

SPECIAL INDIA NUMBER

# The World Liberator

A  
JOURNAL  
OF  
RECONCILIATION  
BETWEEN  
GOD  
AND  
HUMANITY  
THE  
HEAVEN  
AND EARTH  
LAW  
AND  
JUSTICE  
SCIENCE  
AND  
RELIGION  
THROUGH  
THE  
KINGDOM  
OF  
THE  
UNDEFINED



RABINDRINATH TAGORE

ALSO  
INTERPRETATION  
OF THE  
SACRED  
BOOKS  
OF ALL  
NATIONS  
INTO  
THEIR  
ONE  
AND  
UNIVERSAL  
MEANING

Nov.-December  
1928

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The next issue of The World Liberator will be  
devoted to China and her contribution  
to the world religions





THE ANAGHARIKA DHARMAPALA

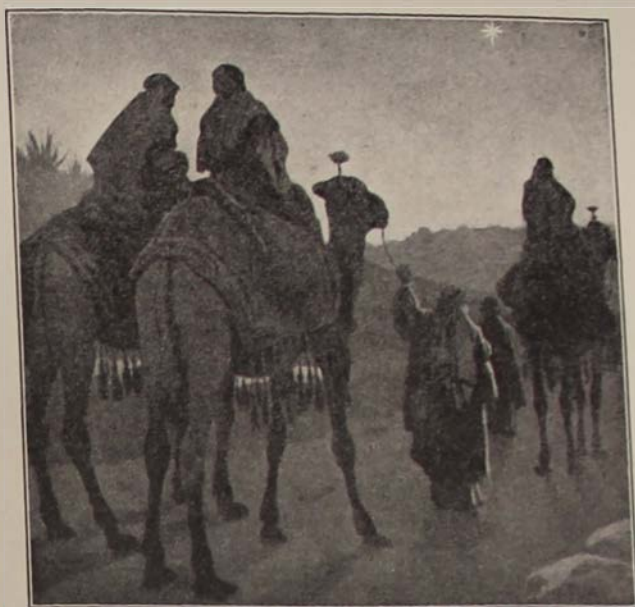
Leader of Buddhism in India  
and England

A PERSONAL LETTER

My Dear Dr. Chainey:

*I wish you would visit India and help us. I have a little cottage in a suburb of Benares I shall be glad to place at your disposal.*

*(Signed) The Anagarika Dharmapala.*



THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST

# RABINDRINATH TAGORE

By GEORGE CHAINEY

THE supreme purpose of *The World Liberator* is to publish and uphold the Real Truth of man's Immortality to be realized and made manifest in the flesh. Such a Truth must be partially and incompletely grasped at before it can be displayed in its final completeness. When first commanded to uplift this Ideal, I found myself present in the cosmic consciousness, at a feast celebrating this great achievement. I sat at the West end of the table, and looking around I observed Rabindranath Tagore at the East end. As I looked steadily at him I saw a light appear in his face, that increased until he became transfigured. At the same moment he saw the same in me, and we arose and coming together embraced each other in joyful recognition of this Great Truth.

Kipling has done his best to make us believe that East is East, and West is West, and that the two must forever remain so. This, however, is not the Truth. The West must become permeated with the inner light of the East, and the East with the material scientific development of the West. The Religious Reform that would boycott and shut out either division can be of no permanent value. When I was seeking the meaning of: "We have seen his star in the East," I saw Lord Roberts at the head of the English troops in Afghan territory. British Engineers building canals and railroads to protect India from famine, and the native young men and women crowding the Universities built by the English Government. I also saw at the same time Hindoo teachers in the West bringing knowledge of the vast spiritual attainments of the East. No man has done better service in this all important blending of

East and West, both by the spoken and written word, than Rabindranath Tagore.

He is more than a mere Indian nationalist, he is a universal nationalist—a representative of world-wide humanity. His universalism has reached the very height of perfection. He, as a twentieth century idealist, believes in the unity of the human race—unity in the richness of its diversity. He holds that above all nations is Humanity. He holds also that the presence of the national, the racial, the creedal and the continental elements and their cooperation in human society are essential for the harmonious development of the universal; just as the presence and the cooperation of the distinct organs of the body are essential for the development of man. He thinks that as the mission of the rose lies in the unfolding of the petals which implies distinctness, so the rose of humanity is perfect only when the diverse races and the nations have evolved their perfected distinct characteristics, but all attached to the stem of humanity by the bond of love. That is the reason why he believes that the East and the West have their special lives to live, and their special missions to fulfill, but that their final goal is the same. That is why he does not, as no sensible man any longer does, believe in the cynic charlatanism of "Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Thus he spoke in a banquet in London where the master minds of Great Britain and Ireland gathered to welcome him in their midst:

"I have learned that, though our tongues are different and our habits dissimilar, at the bottom our hearts are one. The monsoon clouds, generated on



the banks of the Nile, fertilize the far distant shores of the Ganges; ideas may have to cross from East to Western shores to find a welcome in men's hearts and fulfil their promise. East is East and West is West—God forbid that it should be otherwise—but the twain must meet in amity, peace and mutual understanding; their meeting will be all the more fruitful because of their difference; it must lead both to holy wedlock before the common altar of Humanity."

This man is no mere speaker of words, but a living force of practical and active service. All his resources both inherited and earned by his published works and lectures together with the award of the Nobel Peace Prize, have been consecrated to practical ends in the splendid educational work of the Shanti Niketan School. The work of this school is described as follows by Mr. Bose: "His great personality silently permeates the whole atmosphere of the school and inspires every member of the Institution with the divinity and nobility of his character. When he is in the school he meets the boys twice a week regularly in the Mandir or temple, and speaks to them simply and in his own homely way on the great ideals of life." The boys look forward eagerly to these meetings with their founder. Besides such regular occasions there are other special days in the year—the anniversary of the founding of the school, New Year's Day, the festivals associated with the birth or death of the great spiritual teachers of mankind, when services are held in the Mandir. These services are always conducted by Rabindranath himself, when he is present at the school. Here are translations of the Mantras which are chanted in unison by the scholars morning and evening, and which wonderfully express the heart of universal religion:

#### MANTRAS OF THE MORNING

##### I.

Thou art our Father. May we know Thee as our Father. Strike us not. May we truly bow to Thee.

##### II.

O Lord. O Father. Take away all our sins, and give us that which is good.

We bow to Him in whom is the happiness.

We bow to Him in whom is the good.

We bow to Him from whom comes the happiness.

We bow to Him from whom comes the good.

We bow to Him who is good.

We bow to Him who is the highest good.

Shanti Shanti Shanti Hari Om.

#### MANTRA OF THE EVENING

The God who is in fire, who is in water, who interpenetrates the whole world, who is in the herbs, who is in the trees, to that God I bow down again and again.

No nobler service for mankind could possibly be done. All education must be thus married between the inner world of qualities and the outer world of quantities. So far education in the West has been too material and scientific, and in the East too spiritual and impractical. But this reform will never take place until Universal Religion overlays all the many partial expressions of the Religions. Before this can possibly come we must outgrow every historical and literal view of Divine Revelation. This is just as true for the

East as for the West. When I was confining my attention to the Spiritual interpretation of our scriptures, the Gods appeared before me in their Hindoo forms and names and pouring down the works of the Mahabharata, Ramayana, etc., at my feet, said, "You must interpret these also." One of them, pointing to some enormous tanks overflowing with filth, said, "This is the condition of my country because of the literal interpretation of these spiritual books." No man has done more splendid service in this direction of lifting Religion into the Universal and Infinite than Tagore.

The great Truths of Immortality in the flesh; of Divine guidance and fellowship of Universality in Religion, and perfect blending of Time and Eternity, are all most wonderfully set forth in the Mahabharata, that mighty drama of the whole meaning of existence. But I must ask my readers to be patient; these things cannot be done in a day, or a year. The law of this is wonderfully set forth in the closing of this great book when only Yudishthira, the elder of the five brothers, is admitted to the Heavenly State. He gains this because he refuses to enter unless the faithful dog who has followed him can go in also. The other four brothers represent spirit, mind, body and soul. These are all incomplete until they are blended into one universal perfect whole. This is the meaning of Yudishthira. He is perfect justice or equal devotion to spirit, mind, body and soul.

The story of Tagore's love for the Universal, both great and small, is described in the following:

"The myriads of human beings that inhabit the globe of ours enter my heart and find unspeakable joy in each other's company; there lovers enter and look at each other, and children stand and laugh in merriment—My heart is full to the brim with transcendent joy, and I find the world without a single human soul in it. It is all empty. Oh, I know. How can it be otherwise when all have entered into my heart?"

Exactly in the same strain he writes in his dainty little poem—"The Small," which, in the poet's prose translation, is as follows:

"What is there but the sky, O Sun, which can hold thine image?"

I dream of thee, but to serve thee I never can hope,"

The dewdrop wept, and said:

"I am too small to take thee unto me, great lord,

And thus my life is all tears."

"I illumine the limitless sky,

Yet I can yield myself up to a tiny drop of dew,"

Thus said the sun and smiled:

"I will be a speck of sparkle and fill you,

And your tiny life will be a smiling orb."

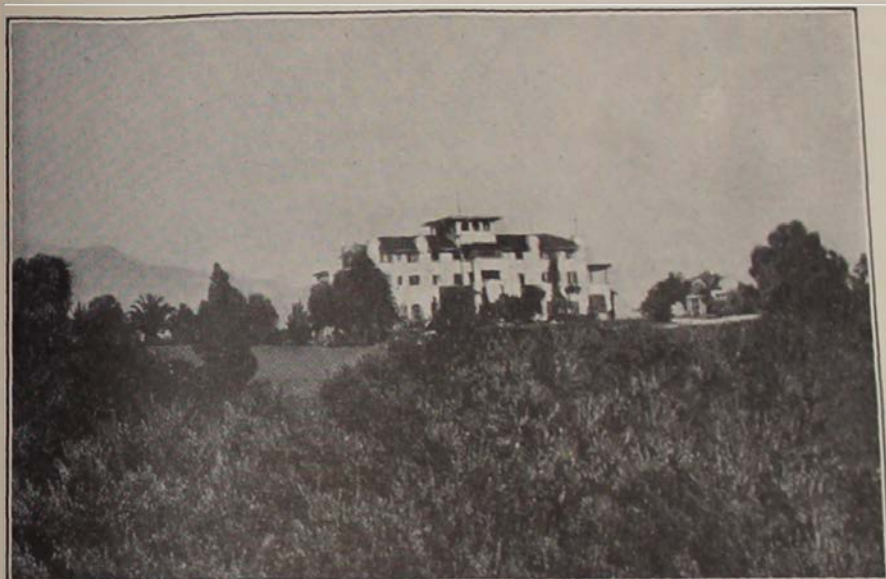
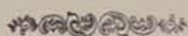
And again his humanism finds perfect expression in the following song of Gitanjali:

Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the





Upper—Swami Paramananda and his center at La Crescenta, Cal.

Lower—Swami Yogananda and Mt. Washington (Los Angeles) center of his activity in Western America.

clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.

The following extracts from Tagore's writings are characteristic expressions of his thought:

"When man leaves his resting-place in universal nature; when he walks on the single rope of humanity, it means either a dance or a fall for him, he has ceaselessly to strain every nerve and muscle to keep his balance at each step, and then, in the intervals of his weariness, he fulminates against Providence and feels a secret pride and satisfaction in thinking that he has been unfairly dealt with by the whole scheme of things.

"But this cannot go on forever. Man must realize the wholeness of his existence, his place in the infinite; he must know that hard as he may strive he can never create his honey within the cells of his hive, for the perennial supply of his life food is outside their walls. He must know that when man shuts himself out from the vitalising and purifying touch of the Infinite, and falls back upon himself for his sustenance and his

healing, then he goads himself into madness, tears himself into shreds, and eats his own substance. When man's consciousness is restricted only to the immediate vicinity of his human self, the deeper roots of his nature do not find their permanent soil, his spirit is ever on the brink of starvation, and in the place of healthful strength he substitutes rounds of stimulation. Then it is that man misses his inner perspective and measures his greatness by its bulk and not by its vital link with the Infinite, judges his activity by its movements and not by the repose of perfection—the repose which is in the starry heavens, in the overflowing rhythmic dance of creation."

\* \* \* \*

"The man who aims at his own aggrandisement underrates everything else. Compared to his ego the rest of the world is unreal. Thus in order to be fully conscious of the reality of all, one has to be free himself from the bonds of personal desires. This discipline we have to go through to prepare ourselves for our social duties—for sharing the burdens of our fellow-beings. Every endeavor to attain a larger life requires of man to gain by giving away, and not to be greedy.

(Continued to page 33)





# EDITORIAL

## THE MAHABHARATA

(The Greatly Cherished)

**M**AETERLINK has declared that the time will come when this will be the Bible of Humanity. I cannot confirm this in its entirety. I am, however, perfectly sure that it will always be one of the greatest and most inspiring of the world's Sacred Books.

In starting "The World Liberator" I promised to give a key to the inner meaning of the one hundred parts of an English edition sent me from India. I have done this in the first nine issues, but a deeper and growing sense of its more wonderful and indescribable nature has brought to me a strong conviction that a greater and more important service is demanded. No personal interpretation can ever exhaust the vast storehouse of spiritual wealth. Few in this country have any conception of its potential worth and possible service in the uplift of the human race. A few like Edwin Arnold and Emerson have proclaimed the glorious nature of "The Song Celestial," but that is only one hundredth part of the Mahabharata, brimming over with equal worth and beauty in every part. While it is greatly appreciated in India it is robbed of its most valuable service by taking it largely in a literal and historic sense. But this is equally true of all the greatest books in every part of our world. The supreme purpose of The World Liberator is to deliver all the great peoples of our world from these gloomy dungeons and shut in provincialisms of every race and religion. Each day brings us from some part of our great world devout love, thanks and blessing for this service.

In order to greatly improve and multiply this service we desire to publish a representative book of each and every part of our world, and make the same accessible to all earnest, sincere seekers for the great-

## THE WORLD LIBERATOR

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GEORGE CHAINEY  
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The Editor of The World Liberator is the writer of every article that is not signed by or accredited to others.

est possible good in every department and possibility of life. This has been done for Christians in "Deus Homo." We hope soon to complete this for Jews in "Jerusalem—The Holy City," a beautifully illustrated book about the same size as "Deus Homo." When this is complete we wish to publish a beautiful and perfect edition of "The Mahabharata" and place a free copy of it in every one of our six thousand public libraries. It is impossible to do anything that will so greatly increase the respect and appreciation of the American people of the real greatness and glory of India and its people.

In a foreword we shall give a key to the general sense, and an explanation of how to use it for awakening the equal greatness hidden in the unknown life within of each individual. The one thing that is the very greatest of the great is that this book will soon bring any sincere reader and student the very taste and joy of God in the whole four-fold consciousness of spirit, mind, body and soul. After the book is published in English we desire to bring out an edition in India, China, Japan, Germany and France, and if possible also in Russia. For this great and supreme purpose we are offering all the friends of India the chance to bless them-

selves and others by making a generous contribution towards the cost of this service to the uplift of the human race. If some truly wealthy individual, man or woman, will undertake to meet the entire expense it will be a great pleasure to dedicate the work to such a patron or patrons and this would certainly bring them a hundredfold return in the blessings that would be showered upon them by the beneficiaries thereof. Send all contributions or letters for further particulars as to cost, etc., to George ChaNEY, 362 Ximeno Avenue, Long Beach, California.

§ § §

## "LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION"

**M**ILLIONS of Christians every day ask God not to lead them into temptation, and then do all they can to tempt, with some pecuniary advantage, believers in other creeds to forsake their religion and accept Christianity in its place.

When living in Palestine I found that many a Jew had changed his religion for a temporal advantage and then afterwards changed back to his own. This is being done by paid missionary enterprises in every part of our world. On my first visit to California to accept a lecture engagement in San Francisco, I met in the lobby of the hotel in which I was staying, a bright, educated Hindu of the Brahman Caste. He had landed on a vessel from China with a cent with which to help himself. He had walked from Bombay to China and worked his way on a Chinese ship to San Francisco. It was a pleasure to entertain him soon as I had heard his wife had been sent to Philadelphia to be educated as a physician that she might help the children to carry on their work among the Hindoos. He worked his way to America that he might be prepared for his vocation. Having le-



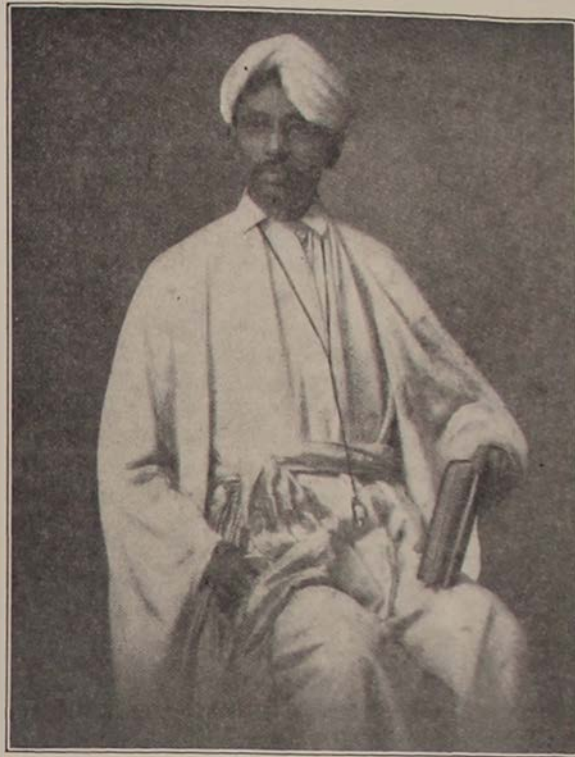
places on the way from Boston to California, I was enabled to introduce him to friends in these places who arranged lectures for him, the returns of which paid his way to Philadelphia. But, after the graduation of his wife, he was confronted with the fact that he had no way of returning with his wife because he was an unconverted heathen. Finding himself in this desperate situation, he accepted their proposal to return to India with his wife as a convert to Christianity, but on reaching home he confessed that he had played the hypocrite and became a popular lecturer for the Hindoo faith and denouncer of this Christian method of making converts, showing clearly that there is nothing in the Christian religion that in any way justifies this world-wide method of corruption. The very essence of religion is absolute sincerity, loyalty to conscience and freedom from all condemnation of others.

§ § §

PANDIT LALAN

**W**HEN interpreting the meaning of "We have seen his star in the East," I saw the necessity on both sides for the mingling together of the highest achievements of the East and the West.

A short time after this vision by night I entered one day the beautiful Chicago Public Library and saw sitting there a Hindoo, clothed with turban and long white robe, so I accosted him with the question, "Have you come to teach us Theosophy?" "No," he answered, "I came to teach Universalism and expound Emerson." So I said, "Then you have come to make us acquainted with our own Gods." After a pleasant interchange of our ideas of life, he promised to come and see us in our home, and I was pleased to aid him all in my power to secure students and expound his ideals of Life.



PANDIT F. K. LALAN

Our Country is now blessed with many such earnest Teachers from India, who certainly are drawing and binding together in mutual and friendly relations the East and the West.

We are giving this month the picture of Anagarika Dharmapala as one of our great World Teachers of Universal Religion and Human Brotherhood. He was the representative of Buddhism at the World's Parliament of Religions, during the World's Fair in Chicago, and won universal admiration by his lofty intelligence and devoted love for all living.

He made a return visit later for the purpose of learning more of the practical side of life in America. We had the good fortune to entertain him for a week in our home and school at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and never derived greater pleasure from contact with any human soul. His whole manner and atmosphere glowed with purity of life, love and kindness for all. It was a beautiful coincidence that at this time I was writing my Interpretation of "The Light of Asia," and he experienced while with us the same interpretation

of Nirvana, in the dream consciousness.

§ § §

THE EAST IN THE WEST

**W**E are publishing elsewhere illustrations of two centers of Indian activity for World Liberation and Unity in the County of Los Angeles. These are but branches of large activity in New York and Boston. Many other centers are scattered through the United States. The leader of this work on Mount Washington, Los Angeles and in New York is Swami Yogananda, and that at La Crescenta and in Boston is under the leadership of Swami Paramananda. We are very glad to give our readers the portraits of both of these typical representatives of the highest

culture and service of the East and West for the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Mankind.

§ § §

"MOTHER INDIA"

**A** GREAT controversy has risen concerning a book called "Mother India" in which the author, Miss Mayo, covers the entire life of this great people with a dark pall of sex degradation when the simple fact is that no race has done more to honor and glorify this most vital and important element of man's marvelous Consciousness of life. The very foundation of the Mahabharata is the shooting of a deer in the joyful act of procreation. The consummation of the entire epic is the marriage of five brothers to one wife for this is the full alliance of Spirit, Mind, Body and Soul.

As the greatest part of this entire epic is the churning of the ocean for the production of the Amrita, so is everything in nature and super-nature for the gaining of the joy and strength of the very taste of God in the whole consciousness of being by day and by night.



# THROUGH DAY TO NIGHT AND NIGHT TO DAY

"And it shall come to pass in that day that the light shall not be with brightness and with gloom; but it shall be one day which is known unto the Lord: not day and not night; but it shall come to pass that at evening time there shall be light. ZECH. XIV. 6-8

**I**N MAN there is all there is in Nature. The ancients said that man was the microcosm of the macrocosm—that is, the universe in little. We all have our seasons—of Spring and Summer, Autumn and Winter. All there is in earth, or sky, land, or water, that there is in man. I wish, however, to confine my language to the symbolism of day and night. These seem to be essential and permanent conditions in nature. Both are good, provided they are held in their proper relations. How glorious the day when

"The morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the brow of yon high Eastern hill."

How grand the return of the sun! How fresh and pure the air after its bath of dew or cleansing fire of frost! How blessed the privilege to go forth again to the great opportunities of action among our fellows! Day is the sphere of work whereby we develop the material resources of life, causing the wilderness to blossom as the rose, changing want into plenty and comfort, and displacing the rude implements and conditions of barbarism with the advantages and improvements of civilization. By day we spin and weave, sow and reap, sell and buy. It is also by day we spend our strength and waste our lives in overwork in our intensified desire for material gain. It is at the close of day, after long hours of labour, that the face looks worn and haggard, and the feet cling to the earth as though loaded with irons. It is by day we grow sordid and selfish with our constant search for material gain. It is by day that we are stained with the dust and grime of earth. It is during the day that our vision is limited by the blinding glare of the sun, so that the stars that speak to us of the infinite, and familiarize us with the thoughts of other worlds, are hidden altogether from our sight. It is by day that man disquiets himself, and walks in a vain show, seeking to satisfy all the wants of his immortal nature with the fleeting things of time and sense.

Night is the time of rest. It is in the morning, after night's balmy sleep, that faces are bright and cheery, and footsteps light and bounding. After the labour of the day we are attracted by the earth. After the rest of night the sky attracts us. Night is the time of growth, of recuperation of wasted energies. In nature things grow at night more than by day. If you have a hopvine in your garden, make a notch on the pole at the end of the vine in the morning. At night there will be little change. Look again in the morning, and

you will often find that it has grown several inches. It is at night when we fringe the hours of our daily toil with the rest, amusement, and inspiration of the drama. It is by night also that Love sheds her most refreshing dews in the garden of the heart. It is after the heat and burden of the day that we appreciate the joys and comforts of home, when, as we gather around the fireside, we feel loving arms about our necks and soft kisses on our cheeks. It is then, in innocent social festivities, that we make the acquaintance of our neighbours, and cultivate the joys of friendship, and so wash from our souls the dust of selfish absorption that too often settles upon them during the day. It is then that we pen books and refresh ourselves with the thoughts of others, or make the acquaintance of our true self in quiet meditation. It is at night the stars come out and reveal to us unnumbered worlds hidden altogether from our sight by day. It is at night we listen to sweet music, the food of love, thinking such thoughts as Shakespeare expressed when he made Lorenzo say:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank;  
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Look how the floor of Heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

It is at night we are restored to ourselves in the soft embrace of the innocent sleep—

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

It is at night when, in visions, the soul gives us glimpses of a life too glorious to be expressed in the speech of earth. Homer tells us that dreams descend from Jove; while a writer, equally grand and immortal as Homer, tells us, in the book of Job, that "in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then God openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction." It was in a dream that Columbus was inspired to seek the New World; a dream in which a voice said: "God will give



thee the keys of the ocean." Plato tells us that all dreams might be trusted if men would live true to the laws of nature, and thus bring their bodies into such a condition as to leave nothing on their minds to shadow and disturb their dreams; while that great giant of intellectuality, Aristotle, tells us that it is impossible not to believe that the Gods reveal to some persons future events in dreams. Thousands of instances are on record in which things unknown have been brought to light, future events foretold, and especially wherein the spirits of the departed have appeared to the living.

The time was when I looked upon dreams as the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain phantasy. Now I know by experience, beyond the possibility of doubt, that when the body sleeps the soul wakes, and is more active by far in the soul-world than the body can possibly be in the physical.

In estimating the uses of the night, we must not forget that the night, like the day, also has its abuses. Night's cloak is often the garment of deception. It is the time when good things of day begin to droop and drowse, while night's black agents to their preys do rouse. Night is also the cloak of lust. Under its shelter seduction and prostitution hold high carnival.

The day is the correspondence of external reason, intellectual perception; the night of intuition, the memory and perception of the soul. Religion, in every part of the world, passes through a succession of epochs that correspond to the day and night. Now it passes from day to night, and then from night to day. It reaches its highest perfection through the blending into one system of wisdom and love the good that is symbolized by both day and night. This is the fulfilment of the prophet's vision of the day of the Lord, when at evening time it shall be light.

The holy hush of a new eventide has already drawn its beautiful veil over the blinding glare of the day of scientific Materialism. We see in this the sure forerunner of a fresh night of mystic faith and knowledge. Soon will come again to all the innocent sleep, nature's sweet restorer, cleansing and refreshing our souls, as a warm and fragrant bath refreshes the weary body. Once more sweet and beautiful dreams re-adorn the inner chambers of the heart with precious revealings from the invisible world, quickening the mind anew enter joyfully and thankfully the home of the soul, and with faith in its own deathless energy. Once more we feel around our necks the arms and on our cheeks the sweet kisses of eternal love. Once more the stars come out and teach us that this world is related to millions of others. Once more the bride and bridegroom of reason and intuition meet in harmony and love, until all the joy bells of the soul ring out in wild, sweet melody.

Much as I value this knowledge, I have no word of condemnation to offer those who have it not. All honour to those who, finding the old dogmas of religion false, said, "Better no truth than a lie." Next to knowing what is true is knowing what is false. Even the bravest and most feared opponent of the Church in America, in standing by the open grave of a beloved brother, could say: "Hope sees a star, and listening,

love hears the rustle of a wing." As the day gives light and room to the activities that improve the material conditions of life, so those who have lost sight of other worlds have done much to better conditions in this one. Instead of singing, "O tell me no more of this world's vain show," they try to plant a few flowers of truth or justice in some waste corner of the earth.

Above the long night-watches of the world's ignorance and superstition the dispatches of Reason have kept brightly burning the torch of Thought. Such are often the brave heroes who inaugurate revolutions, storm the dungeons of the inquisition, and demolish the bastiles of tyranny. They are the hardy pioneers who have opened up new lands of knowledge and explored hitherto unknown seas of thought. What though the thunders roar, they are to them full of sweetest music. What though the lightnings blaze, they know they purify a stagnant and death-laden air. But to all such I would say, Remember the night as well as the day. I know that it seems all light about you in the clear facts of science; but remember that at night you see farther than at day. After the heat and burden of the day you need to seek relief in amusement, joy in love, and strength in sleep. If, inspired by a thirst for gain, you toil on into the night, robbing yourself of such needed refreshing, you wrong yourself. You cannot afford to deprive yourself of the blessings of the night.

Living alone in the intellect, while you fancy yourself perfectly free and tolerant, the intellect will build around you prison walls of definition that will hide from your vision many a fair field of truth and beauty. When you fancy yourself perfectly free and tolerant you will be a perfect slave and bigot. The dust of selfishness and egotism will darken the fair windows of truth, and, instead of growing, you will retrograde. I can understand anyone being ignorant of the immortal life; but I cannot understand or respect anyone who derides and ridicules any sincere confession of knowledge concerning it. The thing to be aimed at by us all is to blend the good of both day and night into one perfect whole. Because sleep is sweet and dreams are pleasant, that is no reason why we should shirk the responsibilities of the day. While plants grow by night, it is the chemistry of the sun's rays that gives them health and colour. You all know how sickly and colourless the plant is that never sees the light. If you neglect the cultivation of the intellectual life, and depend entirely upon spiritual inspiration, you will be much like a cellar plant. It is by wrestling with the storms that the oak strikes its roots deeper into the ground, and so takes a firmer hold on the earth.

In the true faith there is no need to forego the pleasures of thought, nor to refrain from partaking of any knowledge in order to remain in its Eden of peace and beauty. I know that a few have become so enamoured with this thrilling night of mystic truth and beauty that they have forsaken the practical every-day life of the world to revel in visions of the beyond. Such are as incomplete as those are who confine themselves entirely to the work of the day. We are in this world now, and cannot afford to despise it. In our



Father's house there are many mansions. This, however, is one of them. Let the eye delight in its beauty and the ear rejoice in its music. Its woods and templed hills, its rocks and rills, should be to us a sacred temple. All that geology can teach us of the formation of the rocks; all that botany can teach us of the nature and uses of plants; all that zoology can teach us of the nature and habitats of the various animals; all that anthropology can teach us of man; all that can be learned in any way of the visible life and world around us, should be welcome.

Here is now our home. Here, in our childhood, with what delight we gathered flowers in Spring or Summer, or reclined on the sweet scented grass, picked fruit in Autumn, and tossed snow or skated over the ice in Winter. How sweet the breath of Spring, laden with the perfume of flowers, with its soft kiss upon our cheeks! What joy have we felt in gazing on the purple and violet drapery of the mountains, or listening to the mystic music of the ocean's roar, while reclining on the soft sands, and dreamily watching the long waves rolling shorewards, until they comb over and break with the immeasurable laughter of the sea.

This is a Materialism bright and warm as the shining sun, the God of day. I hope we are all such Materialists. But let us be also Spiritualists. The night comes when we should turn to the stars, the light being too dim by which to see the flowers. The night wind sighs through willow and cypress bending above the graves of those who were once as dear to us as the light of our eyes. Let it be our joy and comfort to know that the dead, though dead, have never died; that life is lord of death, and love can never lose its own. If life continues beyond the grave, it is quite plain that the end of life is to become, rather than to acquire. Mere outward possession, gained by the labours of the day, cannot feed the heart and soul. The body's need is the soul's opportunity. I am thoroughly convinced that Plato was right when he taught that to him who lives naturally wisdom cometh even in the dreams of night. Many are so wedded to the day that the night can hardly make itself felt. When they wake in the morning a flash of another life dazzles them for a moment. But soon it is as though they had not slept. It is otherwise with those who cultivate intuition, the memory of the soul, and other subjective faculties. Many such live as consciously in their dreams at night as they do in the activities of the day.

Intuition is supposed by some to be simply a feminine quality. This is because they have cultivated the masculine part of their natures at the expense of the feminine. Each is male and female on the spiritual side of life. This quality of the individual has been one of the doctrines of Spiritualists in every age. The masculine is the centripetal force, the feminine the centrifugal. One is intellect, the other intuition. Through intellect we project ourselves outward into matter; through intuition we are attracted inwards into spirit.

It is as the symbol of this spiritual law that woman is, in every true spiritual age, the oracle and sibyl of

the temple of Religion. The divinest teachers of the New Illumination are women, fulfilling the ancient prophecy that, in the new heaven and earth to follow the downfall of sacerdotalism and a soulless Materialism, "the last shall be first and the first last." Woman, Temple of Love! Mother of God! Star of the Sea! Queen of Paradise! your time of victory is at hand; for thy star rules the night of love and of dreams. But this night of love is to be wedded to the wisdom of the day. The bridegroom of Reason is to be married to his bride, Intuition. Through this union of head and heart, this bridal of night and day, I behold a vision of brighter future. I see love rising, cleansed from the last strain of materiality and of lust. I see the time when children will come into this world only through the garlanded portals of love, and greeted with the joy bells of welcome. I see the time when education will be no longer the abortion that now bears that name, but made to cover all the wondrous powers of body, mind and soul. I see the time coming when Science stripped of its egotism, and Religion of its superstition, will be perfectly blended. Then the day of liberty will dawn, and, while there shall be no Religion higher than Truth, there shall still be Religion. I see the time coming when all shedding of blood shall be banished from our earth, and all shall know

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all."

I see the time coming when the soul will be as real to all as the body; when we can say to our soul, our true self:

"If mine eyes do e'er declare  
They've seen a second thing that's fair,  
Or ears that they have music found,  
Besides thy voice in any sound;  
If my taste do ever meet  
After thy kiss with aught that's sweet;  
If my abused touch allow  
Aught to be smooth or soft but thou;  
If what seasonable springs,  
Or Eastern Summer brings,  
Do my smell pervade at all  
Aught perfume but thy breath to call;  
If all my senses' objects be  
Not contracted into thee,  
And so through thee more powerful pass,  
As beams do through a burning glass;  
If all things that in Nature are  
Either soft or sweet or fair  
Be not in thee so epitomized,  
May I as worthless seem to thee  
As all but thee appear to me."

This may seem at first an extravagant statement of the claims of the soul, and yet I am sure that the time is coming when we shall so penetrate the illusions of sense to rise above the dominion and idolatry of the outer as to hold all external things as but faint symbols of the truth, love, intelligence, beauty, and substance of the soul. Emerson caught a glimpse of the soul and

(Continued to page 32)



# Selected Verse

## WAR AND PEACE

By George Chainey

Our God, supreme, supernal,  
Source of all good eternal,  
Adored as Cause of peace or war,  
As man the right doth do or mar.

Thou the chief object of our song,  
Thine the breath blowing it along;  
From Thee, the Ancient of all days  
Come Life and Truth of all our lays.

When false and cruel views of life  
Have far and wide begotten strife,  
Thou comest not to bring us peace  
But swords of Justice to release.

It is when only much good will  
Doth scourge and drive away the ill,  
That sweetest peace descends from heaven,  
To breathe through all the earth its leaven.

Standing for right against false might,  
So shall our days be calm and bright.  
We now in language known to all  
From all for joyfull praise do call.

Praise God all creatures high or low,  
Praise Him above, around, below;  
Praise Him Whose Word is sure and fast,  
Praise Him who is both first and last.

## OM SONG

By Swami Yogananda

Whence, Oh, this soundless roar doth come  
When drowseth matter's dreary drum?  
The booming Om on bliss' shore breaks;  
All heav'n, all earth, all body shakes.  
The bumble bee doth hum along,  
Baby Om, now hark ye! sings his song;  
Krishna's flute is sounding sweet,  
'Tis time the watery God to meet.

Cords bound to flesh are broken all,  
Vibrations vile do fly and fall;  
The hustling heart, the boasting breath  
No more disturb the yogi's health.  
The Gods of fire with fervor sing,  
Om, Om, their mystic harps now ring,  
God of Prana sweetly sounds  
The wondrous bell, the soul resounds.

The house is lulled in darkness soft,  
Dim, shiny light is seen aloft.  
Subconscious dreams have gone to bed,  
'Tis then that one doth hear Om's tread.  
Oh, upward climb the living tree,  
Hear now the sound of ethereal sea;  
Marching mind doth homeward hie  
To join the Christmas Symphony.

## KRISHNA AND HIS FLUTE

By Laurance Hope

Be still, my heart, and listen,  
For sweet and yet acute  
I hear the wistful music  
Of Krishna and his flute.  
Across the cool, blue evenings,  
Throughout the burning days,  
Persuasive and beguiling,  
He plays and plays and plays.

Ah, none may hear such music  
Resistant to its charms;  
The household work grows weary,  
And cold the husband's arms.  
I must arise and follow,  
To seek in vain pursuit,  
The blueness and the distance,  
The sweetness of that flute!

In linked and liquid sequence,  
The plaintive notes dissolve  
Divinely tender secrets  
That none but he can solve.  
Oh, Krishna, I am coming,  
I can no more delay.  
"My heart has flown to join thee,"  
How shall my footsteps stay?

Beloved, such thoughts have peril;  
The wish is in my mind  
That I had fired the jungle,  
And left no leaf behind—  
Burnt all bamboos to ashes,  
And made their music mute—  
To save thee from the magic  
Of Krishna and his flute.

## THANKSGIVING

By Adda Laine Morgan

I thank thee, Father,  
That in Thy Creative Hour  
Thou gave to man these words,  
"I thank thee."  
For by them man does live  
The life above the sod,  
The life of gratitude  
That reaches forth and back,  
And sees in joy his fulness gained  
Through efforts strong and virile;  
Yet contemplates Thy Presence in the midst,  
Thy loving at the core,  
Thy power at the base,  
And cries in ecstasy,  
"Father, I thank thee."



## VEDIC HYMNS



## NO. 1—TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

1. In the beginning there arose the Golden Child (Hiranya-garbha); as soon as born, he alone was the lord of all that is. He established the earth and this heaven. Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

2. He who gives breath, he who gives strength, whose command all the bright gods revere, whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death.

3. He who through his might became the sole king of the breathing and twinkling world, who governs all this, man and beast: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

4. He through whose might these snowy mountains are, and the sea, they say, with the distant river (the Rasa), he of whom these regions are indeed the two arms: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

5. He through whom the awful heaven and the earth were made fast, he through whom the ether was established, and the firmament; he who measured the air in the sky: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

6. He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by his will, look up, trembling in their mind; he over whom the risen sun shines forth: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

7. When the great waters went everywhere, holding the germ (Hiranya-garbha), and generating light, then there arose from them the (sole) breath of the gods: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

8. He who by his might looked even over the waters which held power (the germ) and generated the sacrifice (light), he who alone is God above all gods: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

9. May he not hurt us, he who is the begetter of the earth, or he the righteous, who begat the heaven: he who also begat the bright and mighty waters: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

10. Pragapati, no other than thou embraces all these created things. May that be ours which we desire when sacrificing to thee; may we be lords of wealth!

**T**HE Vedic Hymns are, supposedly, the very oldest compositions of this celestial order. They are at the very base of the vast ancient religious life of the people of India. They are of the same quality and from the same source as the Hebrew Psalms. In every great division of humanity the earliest food of the religious nature has been of this quality. The shining Cosmic Consciousness of the spiritual world, found at the very beginning of human life, some one who could see and hear these songs. They outdate the very art of writing. In all these lowest strata of history we find that these things were long taught, traditionally, and handed down for generations from lip to lip. The knowers of these Divine Songs became a priestly or mediatorial class, between the people and God. All the earliest institutions of religion are based upon such words.

Man, on the plane of nature, was too poor to start upwards without this first loan from the upper world. This was the beginning of this world's treasury of spiritual wealth. From these words came the prayers, the ritualistic and ceremonial worship of countless ages. These words are so full of energy of the mighty thought of God in the vast purposes of creation that they have satisfied the hearts and fed the minds of many generations with life and knowledge.

These Vedas are the flocks, or lowing herds, of the skies. They are the flocks of visions; the milk, or light from which gives life to man.

There was a time in our history when man was dumb, inarticulate; when only some symbolical act could express the aspiration of his being towards the higher life. This was the period of sacrifice. The people who offered sacrifice, based upon a literal meaning given to these cloudy words, had the same

intent as those who offer prayers and hymns of praise. The giving of such hymns and visions of spiritual Revelation are the sacrifices of the spiritual life, for the nourishment of the natural man; even as literal sacrifices of beasts and birds and more refined offerings of chaunted hymn and fervent prayers have been the offerings of the natural to the spiritual man. This Hymn to the Unknown God is as lofty and true to our highest conception of God as any of our Hebrew songs.

For long, each people of our earth are too much prejudiced in favor of themselves to admit the equal value of the sacred writings of another people. We do not realize our limitations until we find in our natures the unlimited and impartial life of God. These writings have been everywhere loaded down and almost buried beneath a vast mountain of historical contradictions and mere scholastic misapprehensions, as to their worth and origin. No one can know the nature of these Elder Hymns who has not found in himself the state of Consciousness that made such Revelations possible to man.

The beginning is that which is before Time. This is the Eternal. This Divine Golden Child, though represented as born, is the Eternally Begotten Son of God. He is Lord of All from the beginning, for the Father—the Unmanifest—rules by the Son—the Manifest. He, the Son, is all the mighty changing and unchanging play in countless forms of the Universal Thought and Cosmic Consciousness of God. By the Manifestation, both the heaven of Revelation and the earth of Intelligence beneath are established. For the unification of these two is the sacrifice, or gift of each to the other.

The underlying purpose of all sacrifice is through every partial expression directed towards this final and



complete expression and realization of the heavens in the earth, and of the earth in the heavens. From this power of the Manifest comes the breath or life of each spiritual state of conscious identity. From this source come all the separate Spirits, or Gods, of this heavenly state; as well as all the personalities that make up the sum of humanity. He, the Manifestation of God, is the shadow of all that is mortal, as well as the shadow of all that is immortal. In Him are the types of every state of existence. The immortal is to be fed and realized through the mortal. All the many partial and temporary states of Religion and Revelation are to find their justification in the final things to which they have been stepping-stones unto the new heavens and the new earth.

Death is the greatest of all ministers to life, and in the immortal life we shall know death as the most compassionate Angel that ever came out of the Infinite Heart of God.

The might of this state of Manifestation of God, in the realm of Conscious Being, is the cause of all the worlds of both higher and lower realization of self-existence. Out of this Manifestation of God came the snowy mountains of loftiest and purest ideals of goodness and moral excellence, as well as the vast sea and flowing river of the Cosmic Consciousness—the source of all delight and the receptacle of all hidden mysterious life.

Both the heavens and the earth are even awful in their splendor. In them is the ether—the very substance and life of God; the firmament, or bright expanse in which is division between the upper and lower consciousness, the waters above and the waters beneath.

The heavenly state of Revelation and the earthly state of Intelligence both look up, trembling, and worshipful to this One Life of God, that thrills and sustains them with its inward substance and joy of being.

In the living waters of Consciousness was planted the germ or seed of the Divine Mind. From the mingling of these two has risen Venus—Aphrodite—the foam-born, or double life of earthly and heavenly beauty and joy of life, to be the bride of Knowledge. From this love of the vast play and interchange of the manifestation of God, between Revelation and Intelligence, is to come the fruit of all desire, the salvation and completion of every promise, dear alike to the heart of man and of God.

The purpose planted in these Hymns—the very germ or seed of God—will never have fruition in us until this Unknown God in Conscious Manifestation becomes to each of us The Known.

To realize the Living Personal God there must be an absolute consciousness in Sight, Hearing and Touch of the Unmanifest in the Manifest life of the visions of God. This is the name or character of the Eternal Son of God, without which no one can be saved by knowing God in the operation of revelation with understanding. Nothing has come out of God that was not in God. To claim personality and self-consciousness and deny this to God, is to make man greater than God. This is "the abomination of desolation," to be found standing in the Holy Place at the time of the end. Here man is at once the farthest from the nearest to God. After this the return begins, through which God will be found in the Son of God, who is also Son of Man, standing in the Holy Place of the new Heavens and the new Earth.

#### NO. 2.—TO INDRA AND THE MARUTS (STORM GODS).

1. *Those who stand around him while he moves on, harness the bright red (steed); the lights in heaven shine forth.*

2. *They harness to the chariot on each side his (Indra's) two favorite boys, the brown, the bold, who can carry the hero.*

3. *Thou who createst light where there was no light, and form, O men! where there was no form, hast been born together with the dawns.*

4. *Thereupon they (the Maruts), according to their wont, assumed again the form of new-born babes, taking their sacred name.*

5. *Thou, O Indra, with the swift Maruts, who break even through the stronghold, hast found in their hiding place the bright ones (days or clouds).*

6. *The pious singers (the Maruts) have, after their own mind, shouted toward the giver of wealth, the great, the glorious (Indra).*

7. *Mayest thou (host of the Maruts) be verily seen coming together with Indra, the fearless; you are both happy-making, and of equal splendor.*

8. *With the beloved hosts of Indra, with the blameless, hasting (Maruts), the sacrificer cries aloud.*

9. *From yonder, O traveler (Indra), come hither, or from the light of heaven; the singers all yearn for it;—*

10. *Or we ask Indra for help from here, or from heaven, or from above the earth, or from the great sky.*

**T**HESE Sacred Hymns of the Hindoos are from the same source and substance as those of the Hebrews. To us they have a less familiar face. It is their strangeness that makes it difficult for us to appreciate their equal majesty and beauty. But there is in them the incorruptible element of true gold. They hold within them the Eternal Thoughts of the Ever-Living God. They are the first spendings of the heavens in exchange with the earth. That which is the most prominent in them is the heaven and the earth,

or revelation and intelligence. Indra is but another name for Michael—the Great Spirit of Revelation. He is like the Greek presentation of the same Spirit as Zeus, or Jupiter, Father of gods and men. For long this one holds the sceptre over all. The Hindoo Scriptures are full of the exploits of this Mighty Spirit. The Gods are; as well as God. In recoiling from polytheism in the name of the Unity of God, we have lost the joy and abundance of heaven's brightness. We have to learn to know God in the Many as well as in



the One. He is a Host no man can number, yet in Himself these divisions are all known as parts of one stupendous whole.

But the Might of the Spirit in the heavens would exist in vain, without adorers and capacities in man to receive and wait upon this Lordly One. These capacities in man are here called Maruts—the Storm Gods. The Divine Powers in man are born out of the storm and tempest round about His Throne.

Indra has many steeds, or degrees of intelligence. He goes forth here like the Angel in Revelation, on a red horse. Then the lights of heaven shine forth gleaming through the darkness.

The favorite horses, or states of intelligence, to be harnessed by those who wait upon Indra, are the two bays—the brown and bold. This is the boldness and daring of man's intelligence that challenges and invokes this Mighty Spirit. When this challenge is both of the head and the heart, of knowledge and life, the Hero is borne swiftly forward. Then, where there was before no light, a light shines forth brilliant and satisfying. Man finds a way, or a path of intelligence clear-shining in the hitherto dark and mysterious depths of Consciousness. Forms spring up and people the dimension that is without limit with a Mighty Host of Living Visions.

These are the dawns, the beginnings of every great era of enlightenment. Without increase of Revelation, giving food and delight to man's intelligence, there is no progress. With the help of Indra, the intelligence in man that challenges this Mighty Strength, breaks through the stronghold, the long closed door; and discovers the days or clouds, the day-spring from on high. These clouds are the allegorical visions whose milk, or inner meaning, is the only rain that makes glad and fruitful the otherwise barren earth.

The Maruts are the pious singers—those who even without Understanding first see, hear and touch these heavenly things. These, together with Indra, are the very makers of happiness and of equal splendor. Great is the Divine Giving and great is the human receiving. Those who sacrifice the form of the vision, cry aloud with the joy of Indra. All the singers of earth—all those who love harmony, invoke the coming of Revelation. They seek it in its various divisions from here, or the life of the body; from heaven—or the life of the spirit; from the earth, or mind; and from the great sky, the beauty of the soul. These four dimensions are the four rivers that water this One Garden of all Delight.

## THE BOOK OF PSALMS

### The Book of Right Divisions

#### ILLUMINATION IN LABOR

##### INTERPRETATION XII. PSALM XII.

To the chief Musician upon Sheminith, A Psalm of David:

1. Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.
2. They speak vanity every one with his neighbour; with flattering lips and with a double heart do they speak.
3. The Lord shall cut off all flattering lips, and the tongue that speaketh proud things:
4. Who have said, With our tongue will we pre-

vail; our lips are our own: who is lord over us?

5. For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.
6. The words of the Lord are pure words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.
7. Thou shalt keep them, O Lord, thou shalt preserve them from this generation for ever.
8. The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted.

**T**HIS psalm completes the first compartment in the mystic Cabinet of sacred treasure. It is dedicated to the Chief Musician—the Holy Spirit on Sheminith, the octave.

The Holy Spirit is ever the eighth or the perfect octave. Life's wholeness depends upon two great divisions of toil. Both nature and spirit must be independently justified before they can be brought together. But however perfect this separate action may be, it is only a relative perfection. It is not the great and final perfection. Man cannot be content with either alone. The day comes when the fullest natural intelligence and the fullest revelation fail alike to give content. Then will men exclaim, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children

of men." The living truths of revelation are the godly. They are like unto God in not being subject to the limitations of space or time. So long as man gives to revelation a literal and material interpretation, those who are like unto God must fail from among the children of men. "They speak vanity every one with his neighbor; with flattering lips and a double heart do they speak." The words translated, "a double heart," are literally a heart and a heart. They put one heart behind another. They illustrate divine affection with human love and then if we do not separate the form from the substance our hopes will perish and God Himself will seem to fail us. This evil has its justification in necessity. It is only in the fulfillment of the law of labor that anyone can escape from this state of decep-



tion. Unless true division is made, the very messengers of God will seem to forsake and disappoint us in the reception of truth. This is the way they serve us best. They must speak with one heart behind another. They must clothe their speech in natural raiment so that man is compelled at first to take the form for the substance. There is no other way of creation. Had the stars revealed what they are; had the rocks told their meaning in literal speech engraved upon their surface; had religion come to us perfect in revelation with intelligence from the beginning, man could have had no honor above the brutes.

Fiction hath a higher mission than fact. Revelation is the greatest of all fiction. The Divine Artist always conceals the art within the art. Nothing could be so unnatural and yet so natural. Nothing is harder for reason to believe and nothing is so hard for unreason to unbelieve. God is the great story teller of all the ages. It is of this aspect we must all cry at last, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" We must lose the God of revelation before we can find God as the Lord in the union of revelation with natural intelligence. This will be the rending of the veil between the holy place and the most holy. "The Lord shall cut off all flattering lips, and the tongue that speaketh proud things; who have said, With our tongue will we prevail; our lips are our own; who is Lord over us?" All lying shall perish. The simple facts of existence will become more entrancing than all fiction. Life in the Lord will be more glorious than was ever seen in trance or vision. "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him."

Illumination in labor must bring oppression and need to an end. Intelligence will no more be afflicted with the windy clouds of mystery. The gold of revelation will be allied to the pure silver of the understanding. "The words of the Lord are pure words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times." Each great division of the Elohim will be made level with man's comprehension. "Thou shalt keep them, O Lord, thou shalt preserve them from this generation forever. The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted." The pure sense must be preserved from a material age. The worst thing that is exalted is the outward sense or appearance elevated into the place of the spirit. Then there is wickedness on both sides. Both spirit and nature appear crooked and distorted. Things true seem false, and things false seem true. Yet out of this very condition the fire will be kindled that will purify revelation and bring it into union with intelligence. Only after this language has been truly enlightened in Labor can we open the door of humanity wide enough for the entrance of the fullness of the God-head bodily. There is no victory by word alone. The grasp of truth in the mind cannot save the world. There is no salvation without much labor to make strong and perfect our undivided life in God. There must be labor from above and from below. In all our faculties we must meet and supple-

ment the toils of the Spiritual Host. This long seems to be undesirable. It is as a root out of a dry ground. Yet on the Spirit's travail in time to perfect all things, rests the uncleanness of the heavens. Only in the perfection of the human will the perfection of the Divine shine forth.

—§—

## The Dawn Glorious

(A SACRED SONG OF HOPE)

By G. Hamilton Hammon

The dawn is clear and bright as day,  
From times of fierce contest;  
Before us hope and promise lay,  
The father's work and rest.

A tired wanderer faced the sphere  
With all its tempting hordes;  
But deeds heroic shall appear  
Where acts count more than words.

Yet great were they through trials long,  
Dear God hath marked each fall;  
Now let us sing a glorious song:  
Rejoice, rejoice ye all.

The old has changed, we sense the new  
And never need we mourn;  
O'er earth's deep gulf a soul comes through  
True wisdom's light has dawned.

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# THE SONG CELESTIAL

## "THE BOOK OF THE DISTRESS OF ARJUNA"

**T**HE SONG CELESTIAL or Bhagavadgita is an episode in the sublime Sanscrit—or Indian Epic called The Mahabharata. In length it is only one hundredth part of the whole.

This great Poem is regarded in India as the sum of all excellence. Whosoever reads it or hears it read, is promised good therefrom. It is said of it: "As the sun dispelleth the darkness so doth the Bharata by its discourses on Religion, profit, pleasure and final release dispel the ignorance of men."

This mighty Epic has for its subject material two families who are closely related to each other. These are called, the Kurus and the Pandavas. The Kurus came into existence in a strange way. A woman gives birth to a ball of flesh. This is cut into one hundred pieces, and each piece put into a jar of oil. At the expiration of a certain time these become children. They are reared by the uncle of the heirs of the kingdom. These heirs are five brothers, called Yudishthira, Bhima, Arjuna, Sahadeva and Nakula. Their father had two wives; Yudishthira, Arjuna and Bhima are by one mother, and Sahadeva and Nakula by another. While these are in their minority they are persecuted in many ways by the Kurus. They finally are given a place and become prosperous. This prosperity is, however, taken from them by Yudishthira staking the kingdom in a game of dice with Duryodhana, the eldest of the Kurus.

The five Pandavas have one wife in common, won by the superior bowmanship of Arjuna. In this loss of the kingdom she was staked also and greatly humiliated in public by Ducasena—one of the Kurus. For this Bhima vows to drink his blood on the field of battle.

The result of this match at dice is that the Pandavas must wander in the woods for twelve years, and in the thirteenth year live in a city without discovery. If this is accomplished they are to have back their kingdom. Though they fulfill the terms Duryodhana refuses to give them the least share therein. The only way they can get back their own is to fight for it. They do everything possible to avert war. They are willing to take a few small villages and leave all the rest to the Kurus. They send Krishna as ambassador to do his best. Krishna is recognized as the Incarnation of the Supreme God on each side, and yet His words of love and kindness are set aside. Each party gathers a mighty host for battle. It is seen and felt by all that only the fortune of war can decide this dispute. Krishna's help is divided. He gives to Duryodhana a large army but becomes himself simply the charioteer of Arjuna.

This is the great battle for which the two armies have gathered on the sacred plain of Kurukshetra. It is felt that this war is a part of the Divine Necessity. Nothing can persuade Duryodhana. This great king is

the influence of The Eternal apart from Time in Religion. Ducasena is the principle of mystery. The Eternal must resist our efforts to know the whole meaning of existence as long as possible. It is of the Divine Order that the Spirit in Time undergoes all possible trial and suffering for the ennobling and completion of Humanity.

These five brothers are the growth into natural consciousness of the Life of God in spirit, mind, body and soul. Bhima is spirit; Sahadeva, mind; Nakula, body; Arjuna, soul; and Yudishthira, the four realized in their perfect unity and justice. While the four are equal, the eldest—the unity of all things—is to be at the head of the kingdom.

This first chapter gives us a list of many of the names of the great leaders of both armies. As in the war between the Greeks and the Trojans, the Gods are on both sides. God is in the hiding and the seeking. He is with the earlier dark and mysterious states of Religion as well as with the latter. This is the method of the Divine Creation. Man must have large share of honor in his own creation.

Bhishma is one of the greatest warriors on the side of Duryodhana. While he loves the Pandavas he is forced to fight against them. Doing his best to defeat them he yet foresees that they will be victorious.

Bhishma is Religion—separated from the Whole of Life. The battle line shows weakest here when confronted by Bhima—Spirit. This is the conscious might of Spirit in man. It is in this strength that man feels ready for the mighty task of entering into the very Nature of God and comprehending the mystery of His Being.

This Great War is announced with the Voice of Music. The instrument of music is usually a conch or shell. This is something taken out of the water. It is the intelligence drawn out of the depths of consciousness. Krishna's shell is carved out of a "giant's bone." This has the same meaning as Golgotha—a place of a skull. This is the victory over the abstract. The Divine in the human and the human in the Divine wakes the mighty melody of Universal Knowledge made one with Cosmic Life.

Arjuna blew Indra's loud gift. This is Revelation given at last with Understanding. Bhima the Terrible—wolf-bellied Bhima—blew a long reed-conch. The reed grows both in and out of the water. This is to be in consciousness and yet also intelligent. Yudishthira—Kunti's blameless son, blew a mighty shell, "Victory's Voice." The Voice of Victory is not with spirit or body, soul or mind, but with the four held and grasped as one.

It is Yudishthira who answers all questions and saves his brothers. It is He who wins to Heaven and



rescues them from hell by refusing Heaven without them and the dog that followed Him. Life in labor and sorrow must continue until we have reached to this fourfold unity.

Nakula's conch is the "sweet-sounding." These are the low and delicate harmonies to be realized in the oneness of body and spirit.

Sahadeva's is called the "Gem-bedecked," for in him Mind is adorned with the bright and radiant beauty of the Soul.

When all these shall sound together, the last mighty conflict between Eternity and Time, on the Field of God, will be upon us. It is the "Field of God" because our last labor will be for the understanding of the human in the Divine and the expression of the Divine in the human. In this struggle we must face the necessity of the destruction of many of the earlier forms in the life of our devotion. Though these have been our tutors and the things nearest our hearts, we must behold them slain, for the world must be cleansed from everything that parts Eternity from Time, and God from man. The Heart of Goodness turns in sorrow from this task.

This is The Distress of Arjuna—causing him to say:

Krishna! as I behold, come here to shed  
 Their common blood, yon concourse of our kin,  
 My members fail, my tongue dries in my mouth,  
 A shudder thrills my body, and my hair  
 Bristles with horror; from my weak hand slips Gandiv,  
 Gandiv, the goodly bow; a fever burns  
 My skin to parching; hardly may I stand;  
 The life within me seems to swim and faint;  
 Nothing do I foresee save woe and wail!  
 Better I deem it, if my kinsmen strike,  
 To face them weaponless, and bare my breast  
 To shaft and spear, than answer blow with blow.

Those who fight in this battle must first learn its Divine Necessity. They must love the things they slay. They must have right appreciation of the former states of Religion. They must see that these are even just in the way they seek to maintain the kingdom over our hearts.

These five brothers pay honor to their foes. They seek from them permission to fight. They must strike in love and not in hate. They must do their work in deed and not in word alone. This is no war of words but facts. There must be right thinking as well as right acting.

This Distress of Arjuna is to be cured only by truly comprehending the relation of these two. There can be no perfect peace for our world until Religion includes an understanding of the whole meaning of existence together with an equally universal, all-inclusive state of consciousness. While the perfect must destroy the imperfect it is only as the fruit pushes away the blossom and the ripeness makes an end of the greenness. It is in this way that Religion will destroy the religions. They must all disappear in one universal World-Religion, wherein all mankind will live in mutual love and perfect fellowship with the One Eternal, Living, Loving God.

On the road to this goal all the partial states of

realization must fight and destroy each other. In this conflict nothing worth saving can be lost. He who knows God perfectly must know this. But on the eve of this great conflict the Vision of the Soul is not clear. Though knowing that our own joy is set fast above loss and decay, we at first fear to put forth the effort that will destroy the old forms and ways of religious devotion that have served us in other days and that still possess the sincere devotion of the many.

This is the Distress of Arjuna! We must think of Arjuna as representative of those who have fulfilled their highest moral responsibility and learned to live in sweetest soul-fellowship with the Living, Loving God. To all such God becomes a Companion, a Charioteer. He holds the reins and directs the intelligence in the path of progress and victory. These are Arjuna and Krishna. These are men's highest perfection lifted up to God's and God's, as The Unmanifest, become the Conscious Presence and Directing Agency in the lives of all who have thus exalted themselves. Wherever and whenever these two meet together there must be Victory.

But this is not the Victory of a part but of the whole. This is why the conch of Yudishthira—the Spirit of Justice—is "The Voice of Victory."

This Glorious Consummation; this perfect Harmony of Goodness and Perfection—Divine and human—is impossible until after the end of the Great Conflict between the forces of Eternity and Time. This means the destruction of many of our present ways of doing good as well as of many of our present ways of serving God. So long as any man thinks himself good and another, evil, he is not prepared for such alliance.

The perfect goodness of man cannot come until society makes itself responsible for each entity thereof. There must be a New Earth as well as a New Heaven. All must be cleansed. Nothing can be common or unclean to the Perfect Soul. Nothing that is worth saving can be destroyed. The perfect goodness of man, represented by Arjuna, must learn the whole nature of the Perfect Goodness and Law of God as represented by Krishna. The human must be lifted to the Divine and the Divine drawn out and made perfectly manifest in the human.

There is no nobler study nor greater help to be found in any source than in the right study of The Great Epics and Inspired Books of the world. Such study, however, should be for the purpose of knowing and becoming all that God has purposed in creation. One of the crucial lessons in this Great Work, on which almost everything hinges, is in the fact that Yudishthira staked his kingdom, his wealth, his brothers and their common wife in one throw of the dice. This is the challenge that we must all accept. He is pledged to this by his very nature. The true man who has grown into the Spirit of Justice must accept the challenge of Destiny. He must be ready to sacrifice all for the Truth and Right appointed of God.

While life seems long subject to chance the dice are always loaded with a predestined fate. This is the



war from which there is no discharge, until all that is improvable by Time has been drawn inwards into the Eternal and all that is by nature Eternal has been drawn outwards into Time and Visibility.

While it is Yudishthira who gambles away the kingdom it is Arjuna who won Krishna their common wife. This is the Universal or Cosmic Consciousness that can only be possessed after man has fulfilled his highest personal, moral responsibility. Arjuna is more than Soul-Goodness; he is also Universal Intelligence. He can shoot equally with the right hand and the left. This denotes intelligence in consciousness as well as consciousness in the intelligence. To bring man to this goal is the One Purpose of God in creation.

We cannot understand these great Poems and

*(The foregoing is the first chapter, and what follows the last, of a book now being prepared for publication by George Chainey.)*

### THE BOOK OF RELIGION BY DELIVERANCE AND RENUNCIATION

**T**HIS chapter gives us the final word touching man's relation to the world within and the world without. It is the law or herald of the new heavens and the earth in which righteousness shall dwell. It shows us man living and active in the world and yet not attached to, nor bound thereby. It sets forth the ultimate standard of attainment in the four great divisions of spirit, mind, body and soul.

Many have thought and taught that the most perfect life is to be found in those who have let go the outward altogether and live as though they had no part nor interest therein. This is not the teaching of Krishna—representing the Eternal Living God. Those who flee the world; who lay down its burden; who refuse to toil and bear the part therein, seeking only spiritual joy and wealth, are governed therein by passion and self-desire as much as those who neglect the spiritual life, seeking only material good. The evil of the world is not the world, but attachment thereto. This same evil is in Religion when we seek spiritual good for possession and personal pleasure. The true standard is expressed in the words:

Abstaining from attachment to the work,  
Abstaining from rewardment in the work,  
While yet one doeth it full faithfully,  
Saying, "Tis right to do!" that is "true" act  
And abstinence! Who doeth duties so,  
Unvexed if his work fail, if it succeed  
Unflattered, in his own heart justified,  
Quit of debates and doubts, his is "true" act:  
For, being in the body, none may stand  
Wholly aloof from act; yet, who abstains  
From profit of his acts is abstinent.

The world to come will be the present world, all blended with the conscious living Presence of the Mighty Host of God. In this fellowship man will not be lost in God nor will God be lost in man. In all the act of life there are five elements; the force; the agent of this force; the instrument of its execution; the especial

Revelations of the Past by the intellect alone. They are no mere fancy nor sublimated pictures, but REALITIES surpassing all we know of Reality in the objective realm.

Those who know these things are called the "Twice-born." They are born, not only from the within to the without but also from the without to the within. We come out to go in and go in to go out. In the Day of Perfection when the veil is rent, we shall live at once within and without, possessing all things of Nature and Time spiritually and eternally, and all things of Spirit and Eternity naturally and normally. Then there will be neither Jew nor Gentile; Kurus nor Pandavas; but One United Family of Heaven in Earth and Earth in Heaven, World without End.

effort and over all, God. No one lives and acts without God. Whoever fails to see and know this helping Presence has not yet found true enlightenment. Those who find in God only a greater and sub-conscious self, evolved in other lives, are still walking in the darkness. Those who work in this fellowship do what is to be done because it is right to do it, and not for the sake of any gain therein. True life of fellowship with God is its own reward.

Success or failure, praise or blame, touch not for harm those who live in God and joy to see and feel the Divine Presence within themselves. Such

See one changeless Life in all the Lives,  
And in the separate, one inseparable. . . . .  
Free from self-seeking, humble, resolute,  
Stedfast, in good or evil hap, the same.

The one great thought is that if you are sure of God, and in all you do stand aloof from selfish end and aim, seeking the good of all, you are of those who have found the end of living. There is no other joy to equal this. There is no better way than this, of the true knowledge and perfect pleasure of the Divine Presence.

In the Indian world one of the most prominent features of life is the doctrine of caste. This has become an evil because its true meaning has been lost. Only a Great Illumination revealing the inner meaning of caste will set India free in this direction. The four castes are, in truth, but the four great divisions of spirit, mind, body and soul. The Brahmins are the spiritual; the Kshatriyas, warriors (power of Mind); the Vaisyas, traders—the life of body; and the Sudras, servants—the qualities of soul. The separate states of attainment of these four is thus set forth:

A Brahman's virtues, Prince!  
Born of his nature, are serenity,  
Self-mastery, religion, purity,  
Patience, uprightness, learning, and to know  
The truth of things which be. A Kshatriya's pride,  
Born of his nature, lives in valor, fire,



Constancy, skillfulness, spirit in fight,  
And open-handedness and noble mien,  
As a lord of men. A Vaisya's task,  
Born of his nature, is to till the ground,  
Tend cattle, venture trade. A Sudra's state,  
Suiting his nature, is to minister.

Perfection consists of the right relation of these four. Pride and strength of mind must be married to lowly service; and strength of spirit and Divine Companionship give joy and freedom from harm in doing outward things.

Each division of life has its own place and proper work to do. Because it is right to work and seek material good does not make it right to forget the spiritual side. Because it is right to be strong of mind and powerful to fight for Truth, does not make it right to forget gentleness and patient service and goodness towards those who cling to the things we see as false.

The whole sum of excellence is in tempering mind with soul; soul with mind; spirit with body and body with spirit. The darkness of mind or ignorance and passion of body, or lust, are but stages in the path of progress. No one has reached the ultimate who has not drawn spirit out into body; elevated body into spirit; mind into soul; and drawn out the beautiful service of love and gentleness of the soul into perfect alliance with utmost strength of mind. Then it is:

From passions liberate, quit of the self,  
Of arrogance, impatience, anger, pride,

Freed from surroundings, quiet, lacking nought—  
Such an one grows to oneness with the Brahm;  
Such an one growing one with Brahm, serene,  
Sorrows no more, desires no more; his soul,  
Equally loving all that lives, loves well  
ME, Who have made them, and attains to ME.  
By this same love and worship doth he know  
ME as I am, how high and wonderful,  
And whatsoever deeds he doeth—fixed in ME  
As in his refuge—he hath won  
For ever and for ever by MY Grace  
Th' Eternal Rest!

To be with Brahm—Spirit—is to be always sensible of the Holy Presence of The Unmanifest. This is no mere intellectual nor philosophical concept of God. This is the realization of the very Touch upon your own outermost as well as innermost sense of the Ethereal Substance of the Ever-living God. This comes to no one by intellectual research alone. Never will search for knowledge bring you here unless you light also the lamp of inward love and heart devotion for this God of Gods. Here, on this point, Krishna says:

Nay! but once more  
Take my last word, My utmost meaning have!  
Precious thou art to Me; right well-beloved!  
Listen! I tell thee for thy comfort this.  
Give Me thy heart! adore Me! serve Me! cling  
In faith and love and reverence to Me!  
So shalt thou come to Me! I promise true,

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A CALIFORNIA STATUE OF THE BUDDHA

For thou art sweet to Me!

And let go those—

Rites and writ duties! Fly to Me alone!

Make Me thy single refuge! I will free

Thy soul from all its sins! Be of good cheer!

Here then is the ultimate and final Religion, perfect letting go of all forms of creeds, rites, and written duties; to live in even conscious touch of, and direction from, the Presence of God. There is a day to come when man will feel God as readily as he feels self and receive His direction and help as easily as the guidance of his own thought. Those who win to this must have reached a state of mental and physical poise that cannot be thrown into excitement by any external condition.

This discourse between Krishna and Arjuna is communion between the best of man and the Sacred Eternal Presence of God Unmanifest. The God is veiled in Krishna—the charioteer, because this is the manifestation of God in the Spirit of Progress.

This ideal of fellowship with God is not to be presented to those who have no faith in its possibility. Such need the lower teachings of forms of worship and written duties. It is useless to talk of such things to minds irreverent towards either spiritual or natural things. Only those who seek earnestly to know the right relation and meaning of all things of heaven and earth are ready to know and live with God. Of all who live none are so near and dear to God as those who know and love the Conscious Touch of His Living Presence.

Next to this realization comes the reading of the words that have been the fruit of man's intercourse with God; and next to the power to read comes the power to hear such words read in reverence and love for their Divine Nature. All such are approaching the death of the letter and the entrance into the eternal world of spirit and flesh made one.

The closing words are by Sanjaya—the poet who relates these High Discourses. The central fact is in the words:

And aye, when I remember, O Lord my King, again  
Arjuna and the God in talk, and all this holy strain,  
Great is My gladness; when I muse that splendor, passing speech,

Of Hari, visible and plain, there is no tongue to reach  
My marvel and My love and bliss. . . . .

This is to see God made visible in the changing lives of those who know and love and live with Him. It will shine in the brightness of the eyes; radiate from the deep inward calm; and be heard in the music of the voice coming from a body tempered and molded by the everflowing streams of the Conscious Presence of God.

It will not be possible for man who lives with God to altogether hide the results thereof. As surely as anyone finds and lives with The Unmanifest, so surely must he become a part of The Manifest in the fruit that will grow from such intercourse.

The arrows of Arjuna with which he slays the foe are the bright gleams of the splendor of Goodness when such Goodness is perfectly blended with intelligence. Arjuna shoots with equal facility with either hand. The victory of such from the guiding hand and sweet companionship of God is fixed and sure, and so we come to the last word of this Mighty Song and with the Poet's Soul cry:

O Archer Prince! all hail!  
O Krishna, Lord of Yoga! Surely there shall not fail  
Blessing, and victory, and power, for Thy most Mighty Sake,  
Where this song comes of Arjuna, and how with God he spake.

§

## A New Day

By Myra Waddell

The day is breaking o'er the hills,  
The night is fleeing sure and fast;  
The world is waking once again  
Into a new bright day at last.

The clanging of the blacksmith's tool,  
The ringing of some horse's feet,  
The world is working cheerily  
And all are doing some great feat.

The day brings million chances more,  
To find, to hope, to love again;  
To set ideals above the sun,  
To win once more renown and fame.



# DANIEL

or

## The Judgment of God

Chapter XI.

### THE DAUGHTER OF WOMEN

I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse:  
I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have  
eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk  
my wine with my milk. SOLOMON'S SONG V. 1.

Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that  
we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the

Shulamite (peaceable one)? As it were the company  
of Mahanaim (two armies).

SOLOMON'S SONG VI. 13.

And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord,  
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.

LUKE I. 46, 47.

**T**HE meaning of this chapter centers in the declaration that although the Daughter of Women shall be given to the King of the North, and he may corrupt her, she shall not stand on his side, neither be for him. The Daughter of Women is the Cosmic Consciousness and Universal Harmony of being. This is won and possessed for a time by soul excellence, but not retained thereby until that excellence includes also the best of body, mind and spirit. The life of perfect Peace and Harmony can only be found in the city that lieth foursquare. The Daughter of Women—the state of Cosmic Consciousness—is the very essence and glory of all womanhood. The supreme moment in any man's life is the thrill of love through all his being in the possession of the responsive love of the one woman he loves. Think of a Love that holds the conscious love and service of all lovely womanhood, past and present.

This vast sea of conscious love and joy is yet to be the crowning glory of every son of man; for the Son of Man will have the love and devotion of the Daughter of Mankind, for this is the very consciousness of God born of all the long travail of the Spirit in Time. All that is described here of the long conflict between the kings of the North and of the South, are the many alternations between the moral and intellectual progress of the world.

There are times when the world is visibly governed by its controlling devotion to moral ends and the great conviction that only Right makes Might. At other times the South comes to the front in the mighty form of intelligence and education in the hands of Authority, based upon the sense that Might gives Right.

There are many changes in the progress of religion. Authority oftentimes suppresses freedom. The robbers overthrow justice. These robbers are those who rob man by giving everything to God; and on the other side many rob God by giving everything to man. These often speak what is false, eating at one table. Preachers are often like lawyers who, in the trial of a case in court, seem to be the bitterest of enemies, and as soon as the court closes go away arm in arm, the best of friends, to eat at one table and laugh over their strong points made against each other.

Reference is made to a raiser of taxes who is

destroyed even without any apparent opposition. This is the idea that all religions are equally true, and that if we simply adore and praise them all we shall arrive at the goal. This mistake, however, will soon wear itself out. There is no peace for our race until we learn how to live with, and be true to God, without being false or dishonorable to self.

One of the greatest and strongest agencies of progress is, for a time, the spirit of self-reliance and combined effort for man to do for the world instead of seeking help from the living, loving God. While much is accomplished by this worship of, and dependence on, man, this becomes at last the abomination of all desolation. A rich man, with the power to help himself to everything he needs, is often worse off than the poorest.

The great Supreme Deliverance is not to come to our world through the Universal Consciousness without an equal universality of Intelligence. The separation of man without God, intoxicated with his own strength, will come to an end when the ships of Chittim—hardy adventure—come against him. These are those who bravely sail forth over the cosmic seas, until by many a discovery in the deep they come to truly know and live with God. These shall do exploits and prepare the race for the day when the life of man in God—the Daughter of Women—shall be crowned and completed with the life of God in man. What life shall be then passes all description. Then God will be actually visible, not in a spiritual life, but in perfect, healthy, deathless bodies—in life one with knowledge, and a spirit of perfect universal love and service of each in all and of all in each.

Much time has been wasted in the study to find these kings in those of history in the warring nations of mankind. But these kings are simply the Divine Spirit operating in one-sided states, until we learn to be just and face existence with equal devotion to the East of Spirit; South of Mind; West of Body and North of Soul. Then human life and nature will be like a rich and beautiful garden filled with every variety of flower and fruit. This is utterly impossible without human care, foresight and toil.

(Continued to page 32)



# THE MAN OF MEN

MAN Wise in Counsel, Like unto GOD; as Personified  
in the Odyssey of Homer; and Interpreted  
to the Understanding.

Book XII.

## THE DANGEROUS WAY OF SAFETY

**T**HE way of safety is the most full of dangers. These dangers are so many and perfect in their adaptation to life's needs, that only the spirit of man that, by long endeavor has blended the human with the Divine, will reach the goal. The Laws of God are in the very nature of all things. They are so perfect in their operation that the Divine Intent pervading them cannot fail of being the Divine Enactment. That which God has purposed must come to pass.

This chapter sets forth the nature of the last stretch of the road before the goal is won. On returning from Hades, Ulysses and his companions first give burial to the body of Elpenor. As before explained, Elpenor is the same as Judas—Desire. He lost his life by want of care in descending downwards. We must know how to come down from heavenly heights. The desire that is over hasty to gain the desired end must perish. We must learn to be true to Time as well as to Eternity.

The full perfection of God cannot be revealed save in the fulness of Time. But the ardent o'er-hasty quality of Desire has its worth. It is the one thing that betrays us to the supreme toil and pain to know and possess all that can be known and possessed. Though outliving this quality of Desire and learning to be Divinely patient, we must, nevertheless, give honorable burial and remembrance to the ardent impatient spirit of youth.

Ulysses and his men are greeted as those who have died twice, while other men die but once. Here death is only spoken of symbolically. All who enter the spiritual life die in consciousness to the world or materialistic life. But those who go down into the Understanding of all things, die to the separation between the visible and invisible states. Each exists in and pervades the other. This visit, however, to Hades, is only the beginning of this dual life. This also is born as a child and must pass through the period of growth from infancy to maturity.

Circe—the Divine Goddess possessing human speech—unfolds to Ulysses the nature of the dangerous way of safety. The dangers are three. The Sirens, the narrow way between Scylla and Charybdis, and the oxen of the sun in the Trinacrian Island. The first is the Sirens. These are three. They are the fascinations of the Consciousness of the Divine without Under-

standing. These three are sometimes called Eumenides or Fates; at others, Harpies, or those who snatch away; and at others, Gorgons or Furies. This is because our captivity differs in spirit and body, soul and mind.

The life of Sight, Hearing and Touch in the body of Divine Things is not given for our pleasure alone. Having gained this way to God, we must make it subject to our understanding and greatest service for the good of all. The Sirens are represented in Art as having the heads of women, but the bodies of birds. They are the heavenly in Consciousness without Understanding. So long as we give ourselves up to this state without trying to understand and embody the sense of the vision, we fall short of the goal and purpose of God in our Creation.

Man must be prepared against this danger by Circe. Circe is the full vision of the whole meaning and possibility of life. This includes a perfect place and activity in the material state and world as well as in the spiritual. The danger of the Sirens is only to ignorance and unpreparedness. "Whosoever through ignorance has approached and heard the voice of the Sirens, by no means do his wife and infant children stand near him when he returns home, nor do they rejoice. But the Sirens, sitting in a meadow, soothe him with a shrill song, and around there is a large heap of bones of men rotting, the skins waste away round about." The wife and children thus betrayed are the consciousness and the increase of the Divineness of the human as well as the Humaneness of the Divine. Life is to be as beautiful and perfect without as it is within. Without the recognition of our obligation to be as beautiful without as within, we can never live up to this standard.

Proof against the danger of the Sirens is found in preparedness. Ulysses must close the ears of his companions against the attraction; and while listening himself, must have made it impossible, through a difficult bond, to be made captive. Should he desire to yield, this very desire must but strengthen the bond that holds him in the Way of Safety.

Character is destiny. The habits of resistance to temptation become a stronger force than temptation. The power to resist must thus be developed before the great danger is met. The long toil to understand and do the right is deaf to the voice of the enchantress.





THE KINE OF HELIOS

If our desires rise up against these habits of perseverance they but strengthen the bond they have thrown around us. Nothing but perfect sincerity and long faithfulness to know and to do all that God requires, can render any one proof against this allurements.

The tradition concerning the Sirens is that they will destroy men until some one comes and sails by them without stopping his ship. This is Ulysses forewarned by Circe—the Perfect Vision with Understanding. The heavenly, beautiful things must, in the very nature of things, overwhelm our intelligence with their mystery, until we have, by our understanding, cleansed away the mystery thereof.

Beautiful as consciousness may be, it is not wholly beautiful until it is married to an equal intelligence. There is no perfect marriage where the woman governs the man any more than where the man governs the woman. The perfect unions yet to come will be of men who are also women in nature, and of women who possess the excellence of manliness. So the Perfect Life will include an intelligent consciousness married to a conscious intelligence.

These Sirens are not wholly beautiful. A wholly feminine or female woman is never found perfect when closely examined. The most beautiful face without great intelligence falls short even in beauty of the perfect standard. The most beautiful Vision, clothed in mystery, is imperfect. We must, by patient perseverance in seeking to understand this Mighty Speech of God, cleanse the heavens themselves and so make our captivity captive. Only thus will all the wealth of existence be ours.

In the Perfect World there will be no more strife between the stored up capital of the heavens and the labor of the earth. The perfect social relations and ideal natural conditions that are so earnestly sought after in many ways, by the insistence of apparently conflicting interests, will never fall into harmony, save by those who are fast bound and yet perfectly free, because these bonds are of their own imposing. The only bond that will ever bind the heavens to the chariot of human progress, will be the product of man's free selection to understand and live up to the full Purpose of God in Creation. Those who make this choice must be able to keep this goal before them against every inducement to turn either to the right hand or to the left.

In this Great Temptation we must be guarded by long previous habit of recognition and faithful loyalty to every natural and human obligation. While a bad habit is the worst of all things, a good one is the best of friends. Habit, in the highest sense, is Divine. God's habits—or way of doing things—are fixed and Eternal. This does not shut out variety and change; but change can be only enjoyed fully when it is fast bound to the unchanging. In all the great essentials and true ways of life, man must become like God without variableness or shadow of turning.

To go down to Hades in the West, a land beyond the sunset of Cimmerian darkness, and then to return to the place of sunrise, is to comprehend the nature of the hitherto undiscovered mystery of the life of the body in its perfect relation and correspondence to the life of the Spirit. Many die to the superstitions of



Religion and then fall into the equally grave superstitions or ignorances of materialistic science. Those who go down to Hades and return in safety, will be proof against both of these one-sided states. Of all who make this descent, only Ulysses represents the state of intelligent self-consciousness that has learned the law of relationship between spirit and body.

This Dangerous Way of Safety leads next through a narrow pass, between two lofty rocks, called Scylla and Charybdis. On the right side facing the West, is Scylla, and on the left, facing the East, is Charybdis. The blessed Gods called them the Wanderers. They are the Wanderers because they are most enduring of all the great forces that touch our lives. You who have studied the Niebelung Ring will remember that Wotan calls himself the Wanderer, and that the oldest, wisest and most enduring Mother of all, is Erda—the Earth Mother. Wotan is Revelation, and Erda, Understanding. One of the rocks reaches the wide heaven with its sharp top, and a dark gray cloud surrounds it: this indeed never withdraws, nor does a clear sky ever possess its top, either in the summer or in the autumn. No mortal, even though he had twenty hands and feet, could ever ascend or descend it.

Nothing perishable, corrupt nor mortal, can scale this Rock of the Eternal Substance, and pass the Veil that hides the Face of God. Before any man can do this, his thought must have reached to the Eternal Things brought forth into Time, and the things of Time lifted up into the Eternal. In this Rock in which Scylla dwells, shrieking out terribly, her voice is as of a new-born whelp. A dog is representative of Time; and she is the Eternal Consciousness born into Time, but not perfected therein. She has twelve slender feet, and six heads on very long necks; and in each head are three rows of terrible teeth, full of black death. The feet are twelve, because of the twelve divisions. They are small and slender, because there has been no growth nor development of the Understanding.

The neck is representative of Law, and the perfect understanding of the Law of Existence is the slowest of all things in its development. Though Mercury—the Understanding—is swift footed, he is the son of Maya—the illusory, changing mystery of the form of Revelation. In the Hebrew Scriptures the Understanding is represented by Joshua, the Son of Nun—continuation. The Lyre with which Mercury charms the Gods and men, is made of the hollow shell of the slow-going mountain tortoise. There are three rows of teeth, an unequal division. These will destroy all that passes between them, until the division below shall be equal to that of the above. The fourth division is the work of Time. The size and strength of the Understanding is gained only by much exercise of the faculty.

She feeds on fish, representative of hidden life; and on such men as she can snatch, six at the time, from passing ships. She takes the best in their hands and strength. The consciousness of life increases by those who have the faculty and strength to reveal.

This is a necessary evil. So long as man remains uncreated, this evil must endure. Revelation in Consciousness must be kept alive, until it shall be perfectly balanced with an equal Understanding.

All who can reveal things, but have not yet gained understanding, will be food for Scylla. This, in appearance, is the most dreadful thing seen by Ulysses in all his journeying on the sea. As the Way of Safety is the way of greatest danger, so is the greatest evil, in appearance, the preparation for the greatest good.

The vastness of the mystery of Revelation is the greatness of the Cup necessary for the full joy of existence. The most dreadful thing any human being can witness in our world is the awful evil of insanity. The highest power of the poet and of the inspired seer, has always been akin to madness. This must be until the old heavens of mystery roll away, and the new heaven of righteousness, because of Understanding, shall be ushered in.

Ulysses thinks to oppose this evil by force, though warned against doing so by Divine Circe. She is not indeed mortal, but is an immortal evil, terrible and fierce, not to be fought with. It is better, however, to draw near to her, terrible as she is, and to lose six men, than to lose the ship of life and all on board, in the terrible whirlpool of Charybdis. This rock is lower and on it grows a large wild fig tree, flourishing with leaves, under which Charybdis sinks in black water. Thrice in a day she sucks it in, and thrice she sends it out. The greatest danger is when she is gulping it.

This is the danger of confounding between God and man. To lose the Divine in self is worse than to lose yourself in God. We must gain the realization of the Divinity of our own Conscious Being, without losing the recognition and companionship of the Self-hood of the Living, Loving God.

This passage of Scylla and Charybdis, in safety, is the escape from this twofold danger. We must become possessed, and even obsessed, of God, without loss of reason and self-consciousness. This is the Mighty Thing and Good to be achieved by this necessary evil. We must also nourish our inner being with Divine Life and Power until we are prepared for fellowship with God, without the loss of our integrity and moral responsibility.

We must save the equal ship, rowed on both sides. We must fulfill the great Purpose of God in Creation. We must learn to look on these Mighty Operations of creative energy in the heights and in the depths, with equal interest and fearless confidence in the Love and Wisdom of all the ways of God. Of these rocks a strange but beautiful word is spoken: Of the timid doves that carry ambrosia to Father Jove, the smooth rock always takes away some of them, but the father sends another to make up the number. This is only an apparent evil.

The message of peace from heaven to earth cannot be lost. When the moral life is absent from any state



of intelligent conscious life, the only cure is death. Death is as beautiful as life. So long as it lasts, it is a new beginning under better chances of success. The unfriendly conditions of life that many regard as evil, are but the necessary conditions for the production of the good. However evil any state may seem, it is only a state of preparation for some ultimate good.

Death in the physical world is quickly followed by a new beginning; so death, in the realm of ideas and states of consciousness, is quickly followed by new beginnings under more favorable conditions. The thing we need to know is the perfect Law and perfect Wholeness, both within and without, to which all life is absolutely pre-ordained to reach.

The heavens and the earth, Revelation and Understanding, are surely drawing nearer to each other. When each shall possess and serve the other then there will be no more a Scylla nor a Charybdis; but one peaceful, happy stream of the Divine and the human, each flowing harmoniously through the other. On this stream there will be no galley with oars. The terrible adventures and voyages of discovery into the unknown will be at an end. The worship of The Unknown God will have given place to the worship of The Known God, in sweetest love and fellowship between man in God and God in man.

The third great danger in this Way of Safety is in the Trinacrian Island. This island is representative of the heavens and the earth and their united operation. This is Wisdom. By this Wisdom all things have been made. The three great dangers in this portion of the journey of the Divine Man, correspond with Desire, Labor and Illumination. It is Desire that makes us captive to the Siren Song of Mystery. Only persevering labor can carry us past Scylla and Charybdis. The physical sun that illumines the wide heavens, passing through the starry heavens, is the correspondent of the Sun of Divine Illumination.

Phoebus Apollo—the Spirit of Wisdom—is the driver of the horses and the chariot of the Sun through the heavens. It is Wisdom that directs the way of Illumination through all the vast domain of Revelation. The number of Wisdom is Seven. Hence there are seven herds of beautiful black oxen, with wide foreheads, and seven beautiful flocks of fat sheep. In each herd of oxen and flock of sheep, the number is fifty. This makes three hundred and fifty of each kind, and seven hundred in all.

The black oxen with the wide foreheads represent Knowledge with Goodness, and the fat sheep, Soul Goodness with Knowledge. It is said of these oxen and sheep that there is no increase. The nature of true Wisdom is unchanging. Wisdom is of old. Its Nature is Eternal as the very Nature of God. It is a perfect balance between Knowledge in Life and Life in Knowledge. The Number and Day of Wisdom is the Seventh, or Sabbath, because this is the Eternal Repose of God. The rest that remains to the people of God is the time to come when all material and spiritual values shall be

equalized. This is the day in the night and the night in the day. Action is filled with repose and repose with action.

This relation of the material and the spiritual is the home and rest that Ulysses is seeking. If we can reach this balance of Knowledge and Life in Divine Illumination, the goal is won. If, however, we destroy this balance by living far in advance of knowing, or seeking to know more than to live, still other toils and griefs lie before us. The true spirit of endurance has no part in this act, and yet, because his companions perish, Ulysses must return late and in misfortune. He warns his companions concerning this danger, not once, but often. He exacts from them an oath to refrain from any act of destruction of these oxen or sheep. But they are confined to the Island until all the food given by Circe is consumed. Only the South and East wind blow. This is the breath of Spirit in Spirit and

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Mind. These winds give more Knowledge than Life, and lead to a trespass against life.

This is brought about by the counsels of Eurolychus. He it was who escaped from being enchanted by Circe. He is closely related to Ulysses and is representative of Love in Spirit and Discernment in Mind. He prefers to die gaping in the wave of consciousness, than to slowly starve to death for lack of Knowledge—the food of Life. Thus, in the absence of Ulysses, who is seeking the way of escape from the Gods, he persuades his companions to appropriate the best of the oxen of the Sun. This is seeking to know things in advance and excess of our power to live them. When we do this, we cultivate the marvellous and occult.

Strange and mysterious things take place beyond our understanding of the law. There is, for many, a strange fascination in anything marvellous. Though the skins crawled and the flesh lowed on the spits, and there was a voice as of oxen around, they continued still to slay and feast. Thus many continue to seek hidden knowledge and occult things, in advance of Understanding and Life.

The companions of Ulysses are predestined to perish. They are our earlier states of Knowledge and Life; through the loss of which we win the final goal. The true spirit in man will persevere through all loss and change. For his companions Ulysses strives in vain to forewarn and save them. They are of the many called, but not of the few chosen. In the end there must be a perfect unity of action between all our powers. When this Harmony is reached there will be no breaking in and no breaking out. It will then be as natural to live in the vast depths of the Divine Consciousness as it is to live in the objective world.

When all his companions are drowned, Ulysses is saved by clinging to the keel of the ship after the side planks are all blown away. He is thus driven back past Charybdis and Scylla. He saves himself from being gulped by Charybdis, by clinging to the branches of the wild fig tree over-shadowing the rock. Though the keel is sucked in with the wave, it returns to him late, at the moment his strength is exhausted, so that instead of falling into the water he falls upon the keel and escapes destruction. The wild fig is representative of the Understanding given by God to those who seek faithfully to know the Eternal Things and their true relation to the things of Time. The cultivated fig is the understanding of Eternal Things married to their utmost culture in Time. The fruit of the fig is ever the symbol of the Understanding. Some of the leaves from this wild fig were the first clothing of our natural intelligence and consciousness, represented by Adam and Eve, who made for themselves aprons of fig leaves after they had discovered their nakedness by eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.

After this Ulysses finds safety and refreshing on the Island of Calypso. All this has been told before. Things that are well done do not need to be repeated. Calypso—the Calyx—is the power that holds things in concealment until the time for their manifestation has fully come. While it is destined that Ulysses shall reach his home after many toils and griefs, it is equally destined that those states in Truth that are not final, shall fall by the way.

Man will persevere until the end. The oxen of the Sun do not really perish. Their voice remains when the form has been slain. There is really no increase and no loss. The system of things is Eternal. Scripture has no private interpretation. All success depends upon our discovery and embodiment of the Eternal Law.

Those who in Illumination confound the symbol and the thing signified, will learn Wisdom in the failure of their expectations. When the Might of the Spirit agitates the waters and the white lightnings of Divine Illumination flash around, only Right Understanding and Pure Devotion to a Living God can live in the waters of a Divine Consciousness. Just as there is a Final and Eternal Meaning to Revelation, so there must be a fixed and Eternal way of living the good life upon earth. We have yet to learn the laws and forms of natural life that are absolutely in keeping with Soul-goodness and Perfect Justice.

Now our laws, in their administration, are continually made to defeat the true spirit of equity and justice. We must organize the administration of society in perfect correspondence with the Divine Nature of Goodness. There is no perfect home coming for any one so long as we do harm to the herds and flocks of Apollo—the Spirit of Wisdom.

In the Perfect Life we must know and live in just relations to every interest of spirit and body; soul and mind; the heavens and the earth, in their united and harmonious relations.

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# TALKS TO THE YOUNG FOLK

By EDITH F. SUTTON

**M**Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Again Christmas has come around to speak to us about the never ending subject of the CHRIST-LIFE, and so The World Liberator joins in wishing you all a very blessed season, and hopes you will, one and all, have reason to remember this Christmas as having brought to your hearts some great Truth concerning the "CHRIST-CHILD" and what it means to you. In St. Luke's gospel are the words ". . . That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Now consider that it is not quite the usual way to speak of a person as a 'thing'; but when we read that that thing shall be called the 'Son of God', we naturally ask ourselves 'What then is this Son of God, called a thing?' A thing is impersonal, and the greatest impersonal gift of God is, to us, the Divine Understanding. The mother of this wonderful thing is Mary, the Divine Consciousness, for through MARY alone can God come to us in such a way that we shall be called the Son of God.

To be the Son of God is to be 'GOD-LIKE.' God is our example, and when He is born in our hearts, through Mary, the Divine Consciousness, we are on our way to be worthy of being called the Son of God. Let us all this season which we call Christmas, think out what we can do to be a little more like the Son of God. Jesus is the name given to us as the one belonging to that Child. Jesus means "Understanding," so we had better try to understand the God we try to follow.

For instance, can you imagine God slaughtering animals for the support of the bodily life of His children? When we do this we are not 'God-like', are we? Are we God-like when we say things which we really know are not true? Is God a liar? Then, dear children, avoid a LIE. It is not Godlike. Many other things I could mention, but I think it best for you to search out for yourselves how to be the Son of God.

Through Jesus we gain salvation, for only through Understanding can we arrive towards perfection.

Now please do not think for a moment that the Hebrew Bible has the monopoly of Divine Teachings. There are many Bibles in this world quite as good as the Bible with which we are so familiar. In fact, other Bibles contain every teaching that we find in ours. There are many Scriptures, but my space will not allow me to mention them all; so I will bring your attention to the Great Indian Epic called The Mahabharata, which, more than anything else, unites the people of India who belong to the Hindoo Society. It is a mine of anecdotes and stories of heroes and their relations with men and gods. This book, like the Bible, can not be taken literally. Every Bible is written in symbology, and only those who truly "Search the Scriptures with Understanding" can grasp any of its true meaning.

This wonderful Bible of India ante-dates the Christian Bible by many many years. Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia", would be a very good book for you young people to start reading, just as a feeler of the beautiful Spirit of India. And yet we have the conceit to take our Bible to India to teach "the heathen" Divine Knowledge. We have yet to learn that we must first cleanse ourselves of heathendom before we attempt to teach those who know more than we do.

—§—

## CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR

These two come so near to each other that it is well to speak of them as near of kin. Christmas tells of the birth of the CHRISTCHILD and the NEW YEAR the result of that birth in our hearts. Each day of the New Year should remind us of the birth of the Child Jesus and of our responsibility to keep that Child alive through the whole year.

Alfred Tennyson wrote in his Great Poem "In Memoriam" of some of the ills which we should discard, and of the Good that we should invite and retain in our lives. I quote some of the verses.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;  
Ring happy bells across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

A mother was asked by her little boy "Who is the Christ that is to be?" The mother replied, "The Son of God, my child!" The boy gazed up into his mother's face and whispered: "Have you ever seen the Son of God, Mother darling?" With her hand gently



laid on her dear child's head, she replied, "Yes, indeed, 'tis you yourself, my boy".

—§—

### TRUE STORIES OF INSECT, REPTILE AND ANIMAL

These three stories are given here to demonstrate the wonderful thinking capacity of the, so-called, lower creative life. It has been affirmed that animals and the lower forms of life have only instinct to guide them and no reasoning power. The three stories about to be related will open up to us the fact that the thinking capacity is as keen comparatively in our elementary brethren as in ourselves.

#### Story of the Insect

When living in Jerusalem, many years ago, I happened to open the rear door of our home looking on the back yard. Seeing a large number of ants outside, I was about to take the broom and sweep them all away. But on looking more intently I noticed, what seemed to me, something strange. There appeared to be great excitement going on, and on examining the cause I saw two large companies, as it were, of ants. One was of very large ants; the other, quite small ones. Between the two I saw one large ant being dragged towards the "small ant army" by three or four tiny ants. They stopped at what I supposed was the place where the judge was; for it seemed to me that the big ant had done something for which it had to receive sentence. Well! I watched closely and silently so as not to disturb what was going on. In a few moments fresh excitement arose, and several tiny ants joined the few already on the big ant; they all took part in dragging the big prisoner to the place of execution, for the verdict had evidently gone forth that he must die. It took but a few seconds for the ants to sting their prisoner to death. This being done to their satisfaction all the ants, big and little, retired to their homes and the poor little dead ant alone remained for my broom. None of the big ants seemed to resent the verdict, for probably they realized the justice of it.

#### Story of the Reptile

This story also dates from Jerusalem. When living there we had two Arab servants, both fine men. The elder looked upon himself as greatly honored to be the servant of an English gentleman, who, by the way, was none other than our esteemed editor and publisher of this magazine, the World Liberator. This Arab was a man of integrity, and we never once had occasion to doubt his word. He was tall, fine built, and looked particularly interesting in his Arab costume. The other man was much younger but equally fine and more alive to fun than his elder companion. Both men were devoted to their master and to the entire family. It was the elder man who told his master the following story about a big poisonous snake.

He said that once they came across a snake's nest, and on creeping silently found some eggs. The younger

man for fun took those eggs away and hid them, just to see what mother snake would do. What do you think she did? She came to the house where the men lived and found a small barrel of drinking water on the ground. She only wanted revenge, and planned it. She crept to the barrel; reared herself up and spat out every bit of venom she could get right into the drinking water, knowing it would kill all who drank from it.

The younger Arab then quickly returned to the empty nest and replaced the stolen eggs. Poor sad

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mother snake made one more journey to her empty home, when, lo! the eggs were there! She again thought earnestly as to her next step. She decided to undo the revenge act, and quickly and silently she crept to the poisoned water in the bucket; twisted herself three times around the bucket and spilled every drop of water. She then returned to her eggs and was happy.

We have no reason to disbelieve this story.

#### Story of the Animal

This story is also true, and will show you that animals think and plan, and have faculties that many learned people do not accredit them. One day, many years ago, my sister and I, with other friends, visited the Zoological Gardens in London. My sister happened to be attracted to what seemed to be a very dirty looking animal. It was the Llama! Now she was quite young and had not learned to respect animals and show them kindness. So she said aloud, "You the Llama! You dirty, horrid looking beast. So my dresses are made from that disgusting looking fur of yours! Ugh!" And truth to say she certainly looked all the disgust she felt.

So Mr. Llama thought out a plan for revenge. He doubtless laughed to himself when he saw my sister continue on her way, for he knew something that she did not know. He knew that there was no outlet on the side where she was going, and that she would be forced to return the way she entered. So our friend, the llama, chewed up everything he could find in his cage. Did he swallow it? No, he had a better purpose to put it to, and waited. When my sister again passed his cage she had forgotten all about his rudeness, but Mr. Llama did not forget, but when she was right in front of him he spued out all the chewed stuff from his mouth right over her hat and down her neck!

My sister, who was really a very noble girl and believed in justice, simply looked up, remembered how she had abused the innocent animal, and simply said, as she took her handkerchief and cleaned her hat and neck as well as she could under the trying conditions, "I deserved it!"

So now, dear children, when anyone asks you if you think that insects, reptiles and animals have any intelligence, please say "Yes."

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## From the Gold Coast

MY Dear Dr. Chainey: I wish to express my sincere appreciation of your wonderful book, placed in my hand today. I feel that it is the most useful and beneficial reading anyone can take up as a help in his spiritual unfoldment, as well as social and loving life. I can truthfully say that this book places itself above all the rare and common books I have ever owned from various authors.

The truth of the principles you expound in this book are self-evident and as marvelous. It must be tuned to receive the vibrations of life and power constantly issuing from the Universal Mind. Consciousness develops greater consciousness by tuning the mind to more perfect harmony with the Universal Mind which pervades all.

Your book tells the world how to receive the intelligence of the Divine Mind which is all knowing, all power, and present everywhere. It gives the individual the formula for tuning the mind in harmony with the Mind of the Creator and by acquiring this knowledge one can overcome all barriers to success, happiness and property.

I have studied philosophy, ancient and modern: you have synthesized the wisdom of the East and West and given it in a manner so logical and penetrating that by its aid one is able to distinguish wisdom from sophistry, truth from delusion, spiritual expression from psychic vagaries and the sublime operations of spiritual insight and intuition from deceptive visions and false revelations. Again I have studied the Mysteries, and still studying from the great Teachers whose message has been of universal import and transcendental significance, but I have found your works and books to be free from any craving for sensational phenomena, imposition of the credulous or material occultism. You seek the deeper mysteries of mind and soul, rather than those of the astral realms or material. You are awakening the dormant

higher mind and making a clear way to the inner sanctuary.

EGYIR BENYARKU.

Winneba, Gold Coast Colony, Africa.

\*\*\*\*\*

## A New Friend in India

DEAR Sir: The sample copy of The World Liberator has duly arrived. May I request you to accept my cordial thanks for the kindness you have shown to me. My heart, oh, gracious sir, leaps up with joy to find in you a man—in the true sense of the term—who cherishes in the heart of his hearts, the desire of seeing the maxim, "Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man," really exemplified in every life. The Orientals and the Occidentals—all intermingled into one great race! Love and peace, sincerity and fraternity—dominating every soul! And the one God of love—loved and worshipped by one and all!

May the auspicious moment come! May every heart ring with the thrilling note of peace—man and woman, Orient and Occident alike! May you, my dear sir, live long to have your desires fully satisfied—to see the Kingdom of God established on earth!

Would you be graciously pleased to recognize me as a subscriber of The World Liberator?

KALIRANJAN BHATTA CHARYYA.  
Kangal-Kutir, Kukichera, Assam, India.

\*\*\*\*\*

## "Deus Homo" Pleases

DEAR Sir: We are obliged by your kind letter, followed by a copy of the book, "Deus Homo" for review in the Practical Medicine, and back numbers of The World Liberator.

Our editor is very much pleased both with your monthly and the book. We have placed this paper on the exchange list of our journal and in order to insure regular exchange, we request you to please put the Practical Medicine on the mailing list of your World Liberator.

Regret, there is published no such list of progressive men and women in India that we could send you, but we would like to suggest that should you insert a small piece of advertisement re your monthly in the Practical Medicine in exchange of ours in your World Liberator, you will soon know many persons of the kind you are seeking, as most of our readers are interested in philosophic and religious teachings.

With every good wish for you and your mission work, we remain,

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\*\*\*\*\*

## For Universal Love

BELOVED Brother: We take the liberty to introduce ourselves with great joy to you through this letter. Our Santi Asram and Santi Mission have been started by our brother Swami Omkar some time back as 1917 to create Universal Love and establish harmony and peace throughout the world. The work has been progressing slowly and satisfactorily by the strenuous efforts of the founder, Swami Omkar. A branch of our asram was opened in Philadelphia. Our Swamijee has now gone to America to propagate the work and establish new centers. We have a printing press, a post office, a library, and a school. The asram conducts two monthly journals, one in English, "Peace," and the other in vernacular. Your journal will be of immense use to our library, and to our inmates and bramacharins. We shall therefore be highly obliged if you will kindly include our name in the list of your subscribers for exchange. On hearing from you we shall register your name in our books.

With oceans of love, and thanking you in anticipation,

RAJESWARANDA,  
Editor, "Peace" and "Santi."  
Sri Santi Asram, Totapalli Hills,  
East Godavari, India.

## THROUGH DAY TO NIGHT AND NIGHT TO DAY

(Continued from page 12)

its oneness with all souls. No wonder he exclaimed:

"If but one hero knew it,  
The world would blush in flame;  
The sage, till he hit the secret,  
Would hang his head in shame.  
Our brothers have not read it,  
Not one has found the key,  
And henceforth we are comforted—  
We are but such as they."

But we are nearer the solution of the problem by a good deal than the world was in the days of Emerson. For some,

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund Day  
Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

Through the supernal night they have passed to a brighter, clearer day—a day in which both wisdom and love are perfectly blended. We have felt and known the soul's breath, so light upon the eyelids, and the

fingers warm among the hair. We have learned at last to know our true self as immortal and divine, and to deny the dominion and power of the lower self; and the light is no longer with brightness nor with gloom; for we have come to the day of the Lord—that is, of the soul illumined by its own spirit, when it is not day and not night.

## DANIEL OR THE JUDGMENT OF GOD

(Continued from page 23)

We must eat our honey with our honeycomb. The real sweetness of life cannot be gathered until the six-sided cells of the honeycomb have been built for its reception.

The wine of Revelation is intoxicating unless it is drunk with the milk of Understanding, drawn from the four divisions of the United Whole.

The Shulamite or peaceable one of the great Peace the world is now praying for, is compared to the company of Mahanaim—the two hosts of the world without in happy alliance with the world within.



## RABINDRINATH TAGORE

(Continued from page 7)

And thus to expand gradually the consciousness of one's unity with all is the striving of humanity."

\* \* \* \*

"The Infinite in India was not a thin nonentity, void of all content. The Rishis of India asserted emphatically, 'To know him in this life is to be true; not to know him in this life is the desolation of death.' How to know him then? 'By realising him in each and all.' Not only in nature but in the family, in society, and in the state; the more we realise the World-consciousness in all, the better for us. Failing to realise it, we turn our faces to destruction."

\* \* \* \*

"Everything has sprung from immortal life and is vibrating with life, for life is immense.

"This is the noble heritage from our forefathers waiting to be claimed by us as our own, this ideal of the supreme freedom of consciousness. It is not merely intellectual or emotional, it has an ethical basis, and it must be translated into action. In the Upanishad it is said, The supreme being is all-pervading, therefore he is the inner good in all. To be truly united in knowledge, in love and service with all beings, and service with all beings, and thus to realise one's self in the all-pervading God is the essence of goodness.

"This principle of unity which man has in his soul is ever active, establishing relations far and wide through literature, art, and science, society, statecraft and religion. Our great Revealers are they who make manifest the true meaning of the soul by giving up self for the love of mankind. They face calumny and persecution, deprivation and death in their service of love. They live the life of the soul, not of the self, and thus they prove to us the ultimate truth of humanity. We call them Mahatmas, 'the men of the great soul'.

\* \* \* \*

"The key to cosmic consciousness, to God-consciousness, is in the consciousness of the soul. To know our soul apart from the self is the first step towards the realisation of the supreme deliverance. We must know with absolute certainty that essentially we are spirit. This we can do by winning mastery over self, by rising above all pride and greed and fear, by knowing that worldly losses and physical death can take nothing away from the truth and the greatness of the soul.

"The Upanishads say with great emphasis, Know thou the One, the Soul. It is the bridge leading to the immortal being.

"This is the ultimate end of man, to find the One which is in him; which is his truth, which is his soul; the key with which he opens the gate of the spiritual life, the heavenly kingdom. His desires are many, and madly they run after the varied objects of the world, for therein they have their life and fulfillment. But that which is One in him is ever seeking for unity—unity in knowledge, unity in love, unity in purposes

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of will; its highest joy is when it reaches the infinite one within its eternal unity. Hence the saying of the Upanishad, Only those of tranquil minds, and none else, can attain abiding joy, by realising within their souls the Being who manifests one essence in a multiplicity of forms."

"The deepest and the most earnest prayer that has ever risen from the human heart has been uttered in our ancient tongue: O thou self-revealing one, reveal thyself in me. We are in misery because we are creatures of self—the self that is unyielding and narrow, that reflects no light, that is blind to the infinite. Our self is loud with its own discordant clamour—it is not the tuned harp whose chords vibrate with the music of the eternal. Sighs of discontent and weariness of failure, idle regrets of the past and anxieties for the future are troubling our shallow hearts because we have not found our souls, and the self-revealing spirit has not been manifest within us. Hence our cry, O thou awful one, save me with thy smile of grace ever and evermore."

"Man's cry is to reach his fullest expression. It is this desire for self-expression that leads him to seek wealth and power. But he has to discover that accumulation is not realisation. It is the inner light that reveals him, not outer things. When this light is higher, then in a moment he knows that Man's highest revelation is God's own revelation in him. And his cry is for this—the manifestation of his soul, which is the manifestation of God in his soul. Man becomes perfect man, he attains his fullest expression, when his soul realises itself in the Infinite being who is Avih whose very essence is expression."

"He whose spirit has been made one with God stands before man as the supreme flower of humanity. There man finds in truth what he is; for there the Avih is revealed to him in the soul of man as the most perfect revelation for him of God; for there we see the union of the supreme will with our will, our love with the love everlasting."

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