of TOY, and that as the name of the Spirit of the Universe, the Holy Spirit, is to be found a hundred times inscribed on the Rosetta Stone of Egypt. Archaeologists have deciphered TOY to mean the Greek word THOU. In fact, I have found that they have translated and deciphered that stone inscription entirely wrong. The name of God was the INEFFABLE NAME during all times and among all nations up to about 300 A. D., when it began to be whispered "YOT" or "YOD," and then was anglicized into "GOTT" and "GOD." Now if you read any ancient inscription, you will find that the scribes never wrote the Name of God exactly as it was known to them. But since they had to write it in some manner, and in order to keep within sacred precincts, they wrote it backwards. Thus, "TOY" is "YOT" written backwards, and that is how the ancient scribes avoided profaning it. Thus the name of God is written "TOY" on the Rosetta Stone, and does not mean "thou," which new rendering gives an entirely new text to that stone-writing. In attempting to render "TOY" correctly, various authors spell it differently.

During the period of about 600 B. C., when learning was permitted to be broadcasted and not limited to brotherhood confines, Laotze came forth from his Brotherhood retreat and began to publicly proclaim the mystery of "TOY" or God, the Universal Spirit. It was during this same period that writing on stone tablets began to appear in Palestine among the Phœnicians, and in India under the reign of Asokov. Although this sacred writing had been known in secret for thousands of years, the cycle of general knowledge of it had to be ushered in under the sign of Pisces, the Understanding. The ancients knew Creation as a whole, and we, the parts unfolding with the whole.



When any one of the western Brotherhoods attained to great knowledge, he was given a symbolical name, according to some characteristic in his nature. Thus Laotze was a brave teacher to face the ignorant rabble with his high teachings. To go out into the heartless, godless world from his mountain retreat—and alone. Thus his Brethren called him the “LION-HEARTED.”

We know the oldest form of Greek is that of the Achaïans, who were none other than the later Cappadocians. Since the Achaïans left their impress on Chinese art and religion in the earliest period, the Chinese coloring of that period will show Phœnician and Achaïan tints of mystery, fragmentary traces of western contact.

In the Greek lexicon, turning to the word Lewn, or Leon, means LION, and TZE in the oldest Chinese means HEART. The ancient “TZE” writing was composed of the “heart” emblem. Furthermore, under that Greek word in the Lexicon, we find the entire name of Laotze spelled out in the regular Greek and Chinese form with only a dialectic variation, such as “Lei-ouzi.” Thus an Achaïan connection with the Chinese is established. The religion and precepts of Laotze were thus of the Achaïans, likewise their mysteries and his name are part Chinese and part Achaïan-Greek. His Brotherhood no doubt dated back to 2000 B. C. in China. If the Tao-Teh-King will now read those texts, and when he comes to the word “TOY,” interpret the same as standing for the word “GOD,” the Universal Spirit, then the philosophy of Laotze will assume an entirely different meaning, as well as being more comprehensible.

Taoism, as it is understood by the high caste Chinese, is worthy belief. But since it has become the religious belief of the lower castes, it has become the worst system of superstition of any belief in the world. It is not a system of religion amongst these in any respect whatever—nothing but signs of evil, signs of good, signs of fortune, signs for this and signs for that, lucky sticks that are thrown and come up with a face inscription which tells the seeker what he shall do or not do, ad nauseum.

Modern Chinese scholars are ignorant of all lore regarding their antiquity, even of a few centuries B. C., because the Brotherhoods died with their secrets, just as the western

Brotherhoods died with their secrets, just as the western Brotherhoods died with their wonderful knowledge. Consequently, whatever we gather from Chinese sources in the nature of ancient knowledge, ancient names and ancient anything—use the salt cellar.

O. C. GETSINGER.

## FRAGMENT

Listen within yourselves and look into the infinitude of Space and Time.

There can be heard the songs of the Constellations, the Voices of the Numbers, and the Harmonies of the Spheres.

Each Sun is a thought of God and each Planet a mode of that thought. To know divine thought, O Souls, you descend and painfully ascend the Path of the Seven Planets and of their seven Heavens.

What do the Constellations? What say the Numbers? What revolve the Spheres? O lost or saved, Souls, they speak, they sing, the roll . . . . Your destinies!

From HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

## TORCHBEARERS

Behold! adown the centuries They come  
Since hoary ages of antiquity  
In Their wake is star dust trailing  
The long procession  
Of shapes misty and dim  
Is faintly glimpsed by eyes of men.  
Each one holds high aloft  
His torch of gleaming Light  
They walk o'er jagged stones  
Rough is the way  
Brambles and Thorns  
Sorely beset Their naked feet.  
Theirs is High Vision; farheld and fixed  
Upon the Race to come  
Whose path They would allume.  
Prophetic gifts They bring to those They serve  
Scorn, unbelief, derision and fierce hate  
Their portion is upon the earth; yet toil They on.  
Behold! where Their procession winds  
Within the Eternal Radiance.  
Sweet Krisma lightly steps  
And spreads o'er all the earth His Love  
A Flame which has been ne'er extinguished.  
Hermes—Orpheus—Pythagoras  
Zoroaster—Buddha—Mohammed  
Moses—Joshua—myriads more They come  
Each one with torch high held  
Casting its beams into the hearts of men,  
Enkindling there the Great Immortal Flame,  
Lifting all human kind a step higher.  
ONE comes softly with head low-bowed  
With shoulders bent 'neath His o'er heavy load;  
What beareth He? A cross of burning fire  
Built of the passions and the lusts of men,  
Built of their hatreds and revilings,  
Dull red the flame of ever darkening hue.  
They crowd Him closely on the Way,  
They scorn and mock and fling their pointed darts  
Which pierce the tender, quivering flesh.

Yet onward presses He  
With bleeding feet  
And brow which sweateth agony.  
The goal is gained and far above His head  
Bursts forth the Glorious Star  
Crowning His Victory o'er death;  
Supreme, Immortal Love.  
On all earth-prisoned souls His Light has shone  
Which—flaming—marks His Mighty Path.  
And who shall say He cometh not again  
To the sad earth which needeth Him so sore—  
An earth immersed in grim material power.  
Worshiping brazen idols,  
Strange and fantastic shapes of self-born gods  
And glittering worldly baubles  
By Mammon flung abroad?  
Who sayeth He hath ever left His own,  
Though dull of sight they are, and know Him not?  
Earthman, Awake! Giant that you are,  
Arise! Bear you His burden on,  
Stand as He stands for Brotherhood,  
Tread as He trod the rocky way,  
Climb as He climbed unto the heights,  
Wear as He wore the crown of thorns,  
Transmute it to the Crown of Joy.  
Be ready! Should He touch the earth today  
And walk unknown of men,  
That YOU may know Him  
And by Him be recognized.  
Hold high the Light  
That it may shine afield;  
Be in your turn Torchbearer.  
Lightbearer for the King,  
WHO COMES  
To blaze the Way for all Futurity.

KATHERINE HILLWOOD POOR.

**WISDOM***A Trilogy***FATHER, SON *and* HOLY GHOST**

We never know the meaning of a lot of things before  
Trouble gets to knocking at our own front door,  
And then we come to see things in a kinder, gentler way,  
To wonder, and to understand; and some learn how to pray.

We never know the meaning of a lot of things until  
The cup of bitterness is full and just about to spill—  
And then we come to see the world through kinder, gentler eyes,  
To learn the language of the heart; and how to sympathize.

We never know the meaning of a lot of things unless  
We've faced the fangs of failure with the courage to confess,  
And, buckling on our armor, struggle on to make the goal—  
Oh, then we've learned God's purpose and the language of  
the soul.

PHYLLYS FORTUNE.

## INSIGHT INTO TRUTH

To gain a knowledge of treatment, from a purely scientific standpoint, you must begin by reckoning all evidence that comes to you as PERFECT, not at all an easy thing to do, because our education and training have pointed out to us that there are methods of procedure that are profitable and some very unprofitable—that there are some ways to follow that are desirable and considered good, but there are also ways that might be considered the opposite of good and very disagreeable, and attended with misfortune.

Now, of course that is not true. There is not any teaching that will tell you to avoid evil that is a teaching of Truth. In the first place, to know anything about Truth at all, you must know that the Truth is all there is, so if there is any such thing as evil, it must be true. It must be Truth.

Dating away back in the early ages—100,000 or 200,000 or 300,000 years ago—if you will remove the covers from the areas of your consciousness, or if you will unlock the storehouse of “MEMORY,” you will find you functioned when what you consider evil to-day was quite all right.

If you want to have evil in your life you have to set a standard for it, and to be able to announce with decision and conviction and conclusiveness that *that thing is evil because it is according to an established standard of evil*. You cannot go by what the law tells you, because the law is changeable, variable. Law applies only to the support of what you think; you think evil is. A knowledge of Truth is the fruit of spirit, the meaning of “spirit,” against which there is no law. A knowledge of Truth takes you into that realm of your Great Self where the film or mirage is dispensed with and you see things as they ARE.

The power of Truth will be manifest in you when you can see the nothingness of a mirror on the wall, and consequently the nothingness of that which is pictured there, but what I want to impress on you in this little course of instruction is this: That if evil is as we picture evil to be; and if Truth is as Truth must be known to be, then they must be opposite, and *both cannot exist*.

It is not a bit of use naming a thing one thing, and destroying it under that name, then immediately giving it another name. There is no profit in that. For instance, if you remem-

ber, a recent denominational belief tried to destroy the belief "devil," but immediately they made another one, which they did not call "devil," but "malicious animal magnetism." Now you see all that was done in that instance was to change the name, and the devil that was last named had all the characteristics of the first one, plus all that could be conjured up under the name of "evil" by those who changed the name. Not any of this is necessary at all; evil is not true. Then, as to the second one, mind you, the part that is not true about it is that to which you apply the name.

The word "evil" itself, which you seem to delight in and to have an ability to apply to conditions under some circumstances, is nothing but a name, and no matter how you change it or what you consider it can cover, it has no force and not any effect; no position, no ownership of anything.

When you use the word "evil," or "devil," the picture you make to support it is just as changeable as the word itself. Though you may change the word "devil" to some other name, the name you finally give it is not any truer than the name you were able to take from it in order to implant your own.

What I want to say is, that you can go through life knowing that there is nothing but Truth; having the ability within you to see through everything; to see the invisibility, become aware of the invisibility of everything that could be named under the head of evil, and seeing Truth right there where the supposed evil was.

Now it is very apparent that a counterfeit dollar is considered an evil thing. What is there evil in a counterfeit dollar? The lead in it is perfectly good lead. The coloring in it is just natural coloring. The letters on it are perfectly good letters, and the pictures on it are perfectly good pictures. Now, what is there evil in the counterfeit dollar? What is there evil in the picture of you in a mirror? It is YOU. It is a counterfeit of YOU. What is there evil in that? If you raise your arm, the picture in the mirror raises its arm; if you look with intelligence, the picture in the mirror looks with intelligence. Is there anything evil in that?

Now instead of opposing, denying, trying to annihilate evil, suppose we begin to understand it; suppose, instead of having a grouch on about civilization, we begin to understand it. We know as a matter of absolute fact that civilization does not seem to have any necessary place, and yet it was thought

necessary to make a picture of civilization for our instruction, purely for our instruction, so that we could see through it. And as we see through it by understanding it, we see its nothingness, and not only the nothingness of that, but we see the nothingness of everything else connected with exhibition.

Don't deny materiality. Don't deny anything. Don't deny a thing.

If anybody says you lied to him about a certain proposition, say "Yes, I did. That was my opinion at the time." Who is holding error in thought? **THE ACCUSER, ALWAYS.** Didn't the Master show that clearly when the woman was brought to Him and He asked (where the only evidence of evil was when He said), "**WHERE ARE THY ACCUSERS?**" They vanished.

In the presence of Truth evil has no show.

By **THOMAS J. HAMPTON.**

## **FRIENDS**

Though oft oppressed by doubt and fear  
We find God's blessings everywhere;  
And if for sins we'll make amends,  
He'll bless our lives with loving friends;  
And loving friends from God's own fold  
Are better far than paltry gold.

For piles of gold, though mountain high,  
True loving friends can never buy:  
True friendship is a gift from God  
To ease the smart of sorrow's rod.  
Though poverty or riches be,  
True friends will always stand by thee.

And though your lot be grievous sore,  
True friends will always help you o'er.  
A savage beast I'm sure I'd be  
But for the friends He's given me;  
And that these friends I may retain,  
A worthy friend I must remain.

**ROBERT L. CAMPBELL.**



## EIGHTY-FIFTH OF THE WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT LETTERS

There should be somewhat of a clearing as to what we are about. . . . There is a surface-consciousness; there is a sub-consciousness; there is a super-consciousness. We dwell largely in the surface-consciousness. This is the realm of mind, the day-time consciousness, adjusted to three-space, to three-score-and-ten, to outside work in materials. It is a chooser, a decider in its own way, a thinker uninspired. Its highest function is reason, but as we have said before, the uses of reasoning vanish, when one can Know. We can only Know from the Spirit, or super-consciousness. The mind can see only one side of a subject or object at a time. You will find this very clearly in the game of checkers. While you are heartily at work on one particular strategy to cripple your opponent, his strategy, entirely unseen by your own mind in its separate involvement, is quite likely to devastate your side.

The mind-power is capable of marvelous development from the worldly side. Many find a fine thrill in its operations, and push its activity to extraordinary lengths, incapable for the time of seeing its limitations, because infatuated by its powers. Much occultism is entirely mind-ridden. You will find the effects of the mind's usurpation, also in all religions that have fallen out of the spirit into the letter, out of substance into ceremony. The limitations of the human mind are continually shown, moreover, in academic science; and particularly, for instance, in the thing called psycho-analysis, which endeavors to level the phenomena of spiritual perception, and drain off all phenomena of the psychic. One can but be amazed at what lengths the analysts can go to match up their findings, with so rarely a single vibration of the correlative faculty. These workers are landsmen, plainmen, as yet. They have heard of the mountains and the sea, but they live in Iowa, affirming: "Impossible. Obviously the earth is like this——"

Without light from super-consciousness, the mind can never become aware of its own limitations. and until it is convinced of them, and sets about becoming something more than an expressionist of itself, there is not much possibility of co-ordination with its Genius, and no chance whatsoever for its being

of lasting service in the midst of men. Repeatedly the statement has been made in various ways in these Letters (the work of which is about to enter its sixth year), that until the mind begins to discriminate between partitive vibrations of its own and the unitive vibrations of Spirit, promoting the one, and checking the other, real progress is impossible. We have met some little understanding on this point, and so much is good.

But there is also the psychic nature, the sub-conscious, the soul, differing from the mind, as feelings differ from thinkings. It is true that one can go quite a distance in co-ordination without reckoning with the sub-conscious. This is so, because the sub-consciousness more or less automatically follows the leads of the surface-consciousness, as civilization is said to follow the flag. If I constantly train my mind toward its pole-star, the Spirit, bringing it back again and again every day towards its source, facing the light sincerely and eagerly, a cleansing and ordering process is taking place in the sub-consciousness at the same time, whether I know it or not. In fact, the pain or weariness or loneliness which I feel as a quester, is from the elements of sub-consciousness which resist change, which shriek against exposure to the light and rebel against simplicity. For there are sluggish centers in the depths of us, nests of life that love inertia and fatuously adhere to their own low, dim, cold ways. One need only lift the rotting board to watch the low lives scurry into the dark.

When the mind begins to reflect the Light of super-consciousness, its rays pass down into the sub-consciousness. Light is doom to darkness; the dying of darkness is our pain. Day by day as the purpose of mind is held more and more firmly to the Spirit, deeper and deeper the shafts of light drill into our depths, into the animal, into the reptile, into the vegetable, even into the mineral kingdoms through which we are said to have come. For a long time, in the young zeal of our minds toward the Spirit, we think the afflictions which fall upon us come from the outside, from the world, until at last we see that this is merely an appearance; that what really takes place to hurt us from the world is but the externalization of our own sub-conscious states. In a word, the outer world merely mirrors the hurting changes that are taking place within. Heroic purification means pain.

The way of single-minded devotion to the Spirit, or super-

consciousness, is so far the way of but a few. It is not the way of the schools of Boston, Nancy, Zurich or Vienna. In fact, the world-mind at large has begun to tamper with the sub-conscious direct. As Clarence Foster has so well said, this is elementary psychology, nothing more. It is as purely a generative process, as that of a man and woman living together in the ordinary conception of wedlock. One may work this way for progeny or prosperity, and so far as I know, there is no law against it. As for dangers, such belong to all roads. However, all processes change; all ways end in becoming the Way. The great outstanding flaw in the generative process is that the mind, or surface-consciousness, of itself has no means of knowing what is best for itself, much less what is best to suggest to the sub-consciousness. Here is an ultimate picture of the blind leading the blind. There can be nothing but random exchanges from this traffic, as there can be nothing but hit or miss offspring from unenlightened unions. This is not true when the mind sets itself in sincere application to the Spirit alone. In due course, the sub-consciousness in this process gradually crowds into the area of light, in the increasing intensity of the mind's devotion to its Source.

A man and woman can only begin intelligently upon the task of union, when each is directed upon one point higher than the other or himself. Look again at the capital letter A. The cross-bar between the two slanting pedestals represents the makeshift exchange of thought and feeling, but the real union is at the Top.

From Edward Carpenter: "Though you have love, yet if I be not between and around the lovers, is their love only torment and unrest."

Woman may be said to be an externalization of the sub-consciousness, or soul; man of the surface-consciousness, or mind. Neither can think or feel what is best for each or the other; in fact, the two cannot be other than separate, without an awakening of sentiency in each from the super-consciousness. It is by this Light, and this alone, that the mind learns its limitations and sets its new standards; that the soul learns the abysmal depths and splendors of possibility of which it is made.

From which it may be taken as established, as I see it, that traffic with the sub-consciousness by the mind alone, while it

may bring temporary health and prosperity, is not a means to Enlightenment; that these two fighting it out alone are but babes in the woods. Also, you may take it as a conviction of mine, at least, that devotion on the part of mind to the Spirit, cultivated sincerely, sooner or later attracts the attention of the sub-consciousness, just as surely as a man attracts the attention of a woman he is dying for, if he is manful enough to turn his back upon her, without running to someone else.

Remember, the mind is not the Machine, but merely like an additional patent invented for special work. It is tremendously important in our present plight, since the torch of consciousness is held in it so much of our waking hours, and since it stands as a link between the above and the below. The strange and terrible perversity of the mind in thinking it is the whole works—one may almost say that this is the primal feature of Mankind and the reason of the Here and Now. But, adjusted to the Machine, obedient, convinced that its true power can come only from dynamos not of itself, the mind gradually reassumes its splendor and becomes a part of the invincible loveliness of Being.

An additional point: There comes a time, when the surface consciousness is sufficiently trained in devotion to the Spirit, its re-allegiance safely established, that it may turn with caution to the sub-consciousness of its own will and wish. At this point, I believe that co-ordination of the three goes on with swiftness and new delight. Now, begins the actual understanding between mind and soul, old lovers long estranged, hungering for each other through all their pitiless wars. Now it may be said, too, that the thing called meditation becomes freshly fruitful, and the reason becomes apparent at last for many dull and agonizing struggles, in which mind and soul each seemed designed for no other reason than to make each other miserable.

Still, even after some practice in the concentration of the mind to its Source, I believe it is unsafe for the mind to lose itself into the depths of the sub-conscious without holding fast to the Light. There are subtle dangers of infatuation until one is altogether sex-proof or glamor-proof.

## FRANCIS GRIERSON

Cosmopolitan Genius

In a brief notice of Francis Grierson it is difficult to know where to begin and where to end. Charles Granville, writing in the *London Outlook*, says: "Grierson is an Englishman, for he was born in Cheshire; Scotland may justly claim him in that he is a direct descendant of Sir Robert Grierson, the famous Laird of Lag, who is the hero of Scott's novel, 'Red Gauntlet'; that America has a part in the making of him is known to all readers of that wonderful book. 'The Valley of Shadows'; France can also claim him, since he began his musical career in Paris, and wrote and published his first book in French; but no country can claim to have developed his genius, which is cosmopolitan."

Mr. Grierson's life may be divided into three periods—first, that of the musical prodigy who took Paris by storm and then conquered the musical centers of Europe; second, his literary career, which began in Paris and was continued in London; third, his public lectures at universities and clubs, out of which emerged the master psychologist.

I have been an eye-witness of his work in Paris, Germany, Austria, Holland, Italy, England and America for over thirty years. I was present when he was honored at the Courts of Denmark, Hanover, Saxony, Germany and Austria, and not during that time was any other artist accorded such honors.

The Grierson books broadcasted his name in countries that never heard of his music. In London I was present when his publisher received a letter from the Japanese Government in Tokio, ordering a hundred copies of his "Celtic Temperament," to be used in the universities of Japan as text-books for English literature; and quite recently I picked up a *Christian Science Monitor* in a street car and saw that his "Valley of Shadows," translated into French, had been placed in all the municipal libraries of Paris by order of the council.

During Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's recent visit to Los Angeles, he remarked to the Hon. Milford Howard that he knew many in England who considered Francis Grierson the greatest living stylist. As for Grierson the thinker, Edward Thomas, the critic, writing in the *London Bookman*, says: "No other author has written so many things that invite remembrance."

Professor William James was one of Grierson's most enthu-

siastic admirers, as was Colonel Henry Watterson, who wrote two long editorials on him in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. Among many other things, Colonel Watterson said: "Francis Grierson is a man of great and varied gifts, and a cosmopolitan political economist, for he has written in most countries. He possesses the seer-like quality that sometimes accompanies the musical gift. His opinions are oracular in kind, and embrace the wide-expanding circle of the world war. His political articles in the French and English reviews within the past few years have been widely and eagerly read. His book, 'The Invincible Alliance,' pondered and discussed by leading politicians in Germany, France and Russia, caused a veritable sensation in England. In it Mr. Grierson foretold and depicted the present murder wars and the end of the old dispensation in Europe, but especially in England."

It was Grierson who began the reaction against materialism in literature with the publication of "*La Revolte Idealiste*." In his book, "*Voices of Today*," Edwin Bjorkman says: "To Francis Grierson belongs the honor of having first attained to prophetic vision of the common goal. In his first volume, published in Paris in 1889, he suggested every idea which since then has become recognized as essential, not only to Bergsen and Maeterlinck, but to the constantly increasing number of writers engaged in making the time conscious of its own spirit."

His friends in Paris—who, during the past thirty years, have also been friends of mine—were leading academicians, artists, poets, composers, singers and actors. Sully Prudhomme, winner of the first Nobel Prize, was converted to a belief in immortality when he heard a Grierson musical recital given at the romantic villa of Madame Elise Picard, the great actress.

It was one of the most memorable evenings of my life, the brilliant company including the great academician, Sully Prudhomme; the greatest of all women composers, Augusta Holmes, the only woman whose operas were given at the Grand Opera of Paris; the greatest pulpit orator, Pere Hyacinthe Leysen, the only orator who could fill the Cathedral of Notre Dame; and Elise Picard, the hostess, who for twenty years was the leading dramatic star of the classical state theatre, the Odeon, the only theatre where nothing but the greatest dramas are ever performed.

WALDEMAR TONNER.

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The Books say well, my Brothers! Each man's life  
The outcome of his former living is;  
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,  
The bygone right breeds bliss.

That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!  
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn  
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew!  
So is a man's fate born.

He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,  
Sesamum, corn, so much cost in past birth;  
And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar  
Him and the aching earth.

If he shall labor rightly, rooting these,  
And planting wholesome seedlings where they grew,  
Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,  
And rich the harvest due.

If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,  
Endureth patiently, striving to pay  
His utmost debt for ancient evils done  
In Love and Truth away;

If making none to lack, he thoroughly purge  
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood;  
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offence  
Nothing but grace and good;

If he shall day by day dwell merciful,  
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend  
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,  
Till love of life have end;

He—dying—leaveth as the sum of him  
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,  
Whose good luck is quick and mighty, far and near  
So that fruits follow it.

No need hath such to live as ye name life:  
That which began in him when he began  
Is finished: he hath wrought the purpose through  
Of what did make him Man.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

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# BROADCAST

*A Non-Sectarian MONTHLY MAGAZINE*

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

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## EDITORIAL

A REALLY HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR to all readers. What resolution is of permanent value? What change of perspective or point of view can benefit us most? WHO are we in REALITY?

The ultimate REALIZATION of this through the various appearances of Life is our GOAL. Unity is a fact in nature. There is only one real basis of Life. The Eternal urge to know more and more is universal. From the urge to pass from lesser happiness to greater happiness none seems to be free.

Our true Self is by nature representative of Life, Intelligence and Love. Our urge is to continually unfold new aspects of this real nature. To draw out more and more knowledge and understanding from the depths of our being is a universal endeavor. Happiness, more happiness, is our everlasting search; discriminating constantly between good, better, best, until the final apex of Love, which is Bliss, is reached.

To unfold this **ULTIMATE REALIZATION** is the process of **Life**—many are the methods. The urge is always there but whether we follow a conscious method or not, usually depends upon whether or not we have reached that divine discontent regarding the lack, the wanting something, the unsatisfactoriness of things and conditions as they appear to be.

Following that divine discontent, the urge is experienced to **WORK**—consistently—more conscientiously—more discriminately—more skillfully.

Then **Work** becomes **EFFICIENT**—physically, mentally and spiritually. Then we finally discover, from within, that we have been these things all the time, but that we had let them rust—they were inoperative; they are only potentially there, until they are brought out and become manifest. Then the **LIGHT** of the **TRUE NATURE** will so shine that it is self-evident.

**LET—LIFE, INTELLIGENCE** and **LOVE** operate through you and you will work skillfully and radiate, intelligence and Love.

THE EDITOR.

## THE CONTINENTAL DREAMS

Between the twilight and dawn of time,  
When Past and Future melt in unity,  
My weary Soul her ship of Silence sought,  
And sailed afar upon the sea of Space.

Passing the reef of darkness, I beheld  
The Isle of Midnight, washed by the moon-lit waves—  
While just beyond arose the jeweled hills  
That crown the rainbow Continent of Dreams.

My snow-white craft sped onward till it reached  
The Harbor of Desires—and anchored there.  
I set my foot upon the shining shore,  
I knelt and wept for gratitude and joy—  
And Lo! my falling tears were turned to pearls  
That gladly glistened on the golden sands.

Beauty that shunned me in my waiting hours  
Came creeping close to kiss my spirit's lips;  
And one by one my lovers of the past  
Came dancing near me with their welcome songs.  
No thought of sin or shame reproached me there—  
No evil shadow passed my path of peace.

My blessed dead were resurrected there,  
And came to greet me with their olden smiles.  
I took my father's hand and wandered forth  
Along the stream of life where willows waved  
And larks rise, singing, from their verdant beds.

We walked the lanes that led through woodlands cool  
And crossed the flowered fields of long ago.

My brothers met us at the old home place  
And many hours we spent together there.  
The cabin of my boyhood had not changed,  
Excepting that the porch and picket fence  
Were covered with sweet morning glories now;  
And in the doorway with the same dear smile,  
Stood one to whom we all were children still.

A band of angels, in a saffron cloud,  
Flew over head and dropped their music down—  
As if to sacrifice with holy sound  
Our glad communion in that wondrous land.  
And it was morning in the Land of Dreams—  
The land where morning never ends in night.

The captain of the white ship called me back—  
And once again I sailed the sea of Space,  
Coming at last to where I had embarked.  
But one day I shall sail away again,  
And never to this barren shore return.

The Isle of Dreams shall be my home at last;  
I know—because I heard the Lord of Life  
Whisper His secret in the ear of Death.

JAMES M. WARNACK.

## **"WORLD A STAGE" IS VITAL TRUTH**

Socrates advised: "Man, know thyself." The Lord of Life has informed man how he may become acquainted with himself. What is the method whereby man comes to realize his mastery? The drama. Man sees himself in the same way that God beholds His own glory—and that is through reflection. The Universe is God's mirror, and it is also the mirror that reflects the face of man, bringing to him the consciousness of his identity with the Author of nature, including himself.

Emerson said: "The world exists for the education of each man." That is true, but it is also true that the final, full education of man will reveal to him the shining truth that the thing he has sought through many worlds and many lives has been his own forever, and will always belong to him. Man must exhaust experience to discover that through experience he has gained nothing that he did not always possess.

The glory of experience lies in the fundamental truth that faces man in every act and scene of the drama—and that is that man can never really see anything except the reflection of his own face, his own soul. In this regard, the crowning device of the drama, considered from the so-called artificial standpoint, has been reached in the discovery and development of the moving picture. As a reflector of the thoughts and emotions of man and as a revealer of the truth of man's mastery over the mental, pictorial universe with which he has environed himself, the cinema is unequalled in the realm of artistry.

### **PLAYING THE GAME**

Human life, considered as a series of experiences in the world of phenomena, is a game, a drama, a "moving picture." Those who take it seriously are in hard luck, regardless of their station in society. Those who "play the game," who realize that, as personalities, they are only actors on life's stage, can never be made entirely miserable, no matter what role they may be called upon to enact.

The truth of this assertion is nowhere better demonstrated than in the moving-picture world. In the cinema world, as in the "real" world, there must be the director, and the actors must be clay in his hands—else they are poor actors and the joy of the acting is lost to them. In the studio the actor can play with the emotions and enjoy his role only in so far as he

follows the instructions of his director, just as in the studio of life a person can enjoy his actions only in so far as he feels that he is obeying the instructions of the supreme Director. When, in real life, a person takes himself too seriously, and superimposes upon himself a responsibility that belongs only to the great Director—in other words, when he gets “too much ego in his cosmos,” he becomes miserable, and probably deservedly so.

Unhappy is the actor who is incapable of making himself an automaton in the hands of his director. The true actor knows himself only as a “prop,” a very necessary and important piece of property, but still only one of the props that help to make the picture.

“Put him off the scene!” shouts the director when he sees a man in a “mob scene” who cannot seem to “find himself.” Why does he say this? Because the “ham” has taken himself seriously. He is thinking of how he may look in the picture, he is considering the opinion of the director or thinking of anything except his part in the drama. In brief, he does not know how to play—and acting is only play.

### A HAPPY CONSPIRACY

From the moment a moving-picture company is formed until the formation of the organization results in the presentation of the silent drama on the silver sheet, the emotions and thoughts of men are handled like machinery. From the very beginning there is a conspiracy to play with the emotions of the men and women and children who pay good money to see the show.

Therefore, the efficient director must of necessity treat his actors and actresses as the potter treats his clay, else he will be replaced by another and a better director. To be sure, the actor must “be the character he plays,” but he must “be” that character in accordance with the conception of his director, and he must be ready to change his role at a moment’s notice. In other words, he is nothing to himself. He is hero, villain, peasant or king, according to the will of the director. If he is a real actor he will be able to play with the emotions he is called upon to portray, just as the director plays with the actors, taking his joy in superintending their actions and directing their emotions.

The point we are driving at is this: That the whole proposition, from beginning to end, is pictorial in character, and that man is the painter of all the pictures of his experience. Man is the master artist. He does not belong to his thoughts and emotions, to his experiences and moods, to successes and failures, to his joys and sorrows. On the contrary, all things and thoughts and feelings belong to man. The very fact that one says, "This is my will, my thought, my feeling," should be proof sufficient that he recognizes his godhood, his possession, his power to create and to direct. When man shall come to fully realize this truth and constantly claim his power, pain and embarrassment will fade from his consciousness as surely and as swiftly as the pictorial drama, seen by the spectator at the theater, is erased from his mind when he steps from the palace of fancy into the world of living beings.

FOOTHILL PHILOSOPHER.

## **"IN NATURE'S TRUST"**

(Copyright 1923)

'Tis nature that reverts all things  
To elements from which they came—  
The autumn leaves, all, drifted down  
From trees which they had seemed to crown;  
And gold brown leaves were snugly laid  
In Mother Earth, by wind and rain.  
The summers passed, and winters, too,  
Yet leaves were hid from mortal's view  
Until in other forms they shaped,  
And sought their way from out the clay.  
Then, day by day, to light they rose—  
As comes to light whate'er man sows—  
And gold brown leaves, to us, unseen,  
Felt life, again, through some fair thing.

VIVIAN CAROLYN BRYSON.



## LOYALTY

In the journey through the densities of matter made by the human soul-ego in its quest for Selfhood—its progress from the human kingdom to the Spiritual Kingdom—there are certain principles of True Being it must acquire as a *concrete realization*, form them into a working basis of life, and therefrom build them into its consciousness as Fundamental Truth. These must first be intellectually comprehended by the personality as possible and probable realities and of the highest value; then pictured in the mentality—the intermediate stage between Matter and Spirit—as Ideals; from thence built into Principle or Spiritual Quality.

Among the Spiritual Principles thus referred to, none is of greater importance and ultimate value in the life of the Spiritual aspirant than the Principle of Loyalty, and few so well form a true basis for accurate judgment as to the progress made in following the Spiritual Path. This principle is operative upon all planes of being, but differs in quality and character of manifestation according to the quality of substance, of matter, of which that plane is composed; that is, it may be personal or impersonal in character, selfish and material, or spiritual.

As the student of life advances in knowledge and his views of that life widen and expand, he gradually acquires a truer and more comprehensive understanding of what Loyalty really is, and from the first primitive beginnings of character building made in the lower stages of human development, he builds stone upon stone until the perfect structure is completed. Loyalty implies fidelity—allegiance. If there is allegiance, there must be an object to which allegiance is given, and in all the Universe of Manifested Life, no higher Principle exists than Loyalty, or allegiance to Truth, for the sake of Truth alone, as a MOTIVE for human conduct, and a consequent guide to spiritual growth. We have repeatedly stated that the quality of MOTIVE determines the value of exterior acts as related to true soul-growth of the individual, and the matter should be considered from this standpoint.

Through the mazes of the objective mind faculty in which man is entangled at the present day, the personality passes through many phases of Loyalty to FORM, before it arrives at even a faint comprehension of the intrinsic meaning of

Loyalty to Principle, to LIFE itself, and each stage of soul-growth is marked by some particular development of this quality. We wish to state here, that Loyalty to LIFE is the duty that man as a differentiated atom of consciousness owes to the Supreme Consciousness of which he is a component part; that his evolutionary progress into the Spiritual Kingdom and the accompanying domination of the animal-human self constitutes the payment of that debt, and that as he consciously takes upon himself the intelligent direction of that unfoldment of his being in an ever-increasing degree, so does he hasten the squaring thereof and also the development of the race.

Loyalty to *things*, to forms of various kinds, to personalities or bodies, to groups, precedes and increasingly partakes of Loyalty to Ideals, to Principle, during the process of the expansion of consciousness, while the soul-ego, as the center of that consciousness, gradually refines and purifies its expressing vehicle. Loyalty to the true SELF, the Higher or Christic Self, **MUST** be lived and manifested; it is a prime requisite of spiritual unfoldment.

Each atom of substance, each human being, is a Center of Consciousness, a vortex from which proceed action and consequent reaction, according to Supreme Law, causing eventual expansion and growth. As this center of consciousness expands and enlarges, so too enlarges the concept of Spiritual Quality; what is IS in Reality, and the soul-ego ever works to the end of building these refining qualities of its expressing mechanism. Like all components of the character of the personality, Loyalty in its lower phases manifests selfishness, for it is dictated by what the personality—limited in comprehension—conceives to be self-interest, which is invariably the underlying motive for action of the lower or animal-human man, and the human being in this elemental stage of growth is loyal to something or somebody, because it is to his personal interest so to be.

Later on in his development, as he begins to exercise the reasoning faculty and the LOVE element enters more strongly in its individual aspect, the Ideal of Loyalty expands and he sees the necessity and beauty of Loyalty to Truth—Impersonal Truth in all its glory and majesty—for its own high sake and realizes that this great quality must become a component of his being even if—as may well happen—it means the sacrifice

of all the personal self has hitherto cherished and held precious.

Loyalty to individual conviction of Truth has made the martyrs of all time, the leaders and reformers of men, the helpers and Saviours of humanity: for Truth they were willing and glad to die, even as in the present day they must be ready to LIVE and SERVE and SUFFER if need be, for the sake of feeding and fanning the Light of Truth.

Under the pressure of the Christic Spiritual Stimulus of the present cycle, is seen an awakening to a larger conception of Loyalty, a greater knowledge and truer realization of its beauty and magnitude as Life Principle, a guiding Star to Spiritual Heights. From motives and standards of loyalty to personalities, the true student of Life reaches through experience in material conditions, the character status of Loyalty to Principle, and in its last analysis Loyalty to Principle means HONESTY to the Supreme Source of All Being.

As has been said, this involves sacrifice. for in the action of this phase of soul - growth, it probably means the severance of certain human ties that have hitherto loomed large in the life of the aspirant. It means misunderstanding and inharmony in the close human relationships previously considered to be those of Love, but which now the student views more nearly in their true light, and sees that they are in reality *bonds of the flesh forged by himself in the past*, that each one must be worked out, inharmony transmuted into Harmony, and that each and every such experience is necessary to the true and high molding of the Spiritual Body or vehicle.

Sadly but firmly in the light of his greater understanding, the opening of spiritual vision, he performs in each regard the highest duty he can cognize, to which he steadily adheres, perhaps leaving behind these conditions, and sharply and decisively breaking the ties hitherto so strong, perhaps steadily enduring the antagonistic conditions, but in any case pressing on to the next stage of growth, a larger and more expanded state of consciousness, which gradually, but none the less surely, continues to expand until diversity becomes Synthesis, and all are merged in the ONE.

Only the narrow human and personal viewpoint sees this method of life and conduct as selfish, for only from such viewpoint *could* it be so considered; from the Spiritual standpoint such a student could do no otherwise in his evolutionary

course and be true—LOYAL—to the Christic Self, the Inner God. As he progresses in unfoldment of faculty and refinement of quality, his conceptions of Life UNIVERSALIZE to the point where he KNOWS that in order to render true service to the human race, to those nearest and dearest to him in physical life, and to the Spiritual Guardians of the race—the highest possible MOTIVE of Life effort at the present evolutionary stage of growth—he must be prepared, trained and tested, until he is fit to render such service intelligently and understandingly, entering into a comprehension of the Supreme Plan sufficiently to enable him to be an instrument of pure quality, of real and lasting value in the out-working of evolutionary law.

Unless he becomes strong enough to be truly and unreservedly HONEST and LOYAL to the Great Self, unhesitatingly sacrificing the little self upon the Altar of the Law of Love; pure enough to be LOYAL to the Principle of Purity for its own sake (and not for its accruing value), forsaking all below its level as life motive; unless he is true enough to be LOYAL to the Light of Truth WITHIN, disregarding all false presentments thereof and all personal lures, he is unable to stand alone within the Sun's strong rays and progress upon the Path of Spiritual Perfection, the Christic Path.

To those who are capable of personal loyalty—loyalty to personality—to Form—and who see no other than this aspect, those whose lives are focused upon the plane of the personality, it is a necessary factor for their present soul-growth, the further development of which will in time open the doors to enlarged and truer vision, to expanded faculty and functioning. Gradually its quality changes, through ages of experiences, perhaps, and the life becomes focused upon a higher and more universal level: gradually through the refining and consequent Initiatory processes, he reaches Spiritual Individualization, which TRUE INDIVIDUALIZATION, Liberation and Union, consciously blending and losing the little self within the Higher Soul-Self; passing from the diverse and selfish human kingdom into the ONE and Selfless Spiritual Kingdom.

LOYALTY to the Inner God, the High Christic Self, is the highest possible activating Life Motive. It means eventual true harmony with Divine Law, an increasing compre-

hension of Its mighty workings, living and laboring in perfect accord with the Supreme Plan for human progress, making of the individual a true instrument of the highest possible world service, and so furthering the evolution of the race and fulfilling its atomic function in true Solar Building.

KATHERINE HILLWOOD POOR.

## MY MASTER

*(Delivered in New York)*

"Whenever virtue subsides and vice prevails, I come down to help mankind," declares Krishna, in the Bhagavad-Gita. Whenever this world of ours, on account of growth, on account of added circumstances, requires a new adjustment, a wave of power comes, and as man is acting on two planes, the spiritual and the material, waves of adjustment come on both planes. On the one side, of the adjustment on the material plane, Europe has mainly been the basis during modern times, and of the adjustment on the other, the spiritual plane, Asia has been the basis throughout the history of the world. Today, man requires one more adjustment on the spiritual plane; today, when material ideas are at the height of their glory and power, today, when man is likely to forget his divine nature, through his growing dependence on matter, and is likely to be reduced to a mere money-making machine, an adjustment is necessary; the voice has spoken, and the power is coming to drive away the clouds of gathering materialism. The power has been set in motion which, at no distant date, will bring unto mankind once more the memory of its real nature, and again the place from which this power will start will be Asia. This world of ours is on the plan of the division of labour. It is vain to say that one man shall possess everything. Yet how childish we are! The baby in its ignorance, thinks that its doll is the only possession that is to be coveted in this whole universe. So a nation which is great in the possession of material power, thinks that that is all that is to be coveted, that that is all that is meant by progress, that that is all that is meant by civilization, and if there are other nations which do not care for possession, and do not possess that power, they are not fit to live, their whole existence is useless! On the other hand, another nation may think that mere material civilization is utterly useless. From the Orient came the voice which once told the world, that if a man possesses every-

thing that is under the sun and does not possess spirituality, what avails it? This is the Oriental type; the other is the Occidental type.

Each of these types has its grandeur, each has its glory. The present adjustment will be the harmonizing, the mingling of these two ideals. To the Oriental, the world of spirit is as real, as to the Occidental is the world of sense. In the spiritual, the Oriental finds everything he wants or hopes for; in it he finds all that makes life real to him. To the Occidental he is a dreamer; to the Oriental, the Occidental is a dreamer, playing with ephemeral toys, and he laughs to think that grown-up men and women should make so much of a handful of matter which they will have to leave sooner or later. Each calls the other a dreamer. But the Oriental ideal is as necessary for the progress of the human race as is the Occidental, and I think it is more necessary. Machines never made mankind happy, and never will make. He who is trying to make us believe this, will claim that happiness is in the machine, but it is always in the mind. The man alone who is the lord of his mind can become happy, and none else. And what, after all, is this power of machinery? Why should a man who can send a current of electricity through a wire be called a very great man, and a very intelligent man? Does not Nature do a million times more than that every moment? Why not then fall down and worship Nature? What avails it if you have power over the whole of the world, if you have mastered every atom in the universe? That will not make you happy unless you have the power of happiness in yourself, until you have conquered yourself. Man is born to conquer Nature, it is true, but the Occidental means by "Nature," only the physical or external Nature. It is true that external Nature is majestic, with its mountains, and oceans, and rivers, and with its infinite powers and varieties. Yet there is a more majestic internal Nature of man, higher than the sun, moon and stars, higher than this earth of ours, higher than the physical universe, transcending these little lives of ours; and it affords another field of study. There the Orientals excel, just as the Occidentals excel in the other. Therefore it is fitting that, whenever there is a spiritual adjustment, it should come from the Orient. It is also fitting that when the Oriental wants to learn about machine-making, he should sit at the feet of the Occidental and learn from him.

When the Occident wants to learn about the spirit, about God, about the soul, about the meaning and the mystery of this universe, he must sit at the feet of the Orient to learn.

I am going to present before you the life of one man who has put in motion such a wave in India. But before going into the life of this man, I will try to present before you the secret of India, what India means. If those whose eyes have been blinded by the glamour of material things, whose whole dedication of life is to eating and drinking and enjoying, whose ideal of possession is lands and gold, whose ideal of pleasure is that of the sense, whose God is money, and whose goal is a life of ease and comfort in this world and death after that, whose minds never look forward, and who rarely think of anything higher than the sense objects in the midst of which they live: . . . . if such as these go to India, what do they see? Poverty, squalor, superstition, darkness, hideousness everywhere. Why? Because in their minds enlightenment means dress, education, social politeness. Whereas, Occidental nations have used every effort to improve their material position, India has done differently. There, live the only men in the world, who, in the whole history of humanity, never went beyond their frontiers to conquer any one, who never coveted that which belonged to any one else, whose only fault was that their lands were so fertile, and they accumulated wealth by the hard labour of their hands, and so tempted other nations to come and despoil them. They are contented to be despoiled, and to be called barbarians, and in return, they want to send to this world, visions of the Supreme, to lay bare for the world the secrets of human nature, to rend the veil that conceals the real man, because they know the dream, because they know that behind this materialism lives the real, divine nature of man which no sin can tarnish, no crime can spoil, no lust can taint; which fire cannot burn, nor water wet, which heat cannot dry, nor death kill; and to them this true nature of man is as real as is any material object to the senses of an Occidental. Just as you are brave to jump at the mouth of a cannon with a hurrah; just as you are brave in the name of patriotism, to stand up and give up your lives for your country, so are they brave in the name of God. There it is, that when a man declares that this is a world of ideas, that it is all a dream, he casts off clothes and property to demonstrate that what he believes and thinks is true. There it is that

a man sits on the bank of a river, when he has known that life is eternal, and wants to give up his body just as nothing, just as you can give up a bit of straw. Therein lies their heroism, that they are ready to face death as a brother, because they are convinced that there is no death for them. Therein lies the strength that has made them invincible through hundreds of years of oppression and foreign invasion and tyranny. The nation lives today, and in that nation even in the days of the direst disaster, spiritual giants have never failed to arise. Asia produces giants in spirituality, just as the Occident produces giants in politics, giants in science. In the beginning of the present century, when Western influence began to pour into India, when Western conquerors, sword in hand, came to demonstrate to the children of the sages that they were mere barbarians, a race of dreamers, that their religion was but mythology, and God and soul and everything they had been struggling for, were mere words without meaning, that the thousands of years of struggle, the thousands of years of endless renunciation, had all been in vain, the question began to be agitated among young men at the universities, whether the whole national existence up to then had been a failure, whether they must begin anew on the Occidental plan, tear up their old books, burn their philosophies, drive away their preachers, and break down their temples. Did not the Occidental conqueror, the man who demonstrated his religion with sword and gun, say, that all the old ways were mere superstition and idolatry? Children brought up and educated in the new schools started on the Occidental plan, drank in these ideas, from their childhood, and it is not to be wondered at that doubts arose. But instead of throwing away superstition and making a real search after truth, the test of truth became, "What does the West say?" The priests must go, the Vedas must be burned, because the West has said so. Out of the feeling of unrest thus produced, there arose a wave of so-called reform in India.

If you wish to be a true reformer, three things are necessary. The first is to feel; do you really feel for your brothers? Do you really feel that there is so much misery in the world, so much ignorance and superstition? Do you really feel that men are your brothers? Does this idea come into your whole being? Does it run with your blood? Does it tingle in your veins? Does it course through every nerve and filament of



your body? Are you full of that idea of sympathy? If you are, that is only the first step. You must think next if you have found any remedy. The old ideas may be all superstition, but in and round these masses of superstition are nuggets of gold and truth. Have you discovered means by which to keep that gold alone, without any of the dross? If you have done that, that is only the second step, one more thing is necessary. What is your motive? Are you sure that you are not actuated by greed of gold, by thirst for fame, or power? Are you really sure that you can stand to your ideals, and work on, even if the whole world wants to crush you down? Are you sure you know what you want, and will perform your duty, and that alone, even if your life is at stake? Are you sure that you will persevere so long as life endures, so long as there is one pulsation left in the heart? Then you are a real reformer, you are a teacher, a Master, a blessing to mankind. But man is so impatient, so short-sighted! He has not the patience to wait, he has not the power to see. He wants to rule, he wants results immediately. Why? He wants to reap the fruits himself and does not really care for others. Duty for duty's sake is not what he wants. "To work you have the right, but not to the fruits thereof," says Krishna. Why cling to results? Ours are the duties. Let the fruits take care of themselves. But man has no patience. He takes up any scheme. The larger number of would-be reformers all over the world can be classed under this heading.

As I have said, the idea of reform came to India when it seemed as if the wave of materialism that had invaded her shores would sweep away the teachings of the sages. But the nation had borne the shocks of a thousand such waves of change. This one was mild in comparison. Wave after wave had flooded the land, breaking and crushing everything for hundreds of years; the sword had flashed, and "Victory unto Allah" had rent the skies of India, but these floods subsided, leaving the national ideals unchanged.

The Indian nation cannot be killed. Deathless it stands, and it will stand so long as that spirit shall remain as the background, so long as her people do not give up their spirituality. Beggars they may remain, poor and poverty-stricken; dirt and squalor may surround them perhaps throughout all time, but let them not give up their God, let them not forget that they are the children of the sages. Just as in the West,

even the man in the street wants to trace his descent from some robber-baron of the Middle-Ages, so in India, even an Emperor on the throne wants to trace his descent from some beggar-sage in the forest, from a man who wore the bark of a tree, lived upon the fruits of the forest and communed with God. That is the type of descent we want, and so long as holiness is thus supremely venerated, India cannot die.

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

(To be Continued)

## MY CONCLUSION

Such is but the interpretation,  
My soul has been giving me,  
Of the inner reverberation  
From the field of immensity.

'Tis but the voice from the silence,  
Whose echoes my soul understands;  
I feel 'tis doing violence  
To claim 'tis God's voice that commands.

A Jehovah, Jove or Lord may speak  
To prophet, priest or mortal king;  
But Infinite Spirit Ne'er will seek,  
Such ways and means, His Truth to bring.

His attributes, in germ, He's placed  
Within the breast of every child;  
We must unfold what's there encased,  
That each may hear His accents mild.

To the "still, small voice" no sound was given;  
The Christ ne'er gave it, voice or word;  
It has no sound in highest heaven  
But by each soul, 'tis plainly heard.

His law is not spoken to human hearts,  
But "printed on their inward parts;"  
In highest heaven 'tis even so,  
Each for himself alone can know.

Then seek within to find His will,  
And know, to find, you must be still;  
And listen, till you feel its thrill.

EDMUND R. ROCKWOOD.

## THE BHAGAVAD GITA

Continued from December, 1923.

### Supreme Spirit.

*(Way to Imperishable Brahman)*

In the Seventh Book of the Gita seven questions are asked. They are answered in the eighth book in such a manner that if they are meditated upon in exclusion of every other object, "Truth" will be perceived.

The acme of meditation is to become immersed in God-consciousness. In reality no man ever became spiritual—we are that already—we never were anything else. The goal of all is to REALIZE this reality. To know and to become the Supreme Spirit is really the same thing; the difference of expression is due to the different state of peace, of different sincere seekers after TRUTH, on different rungs of the ladder of their spiritual unfoldment which classifies them as different types of devotees.

Being "Pure Consciousness"—pure and simple—what else is there to be known? Know the Supreme Spirit as the **KNOWER**.

The purpose of Spiritual Culture is to purge away the dross—the human—thus leaving only the finer—the Divine.

"The "Divine Spirit" is the Supreme Spirit considered as an object of perception. It is what is said to make the Sun self-luminous. It is also in the heat of every human being.

"I know that great Spirit, Sun-charactered by being beyond the darkness."

## VIII DISCOURSE (Cont'd.)

Up to the world of Brahma, the worlds return again, O Arjuna; but when one hath attained to Me, O Kunti's son, there is no rebirth. (16)

Up to the world of Brahma—the worlds are relative and limited by time. In the absolute there is no rebirth; there it is all **essence**.

The persons who know Brahma's day to consist of a thousand Yugas, and his night of a thousand Yugas, they do know the days and nights.

(17)

Day and Night here mean Involution and Evolution.

At the advent of (Brahma's) day, all manifestations proceed from the Unmanifested, and at the advent of the night, they are dissolved in the same. (18)

This—the same universe of beings, coming forth again and again, collapseth irresistibly at the advent of the night, and again, O Partha, cometh forth at the arrival of the day. (19)

But above this unmanifested (cause of the manifested) is that another Unmanifested, Eternal Being which, while all beings perish, perisheth not. (20)

That Unmanifested (Being) is designated "The Imperishable One" (Akshara): That they declare to be the Highest Goal. Having attained to which (the Wise) return not (to the world)—verily that is My Abode Supreme. (21)

That Spirit Supreme, O Partha, may be obtained by a devotion which knoweth not a second,—in which all beings abide, by which this All is pervaded. (22)

I will declare that time, O prince of the Bharatas, at which the Yogis departing (from their bodies) return not, and also the time at which they return. (23)

From the finer element to the grosser compound, in cyclic sequence.

Beings come forth and dissolve, being forced to the effects by their own Karma (law of cause and effect).

This Unmanifested — being the seed of the manifested, is Avidya itself.

Verses 20 and 21 show that the Supreme Spirit, symbolized by the monosyllable—om—is different from all that is comprehended by cause and effect.

The ideation—The One without a second.  
The "Unknown and unknowable."  
As the Symbol—The Saguna Brahman.

Vide Acts XVII, 27, 28.

All are subject to migratory existence except those who attain to the Supreme Spirit.

Eternal Life can only be attained through the realization of identity with the Deity, and therefore has nothing to do with the season in which death occurs.

The fire, the light, the day, the fortnight, the six months of the Sun's northward course,—the knowers of Brahma going by the path named after the above, go to Brahma.

(24)

The smoke, the night, the dark fortnight, the six months of the Sun's southward course,—the Yogi going by the path designated after the above, receiving the lunar light, returneth,

(25)

These are held to be the perpetual paths of the world—the white and the black; by the one, man obtaineth freedom from rebirth, by the other, he returneth again.

(26)

Knowing these paths, O Partha, no Yogi ever is deluded. So in all times, O Arjuna, be engaged in Yoga.

(27)

The fruits of merits that are ordained in the Vedas, in the sacrifices, in the austerities and in gifts, surpassing all, the Yogi knowing this, attaineth to the primal Supreme Place.

(28)

Thus ends the Eighth Discourse, entitled "THE DEVOTION OF THE IMPERISHABLE BRAHMA" 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.

Some interpret states of consciousness in terms of spheres.

The dual character of the world is here characterized as being manifested in fire and smoke.

Light and darkness.

For Pitriyana and Devayana—see Tilak, also Chhandogya and Kaushitaki Upanishads. Prabuddha Bharata Vol. IX, p. 160.

The paths are Eternal because Samsara is Eternal.

Knowing that one of the paths leads to Samsara and the other to freedom, the Yogi takes up the one leading to illumination and rejects the other.

Whatever meritorious effect is declared in the Scriptures as accruing from the study of the Scriptures—knowing this TRUTH imparted to Arjuna by Krishna—the Yogi rises above them all.

## FROM THE MAHABHARATA

### VI

## The Rival Warriors

Joyful was the proud Duryodhan, gladness gleamed upon his face,  
And he spake to gallant Karna with a loving fond embrace:

"Welcome, mighty armed chieftain! thou hast victor's honours won,  
Thine is all my wealth and kingdom, name thy wish and it is done!"

Answered Karna to Duryodhan, "Prince! thy word is good as deed,  
But I seek to combat Arjun and to win the victor's meed."

"Noble is the boon thou seekest," answered Kuru's prince of fame,  
"Be a joy unto your comrades, let the foeman dread thy name!"

Anger flamed in Arjun's bosom, and he spake in accents rude  
Unto Karna, who in triumph calm and proud and fearless stood:

"Chief! who comest uninvited, pratest in thy lying boast,  
Thou shalt die the death of braggarts—witness be this mighty host!"

Karna answered calm and proudly, "Free this listed field to all,  
Warriors enter by their prowess, wait not, Arjun, for thy call,

Warlike chieftains take their places by their strength of arm and might,  
And their warrant is their falchion, valour sanctifies their right,

Angry word is coward's weapon, Arjun, speak with arrows keen,  
Till I lay thee, witness Drona, low upon the listed green!"

Drona gave the word impartial, wrathful Arjun, dread of foes,  
Parted from his loving brothers, in his glist'ning arms arose,

Karna clasped the Kuru's princes, parted from them one and all,  
With his bow and ample quiver proudly stepped the warrior tall.

Now the clouds with lurid flashes gathered darkling, thick and high,  
Lines of cranes like gleams of laughter sailed across the gloomy sky,

Rain-god Indra over Arjun watched with father's partial love,  
Sun-god Surya over Karna shed his light from far above,

Arjun stood in darkening shadow by the inky clouds concealed,  
Bold and bright in open sunshine radiant Karna stood revealed!

Proud Duryodhan and his Brothers stood by Karna calm and bold,  
Drona stood by gallant Arjun, and brave Bhishma warrior old,

Women too with partial glances viewed the one or other chief,  
But, by equal love divided, silent Pritha swooned in grief!

Wise Vidura, true to duty, with an anxious hurry came,  
Sandal-drops and sprinkled waters roused the woe-distracted dame,

And she saw her sons in combat, words of woe she uttered none,  
Speechless wept, for none must fathom Karna was her eldest son!

**FROM THE MAHABHARATA****VII****The Anointment of Karna**

Crested Karna, helmed Arjun, proudly trod the spacious green,  
Kripa, skilled in herald's duties, spake upon the dreadful scene:

"This is helmet-wearing Arjun, sprung of Kuru's mighty race,  
Pandu's son and borne by Pritha, prince of worth and warlike grace,  
Long-armed Chief! declare thy lineage, and the race thou dost adorn,  
Name thy mother and thy father, and the house that saw thee born,

By the rules of war Prince Arjun claims his rival chief to know,  
Princes may not draw their weapon 'gainst a base and nameless foe!"

Karna, silent, heard this mandate, rank nor lineage could he claim,  
Like a raindrop-pelted lotus bent his humble head in shame!

"Prince we reckon," cried Duryodhan, "not the man of birth alone,  
Warlike leader of his forces as a prince and chief we own,

Karna by his warlike valour is of crowned kings the peer,  
Karna shall be crowned monarch, nations shall his mandate hear!"

Forth they brought the corn and treasure, golden coin and water jar,  
On the throne they seated Karna famed in many a deathful war,

Brahmans chanted sacred mantra which the holy books ordain,  
And anointed, crowned Karna king of Anga's fair domain,

And they raised the red umbrella, and they waved the chowri fan,  
"Blessings on the crowned monarch! honour to the bravest man!"

Now the holy rites accomplished, in his kingly robes arrayed  
Karna unto Prince Duryodhan thus in grateful accents prayed:

"Gift of kingdom, good Duryodhan, speaketh well thy noble heart,  
What return can grateful Karna humbly render on his part?"

"Grant thy friendship," cried Duryodhan, "for no other boon I crave,  
Be Duryodhan's dearest comrade, be his helper true and brave."

"Be it so!" responded Karna, with a proud and noble grace,  
And he sealed his loyal friendship in a loving fond embrace!

R. C. DUTT.

## THE GREATEST THING

Love one another, so the prophets taught,  
For without love, all ye do is naught;  
Faith, Hope, Charity, works below, above,  
Within, without, the greatest thing is Love.

Then if, like unto Solomon,  
The Spirit should say to me,  
"Name one thing that thou  
Wouldst have me give to thee,"  
I'd choose not Earth's riches  
Nor yet wisdom great;  
For rich and wise oftimes know  
Unhappiness and hate—

I'd answer then, "Oh, teach me how to love  
All things created, all life, here and above."  
For Love alone can mankind so far bless  
To banish fear, hate and unhappiness.

EMMETT OSBORNE.



## THE BIRTH OF PASADENA

An angel dropped from a cloud one day,  
In a field of poppies she stopped to play;  
Of the flowers she deftly made a crown,  
"For the Queen," she cried, "of a rose-girt town."

In a field of poppies in its swaddling clothes  
An infant town by magic arose;  
Ere long it grew to a maiden fair,  
A rose-girt maiden with sunlit hair.

A maiden who loved every flower that grows,  
But preferred above all the magic rose.  
Upon the brow of the maiden town  
The angel placed her poppy crown.

"Pasadena," she said, "I christen thee,  
Fair Queen of the West may thou always be."  
For fifty long years the Queen has held sway.  
She has grown in beauty. May she live alway!

ANNIE LYMAN PALMER.

## WHAT IS GOD CONSCIOUSNESS?

*Plotinus to Flaccus.*

"You ask how you can know the infinite?—I answer:—"Not by reason. It is the office of reason to distinguish and define. The infinite cannot be ranked among its objects. You can only apprehend the infinite by a faculty superior to reason, by entering into a state where you are your finite self no longer, in which the divine essence is communicated to you. This is ecstasy. It is the liberation of your mind from its finite anxieties. Like only apprehends like. When you thus cease to be finite, you become one with the infinite. In the reduction of your soul to its simplest self, its divine essence, you realize this union, nay, this identity."

Porphyrus attained to this super-conscious state when he was sixty-six years old.

Dionysius, who lived in the fifth century, called it the state of mystic union, or when the Soul is united with God.

Meister Eckhart, who lived in the 14th century, described the nature of this state of "GOD CONSCIOUSNESS" thus:

"There must be perfect stillness in the Soul before God can whisper His word into it, before the light of God can shine in the Soul and transform the Soul into God. When passions are stilled and all worldly desires are silenced, then the word of God can be heard in the Soul."

Calmness of Mind,  
Concentrated attention  
Are necessary to hear  
The Divine Word.

Revelation or Inspiration mean  
The disclosures of the  
Divine Spirit within us.

Modern Science calls it  
Knowing the Nature of the  
Unknown and Unknowable.

It became Known and Knowable  
Not by the Finite Mind, but  
By the All-knowing Spirit.

ABHEDANANDA.

## THE SPIRITUAL BIRTH

If you shut up your soul in the body and humble yourself and say: "I understand nothing, I can do nothing, I neither know what I am or what I shall be;" what are you in common with God?

Not to recognize the Divine is the perfection of evil; but to be able to perceive, to desire, to hope for it, is the means of reaching it by a direct and easy road.—*Hermes*.

You have taken a momentous step, when you say that you wish to find God and to live the life of the spirit. This means, though you may not know it, that you have come to the end of your world; that you are ready to live or to die. It is well. The very angels rejoice. **HEAR THIS TRUTH:** The world as a place, is that in which bodies live, enjoy, suffer and die. The world as a condition, is that state of mind which is continually divided against itself; now full of discord or peace, vice or virtue, sorrow or joy, dislikes or affections. This middle, or mind-world, gives torment. It is this, which by the fine, invisible cords of self-interest, binds the soul itself and impels it to eat of the bitter husks of experience rather than of the sweet fruits of faith. Yet, at last, like a wayward child, the soul comes, through very weariness of the husk, to ask for the fruit. Sick unto death of the varying moods or feelings of the self or the mental world; seeing no significance or enjoyment in the material world, because of misapprehension, the soul says: "This existence is not life. I want no more. Give me death or give me life that is not mockery."

Thus the end of the world is reached through evolution of consciousness gained by experience. The soul must now begin anew upon the higher plane. This means that it must return to the center (its consciousness of Divine Being) through involution and revelation. Revelation interprets experience. In brief, the soul must be resurrected into the spiritual life and become at one with its Source. Thus will it consciously think, act and live the love life, instead of the self life, which it lives on the natural plane.

The process of passing from the death of the self to the life of the spirit is the resurrection, the initiation into eternal life. Life is not relative, but absolute. It is that which IS. It changes not, nor can be changed. It is that to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be taken away. It is the one Life—indivisible, perfect. It is the cause of all

lives. A life is merely the expression of *the* life. Life is of the spirit, not flesh. Hence, as the spirit, only, is alive, it is that which feels, knows, acts. The spirit is the sun, whereof the flesh is the earth. As the material sun warms the earth and makes possible its fruitfulness, so may the spirit warm the earth nature or flesh, and make possible its fruitfulness.

As there is one Life, there is also, one Spirit. It is the one Substance of all souls in which, and of which, all subsist and exist as in a sea of omnipresent Being. Every soul is in itself an individualized spirit and a center of Deific identity. There is but one Mind, of which, as Emerson says: "Every man is an inlet." As this is the all-including and inclusive Mind, there is no intelligence in all existence which can be separated from it. It is the One Infinite Being which includes all beings and from which all beings came forth. It is the Divine One, the Creator, the Most High, the Only God.

To know and to understand the processes of thought, creation, activity, differentiation and expression by which the Divine One operates, is to know and to understand the relation of God to man and of man to God. This is the goal toward which all creation tends, for without this knowledge there is the sleep of death and the mockery of a night without a morning. It is good, therefore, to study carefully the two viewpoints from which all speech is formulated. One is the viewpoint of the Absolute, which reveals the perfect WHOLE; the other, that of the relative from which are seen the single parts. From the Absolute there is known only the perfect, the changeless, the omnipresent.

Speaking from this plane, Jesus said: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." "Before Abraham was, I am." From the relative plane or basis of change, He said: "Why callest thou me good? There is none good save God." The one Spirit is the one Life—the one Intelligence, the one changeless and invisible Substance. In our physical universe there is but one Light, namely, that which comes from the sun. The light of the moon and the stars is but the showing forth of this one light. That which glows in the fire or radiates from the flashing gem is from this one. So, there is one spiritual light. There are many reflectors or centers of expression. These expressions are various, but the source is one. Take, then, the one Spirit itself, the boundless, the illimitable. Its tangible expression is vitality; its apprehensible expression is

thought; and its visible expression is body or form.

In man, the tangible, the apprehensible, the visible, constitute what is called the relative or differentiated expression of spirit. Man, therefore, is one channel through which God reveals Himself, for something of the Imminent One is in every expression. To know the Infinite, study the finite. But know and remember that it takes all parts to represent the perfect Whole. "If," as the Master said, "ye cannot love your brother whom ye have seen, how can ye love God whom ye have not seen?" Begin here. Love purely or unselfishly what you see, in order that you may love that which you cannot see.

Is love something that originates in the body? No. In the mind? No. Then in what but the spirit, the very essence of Deity, the Light which animates both the mind and the body, does it have its origin? Mind and body must be channels through which spirit as love reveals itself. Where do you see manifestations of love? Not in man alone, for animals, even insects, show degrees of affection and consideration, even to the extent of a willingness to lay down the body for the beloved. Is it not true, then, that as life is the common inheritance, love is the common gift of all creatures? Is not creation, with all its variety, but the outshowing of the infinity of the Creator?

Study, then, every figure and every fraction of a figure. Study, also, every phase of the outer, in order to see the perfect image of the inner. Study yourself. What are you? In the outmost, a creature; but in the inmost a God; because God is the One in the inmost and is to be made manifest in the outmost. It is God who lives—not the creature. It is God who loves, not the creature. It is God who knows, thinks and acts, not the creature. Study your inmost and highest as the epitome of God, and your outmost as the expression. The latter may be true or perverted. The pure, unsullied, unselfish love is of God; the tainted, passionate, selfish love is of God, also, but it is polluted, obstructed, deflected by the creature, its channel. Shall we not seek to remove obstructions that the purity of the stream may be insured? It is the self which obstructs. When self is willing to step aside in order that the spirit may live in its place, then will the channel be clear for the descent of the stream from the above to the below, from the Absolute to the relative.

God, the Absolute, is not person, but personal; not person because not limited to parts; but personal, because adjustable to all conditions of the personal.

Thus love in the concrete is love in expression; in the abstract, love is the reality or the truth of Being. Without this knowledge, the natural man abuses his senses. This leads to disappointment, satiety and despair. At this point the soul, or inner man, is stirring and awakening from sleep. In the midst of the loneliness and desolation of the self-life, he yearns for more life or to part with what he has. When he has reached this point, experiences must have a meaning, or they are but tortuous punishments. He is wearied with struggles in the dark. He is famished for want of food that will satisfy. He is longing for this richer, fuller life, for the real life and true acquaintance with God.

If you who read these words are in this state of mind, re-read this article. SUMMARIZE INTO SHORT STATEMENTS, that you may take every word and eat, assimilate and digest it; thereby, proving that truth IS the veritable bread of life. The greater includes the less. Therefore, the Infinite includes the finite. It is true that in God we live and move and have our being. Believe this literally. Then see! In your darkness, you find light. As you believed yourself separate, you knew God only in name. Now, believing yourself one with Him, He is the living, comforting Presence. Here is the pith of the matter:

**GOD IS THE UNIVERSAL LIFE, SPIRIT, SUBSTANCE, WISDOM — THE UNIVERSAL AND ONLY GOD, WITHOUT FORM YET FILLING ALL FORM.** Say these words as earnestly and faithfully as if your life depended upon them, and say them over and over at regular times each day. Can you conceive the change that will come? You will find yourself endowed with a new and blissful consciousness. You will have a sense of peace, a feeling of strength. You will be possessed by a vibrant joy, a joy that you are not alone, but that a great majestic Something, an Intelligence, is back of you and with you, speaking, yet voiceless; present, yet not seen; guiding, protecting, inspiring, loving, counselling, uplifting, empowering, —according to your need and willingness to receive. Would it not be a new life to enter into this experience? **"GOD ONLY!"** These two words reduce the matter to its founda-

tion. Write them in large letters on a sheet of white paper; pin them upon your sleeve, or put them where your eyes will meet them continually, that they may be imprinted upon your mind, and woven into the inmost fibre of your consciousness. "God only" will submerge the self until it is lost in GOD. When you are weak or timid, or shrivelled with anxiety, speak your words; speak firmly, persistently, trustfully. Weakness, fear, anxiety, will turn to ashes like dead leaves in a fire. Can you be weak when Infinite strength, like an exhaustless fountain, is springing up within you, filling your whole being with the subtle elixir of living truth? Speak, then, "God only" with praiseful joy. Breathe it forth like a benediction upon the world: "God only," the Omnipresent. God, the One, the Absolute, Who is Harmony, Goodness, Beauty, Holiness, Peace. How your soul will rise with quivering, joyful wings, eager to fly through the boundless spaces of Infinity! How majestic the new sense of Being that will baptize and illumine your mind!

With what different eyes will you behold yourself and your relation to the world. With what compassion and tenderness will you think of your neighbor! Yet this beatific joy will in no wise take from you the obligation or desire to meet every condition with exactness and justice. Far from it! Have you a duty to perform? Because of "God only" you will bravely face it and conquer. Have you conditions to overcome—hard, depressing, painful? With spontaneous joy, not with reluctance or protest, but as a privilege, you will faithfully achieve! When you least expect it, conditions will change and your opportunity appear before you like an open doorway; or, some fair flower of your faithfulness will suddenly bloom in your pathway, making beautiful the places where your feet may tread. Have you little time for meditation or for spiritual culture? You will use every moment wisely, cheerfully, and this attitude will prepare the way for better things. All this because you are willing to give a child's trustful obedience to every word that voices the truth of the spirit. The old house built by self is thus washed away, and the true foundation laid for the house of the soul, the house built through your consciousness and co-operation with the power of your God. This, no storms can sweep away, no floods destroy.

Days and nights will come and go, weeks slip into years,

as man counts time; yet age will not furrow your cheek, nor disease waste your frame if faith, glowing, sparkling, shining, burns as the flame of pure love upon the altar of your peaceful heart. And, this will be as the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night that leads you out of the wilderness of human nature into that promised land of Divinity which ever flows with the milk and honey of His Presence. Looking forward, always; looking backward, never; you will grow in the grace and wisdom of the Spirit that will make you calm in the midst of confusion, wise in the midst of ignorance, and strong to be and to become what you will. These words that are spirit and that are life—remember? They are to be spoken early, when first the sun beams over the horizon; or, when you first arise in the morning.

Then, for at least the space of ten minutes, stand with lifted chest and praiseful eyes, drawing deep draughts of the sweet, fresh air, and repeat in slow, intoning voice: "GOD ONLY. GOD ONLY. Thou in me, and I in Thee. Thou only and evermore. Amen." Again at noon, when the stress of physical life in nature is at a pause, in your mind repeat many times and often, even though your comrades may think that you only eat and drink or speak with them. Thus find the secret place; for it is even in the midst of all human activities, yet found only when the heart is still—when the mind is detached from outer things. Again at night, before sleep comes, say these words, until, stealing upon your soul, comes the mantle of his peace.

HELEN VAN ANDERSON-GORDON.



## BEAUTY FOR ASHES

The storm was fierce which fell upon my heart,  
The wintry night was dark with moaning wind;  
It was some holocaust of God which tore two souls apart;  
And now the way is hid too deep for me to find.

So here I dwell in the same dear house of old,  
Playing the same old tunes upon my lute;  
But yonder in the dust your harp of gold  
Awaits your magic touch, its bright strings mute.

\* \* \* \* \*

It seems you must come back some night when rain  
Is beating softly on our roof and vines;  
The faint tattoo upon the window pane,  
Outside the rustling of the restless pines,  
Is like your sandaled feet about the room.  
I hear the whisper of your silken gown;  
The hearth-fire throws a star into the gloom,  
It floats upon a shadow, settling down.

These winter nights have madness in their spell  
Which binds my beating heart with hidden veils;  
You wove the endless dream I love so well  
And left a shadow cross with piercing nails.

Sometimes a hand unseen caresses me  
And lifts this shadow cross which presses so;  
'Tis like the man who walked in Galilee—  
And bore another cross for me—long, long ago.

CYRUS CASWELL JOHNSON.

## THE WORD

To those who have looked even superficially into the history and evolution of thought as exemplified in the various religious systems of the world, and particularly into the esoteric forms which one always finds within the outer, popular presentation, to those, I say, who have given any attention to these things, the mention of some hidden, mysterious "word" will be familiar. This "word" stands, as it were, at the back of all the infinite complexity of manifestation. It is held to be a sort of key to all mysteries, a solution to all problems, a veritable philosopher's stone, and the hidden spring of all power, happiness and satisfaction.

As St. John says, it is "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

The description of the "word" is generally wrapped up in some mystery and paradox. Lao-Tze, the old Chinese philosopher and teacher, reminds us that the Word that can be spoken is not THE Word, the path that can be trodden is not THE Path. That classic description of the Word in the Fourth Gospel is no less profound, mystical and paradoxical. As read in our churches and quoted in our pulpits, it is made to appear as if there were no mystery about it—in fact, that it is simply a statement of the Divinity of Jesus of Nazareth. To many it gives rise to no further questioning; but to the mind that is searching for Truth, to the mind that loves to get down to the bedrock and basis of things, those verses that are quoted with such an easy familiarity, though with so little understanding, embody in themselves a profound explanation of the whole mystery and meaning of the Universe.

This hidden "Word" is of deep and vital import to the student of Truth, for he knows that the world-problem is always of the nature of a riddle and a paradox, and he wants to sum up this world-process in the simplest possible formula—a formula of words that shall lead his mind into the region of thought that transcends verbal expression, the region of absolute verities. In the Christian religion the "Word" or "Logos" is identified with the Divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, the living Christ being the impersonal element to which He came to testify, as existing in the heart of every human being. But there are also other sacred words in other

systems, one of which is the Hindu "Pranava," or sacred word made up of the three letters, A, U, M.

The meditation on this word AUM, and the correct pronunciation of it, are supposed to give a man power over all things. Hence its vital importance.

In this word, AUM, each of the three letters stands for one of the three fundamentals to which all things can always be reduced. We can always reduce this world down to a generalization of three terms, viz: That which IS, That which IS NOT, and the relation which holds between them. This classification corresponds roughly with the "pure being," "pure nothing," and "becoming" of the German philosophers. Similarly we have the Self, Not-Self, and the relation between them, of Vedanta. Sometimes this trinity of terms is given a personality which can easily be traced in all great religious systems.

What I want to impress upon you at the present moment is, that this word, AUM, of the Hindu, is a kind of formula representing the world-process, and that the meditation upon this sacred word, and the correct pronunciation of it, are fraught with immense potentialities for freedom, satisfaction, and happiness.

The Hebrews, in their "Cabbala," had an almost similar word in the "Yod-he' vau-he'," again a word of three letters, signifying the three primeval Cosmic principles, with a fourth letter added, to signify the synthesis of these three principles, as Unity, capable of representing the Absolute upon another plane. Again, the pronunciation of this Hebrew word was held to be of great potentiality as a creative power.

The "Word" was summed up by the Greeks, who called it the "Logos," or the Divine Reason which upholds and permeates the Universe; and this leads us to the subject of our meditation, namely, that the "Word" is not simply a mere physical vibration of sound emitted through the lips, but that it is primarily, and above all else, a state of consciousness—an interpretation—a thought,—whether true or false depends on the degree of self-consciousness to which you and I have attained. A man might sit for a thousand years and try to emit the physical vibrations of the word AUM, but without intelligence, without understanding, it would be merely waste of breath.

We see then, that what is of deep practical importance to

us is, that we are sending forth our word every moment of our lives. Every beat of the heart, every word we speak, every action we undertake, every attitude of the body, every look of the eye, is a summing-up of our interpretation of the Universe.

The old legend tells of how the Sphinx sits in the pathway of each soul, barring all progress and demanding an answer to the Riddle of Existence. You cannot refuse to answer, for your very refusal to do so would, in itself, be an answer; moreover, until your answer is correct, you are barred from the Temple of Self-Knowledge, and are slain again and again.

The Sphinx signifies our outward conditions, our experience; and our answer is given by our conscious and unconscious thoughts and acts, by which we are justified or condemned. The man who is a criminal, the man who offends against society, the so-called sinner, is giving his answer as to the meaning of the Universe just as much as is the saint. As there are infinite stages of consciousness, so there are as many "words," and yet in all this infinite complexity and multiplicity there is but ONE word, the Word of God; there can be but one true interpretation of the Universe; there can be but one true self-consciousness, but one true intelligence, and you have got to be that, because there is nothing else. Sooner or later, your word has got to conform itself to that Word, of which it is said, there is no evil.

We are living in a real world of perfection, but we do not know it, for we have built chambers of imagery for ourselves and persist in living in them. We live in them as in a prison-house, and we dislike leaving our self-built prison. Hence arises the old, old question, "What shall I DO to be saved?" and the answer is, "Know thyself." Sell, dispose of all the accumulated rubbish which you have in the past stored up—an accumulation of sub-conscious, involuntary thinking. Such thoughts dog your footsteps and obscure your vision. Therefore you must strengthen your conscious mind, and steep it in the axioms of Divine consciousness which delivers to you a perfect Universe.

If you cannot bring yourself to believe in a God of perfect Love and Wisdom, live as if He existed, and you shall receive abundant proof that He IS.

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(In a Temple beside the River Moota-Moola, near the city of Poona, a Brahman Priest and an English “Saheb” read together from a Sanskrit manuscript the first three Vallis or “Lotus-Stems” of the Katha Upanishad.)

### FIRST VALLI (Chapter).

*Saheb.* Usan Ha Vai Vajasravas - - - the scroll  
Commenceth thus! Sarvvavedasandadau - - -  
Which is, interpreted: “For hope of heaven  
All that he had, Vajasrava’s great son  
Gave to the poor.”

*Priest.*                ’Tis so!

*S.*                                Tasya ha nam  
Putra as Nachiketas: “and of him  
The son was Nachiketas.”

*P.*                                Yea! the scroll  
Speaketh of one who saw Death face to face  
And questioned Death, and from dread Yama’s lips  
Learned utmost lore of life and death; and - - - dead - -  
Liveth for ever and for ever. Read  
This holy scripture onward! I will still  
Recite the comment.

*S.*                                Dakshinasu, Sir!  
Kumaran Santan Niyamanasu  
Straddh’avivesha: “When the gifts were brought,  
Strong filial pity seized the young man’s heart.”  
(What gifts, and wherefore, Pundit?)

*P.*                                These were cows;  
And because Guatama was poor, his cows - - -  
The leanest of the field - - - furnished a gift  
Worthless to take or give, save for the heart  
Of utter charity which offered them.

*S.* So ’manyat - - - thus it runs: “And then he  
thought,”  
Pitodaka, “Such beasts as drink the pool,”  
Jugdhatrina, Dugdhadoha, “and eat,  
Milkless, the grass,” but nirindriya, “keep  
No power to breed;” Ta datat gachchati  
Arnanda nama te lokastan sa,

"Who giveth such, unto a region goes  
Joyless;"

*P.* Good! this he thought, - - and then he said?

*S.* Sa hovach pitaram Tat, mandasyasi

Kasmai: "And then he said unto his sire,  
"To whom wilt thou that I be given?" "

*P.* *Ay:*

'Tis thus; but, comprehendest thou? The boy  
Grieved so to see his father's fruitless gift - - -  
Which could not profit; that for tender love  
Himself he offered, saying, "Give me, sir!"

*S.* Dwityan tritiyannan hovack: "when that twice,  
And thrice he said it, Gautama his sire,"  
Mrityave two dadami, "spake, in wrath,  
To Death I give thee!"

*P.* 'Twas a hasty cry  
Sprung from the pride no saint should ever feel!  
Ah! foolish father! now thy son must die!

*S.* Bahunamemi pratham, "I am first  
Of many sons," bahunam madhyama,  
"But, of as many more not first nor last!"  
Kim swidyamasya Kartivvyam yanmay  
Adya Karishyati, "what good use  
Of Yama may I serve, dying to-day?"

*P.* See now! the boy was humble, ranking not  
Even his own sweet spirit with the best;  
Yet, best he was; and, though the scroll saith nought,  
Be sure that woful father wept, and cried:  
"Alas! I spake in wrath, guilty and rash!  
Alas! I would not buy Heaven's self with thee!  
O son! take back thy word, that I may take  
My heedless utterance back! my child! my child!  
How could I slay thee, who would die for thee?"  
Whereto the lad replied - - repeat the script!

*S.* Anupasya yatha purvve - - - "Sir! bethink  
How those of old, the saints, clove to their word;  
How those who live to-day must cleave to it!  
Like sesamum ripens our mortal life;  
Like sesamum 'tis reaped, sifted, and sown  
To grow again."

*P.* He meaneth: "Not for life - - -  
Which is but blade, and ear, and husk, and grain

To the self-living, changeless sesamum! - - -  
 Nor for this fleeting world - - - should holy men  
 Speak one word vainly." Now, again, thy scroll  
 Is silent here; yet, thou mayst justly think  
 The woful father bowed his head, and knew  
 The boy's speech good, and bore to see him go,  
 That both their sayings should be justified.  
 So went he - - - seeking Death - - - to yield himself!  
 But coming, all unsummoned, to the house  
 Where red Death dwells, no Yama found he there  
 To bid him bitter welcome. Then he lodged  
 Three days and nights in the abode of Death  
 A guest untended. Take the scroll anew,  
 And read of Nachiketas in Death's Hall  
 Alone!

S.                    Vaiswanara pravishatyati  
 Atithi grihan Brahmano, "a guest  
 That is a Twice-born, entering at the door  
 Cometh like sacred fire;" TASYAITAN  
 SANTIN KURVVANTI, HAR VAIVASWATA.  
 UDAKAM: "Unto such the righteous make  
 Due guest-rites, saying, O thou child of Light!  
 Have water here, food, shelter." Then it writes:  
 ASAPRATIKSHE SANGATAN, "good heart,  
 Good expectations, friendships, favor, grace,  
 Strong sons, and fruitful cattle, - - - all these gifts  
 Forfeits that faultful man in whose abode  
 A Brahman, entering, findeth proffered not  
 Food and foot-water."

P.                    True! the sense is so!  
 And Yama, coming home, and seeing there  
 Young Nachiketas all unhonored, saith:  
 TISRO RATRIYADVATSIRGRIHE - - - read!

S. "Three days and nights, O Brahman! tarriedst thou,  
 None bringing thee, who art a noble guest,  
 Food and foot-water! therefore, now, to thee  
 Repentant salutations! and to me  
 Forgiveness for this sin! But, ere thou diest,  
 Ask me three boons, for each past night one boon.'  
 Then Nachiketas said: 'That Guatama  
 Be comforted, and restful in his mind,  
 Thinking fair thoughts of me, who die for him, - - -

This, of thy three boons, Yama! first I ask.  
 Answered the God of Death: 'This boon I grant;  
 Thy father shall be comforted, and think  
 Gentle and holy thoughts of thee; shall sleep  
 Peaceful at nights, knowing - - - by dreams I send - - -  
 Thou hast made happy passage of Death's gate.' "

P. Now Nachiketas asks again - - - and mark  
 How simple-sweet our Sanskrit rolls along!  
 See, too, how bold he speaks to Yama here!  
 NA BHYAN KINCHA SWARGE LOKE - - - read!  
 NASTI, NA TATRA TWAN.

S. NA TATRA TWAN - - -  
 " 'In Swarga-lok - - - in the abodes of Heaven - - -  
 There is not any dread; nor, any more,  
 Terror of thee! Thou art not there; nor tears,  
 Nor thirst, nor hunger, nor the aches of life!  
 But, fled past farthest reach of grief, the souls  
 Sleep safely in that place. If that place be,  
 Thou knowest, Yama! how the sacrifice  
 Is kindled which may gain it: make me know;  
 That I, who die, may light that holy fire,  
 And come, avoiding Hell, to Swarga's peace.  
 This, of thy three boons, is the next I ask.' "

Plightly thou readest! Yama answereth him:

S. PRA TE BRAVIMI—"I shall tell thee! hear!  
 I know that holy fire, and how it springs.  
 The splendor of it shineth through all worlds,  
 Possessing them! The strength of it upholds  
 The Universe! Its spark is hidden close  
 Inside the inmost man, in the hollow heart.' "  
 Guru! What meaneth He?

P. He meaneth this:  
 "The spirit of a man, whereby he strives,  
 Flashes from star to star—if so it will—  
 And—if it will—sleeps in the smallest drop  
 Of the midmost heart-blood." Yama sayeth so.

S. Yet, Pundit, this is hard to comprehend!  
 How can it be that what hath plentitude  
 To range from star to star should hide itself  
 I' the hollow of a heart?

P. I answer thee  
 Out of the great Upanishad, surnamed



Khandogya! Gather me up yon fruit  
Dropped by the parrots from the Banyan!  
What seest thou therein?

*S.* A scarlet fig

Not larger than the Moulvie's praying bead!

*P.* Break it, and say again!

*S.* I break it, sir,

And see a hundred little yellow seeds!

*P.* Break it, and say again!

*S.* I break a seed;

It is as slight as though a silkworm's egg  
Were crushed; and in the midst a germ, a speck!

*P.* Break it, and say again!

*S.* The speck is gone

In touching, Gurul there is nothing, now!

*P.* Yet, in that "nothing" lay (thou knowest well!)

The Nyagrodha tree, the Banyan tree,  
Comely and vast as it was forced to grow;  
With all its thousand downward-dropping stems  
Waiting to fall from all its thousand boughs,  
And all its lakhs on lakhs of lustrous leaves  
Waiting to push to sunlight, and so make  
New canopies of flower and fruit and shade  
Where creatures of the field, fowls of the air,  
Monkey and squirrel-folk might find their home,  
And man and cattle 'neath its ample roof  
Have shelter from the noon. This Forest-King—  
Of bulk to overspread a Raja's camp—  
Was wrapped in what thou sayest passeth sight!  
Art thou not answered?

*S.* I am answered, sir!

LOKADIMAGNINTAMUVACHA, next,  
TASMAI YA ISHTAKA: "Then Yama told  
What fire that is, which was the first thing made,  
When anything was made; and how the stones  
Of daily acts are laid to build its shrine;  
How 'tis enkindled, and how fed,—which words  
In like mode Nachiketas after him  
Three times this Nachiketas sacrifice,  
Having by three been taught, doing three works,  
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### THE HARMONIZER

A Magazine of Applied Right Thinking, Making the Best Accessible to You.

Daily Life Lessons. Our Special Way to Harmonize Your Forces.

BERNARD C. RUGGLES, *Editor and Publisher*

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# BROADCAST

*A Non-Sectarian MONTHLY MAGAZINE*

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

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## EDITORIAL

BE KIND!

Such a little thing.

WHY BE KIND?

If you think kindly often enough, speak kindly often enough, it will prompt kindly action. Kindly thoughts and kindly deeds have ever been the cause of an effect of a like nature. If kindness becomes a habit, strong enough, the world will echo kindness back.

If the hypocrite simulates kindness long enough, the hypocrisy will ultimately turn into the real thing.

All individuals ultimately come into their divine birthright, of which kindness is only a small portion.

Be kind, therefore, and you will ultimately realize that it is easier to be kind than otherwise.

After we find out, that back of all things that appear to be—that which gives all things Life is Spirit—and knowing only one Spirit (there are not many), it will not occur to us to be anything but kind; and little by little it becomes natural, automatic and spontaneous.

In reality the urge is always there—let it have full play—uncover the urge and be kind.

Others may not be kind to us. No matter—watch your own step; if you watch others' steps, you will stumble.

Be kind—think—speak kindly—do kind things and many will emulate you.

In unity is strength, and such a center of strength and beauty will shine out and make the place you live in attractive to the like-minded—therefore,

**BE KIND!**

## THE OPTIMIST

"There is always another fish in the sea."

It's the laconic and perennially hopeful refrain of the optimist.

Is there in your acquaintance list one of these cheerful mortals who seems to make it his business to go around trouble and come up smiling on the other side?

One such, it is my pleasure to meet in the daily routine.

Apparently he has an indefinite and inexhaustible supply of smiles.

Evidently he is better acquainted with all the nice words in the language than most folks.

Positively he has the art of seeing the good characteristic of his friends and associates with greater ease than anyone I have ever met.

This is a part of his splendid philosophy, I learn:

He never admits that any situation he chances to meet unexpectedly in life is cloud-ridden.

He always starts out to conquer difficulty with a smile.

He never carries ill news if he can think of a single pleasant thing to say.

He has schooled himself to look upon a troublesome undertaking as a game at which he is betting his own power against the obstacle.

He uses the honey of the English Language, profusely and insistently, having evidently learned that the male and female of the species are equally soothed and sustained by the dulcet sounds of praise.

He counts every loss as an experience rather than a failure.

He works unceasingly and with such a real evidence of personal interest that others who know him acclaim him for this quality.

He never speaks ill of others, and long since shackled his temper with the iron rod of discipline.

His friends are legion. His well-wishers are as universal as his acquaintanceship.

Success is his very constant friend.

GERTRUDE M. PRICE.

## COME UP WHERE YOU BELONG

A voice descended to me from a great height,  
A voice of fierce command, a voice of tender appeal,  
A familiar voice, a voice I was bound to recognize—  
Ah yes, my own voice, my own voice, descending from the  
    great height,  
My own voice hailing me and crying in accents of fate to me:  
Come up where you belong! Come up where you belong!

And so I listened and was told the plain truth about myself:  
Why do I stand back as if I was of no account?  
Why do I give room for the trees to grow and refuse to take  
    room for my soul to grow?  
Why am I afraid of love and afraid to let love grow?  
Why am I afraid of justice and afraid to let justice grow?  
Why am I afraid of the heart and afraid to let the heart grow?  
Why do I stay down here afraid when I should be way up  
    there without a fear?  
Why am I afraid to write the right songs and afraid to let the  
    right songs grow?  
Why am I afraid to paint the right pictures and afraid to let  
    the right pictures grow?  
I hear the voice cry to my picture: Come up where you belong!

I hear the voice cry to my art however it dallies: Come up  
    where you belong!  
I have stayed—I have stayed—and now the voice is imperative:  
When I have done the worst my voice is still imperative for  
    the best.  
The Lord your self is there and calls: Come up where you  
    belong!  
And though you do not hear the Lord yourself still calls,  
And though you hear and do not go to the Lord your self  
    still calls,  
And what you cannot do unaided you can do when you help  
    yourself.  
The biggest things always take you up and up—  
The biggest you always cries to the smallest you: Come up  
    where you belong!



And when your art stands back, cries,  
And when your daily work stands back, cries,  
And when your book stands back, cries  
And when anything you do stands back, cries,  
For no one and nothing is finally to be deserted below the  
highest plane,  
And one time or other everything rises to the level of the  
eternal call:  
Come up where you belong! Come up where you belong!  
Rises to the level of the eternal call.

I see your soul on the great crest of its faith standing ready  
to receive you:  
The way up may seem hard and hopeless, but there is a way  
up, and you will climb:  
I do not expect you to make excuses and stay where you are,  
I expect you to cry to your soul's cry the immortal here!  
Oh God! I am persuaded! I depart; I go at last to my soul!  
I cut the chains that bind—I demand to be free, to be free!  
The last income I cut, the last success I cut, the last song and  
picture I cut,  
I go where I hear the voice, my voice, that calls me up!  
I emerge from the difficult tangles of service to the clear wor-  
ship of the steep beyond:  
Nothing can hold me back—the soul calls in my own voice:  
Dare I say no to my own voice from the giddy ascent?  
I go without burdens, I tear myself loose from the bribes of  
the causeway—  
Nothing can now delay my passage, nothing can now come  
between me and my soul:  
My soul up there belongs to me—I will have it—I will pos-  
sess its last eminence:  
O soul, do you not hear me? Hello soul! I come! I come!  
You will not need to wait much longer to embrace me—  
I am on the way—my eyes look up into your affirming face—  
I hear your cry, and I am on the way to make it good, O my  
soul!  
Come up where you belong! Come up where you belong!

## **IS IT SAFE TO HAVE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE?**

Never before in its recorded history has the world exhibited such restless and reckless activity in its intellectual life, as today. But as the very richness of a soil, if not treated understandingly, may turn its vegetation into a worthless jungle growth, so the mind—which is the soil of ideas—if allowed to spend its energies in dreams of possessions and unrestrained desires, may turn the excess of its emotional life into mental and moral degeneracy.

Now when in our daily material existence we allow the body more nourishment than is needed for the maintenance of its growth and development, the accumulating excess sooner or later starts fermentation processes in the cells of muscle and blood, and the system, in order to save itself from general corruption, must take recourse to the familiar but abnormal forms of elimination known as colds, fevers, boils, eruptions, ulcers, tumors, or some typical constitutional breakdown.

On the psychic or mental plane corresponding processes take place. When the wishes and desires of the human being exceed the intellectual needs required for the development of its character and communal virtues, he may form such accumulations of undesirable notions, fancies, imaginations, appetites, longings, and so on, that congestion of the mind is unavoidable, and often followed by a loss of the discernment and balanced judgment which alone can build up worthy and responsible manhood and womanhood in a community.

The good old story of the child pulling the table cloth with all its contents down upon its head, or getting its fingers blown off by playing with explosives, or causing a gastric crisis by devouring a jug of molasses, apply with the same rigorous certainty to the grown-up child—the grown man whose mental age is still in the teen—who fails to realize that in man's own nature are found the very forces which adjust his condition in accordance with the attitude he takes to life, be it reward or punishment, success or failure, on the moral, physical, or mental plane of existence.

In the metaphysical classroom, the student is instructed that by holding a desire strongly concentrated in the mind, the desire can be made to take concrete expression in corresponding material possession. The process is one of mental polarity—the desiring mind creating a vortex of attraction on the subconscious plane. Operating on the principle of a metaphysical suction pump, the mind actually draws the object of its desires into its own zone of personal realization, and through the agency of gift or findings obtains it as a concrete possession.

Granting the power of a metaphysician to finance his material expenditures on a basis of subconscious assets, the question must arise in every morally balanced mind: Is it just, is it ethical, in a game, for one of the players to take advantage of conditions not shared by the others, and which make him the master of the game? We justly condemn the Wall Street speculator who, regardless of the homes and fortunes he may wreck, mercilessly pursues his goal of wealth and power; but the Wall Street man cannot escape the hazards of opposing forces, while the metaphysical speculator manipulates his “subconscious” stock market behind the cover of his mental smoke-screen that protects his tactics from the scrutiny of detection.

And the same considerations that make metaphysical manipulations morally wrong and unjust, also make them unsafe. For it is no more sane or safe for a person to connect his house with an electrically charged thunder cloud than to attract to himself subconscious forces of whose potencies he has not the least conception. Knowledge must precede power or the possession may turn into an obsession. Power is not the feed of knowledge, but the fruit of knowledge. The first step in evolution is light—vision. But Light comes from Life, and Life can only come from living. Hence the old legend, “He that lives the Life shall know the doctrine,” is still good philosophy and a safeguard on every road to progress.

Or again, “Do you first the will of the Father, and all the rest shall be given unto you.”

AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

**"LOVE NEW BORN"**

The past has faded from my view,  
 And looms a day of joy, anew,  
 Of sunlit skies and happy hours:  
 My way seems paved with brightest flow'rs.

How could my past, of grief untold,  
 Be poured into Oblivion's mold?  
 It seemed the anguish of my mind  
 Would in my heart forever grind.

A heart of love was sent by fate:  
 It came and is my chosen mate.  
 The hand of Happiness, new found,  
 Has buried Sorrow 'neath the ground.

And now the perfume of the flow'rs,  
 Around my soul, its fragrance show'rs,  
 I lift my eyes to heav'n above,  
 For it revealed the heart of love.

VIVIAN CAROLYN BRYSON.

**DRAMATIC IDYLL**

"You are sick, that's sure," they say:  
 "Sick of what?"—they disagree.  
 "'Tis the brain," thinks Doctor A;  
 "'Tis the heart," holds Doctor B;  
 "The liver—my life I'd lay!"

Ah me!

So ignorant of man's whole  
 Of bodily organs, plain to see—  
 So sage and certain, frank and free,  
 About what's under lock and key—  
 Man's soul!

ROBERT BROWNING.

### Now and Here

Here must our deeds be done.  
I don't believe such thing  
That he who no kingdom wins  
Can ever be a King.

### Solitude

There's need of solitude!  
But wilt thou not commune?  
Thou art lonely everywhere  
As in a desert soon.

### True Simplicity

Simplicity means, not  
To be on baseness bent;  
But in the cause of good  
Humbly be diligent.

ANGELUS SILESIOUS.

### VOICES

"Surely, whoever speaks to me in the right voice,  
Him will I follow  
As the water follows the moon silently  
With fluid steps anywhere around the Globe."

"I believe all wait for the right voices;  
I see brains and lips closed—tympan and temples unstruck,  
Until that comes which has the quality to bring forth  
What lies slumbering, forever ready, all in words."

WALT WHITMAN.

## FRAGMENTS

I measure the height, not merely the depth of a soul, by its stillness.

Your instrument must not be like another's instrument—no need to duplicate these. It is your special kind which is needed, and wherein you differ from others is not where you fail, but where, if perfected, you may do your own special work which they cannot do.

Let not Humility, that tender presence, become a stumbling block. In so doing you sin against The Higher Self.

Beware of anger, beware of vanity, beware too of self-depreciation; these are all lions in your path. Live each day, and each moment in the day, by the light within, fixing your gaze upon it with faith and love when the hours of darkness come, and you see it not, wait in patience and contentment, knowing it still burns and that when morning dawns, if your watch has been constant, you will see it burning, perchance more brightly than before. "The darkest hour is before the dawn;" grieve not, therefore, nor feel one moment's disquietude. Your lamp is lit, tend it faithfully, it matters not that the outer eyes do not behold it. Those who know and love you can always see it, and it may also be shining in some other heart which as yet has no light of its own. . . .

Remember, moreover, that only to those who are deaf is life a cry; it is a song; and if this be true of life in general, it is also true of life in particular, of your life and of theirs. We are closest to the hearts of things when we are happy!—when in spite of trials and adversities a fountain of joy and gladness springs within us. The trials are ephemeral and will pass; the joy is immortal and divine, and endures forever. And when I say "accept," I mean no passive condition, but rather what St. Paul implied, when he said, "Let us lay aside every weight and press toward the mark."

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 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.

## JOY OF THE ARROYO

From my high place I watched the tide in varying shades of green rise higher and higher in the Arroyo Seco until, in full foliage of swaying treetops, it broke in billows along the hills where pale yellow mustard in purling foam eddied up among the holly bushes that were already preparing for their Christmas festivities.

I saw the first little ripples that crept along the brown floor of the ravine in tender grasses—heralds of the hidden energy that stirred beneath the sod, waiting until the fecund rain from above, and wooed by the sun, together with the vital forces of earth, should weave the crown of spring's glory.

Then the wild grape flung out its graceful tendrils of fresh green, trusting to passing breeze to upbear them to where they draped themselves about low shrubs forming pagoda-like shrines where the wood-folk might worship, or stretching out long arms, clasping and binding tree to tree, festooned across in regular lines from the ground to the very top—a fairy ladder ready for daring nymphs if they would reach the sky.

On the stems of the willows pinky silver pussies climbed, peeping out on the world from their opening sheaths, concealing in their tender forms the gossamer wings that would later bear them away. Here and there tiny flowers brushed aside the grass that they might embroider the edge of the wandering path that stretched its brown length through the glen, sometimes nearing the brook that gurgled happily among the reeds and water-cress that were rooted along its side, where butterflies flitted about above the moist places or clung in ecstasy over a flower, seeking hidden sweet:

Where willows sway and dip

On the gleaming river's lip.

The limbs of the old sycamore creep grotesque along the ground, or lean away from the trunk to crook their long snake-like arms raised in prayer; others, slender and tall, with emblazoned bark, shoot straight up through the tangled growth of vines where cool, inviting caves under arching boughs are discovered, and the children could easily imagine that savage animals lurked in their mysterious depths. Of equal fascination are the leafy screens and secluded bowers which invite to repose on beds of soft reddish moss that glow as if with volcanic fire, and where spring up silk thread-like grasses fine enough for the weaving of fairy garments.

On every hand can be heard the faint rustle of awakened life, stirring the heart of the earth to more rapid pulsation. Glimpses of alluring paths lead on and on where spring waves her banner of varied colors in unfolding flowers that cling to the sod in pale yellows, and where the baby blue eyes look out in sweet surprise as they fearlessly lift their heads along the enchanted way, beckoning us on to open vistas through which purple mountains may be seen, and where mortals could imagine that they might hear the little bells ringing on the plant called the fairy bells, if they really listened—a place of sylvan loveliness waiting for all that seek its alluring charm where it lies at the city's gates.

The buds that have long slept, waiting for the sap to expand them, open almost in a day, and they flutter delightedly as the balmy breeze lifts and smooths them out,

Where each tender opening bud reveals  
The secrets winter over-long conceals.

The drapery of the eucalyptus trees falls in fluttering, clinging folds about the trunks, while new pale jade leaves crown their heads, contrasting with the dark shade of the oaks that companion them at the foot of the slope.

The song of nesting birds thrills through the vitalizing air as they respond to the ecstatic uprush of life, which they translate into pulsating melody that carries with it something of

The rippling music of the murmuring stream  
And something of the Poppy's dream.

There is a charming splash of color as the bluejay wings his way across the landscape, a brilliant flash soon extinguished by the luxuriant foliage. The mocking bird calls imperatively, "Peter, Peter, Peter!" and then springs joyously into the air from where he swings on a tall treetop; after caroling exquisitely, he entreats, "Dearie, Dearie" to listen to his song.

The joy of the Arroyo comes from the change that takes place day by day. There are mornings when a pale blue mist fills its cup, as a stream its banks, to the very brim, and I look down into what appears to be a submarine garden where the trailing vines show quicksilver white, and all submerged shrubs glow with intensified beauty; many colors unseen before attract and hold the eye, until the sun casts his veils



aside and sends his dissolving rays down into the depths and ravel the enveloping mist into ribbons, where it lingeringly reaches out to clasp low plants and clings to the trees, until at last it is drawn up into the sun's hot heart—an incense offered by the unseen denizens of the woods.

There are foggy nights when the bands seem loosed that held the substantial growth of the ravine rooted in the ground, and they float about apparently enveloped in trailing garments, and

As it falls from heaven's cloudy breast  
I drink from the cup of night a drink divine,  
By the generous rain-gods freely pressed—  
An ozone thrice distilled—a vital wine.

Then, when the welcome rain comes sweeping along, and a translucent curtain is let down, obscuring the hills as it falls in swaying lines, all objects are blended together as if washed in against the grey background. There is a scurrying of the little creatures of the wood, as if they were hurriedly preparing for a feast. The poplar leaves turn their white faces up to be bathed by the pattering drops. All things that have been waiting on tiptoe of expectation for the cleansing flood settle down to real enjoyment of the moist refreshment, and

The rain-washed earth sends forth an incense rare;  
On balmy winds it's borne through space;  
The lupines cast their perfume on the air  
And lilies hold a witching grace.

Time has finished the embroidery of pale green overlaid with cream white that was begun earlier in the season on the elder bushes that climb the slope side by side with the white sage, its stems adorned with gleaming opalescent jewel-like buds that, as they open wide, invite the plundering bee. The colorful lupines that give out at night the odors that the sun brews in their hearts during the day are blooming among the buckthorn with its closely clustered pungent blossoms. Scattered about, lending their varying shades to enhance the scheme of color laid on hillside and vale, there is the cluster lily, suncup, scarlet honeysuckle, violet night shade, shooting stars, wild heliotrope and the maraposa lily,

Prodigal givers, opening petals wide  
To passing breeze their treasure rare confide.

At night the full moon seems to hurry up the steep, eager to send his magic rays down into the dark depths, by its mystical light and glamour transforming them into a veritable fairy land of dreams, while the night winds that sweep down from the heights bring on their wings the wild fragrance that has been stored up through the day and, as they fan and cool, they whisper among the leaves that but half reveal the stars that seem to bend down and cling to the branches of the wooing treetops.

On through the months there is spread in the Arroyo Seco a constantly changing carpet, and hung on its walls tapestries to rival those of Eastern dyes, as nature day by day there unfolds her panorama of beauty.

JUNE HOWE.

## GIVE ALL TO LOVE

Give all to love;  
Obey thy heart;  
Friends, kindred, days,  
Estate, good-fame,  
Plans, credit and the Muse,—  
Nothing refuse.

Leave all for love;  
Yet, hear me, yet,  
One word more thy heart behooved,  
One pulse more of firm endeavor,—  
Keep thee to-day,  
To-morrow, forever,  
Free as an Arab  
Of thy beloved.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## EIGHTY-EIGHTH OF THE WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT LETTERS

A young woman sitting by a vined window, as a summer afternoon ended, her lover just gone down into the city. She was refreshed, fulness of life sang in her veins. She knew the meaning of her girlhood; in her secret heart was the revelation of today and tomorrow. She looked at her hands that had just been taken in his, that had touched his breast and throat and temples. And this was the house she had lived in all her days, but so different, since he had led her through the rooms, brought food for the table, filled the dishes, knelt upon the hearth. There was mating music in the voices of the birds in the vines; the drip of water in the sink, each drop like a tiny bell, telling of a deep drink, a thirst quenched at last; new and forgotten perfumes, like presences in the air; books, chairs, rugs—everything the same, yet a sweet reason about them all, and the porch that knew his step, coming and going. . . . The afternoon darkened; minutes were nothing, the chafe and the drag gone; an hour, nothing, the doors of the prison of time opened at last for her rapt ponderings softly to come and go. All this a hint of what actual spiritual contemplation may be.

When the soul is animated by the quest of the Spirit, firmly magnetized by its Pole Star, convinced as to where its Treasure lies, occupied with its beauty, then time ceases its tramp and puts on wings, and the sharp-edged fragments of materials are dovetailed into their own parts, the cutting edges of the world sheathed in purposeful beauty at last. . . .

"I will fix my mind on this point," the student says. "I will concentrate—hold it to this point!"—all of which is good, though the moments are almost interminable, the strain difficult upon all flesh. Every sincere effort counts, and much must be done in preparation, but faster and faster is the progress with the years, and the strain ends when Love begins. Listen, perhaps I mean just a small bit more by that word than was once conveyed. . . . Deeper and deeper veils of twilight softly pass into night, as she sits by the window contemplating one touch, one whisper, the like of which was never before.

There is an end to pain. The Plan is not to punish. Only a human mind, pitifully astray from reality, ever conceived a punitive God. I believe They are more eager to free a soul from pain than the soul itself is to be freed, for toward the end, pleasure and pain are seen more as a matter of pitch and toss. Pain ends as soon as one can safely do without it; we all have our chances to try Freedom before we are really safe. The joy of Spiritual Being is strong drink. A man must be some splendid to walk softly and talk straight in that elation.

. . . Now it seems to be a fact that no one is going to turn to the Unseen for plenty, fame and love, so long as he can get them on the outside. We chase them for ages, and we get them, too. We learn in the getting, we learn in the chase. We become fleet and strong and clever, even unbeatable in the world—building bodies that will finally surpass plenty, fame and love. (They are but the globe, blackboard, the picture of Abe Lincoln on the wall of the classroom—everything while we are there, but merely a curious memory when we finally pass on to the next grade.) We have been deeply and incredibly duped—thinking that they belonged forever. Why, in a classroom still below, we learned from the even cruder drives of fear and hunger and strife—built bodies and overcame inertia as we never would have done, if we hadn't been hunger-pressed, rendered habitually active by chronic greed, scared into swift and swifter movement.

But when plenty, fame and love began to thwart you in a different way, not because you are duped altogether by them, but because you are beginning to know too much to rush after them blindly over other people's lawns and hedges; when you are divided between the pursuit of them, and a faint but insistent attraction of subtler actualities within, then begins a phase of the soul's struggle difficult to endure, and altogether incomprehensible from the standpoint of the world. It is not that you are now being punished for the past. It is not that a thing is taken away merely because you want it more than anything else. One does not become as nothing in the eyes of men, because that is a spiritual state. It is because plenty, fame and love, and all other outer objects, distract one's attention from his Spiritual Source, and the hour has struck for this one to give all attention, all allegiance to this Source. He is not better or more desirable than anyone

else, any more than a sixth grade pupil is more desirable than a third; merely for him, the hour has struck. . . .

A policeman was leading across a crowded street, an elderly man whose eyes were growing dim. Holding on to the officer's arm, the old man still jerked and dodged, trying to help himself, though not letting go. Finally the policeman spoke: "Leave it to me, please. I see very well and will get you across." . . . "I mean to," the old man answered, "but you see it's hard. I've been on my own so long."

Such is the persistent difficulty of the world-trained mind and feelings to give up the fight, to surrender utterly to the safety and strength of the Law. The personal man, in fact, is built for the struggle—trillions of cells formed, developed by outer stresses and contacts and enfoldings. One does not become irritated with the old man, understanding this; indeed there is a splendor about his struggle at the last, for he could give up more easily if only himself were concerned. In caring for others with his hot human care increasingly for ages, he has built certain master-cells of rare and durable quality; built of his responsibility for others, and these high potency cells are difficult of change, though doubtless among the most ready to carry spiritual vibration.

Tonight going to sleep we may know just where the Treasure lies; but in the morning a new kind of cloud is on the sky. Out of the deeps of our natures another film of distrust has risen to hem us in. Each day for a time the battle is to do over again, against new issues of doubt and prejudice and lack—until we put through the hours with some blitheness, in spite of the fogs, and are carried out of ourselves by none of the storms; until, in fact, we come to Know positively that the best possible thing that can happen is the thing that happens next, because we can Feel the Plan! Thus is the stamina gradually built into us, fine enough to support spiritual vibration.

It is not that we are to despise the admiration and affection of our fellow men, but only that we be not carried out of ourselves in a passion to obtain it; not that we are to do without love, but to learn the mystery of the higher dimension of love which is free from torment and the constant dying of the divided creature. It is not, I believe, that we are to sit in meditation, forever, upon the new Source of our light and life, but only that we may for once and all become united

with It, render ourselves finally and absolutely to be used by It, in Its superb activities of Work and Play and Love. . . . Only the gleams are upon us yet. Today it is a prejudice undone; tomorrow a test in the valor of silence; the next day a teaching in kindness; the next, a restraint carried with dignity or a liberty not abused; incessant eradication of fears, incessant corrections of motive, refinements of movement, idealizations of poise and grace, disintegrations of unworthy words and thoughts; practice, practice continually, prayer without ceasing, and all the time the work of the world going on, no step missed, little or no explanation or apology, until the great patience comes and one forgets even that he is striving for the Spiritual Self—forgets that he is different from any other in striving—that there is any striving—

But not too fast. Only the gleams are upon us yet. The need is ever to do more and say less. . . . As we toil to one purpose, as we laugh away our falls and scratches, as we forget what we are doing, because we are really doing and showing off no longer; as the days and the years pass in trying, and Sincerity becomes a word like a charmed gift—why, the lost love motif steals in upon us at last, the Theme of the whole symphony remembered, and we find the perfumed night about us, and that we have sat for hours in timeless rapture, because we have found in the Heart one touch or whisper, such as we have given lives to get from the world, and in getting, destroyed.

The strain of concentration ends, and becomes contemplation, the instant, I should say, when the balance of power is turned from the world to the Heart. And all the time we have been working for this one moment, not an effort missed, not an instant wasted. Every fancied sacrifice we have made in the outer is there in the Heart; indeed, an aspect of the Spirit seems thus formed (though words are very crude), formed of the ineffable things we have loved in others down the ages, Loveliness Itself, as we used to say—of the stalwart fidelity of our chiefs, of the hidden cry from the hearts of our children, of That which we have seen in the eyes of our mates, before we found ourselves in passion like a burning house. Who could not permit his attention to fix itself one-pointedly upon such a Treasure?

W. L. C.

## INSIGHT

We know that Truth is Goodness, and that Truth is all there is. Now we know that you all have insight; you did not come here to get it, but to have your mistaken idea changed in some degree, and you are beginning to find out that that which you assimilate, you always knew. There is nothing new in Truth. Truth is; always was and always will be. You cannot learn Truth, for you are Truth; you cannot receive supply, because you are that supply NOW. You are not being changed in any way; that is, that which stood between you and the consciousness of the true Self is being obliterated. To word it more clearly, the only thing that can change is MIND, and Mind cannot exist without changing!

Now we have been taught that Mind is God, and we have been taught that God is changeless, indivisible, impartable, impossible of division. The essential quality of the Mind is change; Mind cannot be without change. Distinguish between Mind and Deity. MIND, to be, must be active. All activity is change! You cannot get hold of your true Self through Mind. There is no other Self but your true Self, and that which commits the fraud is Mind. Mind tells you "you are a being with identity, different from some other being with identity, and that you can see this other being as good, or bad." Truth, the unchangeable, says, "THERE IS NO OTHER BEING; YOU ARE ALL THERE IS." When you grasp that clearly, there will be nothing to fear, and consequently nothing to be sick about. Sickness could not be without fear, and fear could not be without Mind to think it. There is nothing in Truth to fear, nor could Truth produce fear. Can Truth produce anything? Why could not Truth produce anything? Because it would have to have something else to produce it. To produce anything, Truth would have to be cause, and it would have to bring into existence something that would cause a change, and that would mean a Beginning, and continuity and ending would have to be provided for, if it had a beginning. Truth does not propose changes; it proposes immortality; just as you are, but not as you estimate yourself to be. If we would be permanently satisfied we would have an immortal experience. There is always, however, a dissatisfaction; a desire to go a little deeper. For the time being, you may be satisfied, but that wears away and you want something else,

you want to go beyond. Now the Truth is ALL. You have the insight. That is the Truth.

Insight is Truth, and Truth is that which is: that which you already possess, for He said, "Possess ye yourself." "Possess ye your souls," and remember that nothing you can ever do will take Truth away from you—nothing that you ever will do. Nothing can ever come into your experience to take your insight away.

Now it is Truth that there never has been any evil in the world, any limitation, any obstruction; nothing but Truth, and there never will be, and it is only the imagination of the mind that keeps you veiled that you do not see the world as it actually is—this changeable Mind. Paul said that veil was the flesh. If one were to use their own volition and meditate upon the possibility of a perfect world, what would it be like? If what I have been saying to you is true, then there is no evil, bondage or limitation. Until one puts himself in a position mentally, where he can see and know that that must be, and is Truth, as he makes the discovery that it is Truth and must be Truth, his experience and universe respond to his perception, and it becomes concrete.

They said of Jesus, when He was delivering His parable of the wedding garment, sending out invitations, that He invited all of those whom He thought would come to the feast, and one by one they made excuses, and He became very un-Christ-like, and said, "Go out into the byways and lanes of the city, and compel them to come in,"—as though it were compulsion, and excuses were no longer accepted! At this period of civilization there is an aggressiveness approaching the instruction for those who do not accept the instruction, and the instruction will seize them. Every one will have the Truth; It is no longer a chosen few. One has so many excuses to offer as to why he does not get this insight. "He who is good at making excuses is not much good at anything else." You remember Franklin said that once. You admit you do not know the Truth; as much as to say, "I do not see how I can get it under the circumstances." Experience will not pardon you, because experience knows that you DO know, and experience will keep delivering to you those tremendous problems that you have called evil, until you no longer procrastinate.



Experience knows your greatness and knows your wisdom and insight. Look at what experience delivers you to do. It is not a compliment to your insight that we say this is more than any human being could accept, not a divine being, because experience knows the truth about you, and knows that you are not a human being. It knows that you are Omnipotent, Omnipresent, and expects you to meet everything with an answer from that standpoint. Experience wishes to call you poor. "I do not know; I cannot accomplish; I take business adventures that I may grow rich; that I may make myself from poor to rich." Experience knows better; it is only the Mind that does not know, and Mind needs to be instructed. We should approach everything from that angle of Truth; that everything is perfect NOW, and needs no change. "I am rich and do not need to labor for the meat that perisheth."

Everything that you have to overcome, is an imagination of the mind; you are dealing with ghosts, not with Truth. When you are dealing with Truth, you are dealing with something unchangeable, eternal. If Truth is all there is, that which you call matter is not a limitation or obstacle; it does not exist at all. How many treatments must you give evil when it does not exist at all? How much power has matter when it does not exist at all? How much power has poverty when it does not exist at all? THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A HUMAN MIND—THERE IS NOTHING BUT TRUTH, and Truth being all there is, there never will be anything but Truth. There is no such thing as thee and me—here and there, obstruction or limitation. These are imaginations of the mind, and have no more existence than the flat world—they exist in the same way that the flat world existed. How many treatments would you have to give the flat world to make it round? You are dealing with ghosts. How many treatments are required to change the flat world and make it round?—just as many treatments as you would give all the evil in the world. Just know the Truth. Give the mind as much sway in the imagination as you can; give it absolute freedom. Imagine what it would be like where there is no evil at all! Let the mind go just as far as it possibly can go in the imagination of good.

Suppose you wanted to remove a limitation called poverty in your imagination. What would it be like if you had all

the money in the universe, and what would you do with it if you had all of it? Then with a sharp realization of that wealth, know that you have all of it; bring yourself to the realization that you have that; you have all there is. That is Truth. It is because the opening in the mind is small, that we are not able to think these big things. ANYTHING YOU CAN IMAGINE, YOU CAN DO. YOU ARE THE ONE AND ONLY BEING, ETERNAL, INDIVISIBLE, AND UNCHANGEABLE.

THOMAS J. HAMPTON.

## ILLUSION

God and I in space alone,  
With nobody else in view,  
"And where are the people, Oh Lord," I said,  
"The earth below, and the sky o'erhead,  
And the people whom once I knew?"

"That was a dream," God smiled and said,  
"A dream that seemed to be true,  
There were no people, living or dead,  
There was no earth, or sky o'erhead,  
There was only Myself—IN you."

"Why do I feel no fear," I said,  
"Meeting you here this way?  
For I have sinned, I know full well;  
And is there Heaven, and is there Hell,  
And is this the Judgment Day?"

"Nay, those were but dreams," the Great God said,  
"Dreams that have ceased to be.  
There are no such things as fear and sin,  
There is no YOU, you never have been,  
There is nothing at all but ME."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## THE BHAGAVAD GITA

(Continued from January Number)

In the Eighth Chapter, those of moderate spirituality are counselled to practise meditation upon the Supreme Spirit in the way described there.

For those whose spiritual condition is lower than that, and who are in consequence unable to restrain the mind to meditate with concentration, what hope is there?

The form in which the Deity receives external worship from His faithful devotee is declared in the Ninth Chapter.

It is, perhaps, the simplest, most direct, the most eloquent chapter in this whole scripture. It is full of pure religious feeling, clear intuition. Perhaps the closest approach to its essence among modern writers, is this passage from Emerson:

"There is one Mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. . . . Who hath access to this Universal Mind, is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent. . . . Of the works of this Mind, history is the record. . . ." And again: "The Supreme Critic on 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 Oversoul, speaks as the Oversoul, with which his inner Self is at one." And it is evident that Krishna identifies the Oversoul, as which he speaks, with the Atma, the Supreme Self, the Life, of the older Upanishads.

The essence of the teaching is this:

We recognize the divine soul first within the inner chamber of our own consciousness, a something higher and holier than ourselves, which makes itself known to us in divine communion. Steadily as we watch and worship, the light grows, until it becomes the Infinite Light. The Soul widens and deepens, until we recognize it as the infinite Soul.

Finding it in ourselves, we find it also in our brothers, and so are drawn together in the bonds of brotherhood and fellowship. Brotherly love thus unites all humanity in one, and that one a manifestation of the one, infinite Soul.

## THE BHAGAVAD GITA

### DISCOURSE IX

The Divine Lord spoke:

This highest secret shall I declare to thee who art without an evil thought, this knowledge together with direct cognition, knowing which, thou shalt be freed from evil. (1)

It is royal science, royal mystery, and exceedingly sacred, it is apprehended by actual experience, it is religious, easy to be practised and never decaying. (2)

These men, O scorcher of thy foes, who have no faith in this sacred doctrine, attain not to Me, but return to the path of death and transmigration. (3)

By Me, in form unmanifested, is all this world pervaded; all beings abide in Me; I abide not in them. (4)

Nay the beings abide not in Me—behold My Power Divine. My Spirit, bringing forth the beings, supporteth the beings, yet it abideth not in the beings. (5)

As the vast, all-pervading air ever dwelleth in space, even so remember, all the beings dwell in Me. (6)

“Without an evil thought,” that is, of an open mind—“This knowledge” which you are partly able to comprehend. “Freed from evil,” that is, from the bondage of attachments.

“Royal” because of sciences it is the highest, of profundities it is the deepest—a well-tried scheme to unravel and uncover the greatest mystery, viz: LIFE.

“This Sacred Doctrine” means this righteous TRUTH—those people who have no faith in Self-Knowledge and who regard the physical body itself as the self.

“By Me,” i. e., by my superior nature or power of consciousness. “Unmanifested,” not perceptible by the senses.

“Abide not in them”—like corporeal things—in contact with them, or contained as though in a receptacle. As space appears to change, but does not, in reality remains unconditioned, just so is consciousness unmodifiable.

“As the shoreless airs move in measureless space, but are not space.”

All beings, O Kaunteya, at the end of a cycle, return into My Nature, and again, at the beginning of a cycle, do I send them forth. (7)

Presiding over My own Nature, again and again do I send forth this vast body of beings (creatures), which hath no freedom of its own, being subject to the force of nature. (8)

Nor do these acts (of creation and destruction) bind Me, O Dhananjaya—abiding aloft — unconcerned, unattached to these acts. (9)

With Me as Supervisor, Nature bringeth forth the universe of the movable and the immovable, and for this reason, O Kaunteya, the world doth ever move round. (10)

The deluded (men) regard Me with contempt, as I bear the embodiment of a human being, for they know not My Form Supreme—the Mighty Lord of beings. (11)

Vain are the hopes, vain the actions and vain is the knowledge of these thoughtless (people), partaking of the delusive nature of a demon (rakshasa) and a fiend (asura). (12)

“Cycle.” The Aryan idea of a unit of measurement of time, *i. e.*, Kalpa is one day of Brahma, *i. e.*, a period of universal activity; at the end of a Kalpa comes a Pralaya, which means a period of rest.

Cycle is the completion of a period of activity followed by a period of rest.

Liberated man no longer identifies himself with the gunas of nature—he has become non-attached and regards the activity of the gunas of nature as outside himself—he has become the actionless witness of the activities of nature. Of himself he no longer does anything.—

“These acts” which involve the unequal creation and dissolution of the universe.

The *absence* of the egotistic feeling —“I am the doer”—and the attachment for results is the cause of freedom.

“Nature bringeth forth” is illusive or creative power, or avidya, not vidya.

See Arundhati Nyaya, *i. e.*, subtle steps of leading the student from the grosser to the finer.

Through delusion men do not believe in the changelessness and perfection of the SUPREME SPIRIT.

Vain is the knowledge of a Symbol without the realization of the ideation behind it.

But they of high souls, O Partha, patraking of the nature of a god, worship Me with a heart knowing none else, knowing Me, the unchangeable Source of beings.  
(13)

Ever glorifying Me and striving with steadfast vows, adoring Me with love, ever devoted, do they seek Me.  
(14)

Others again worshipping, with the sacrifice of wisdom, do seek Me, all-facing, variously, in unity and diversity.  
(15)

I am Kratu, I am Yajna, I am Svadha (ancestral offering), I am the herb-born (grain), I am the Mantra, I am the sacred clarified butter, I am the Fire and I am the act of oblation.  
(16)

I am the Father of this universe, the Mother, the Nourisher, the Grandfather, the Subject of Knowledge, the Purifier, the sacred sound OM, the Rik, the Sama and the Yajuh,  
(17)

The Goal, the Protector, the Lord, the Witness, the Abode, the Refuge, the Friend, the Beginning, the End, the Resting Place, the Receptacle, the Seed Eternal.  
(18)

(To Be Continued in March Number)

"They of high souls"—those whose hearts have been purified from violent desires.

"Knowing Me"—Before the one-pointed faith grows, care must be taken to properly study the Scriptures, lest the heart fall into the worship of false Gods.

"Nature of a God" is characterized by self-restraint, and benevolence.

Three kinds of nature are due to the three Gunas in Nature: Goodness produces God-like nature; Passion produces Demoniac nature; Darkness produces Impish nature.

Seeing the Self in All.

"Kratu," a particular Vedic Rite.  
"Yajna," the worship enjoined in the Smriti.

"Svadha"—Food offering to the manes, *i. e.*, Pitris.

"Mantra," the chant with which the oblation is offered.

"Father," as consciousness.

"Mother," as Prakriti, or power.

"Nourisher," as the preserver of cause and effect.

The Deity, in which subject and object does not exist.

Deity can be known as far as is possible through the mystery of the word "OM," and the commentaries of the Rig, Sama, Yajuh and Atharva Vedas.

"Goal"—Final result of all striving—the witness of all that is done—where all is comprehended, where no trouble can reach,

"Seed Eternal"—the cause which is the eternal form of all things.

## SELECTIONS FROM THE SONG CELESTIAL

The perfect Yogin acts—  
But acts unmoved by passions  
And unbound by deeds,  
Setting results aside.

\* \* \*

Let each man raise the Self by the Soul,  
Not trample down his Self,  
Since Soul that is Self's friend  
May grow Self's foe.

\* \* \*

The sovereign Soul of him  
Who lives self-governed and at peace,  
Is centered in itself, taking alike  
Pleasure and Pain, heat and cold, glory and shame.

\* \* \*

He is free, glad with joy of light and truth;  
Dwelling apart upon a peak, with senses subjugate  
Whereto the clod, the rock, the glistening gold  
Show all as one.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

## SAYINGS OF SRI RAMAKRISHNA

If I hold up this cloth before me, you will not see me any more, though I shall be as near you. So also God is nearer you than anything else, yet because of the screen of Egoism you cannot see Him.

There is little chance of the ship running amiss so long as its compass points towards the true North. So if the mind of man—the compass needle of the ship of life—is turned always toward the SUPREME, without oscillation, it will steer clear of every danger.

We must dive deep into the ocean of the Eternal-Intelligent-Bliss. Fear not the deep sea monsters Avarice and Anger. Coat thyself with the tumeric of Discrimination and Dispassion and those Alligators will not approach thee. The scent of this tumeric is too much for them.

As a jar kept in water is full within and without, so be immersed in God and see the all-pervading Spirit within and without.

## AN OPEN LETTER

*To Brother Dreamers, and Our Cousins, the Scientists:*

Being only an humble, unlearned philosopher, instead of a scientist, I will doubtless be forgiven for saying that I often wonder why it seems to be almost a breach of good taste to speak of the soul in scientific circles.

It is said that we know nothing about spirit, about God or a future life. Granting this, allow us to ask: What do we know about matter, about fatalistic force or about the past life? What do we know about the present, for that matter? Is it not strange that, although we cannot be conscious of anything except in the present moment, the present moment is the one thing whose durability we most doubt?

We know nothing of the soul, it is insisted. Well, is it not in order to ask: What do we know about the electron? Do not tell me that the electron is "the unit of electricity" unless you can also tell me what electricity is. With as much reason I could assert that the soul is a unit of God, but that would enlighten you very little unless I could also tell you what God is.

Now that many scientists are saying that man preceded the elements; that space and time are in man; that there is no such thing as matter, but that force is all there is; that, from a universal viewpoint, any part of the whole is equal to all other parts combined—now that scientists are saying such things, have we peddlers of faith not a right to say that we know at least as much about the soul as science knows about matter, force or anything else?

I contend that we have better evidence of the existence of the soul than science has of the existence of matter. Has there ever yet been given any incontrovertible proof of the substantial existence of anything in the phenomenal universe? Yet we know the soul exists. How do we know it? This way: The soul sees. Nothing else has that power.

Think it over. Tell me if I'm wrong. If I am mistaken, then this "something" that knows how to say, and has the power to say "I see" will be able to see the truth when it is presented.

To be continued—but probably never concluded.

THE FOOTHILL PHILOSOPHER.



## MY MASTER

*(Delivered in New York)*

(Continued from January Number)

Many of you perhaps have read the article by Prof. Max Muller in a recent issue of the Nineteenth Century, headed "A Real Mahatman." The life of Sri Ramakrishna is interesting, as it was a living illustration of the ideas that he preached. Perhaps it will be a little romantic for you who live in the West, in an atmosphere entirely different from that of India. Yet, perhaps, it will be of all the more interest for that, because it will bring into a newer light, things about which many have already heard.

It was while reforms of various kinds were being inaugurated in India, that a child was born of poor Brahman parents on the eighteenth of February, 1836, in one of the remote villages of Bengal. The father and mother were very orthodox people. The life of a really orthodox Brahman is one of continuous renunciation. Very few things can he do, and over and beyond them the orthodox Brahman must not occupy himself with any secular business. At the same time he must not receive gifts from everybody. You may imagine how rigorous that life becomes. You have heard of the Brahmans and the priestcraft many times, but very few of you have ever stopped to ask what makes this wonderful band of men the rulers of their fellows. They are the poorest of all the classes in the country, and the secret of their power lies in their renunciation. They never covet wealth. Theirs is the poorest priesthood in the world, and therefore the most powerful. Even in this poverty, a Brahman's wife will never allow a poor man to pass through the village without giving him something to eat. That is considered the highest duty of the mother in India; and because she is the mother it is her duty to be served last; she must see that every one is served before her turn comes. That is why the mother is regarded as God in India. This particular woman, the mother of our subject, was the very type of a Hindu mother. The higher the caste, the greater the restrictions. The lowest caste people can eat and drink anything they like, but as men rise in the social scale, more and more restrictions come, and when they reach the highest caste, the Brahman, the hereditary priesthood of India, their lives, as I have said, are very much cir-

cumscribed. Compared to Western manners, their lives are of continuous asceticism. The Hindus are perhaps the most exclusive nation in the world. They have the same great steadiness as the English, but much more amplified. When they get hold of an idea they carry it out to its very conclusion, and they keep hold of it generation after generation, until they make something out of it. Once give them an idea and it is not easy to take it back, but it is hard to make them grasp a new idea.

The orthodox Hindus therefore are very exclusive, living entirely within their own horizon of thought and feeling. Their lives are laid down in our old books and every little detail is grasped with almost adamant firmness by them. They would starve rather than eat a meal cooked by the hands of a man not belonging to their own small section of caste. But withal, they have intensity and tremendous earnestness. That force of intense faith and religious life occurs often among the orthodox Hindus, because their very orthodoxy comes from a tremendous conviction that it is right. We may not all think that what they hold on to with such perseverance is right, but to them it is. Now, it is written in our books that a man should always be charitable even to the extreme. If a man starves himself to death to help another man, to save that man's life, it is all right; it is even held that a man ought to do that. And it is expected of a Brahman to carry his idea out to the very extreme. Those who are acquainted with the literature of India will remember a beautiful story about this extreme charity, how a whole family, as related in the Mahabharata, starved themselves to death and gave their last meal to a beggar. This is not an exaggeration, for such things still happen. The character of the father and the mother of my Master was very much like that. Very poor they were, and yet many a time the mother would starve herself a whole day to help a poor man. Of them this child was born, and he was a peculiar child from very boyhood. He remembered his past from his birth, and was conscious for what purpose he came into the world, and every power was devoted to the fulfillment of that purpose.

While he was quite young his father died and the boy was sent to school. A Brahman's boy must go to school; the caste restricts him to a learned profession only. The old system of education in India, still prevalent in many parts

of the country, especially in connection with Sannyasins, is very different from the modern system. The students had not to pay. It was thought that knowledge is so sacred that no man ought to sell it. Knowledge must be given freely and without any price. The teachers used to take students without charge, and not only so, most of them gave their student food and clothes. To support these teachers the wealthy families on certain occasions, such as a marriage festival, or at the ceremonies for the dead, made gifts to them. They were considered the first and foremost claimants to certain gifts, and they in turn had to maintain their students. So whenever there is a marriage, especially in a rich family, these professors are invited, and they attend and discuss various subjects. This boy went to one of these gatherings of professors, and the professors were discussing various topics, such as logic or astronomy, subjects much beyond his age. The boy was peculiar, as I have said, and he gathered this moral out of it—that this is the outcome of all their knowledge. Why are they fighting so hard? It is simply for money; the man who can show the highest learning here will get the best pair of cloth, and that is all these people are struggling for. “I will not go to school any more;” and he did not; that was the end of his going to school. But this boy had an elder brother, a learned professor, who took him to Calcutta, however, to study with him. After a short time the boy became fully convinced that the aim of all secular learning was mere material advancement, and nothing more, and he resolved to give up study and devote himself solely to the pursuit of spiritual knowledge. The father being dead, the family was very poor, and this boy had to make his own living. He went to a place near Calcutta, and became a temple priest. To become a temple priest is thought very degrading to a Brahman. Our temples are not churches in your sense of the word, they are not places for public worship, for properly speaking, there is no such thing as public worship in India. Temples are erected mostly by rich persons as a meritorious act.

If a man has much property he wants to build a temple. In that, he puts a symbol or an image of an Incarnation of God, and dedicates it to worship in the name of God. The worship is akin to that which is conducted in Roman Catholic Churches, very much like the Mass, reading certain sentences from the Sacred Books, waving a light before the image, and

treating the image in every respect as we treat a great man. This is all that is done in the temple. The man who goes to a temple is not considered thereby a better man than he who never goes. More properly, the latter is considered the more religious man, for religion in India is to each man his own private affair. In the house of every man there is either a little chapel, or a room set apart, and there he goes morning and evening, sits down in a corner, and there does his worship. And this worship is entirely mental, for another man does not hear or know what he is doing. He sees him only sitting there, and perhaps moving his fingers in a peculiar fashion, or closing his nostrils and breathing in a peculiar manner. Beyond that, he does not know what his brother is doing; even his wife, perhaps, will not know. Thus, all worship is conducted in the privacy of his own home. Those who cannot afford to have a chapel go to the banks of a river, or a lake, or the sea if they live at the seaside, and people sometimes go to worship in a temple making salutation to the image. There their duty to the temple ends. Therefore, you see, it has been held from the most ancient times in our country, legislated upon by Manu, that it is a degenerating occupation to become a temple priest. Some of the books say it is so degrading as to make a Brahman worthy of reproach. There is another idea behind it, that, just as with education, but in a far more intense sense with religion, the fact that temple priests take fees for their work is making merchandise of sacred things. So you may imagine the feelings of that boy when he was forced through poverty to take up the only occupation open to him, that of a temple priest.

There have been various poets in Begak whose songs have passed down to the people; they are sung in the streets of Calcutta and in every village. Most of these are religious songs, and their one central idea, which is perhaps peculiar to the religions of India, is the idea of realization. There is not a book in India on religion, which does not breathe this idea. Man must realize God, feel God, see God, talk of God. That is religion. The Indian atmosphere is full of stories of saintly persons having visions of God. Such doctrines form the basis of their religion; and all these ancient books and scriptures are the writings of persons who come into direct contact with spiritual facts. These books were not written for the intellect, nor can any reasoning understand

them, because they were written by men who saw the things of which they wrote, and they can be understood only by men who have raised themselves to the same height. They say there is such a thing as realization even in this life, and it is open to every one, and religion begins with the opening of this faculty, if I may call it so. This is the central idea in all religions, and this is why we may find one man with the most finished oratorical powers, or the most convincing logic, preaching the highest doctrines and yet unable to get people to listen to him; while we may find another, a poor man, who scarcely can speak the language of his own motherland, yet half the nation worships him in his own lifetime as God. When in India the idea somehow or other gets abroad that a man has raised himself to that state of realization, that religion is no more a matter of conjecture to him, that he is no more groping in the dark in such momentous questions as religion, the immortality of the soul, and God, people come from all quarters to see him, and gradually they begin to worship him.

In the temple was an image of the "Blissful Mother." This boy had to conduct the worship morning and evening, and by degrees this one idea filled his mind: "Is there anything behind this image? Is it true that there is a Mother of Bliss in the universe? Is it true that She lives and guides this universe? Is there any reality in religion?" This skepticism comes to the Hindu child. It is the skepticism of our country—is this that we are doing real? And theories will not satisfy us; although there are ready at hand almost all the theories that have ever been made with regard to God and soul. Neither books nor theories can satisfy us, the one idea that gets hold of thousands of our people is the idea of realization. Is it true that there is a God? If it be true, can I see him? Can I realize the truth? The Western mind may think all this very impracticable, but to us it is intensely practical. For this idea men will give up their lives. You have just heard, how from the earliest times there have been persons who have given up all comforts and luxuries to live in caves, and hundreds have given up their homes to weep bitter tears of misery on the banks of sacred rivers, in order to realize this idea, not to know in the ordinary sense of the word, not intellectual understanding, not a mere rationalistic comprehension of the real thing, not mere groping in the dark, but intense realization, much more real than this world

is to our senses. That is the idea; I do not advance any proposition as to that just now, but that is the one fact that is impressed upon them. Thousands will be killed, other thousands will be ready. So upon this one idea the nations for thousands of years have been denying and sacrificing themselves. For this idea, thousands of Hindus every year give up their homes and many die through the hardships they have to undergo. To the Western mind this must seem most visionary, and I can see the reason for this point of view. But though I have resided in the West, I still think this idea the most practical thing in life.

Every moment I think of anything else, is so much loss to me, even the marvels of earthly sciences; everything is vain if it takes me away from that thought. Life is but momentary, whether you have the knowledge of an angel or the ignorance of an animal. Life is but momentary whether you have the poverty of the poorest man in rags, or the wealth of the richest living person. Life is but momentary, whether you are a downtrodden man living in one of the big streets of the big cities of the West, or a crowned Emperor ruling over millions. Life is but momentary, whether you have the best of health or the worst. Life is but momentary, whether you have the most poetical temperament or the most cruel. There is but one solution of life, says the Hindu, and that solution is what they call God and religion. If these be true, life becomes explained, life becomes bearable, becomes enjoyable. Otherwise life is but a useless burden. That is our idea, but no amount of reasoning can demonstrate it; it can only make it probable, and there it rests. The highest demonstration of reasoning that we have in any branch of knowledge can only make a fact probable, and nothing further. The most demonstrable facts of physical science are only probabilities, not facts yet. Facts are only in the senses. Facts have to be perceived, and we have to perceive religion to demonstrate it to ourselves. We have to sense God, to be convinced that there is a God. We must sense the facts of religion to know that they are facts. Nothing else and no amount of reasoning, but our own perceptions can make these things real to us, can make my belief as firm as a rock. That is my idea, and that is the Indian idea.

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

(To be continued in March number)

## SYNTHESIS

We are certainly waiting for a new synthesis of religion; analysis we have in plenty.

Several nations cannot suddenly come into contact by the use of a common language without violent shock being given to their prejudices in favor of local mythology. Such an occurrence was inevitable under the present circumstances, and has been accelerated, as it happens, by the agnosticism born of scientific activity.

Christianity, moreover, has been further discredited by the discovery that its adherents possess no ethics sufficiently controlling to influence their international relations, and finally by the worship of pleasure which an age of exploitation usually engenders.

Thus, neither the sentiment of childhood, the reasoning of theology, the austerity of conscience, nor the power of idealism has been strong enough to maintain the creed of the West against the assaults to which the age has seen it subjected.

Everything seems to be going through a transition. Social morality, intellectual formulas, legal and economic relationships, all have broken loose from their old moorings and are seeking for a readjustment.

The first agony of the loss of belief is now over, but it has only given place to a dreary hopelessness, a mental and spiritual homelessness, which drives some in whom heart predominates into the Church of Rome, while others in whom the faculties are more evenly balanced try to forget their need in social service, or in the intellectual and artistic enjoyments of an era of resumé.

Protestantism has at last delivered itself of a genuine religious product of a higher order, in that love of naked truth which finds its voice and type in modern science.

For all other forms of non-Catholicism are more or less compromises, mere half-way houses on the road to this. But, even in this, the environment of spirituality and the communion of Saints are apt to be left behind with the Mediæval Church.

Is there no way to combine these things? Can the devotional attitude receive no justification from the clear and unbiased mind? Does religion, which has made so much of faith, want less than absolute conviction as a basis?

Is that sentiment which has produced all the greatest art, and almost all the greatest conduct, to be relegated to the mental lumber room as, after all, only a superstition?

Surely, if so, there is an eternal inharmony and divergence between the creative and the inquiring faculties of man.

But the very constitution of our minds forbids us to accept this paradox. It may be that we are no longer able to believe in the exclusive authority of any single religious system, but we are fast inclining to the opinion that even here there must be some observable sequence, that creeds and mythologies must be a genuine product of the Unity-of-Things, as animals and the plants; that order and meaning there must be, in the one case, as in the other.

Instead, therefore, of contemptuous disregard of all faiths as equally untrue, we are beginning to adopt to all alike an attitude of respect as equally significant.

Only in India has this recognition of law in religious conceptions ever been held in its completeness as part of religion itself.

Only in India have inspired teachers been able to declare that the name of God, being also an illusion, differed only from worldly things in having the power of helping us to break our bondage to illusions, while they, on the other hand, increased it.

Only in India has it been counted orthodoxy to believe that all is within the mind, that the forms of Gods are only the objectifications of our own sense of what is best to be obtained, that prayer is only the heightening of the will.

And therefore it is from India that we shall gather that intellectualization of belief which is to re-establish, in the name of a new and greater synthesis, our confidence in our own past.

In this new synthesis every element of our own thought must find a place—the conception of humanity and the worship of truth, of course, because without these it would have no *raison d'être*. But even the emotionalism of the negro must not go unplaced, uninterrupted, any more than that one wondrous mood in which the explorer of knowledge finds himself launched on a vision of unity that he dare not name.

NEVEDITA.



## BOOK REVIEWS

### PARAMANANDA'S POEMS

**"THE VIGIL."** by Swami Paramananda. No. 1 Queensbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Following "Soul's Secret Door," Swami Paramananda, head of the Vedanta Center (in Los Angeles), and author of many works on Oriental philosophy and religion, has recently published another volume of verse called "The Vigil."

Devotional in theme, and ever hinting of that intangible beauty too subtle for words to define, the lines of the Swami are justly entitled to be called poetry, because they are picturesque and concrete in their nature, affording a blessed relief from the confusion that results from attempting to read the interminable free verse and blank verse recently produced by muddled metaphysicians who compile all the abstract phrases in the English language and call their compilations "poems."

Like nearly all of the Swami's works in prose or poetry, "The Vigil" is extremely idealistic in character—for by nature and training the author is the true lover, the worshipper, always holding his Deity a little beyond him, although at times addressing God as his companion, his bride, his friend, father, mother or brother. However, he touches a higher note and seems to enter the very heart of Vedantism in his poem called "Realization." In this poem he tells how he had sought for years to find the truth, until at last:

"'Be still! Strain thou thy mind no more,' spake a voice from an unseen depth; 'Close thine eyes, they see not the true; come thou with me.' Thus a gentle hand led me to a noiseless land; Its cooling scented breezes soothed all my inner anguish. Lo! I stood before a crystal lake, in whose limpid waters I saw—and I knew."

In only one poem does the Swami seem to descend to argument—and this poem is not his best. In seeking to assure himself or a restless brother of the immortality of the soul and of God's care for the soul, he asks, "Didst thou not have thy soul in safety even before thy body's birth?" There is room here for argument. The best poetry is not argumentative, but authoritative. That poetry that is most reverent and beautiful is, to my mind, the best poetry. Failing in these qualities,

it may be good philosophy, metaphysics, theology or psychology, but it is not the highest form of poetry.

If the poet has a moral or spiritual message to impart, he must give that message indirectly. True poetry does not condescend to preach. It is not concerned about facts, it is not combative. It is simply a presentation of beauty and "since eyes were made for seeing, beauty is its own excuse for being."

Throughout the book are to be found evidences of a fatalism with which the Orient has been saturated for centuries. However, it is pleasant to remember that the Swami's fatalism is colored by the rainbow tints of optimism. In reading one of the poems I was reminded of the time when, as a boy, I first heard with joy about a Christian sect that dared to teach (in most unorthodox fashion) that all members of the human race will find heaven and that there will be "no eternal hell for His dear insects." That is the fatalism of Paramananda. I like it.

In spite of the paganistic strain that pervades the poems, making their picturesque panorama so charming, the Swami (who has room in his great soul for all gods and all religions) takes pains to emphasize the fundamental unity of life and to insist on the common basis of all faith.

\* \* \*

### "THE MASTER KEY."

I have had the pleasure of reading "The Master Key," by George W. Caldwell (printed by the author at Caldwell Court, Oakland, Cal.) Dedicated to Carrie Jacobs-Bond, "in appreciation of the cheer and inspiration which her songs have given to the world," the little volume of verse seeks to point the reader to the path, or paths, which he should tread in order to realize his legitimate desires.

The author of "The Master Key" seems to have combed a great deal of classical literature for his inspiration, for the book includes much of the best thought and sentiment to be found in the famous poem of Omar, in Christian Science, New Thought (so-called), in the doctrine of Coué and in the ancient literature of India. This fact does not make the book less interesting, but probably will make it more appealing to

those who believe that the fundamental truths and principles of all worthy religions and philosophies come from a common source and that their message to man is to lead him back to a recognition and realization of his divine nature.

For the most part, the book is optimistic, and perhaps the only stanza which might be construed as pessimistic (yet which, after all, is merely a statement of an unpleasant fact) is the following:

"In other days when tyrants ruled the land  
A Genius might be martyr to the brand;  
Today the slayers of the world's great souls  
Use other means to take their cruel tolls  
Of supermen they cannot understand."

In the opinion of the writer of this article, it is difficult to propagate a philosophy or to define ethical, religious or philosophical principles in verse, and he who undertakes it seldom writes perfect poetry, nor does he get his intended message "across" to his readers as well as if he attempted the same thing in prose. Poetry must be definite, concrete in its technique, and if, in addition to its pictorial beauty, the author desires to convey a spiritual or philosophical message, he must do so indirectly, by subtle hints, and must not allow his abstract ideas to interfere with his poetic expression. Metaphysical words and phrases usually interfere with pure poetry. In my opinion, "The Master Key" is no exception to this rule. Still, it is a work of value and doubtless will be read by many with pleasure and profit.

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*Berkeley*

*Ouspensky*

*Walter Gorn Old*

Modern, Ancient and Medieval Authors Will Find Space