

INNER CULTURE

EAST-WEST MAGAZINE



My Indian Quest

By Paul Brunton

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Interpreted by Swami Yogananda

The Man-Woman Saint

By Balmukund Verna

*A Magazine Devoted to the Healing
of Body, Mind and Soul*

AUGUST

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—By Jyotirindra (Kalyana-Kalpataru)

A Devotee Making Flower-Offerings to The Lord

INNER CULTURE

EAST-WEST MAGAZINE

Master Minds of the East and the West are contributing their best efforts to this Magazine, dedicated to the super-art of living.

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AUGUST, 1937

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Let Words Depart

By Charles N. Gaskin

Here is the maze that holds me in its snare,
If I could pray, I would not barter words,
All physical expression—dearth to know,
My ears be stopt, my fleshly eyelids close—
All supplicating tears would cease to flow
Upon the altar in reserve for Thee,
O, Spirit, in thy iridescent garb
I would invite to come and sup with me;
Thy wisdom and thy love with one accord,
Would teach me how to pray, O Spirit, Lord.

If I could know Thee—yet I know thou art
Above all consciousness that men possess;
Here is the maze that holds me in its snare,
The dallyings my heart cannot confess;
And so the Path is hidden from my sight
Although illumined by Divine Decree,
I fail to still my heart and pray aright—
For all in all, I know there is a way.
Let words depart, O, teach me how to pray.

My Indian Quest

By PAUL BRUNTON

I WAS glad to have had the opportunity in *A Search in Secret India* to show that there is something worthwhile in India—a country which deserves far better treatment than it usually receives in contemporary Western conversation and writing—beyond the vision of Miss Mayo and her kind.

We Westerners are rightly proud of our achievements in "face-lifting" this world of ours, but we get a little disturbed sometimes when we hear of a half-naked *fakir* performing a feat which we can neither match nor understand. The thing keeps on occurring sufficiently often to remind us that there are ancient secrets and hoary wisdom in the lands which lie east of Suez, and that the inhabitants of those colorful lands are not all the benighted heathens some of us think they are. We picture these *Yogis* as dreaming enthusiasts who desert the normal ways of mankind to go off into strange hiding places, into gloomy caves, lonely mountains and secluded forests. But they go off with a clear objective, setting themselves no less a task than the acquisition of a perfect and incredible control over the frail tenement of flesh. To attain this end they practise

the hard and exacting discipline laid down in their traditions. That nowadays the public comes into contact mainly with vagabonds, imposters, and idle tramps, who delude others or themselves into the belief that they are *yogis*, does not invalidate the truth of the tradition nor the genuineness of its best exponents.

When Macaulay came out to India to take his seat in its Government and prepare a plan for some system of education, he flung all its ancient lore on the scrap-heap. Was he altogether right? Any way I doubted his judgment and went out to explore things for myself.

A Quest for Yogis

I hope that Truth is lord of my horoscope, for at her bidding I took ship across far seas and at her voice I threw away tempting fruits of many years' ambitious work. I travelled at high pressure, concentrating on my quest of worthwhile *yogis*, and making an intensive research into their practices. I did not spare a moment for the starched and stiff etiquette of European social life in India. I could not dance and drink the hours away. The thirst to pry beneath the surface of In-

dian existence for its strange secrets pursued me like a demon.

My Path Smoothed

My path in this alien land seemed to be smoothed by the favors of a strange Providence, and I met all kinds of queer men and queer adventures, as in the world. There were all the wandering votaries of *yoga*—*faqueers* who looked like galvanized mummies, thought-haunted philosophers who contemplated themselves into a coma, strolling parasites on society and sanctimonious tramps who gazed frighteningly into my eyes, world-scorning, women-shy and wine-alooof saints who devoted themselves to finding the Great Spirit—and lastly, here and there a rare, real, unwandering Sage who greeted me with folded hands and benignant words, according me a confidence which is not easily won by white strangers in the Orient, and who made me the momentary heir to ultimate truths too subtle to be put into the pages of a popular book.

I lived a life of strange switch-back vicissitudes, dining with the Prime Minister of a Maharaja's State one week and consorting with penniless and homeless holy men the next. Each day I began to expect the unexpected, or to walk around the corner of a street into new bewilderment.

The Rope Trick

It might be well to answer an oft-asked question and confess

that I did not see the famous Rope Trick. Although I wandered vainly throughout the length and breadth of India and found no *faqueer* able or willing to work this seeming miracle, I am convinced that the mass of testimony as to its former and recent existence is too overwhelming, too authentic, not to be accepted by those who have open minds. But if I could not recount this feat, I can recount its explanation as derived from one of my Teachers, one of the greatest living minds in India to-day, who had witnessed a related feat in his youth. He definitely states that it is a feat of hypnotism, an operation practised by a more powerful mind upon a crowd of weaker ones—where it is not a mere piece of conjuring and jugglery. The fact that when a photograph was taken no boy could be seen climbing the rope in the picture, is one proof of this statement.

$$500 \times 0 = 0$$

The objection that five hundred people in a crowd could not be mass hypnotised is overruled by my Teacher on the principle that five hundred weaker minds will always yield to a single stronger one, or in mathematical terms, 500×0 still equals 0.

By dint of digging hard for that which I sought, I learned much and despite the days when thermometers mounted mercilessly and one's mutinous muscles

could not be induced to fulfill their normal functions, I sifted science from superstition, wisdom from nonsense and truth from fiction. Thus I became aware if we would regard India's knowledge not as contradictory to Western science and religion but as ancillary to both, we might be all the better and wiser for the addition.

The Faqeer's Prediction

A chance-met Muhammedan *faqeer* who dreamily predicted as he sat with crossed feet and clasped hands on his straw mat: "*Thou shalt make long writings of thy experiences among my class and put them into printed books for the Western people to read. Thou shalt tell the sahibs of thy life with those whom they hold in contempt, and thy words shall cause their minds to wonder,*" was the real originator of *A Search in Secret India* because he put into my head the idea of passing on to others what I had hitherto regarded as a purely private concern. Thenceforward I took notes more carefully.

I returned from the East with a new sight. My mystic experiences had performed the operation for cataract upon my soul, and much disease was gone from my eyes. I saw the society of this modern world no longer as a glorious civilization but as an unhappy catacomb of *dead souls*.

Unparalleled for Profundity

India holds an ancient heritage of spiritual thought from its past that stands unparalleled for profundity and unmatched for width. Young Indians, therefore, should claim this birthright, finding what is worthy and applicable to present needs. They should neither be awed by Western skepticism, nor corrupted by modern materialism, nor stupefied by religious wrangling, but go to their best thinkers for guidance.

Idle were it to object, as many do in Europe and in America, that the Eastern path is not suited for the Western man. The same sun shines on the Orient and Occident alike, though called by different names. Two and two still make four in India, as they do in England. The soul of man incarnates all over the face of this planet, and the same man will now take the East in his stride and now the West. No custom-house frontier can make the ancient traveller to Truth halt on his high journey and take a different direction. No Western birth will exempt him from following the same path which the Eastern seeker must walk — the subdual of self, the subjugation of thought and a kindled yearning for his infinite Home.

Unite the Best Elements

Let us sift and re-sift the ancient lore of India, by all means, but then let us use the result as

material to mix with our own. Let us unite the best elements in these two diverse cultures in a synthetic grouping of truths.

The Occident must one day make its *salaam* to Oriental wisdom, and acknowledge that its elder brother has a heritage of spiritual and philosophic lore which it must accept or perish.



MY GARDEN

By Grace Thompson Seton

In the garden of my thoughts
A crowd of joy-blooms grow.
Day by day I plant new seed,
That I may always know
Lilt and lift of laughter, mid
The season's rain and snow.

Beauty borders all the paths,
Each bed is strewn with faith,
Star-eyed, ever springing new
To make each weed a wraith.
Thousand-headed fear by love
Is slain, the Master saith.



There first arises, in the mind, desire. It then directs the mind to various objects. The mind then grasps those objects through the medium of the senses. When an object is not attained, there springs up anger. When an object is attained, there arises greed in the shape of eagerness to preserve that object. These three are the cause of every one's ruin. The wise therefore should shun them by constant meditation upon the Self.—*Shankara*.

SERENITY

By Louis E. Van Norman

FROM tranquillity, through serenity, to peace. Thus, said one of the early Christian fathers, does the human soul journey when it has won its victory over the fret and worry, the storm and stress of worldly cares.

Tranquillus, a Latin adjective, means simply "free from agitation, or disturbance, placid." It conveys the idea of the absence of disturbing influences. But it is, after all, a negative state. Then, when we have been "tranquil" for a time, we become "serene." Now "serenity," said the medieval churchman, is more positive than "tranquillity." Then, in his quaint way, he tells us how the word came into use. There was a word *seren*, which came from an unknown source. It meant, originally, as used in meteorology, "a fine rain falling from a cloudless sky after sunset."

Note the difference. "Tranquillity" is passive and negative. "Serenity" is positive and, to a certain extent, active. What a comforting picture! The blessedness of rain, gentle rain, from a sky unmarred by clouds and after sunset, when the heat of the day is past. Is not that a comforting description of "serenity"?

What Do We Know?

By James Warnack

IBOW to the beloved One who makes all expression possible. Philosophy, which usually is speculative, considers it a duty to pause at times, to ask dogmatic scientists and religionists, "What do we know?" It is a great question—greater, perhaps, than the question which Pilate asked his divine Prisoner.

It is doubtful if any new word on epistemology has been spoken since Kant declared that man knows nothing in itself, but is cognizant only of his concept of things. Not only is man incapable of tracing a thought or emotion to its source or its destiny, but the greatest scientist does not even know what an electron is, in itself, nor whether or not it might be possible to make further classifications of the so-called elements. Scientists may tell us the distance to a star in the Milky Way, but no scientist ever yet has told us how far it is to the heart of an atom. The "ultimate" remains beyond the grasp of intellect. Man beholds around and within him nothing but a series of mysteries. He cannot point to the limit of anything, not even of a grain of sand and say, "Here it begins." Yet here, too, is a mystery: that while the mind can see neither the beginning nor the end of anything, still, everything that appears must, in order to appear at all, appear as limited. Otherwise, man would have no consciousness of the relative, and possibly no concept of the Absolute.

However, after all has been said concerning the possibility or impossibility of man's knowing anything in its essence, we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that relative knowledge, when applied, becomes effective, and that man has the capacity to employ such knowledge in the demonstration of power.

Just as man, by the application of mathematical principles and methods, builds houses and bridges, to say nothing

(Continued on Page 46)



Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Translated Into English Verse by Edward Fitzgerald

SPIRITUAL INTERPRETATION BY SWAMI YOGANANDA

1.

Awake! for morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Spiritual Interpretation:

The inner Silence silently sang: "Awake, forsake the sleep of ignorance, for the dawn of wisdom has thrown the stone of discipline to break the bowl of nocturnal unknowing, and put the starlike, pale, mock-lustred material desires to flight.

Behold, the hunter of Eastern wisdom has cast a noose of light to catch the kingly minaret of pride of the soul and dispel its darkness.

Moral:

Forsake melancholia, bask in the Light of Peace which destroys all false pride and inner gloom.

Glossary:

1. *Morning*—Dawn of awakening from delusive earthly existence.
2. *Bowl of Night*—Nocturnal ignorance.
3. *Stone*—Stone of discipline.
4. *Stars*—The pseudo-attractive desires.
5. *Hunter of the East*—The Eastern wisdom which hunts and destroys all delusion.
6. *Sultan's Turret*—The kingly minaret of pride of the soul.
7. *Noose of Light*—Light of wisdom which traps inner darkness and destroys it.

2.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
"Awake, my little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."

Spiritual Interpretation:

When I was not fully awake from my material sleep and was but dreaming about the dawn of early wisdom, I heard the Voice of the Soul cry out from the cavern of intuitive silence: "My little thoughts of awakening wisdom, wake up, fill the cup of consciousness with Divine wine of joy before life's vitality vanish from the bodily cup."

Moral:

When I was dreaming with early inspiration, my inner voice urged me to wake up my thoughts and be practical by filling the cup of life with true happiness before it flies away.

Glossary:

1. *Dawn's Left Hand*—Dawn of early wisdom.
2. *A Voice*—The voice of Intuition and Soul.
3. *Tavern*—Sanctum of Inner Silence.
4. *Little Ones*—Undeveloped little thoughts.
5. *Fill the Cup*—Fill the Cup of Consciousness.
6. *Life's Liquor*—Life's Vitality and Joy.
7. *Cup*—Bodily cup.
8. *Dry*—Vanish.

Him I Sought

By Troy Garrison

I sought Him in the majesty of the mountains
And I heard His footsteps echo in the canyon
 behind me,
But when I turned, He was gone.
I sought Him in the silence of the desert
And I saw His *caravanseraï* silhouetted against
 the stars,
But when I reached the place
I found—only stars.
I sought Him in the temples of the Holy City
And I heard His voice from the minarets,
But when I turned my eyes upward
The *muezzin* was hidden in the clouds.
Then, at last, in my weariness,
I sought the coolness of the oases;
There, in the silver springs, I glimpsed His face
And when I looked more closely
I saw Him that I sought
In the sudden splendour of my own reflection.

The Blessed Krishna Speaks

By A. Murad

Argue not with another until thou hast settled the disputation with thyself.

Every deed wrought by the self and for the self is a sin; render selfless deeds, O master of thy destiny!

The battle of Kurukshetra could not be ended until the Lord manifested; end this battle, you who carry the sword.

I come, I go, yet I am where I am. And where am I? Wherever you are not.



Tell me the time for my appearance and I will tell you the time for your deliverance.

What is good *karma*? My Omniscience has not solved it. Give me selfless deeds and I am satisfied.

How can the gods appear when a man sets the time by his artificial mechanisms!

There is a magic in everything in nature, and the purpose of your life is to learn this magic.

Every bone in thy body was conceived in wisdom, every organ in thy inner parts has its purpose, and there is not a rock in the earth but can be utilised to some advantage.

Waste is absence of perfection, but the greatest waste is

the loss of opportunities, which are put into your hands with every breath.



So long as breath is in your body, know I am singing to you my celestial songs, and that God (*Isvara*) is with you.

I sang to create the universe, and the joy in that creation has inspired my Eternal song.

When I saw the beauties in the firmament I danced for joy and lost the sense of my own being. Forever I shall dance until the night of Brahm encloses me in sleep, when I shall dream until I wake again.

Throw away your useless legs, your awkward hands, your limpid body; drink of my milk, and follow in my chorus.



Give me all your gifts and you will find the treasure.

Drink with me, sing with me, dance with me, play with me, come into my garden of Love and kneel at Radha's feet! Throw away the rest and bow with me in worship before my beloved.

Even the gods must taste the draught of love to preserve their immortality. If you would become a *deva*, sip from the flagon of beneficence.

All that thou seest is but a dust-speck in thy eye.

Come with me into the World of Happiness, which by thyself thou canst never find; cease from thy search and gather these flowers of Springtime. How beautiful the poppies on the hillside! Why bother thyself for that beyond thy reach?



Seek Beauty on thy right hand, and Beauty will show her own left hand to thee.

Turn not thy back on Beauty and Beauty will manifest her face to thee.

Follow the saints and sages where they lead. Be sure to follow carefully, for eye nor ear nor feet nor hand avail thee there.

So long as you remain clothed, you cannot enter my palace. Only naked swimmers may dip in my pool.



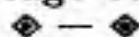
Tire not in searching for Me; I never tire in searching for thee.

If in a *koti* of aeons thou reachest my gate, yet shall I patiently await thy coming.

The one blot to my happiness is thy absence, O Beloved!

Let me tell you a secret: Sixteen thousand *gopis* danced not with me nor beheld my presence, but I was blinded in my ecstasy and everything in creation was my beloved. Every face was Radha; even the cows, the trees and flowers on the hillside, the rocks and pebbles and mighty Mount Meru were Radha to me,

for all the world showed one face alone—the visage of my beloved!



Unveil thyself and I will be revealed to thee.

You who would commune with the gods, first learn the purpose of your hands.

Until you witness the glory of the dawn on earth, how will you recognise the rising of the sun in Heaven?

Seek me in the Himalayas and I shall rest in your abode until your return. But come to the Himalayas at my bidding and I shall accompany you there, and after your visit, be your companion until you have returned.

How can I be confined to a range of mountains? When I played my flute the solid rocks forgot their stolidity and danced and swayed, and in the night was Himalaya born from the sweat on my cheeks.

Come inside my palace and I will show you my pearls. What are my pearls? The hearts of men and women who abide with me.

Until you dance my dance and sing my song you cannot find me.



I shall send you my commands when you can command yourself. The soldier is not sent upon the battlefield until he is well drilled.

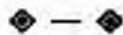
When I draw your chariot there are no ruts on the road.

When you pray to see me, know that I am always praying to see thee.

As you bow down, I throw myself in humility at your feet, and when you hold your head in pride, I betake myself afar to the highest heaven.

Meditate on me, concentrate on me, lose yourself in contemplation on me, then forget me and I shall come. When for the sake of reward you seek my presence, you bind me with cords, but when you seek me for my sake alone, I am your willing slave.

There is no beginning nor end save that which you make yourself. Make an end of beginning and end, and you snap the thread of fate.



So long as you dwell in the forest of *karma*, you cannot smell the incense of the flowers in the gardens of the *Rishis*. Cease from thy woodsman's craft in the darkness and come into the lighted fields to plow the ground.

Nothing in creation is unworthy to be sacrificed to me. The smoke from the charred animal, the perfume from the plucked flower and the odor of incense keep me in my passionate dream of love.

I have come only to free you from the limitations with which you have bound yourself.

Delusion is a wondrous dream, whose beauty thou canst not appreciate until thou hast awakened and faced the Maker of Dreams.

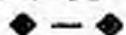
In the garden of multifold blessedness beyond the skies, the

Devas sing to praise the Lord, and the echoes of their grandiose chorals, awaken babes from slumber in the nether world. He who seeks the garden of the song becomes a *Deva* and suffers the longings of the *Deva*, but he who joins the mighty ones in praise of *Isvara*, enters the palace of the Lord in due season.



Breath is a note from the lullaby by which I sang the soul to the sleep from which it awakens on earth, and an echo from the royal summons by which I beckon it again to my threshold.

Not two atoms in this universe could be bound together were it not for Love. When the cells fall apart in the body, when the mountains fall apart in a cataclysm, when cosmic storms rock the skies, know that Death has come and Love has gone. And what is Death? The announcer on Life's Stage that Love is changing its costume to appear in forms anew. Death is nought but the herald of Resurrection.



Seek not in the heavens for glory and beauty, but open thy ears upon earth and thou shalt hear celestial music, and open thy eyes, and thou shalt perceive Divinity. 'Tis not the grossness of the earth-plane but the veil thou art wearing which hinders thee. Beauty stands naked and only the blind do not see.

To sing with *Devas* vainly, to reap with man inanely,

Such *karma* is ungainly — seek the Lord.

To long for Heaven's meadows,
To bask in earthly shadows,
Helps not, I tell you plainly — seek the Lord.

'Tis not on Earth or Heaven,
Nor in the regions seven,
Nor in *Nirvana* mainly—is your Lord.

But through the Whole Creation,
In high or humble station,
All is an emanation—of your Lord.



HINDU MEDICINE

Dr. Sachchidananda Sinha in a recent convocation speech before the Ayurvedic School of Medicine in Calcutta pointed out the following facts:

It is not surprising that ancient Indian surgery should have been of so high an order, for Sushruta lays down that "whoever wishes to practice surgery must prepare a corpse in the proper way, and see by careful dissection every part of the body in order that he may have definite and doubtless knowledge." Compare with this what Dr. Puschmann says in his *History of Medical Education* about the practice of dissection in Europe: "Dissection of the human subject was in the first centuries of the middle ages opposed by religious and political ordinances."

Similarly a reference to the ancient medical authority Charaka

shows that circulation of blood was understood with fair clearness long, long before the much-talked-of discovery by Sir William Harvey in the seventeenth century. Let me quote a passage here to illustrate this: "From that great ventricle (the heart) emanate the vessels carrying blood into all parts of the body—an element which nourishes the life of all animals and without which life would be extinct. It is that element which goes to nourish the foetus in utero, and which flowing into its body returns to the mother's heart."

And so, wonder of wonders, what had been discovered in ancient India over two thousand years ago came as so great a surprise to most medical men in Europe in the seventeenth century that "no doctor above the age of forty could be persuaded to believe in the impossible suggestions" of Harvey.

If you keep all these facts in mind, you will easily understand why Dr. George Clarke, of Philadelphia, reading *Charaka Samhita*, even in translation, recorded the following remarks: "As I go through Charaka, I arrive at the conclusion that if the physicians of the present day would drop from the Pharmacopoeia all the modern drugs and chemicals, and treat their patients according to the methods of Charaka, there would be less work for the undertakers and fewer chronic invalids in the world."

Land of Endlessness

By Swami Yogananda

I SHUN all things which hide the Only One in everything. Sensations, life and death, pleasure and pain, night and day, hate and attachment, all things which eclipsed my ever new joy, I drove away with the light of my understanding. The stage is set for me here on earth, adorned with trees lighted with atomic light, the absence of which is called nocturnal gloom. Here against pines and deserts and cliff and sea and mounts and trees and men of all races, my stage is set to play the movies of pain and pleasures, health and sickness, life and death. I only play not for myself but to please Him that sent me. I like only those things in this play which please my Father, the Maker of this play.

When the ego upstart tries to start his own plays, confusion springs and tears drip from the eternal watchful eyes set in heaven's blue face. When my play is done and the Father will say, "Thy play is well done," then I'll leave this movie home of incarnations and flit afar in my kingdom of endless joy. There in my land of endlessness I shall breathe the thousand cosmic movies of my own, and when I sleep they will sleep with me, countless universes will burst in my wilful dreams and disband when I wave the wand of motionlessness.

I will conflagrate all space and roll over its bosom, unburnt and deathless. With my mouthless mouth I'll drink the flames and fill the cosmos with bubbles of my merri-

ment. I'll dive into endlessness, never reaching the end. I'll make my home wherever I stop, I'll run and race and spread my Spirit and laughter in all things, in all motion and in motionless void. That is my home where fear fears me, joy seeks me, everything wants me, where I am the son of the Father, the Giver of all things, and seek nothing, having attained all things after I waked from the dream of delusion.

When bombs shattered my little bodies on the land by the Spanish Main, I grieved and cried, "O Spirit, cruel you are to kill my little bodies with exploding shells." And you came to me and the soft hands of your immortality touched the fugitive souls in the astral lands and you waked them and shook them with your laughter and celestial touch, saying, "Lo Yogananda, you dreamt through my Spirit you became the children bodies by the Spanish Main and you dreamt the shell shattered your life in those little bodies. Now behold and laugh, you are ever alive in those little souls in Me. Those little bodies and minds in your cosmic dream that thought they were dead, now they are awake ever more. When people live on earth, they fear and think they will die in death but when they die, unhurt they awake in Me to find they never can die."

I came in this kingdom to play my dreams. My dream is done, I'll flit afar in my place where naught but immortality, ever-new joy, unending laughter, waits. Come with me, all who want to be there. All those who dare to come must, instantaneously and now, forsake in mind first, then in body, all things, for the attainment of the Great Beloved One.

Shadows Within That Hand

By OMAR C. GARRISON

WHEN Dayanand and I set out, it was late in the afternoon, a time which they of India refer to as the "cow-dust" hour. Threading our way through the motley crowd, we passed, here and there, a stately temple of smooth brickwork and colored lime plaster. Tiny flames flickered through purple-litened windows, and once I caught the rich-sounding intonation of a Sanskrit chant. Hindus claim that Sanskrit is the language of the gods, and I can readily believe them, for there is something strong within its vibrant purity, some quality akin to fire, consuming all the gross of life, and warming the spirit until it ascends on sudden wings of ecstasy into the far rapture of things infinite.

A steady stream of people poured in and out of the temples, for it was the time of evening meditation, a time when all India yields up its thoughts and dark memories to the silence of devotion. There is something profoundly beautiful in this hour of cow-dust and temples and twilight. Impalpable, yet strong, it turns the mind towards God.

I asked Dayanand if I might not enter one of these temples. He gave ready assent, but cau-

tioned me against disturbing the worshipers by inadvertent sounds. The fane we entered was spacious and cool, with clean light blue walls. Over the silent assembly hung a lethargic peace. From the dimly-lighted *cella* or inner shrine, came the faint odor of *dhoona* (frankincense), and I could faintly discern the silk-robed god seated divinely in the mysterious half-light of his shrine. We seated ourselves as the others, and Dayanand, like his countrymen, was soon lost in the calm oblivion of meditation. I closed my eyes determined to sink my consciousness into that mystic world of formless tranquillity.

For a time I was aware of only a gentle throbbing at my temples and a peculiar tightness of throat muscles. I struggled with an insistent desire to move my legs which felt cramped and uncomfortable. Suddenly I recalled having been told that concentration could come only after physical relaxation, that repose could be effected by controlling the rhythm of heart and lungs. Accordingly, I began inhaling to a regular count—one, two, three, four—to sixteen counts, restraining the breath for the same count, then exhaling. I did not

perceive any immediate effect, but continued the process, changing the numerical count to the mystic syllable OM. Soon I began feeling the rhythm throughout my entire body. Within, as though there were innumerable tiny hammers beating against the walls of my veins and arteries, it seemed that I heard rather than felt, a serial vibration. The muscles of my face began to loosen gradually as though they had been drawn and taut before. And listening to the corpuscular notes of an inner melody, I forgot myself and the importance of an individual existence. I went from life through life to Life. And with the fading of egocentricity, I entered that world of pulseless composure.

When we merged to the street again, the brief Indian twilight had deepened into night. And I turned wondering from that temple and looked back; it stood like a white lotus painted on the silk of nightfall. An awareness stirred in me; the loneliness of sunset was still an afterglow in my mind, tempering the mood of my anticipation with a kind of stifled despair. I believe that there is some inner sense within us that is quickened or moved by the deep feelings of those about us. For I felt with the clearness of having heard in the streets of Jaipur that night some harbinger of a vital purpose, greeting me as one wind whispers to another wind when they pass in the way-

side avenues of a Far Eastern city. Now I know that what I experienced was some of the eager expectancy and pent-up longing of India's little women. For this was their night of nights—*Diwali*, Feast of Lamps—when Lakshmi Mai, bride of Vishnu, is invoked to grant them that destiny which is the goal of all Indian womanhood, to become a wife and mother. The fulfillment of this fervent desire is presaged by the safe passage of a *chiragh* or tiny lamp, lighted and set adrift in a stream. If the lamp reaches the farther shore without mishap, it is an indubitable auspice of Lakshmi's favor.

In the most advantageous corners of the bazaars fortune-tellers plied their trade, serving an endless stream of men, women and children from all walks of life. Shop fronts wore a festive air, exhibiting toy gods of all shapes, materials and colors. Some were cunningly carved from colored sugar and glistened in the myriad of lights. Others—elephants and cows—were made of clay, fruits and paper, all colored as brilliantly as possible and without regard to the authenticity of the animals they represented. Everywhere houses were clean-swept and decorated with cloths of gold and scarlet; high from the garish roof-tops floated slender banners like green and yellow flames in the wind. Dayanand, filled with an ecstasy

truly Indian, drank in the colors and sounds, pausing at last before a diminutive shrine lit by the orange fire of a *ghee* lamp. As a prayer he repeated one of Kabir's passionate verses:

"Turning away from the world,
I have forgotten both caste and lineage;
My weaving now is in the infinite Silence.
My heart being pure, I have seen the Lord;
Kabir, having searched and searched himself, hath found God within him."

Then we silently moved on and, hailing a native driver, were carried some miles out of the city to Man Sagar lake and to the ghostly dead city of Amber. Here a small sacred stream flows into the lake and thither come women to set their tiny lamps afloat in it. Yet, though thousands of little figures in dim *saris* were gathered along the shores, there was no sound; for this hushed moment of expectancy was a holy one to them. That mystic interval meant as much if not more than life and death; therein they did *puja* (prayer) in petition of something that to them represents the very quintessence of a life worth-while. Only the tremulous tiny flames from their *chiraghs* cut luminous arcs in the night; all else was dark and silent. Heedless of both gods and men, slender cranes dreamed in the coolness of the

pale water. Jackals, stealthily nosing refuse heaps, were dark phantoms against the faint landscape.

Abruptly rounding the abutment of a ruined palace, we barely escaped stumbling over a figure huddled in the darkness. A *yogi*, no doubt. One becomes accustomed to these motionless forms in India. They seem to be everywhere—in bazaars, temples and roadways. One ascetic told me that if a man were overt in his religious practices, people showed no interest nor curiosity concerning them. For this reason, perhaps, *yogis* are always in the public eye. In fact there are only a few places, my informant said, where *yoga* could not be practiced, viz., where four streets meet; in water; or where there are dead leaves. Such small restriction leaves ample latitude which is enjoyed to a full extent. Yet the sight of a lone anchorite who has forsaken this world for invisible raptures that we who are of it can never know, always fills me with an envy that is not unlike longing. In their profound meditation breathes, I am certain, "a peace that passeth understanding". Their still minds are the trysting places of the individual self with the ever-living All.

By and by the innumerable tiny flames flickered out; the silent legion of bangled feet vanished into sudden darkness, leaving to us the vast mystery of dead Amber, the fallen city,

which lay before us wrapped in its secrecy of timeless sleep. Amber is more than a memory. In the deep magnificence of its dark repose is a life that is immortal. Looking down upon it from any of the ancient dwarfed hills about it, you keenly feel the inexpressible magic of its forlorn beauty. The host of specters that people the empty streets commune with eldritch gods in lustrous marble temples, or pass through titanic carved archways into nothing but the sky. Three crumbling walls ineffectually guard their eerie city from vandals of a modern world, while from within, peacocks, doves and vultures molest the law-abiding stillness of decay. Acacia and *neem* trees weave webs of moonlight in their boughs in a futile effort to snare the wayfaring stars that never venture too near this silent valley. A sense of intolerable vastness possesses you—astral intoxication that conjures up thought ghosts unknown to you in the more familiar and prosaic ways of life. Roof-terraces withdraw into indigo glooms; blue pigeons flee your approach, losing themselves in the waste of shadow.

It is an ethereal place; anything might happen. And something did happen. As I was on the point of seating myself in a moon-colored doorway, the brooding silence was broken by deep, reverberating booms that started from a marble temple

near the gate we had just entered, and quickening in rhythm until they welled up in one continuous roar that echoed from every tenantless house and deserted temple within the city. Dayanand laid a steady hand on my shoulder.

"Don't be frightened. You hear the evening *pūja* in the temple of Kali." Then, noting my surprise, he added, "You see the gods have not deserted Amber. Brahmins still offer sacrifice in the more important shrines of Shiva and Kali. For what to the gods are the dancing feet of man's instability?"

As he spoke, the weird drumming was augmented by reedy flutings, the blur of conch horns and laconic crashes of cymbals. I stood quite still, hoping that I would hear the beautiful intonation of a Sanskrit chant, but none came; perhaps it was lost in the pandemonium of music.

"Not bewildered, are you?" Dayanand asked.

I seated myself beside him in the half-lit doorway. Leaf-tattered moonlight fell across his face in a peculiar way, throwing a shadow fashioned like a hama-dryad full upon his face.

"Not bewildered, Dayanand, but a little surprised. I've always thought of Amber as a dead city. Have these priests been in attendance here since the time that the city was built?"

"Every minute of the time. These gods are not dead. In them

is vested the imperishable strength of Brahma." His voice fell almost to a whisper. "For these are beyond time, beyond dreamers. Said Yajnavalka: 'When the sun is set and the moon is set, and the fire is gone out, the soul is the light of man.' Look, brother, there in heaven the hand of Brahma holds a flame, lighting the stars in those dim alcoves of twilight. And we are but a shape that stirs the shadows within that hand. Nay, we are the shadows too." Then he fell silent, gazing across the stretch of lunar-imaged space at the silver enormity of the Palace, adream against the fuliginous sky.

The mad, mighty music kept welling up out of the temple of Kali. Presently a chorus of insects, silenced by the intrusion of temple sounds, chimed in with modulated, unmutinous cries. The moon's radiance grew, sharpening the outlines of the Palace's roof terraces and facades. But I could not concentrate my mind on the beauty of it. Unaccountably my thoughts kept turning to remembrances of home and the most uninteresting details of an alien environment. With these mental vagaries came a restlessness and, arousing Dayanand from his revery, we, like the jackals, began prowling about the mysterious city, poking into dingy corners and dark entrance-ways. Soon the dithyrambic sounds of Kali's musical litany

ceased, and the furred and feathered denizens of Amber opened their nightly symphony with a *Prelude Macaberesque* by the monkeys.



FREEDOM

By Swami Yogananda

Brave cords bind me hand and
foot

Yet lo, I am free, ever free.

Disease, try your tortures,

Yet, I am free, ever free.

Health, try your lures,

Yet, I am free, ever free.

Death, destroy my body-prison
if you will,

Yet, I am free, ever free.

Long chains of desires

Forged in the furnace of incar-
nations

Have tried to bind me,

But I escaped from life to life

And I am at last free, ever free.

I enter through the rainbow

Into the free skies.

I am free, ever free.

None can bind me

Unless I bind myself.

None can free me

Unless I know I am free—

When I know naught exists

To ever bind me,

Then I know I am free, ever
free.

Love's Presence

By Sri Ranendra Kumar Das

LOVE, divine in its origin, is God's gift supreme to man. It is the pivot upon which the universe turns and is obvious in every form of creation. Love bestows that quality termed Beauty to God's infinity of creations, beauty which is a magnetic power that elevates the soul to a higher plane of feeling.

Flowers with their tender loveliness, mountains rearing their lofty peaks into the blue vault of heaven, interspersed with ever-changing clouds, landscapes stretching far into the distance, white-crested ocean waves—all are inspiring sermons. They teach one lesson, one creed, devoid of controversy; all express Love; all show forth Beauty and are silent witnesses to the Wisdom that created them. Their appeal to the eye arouses thought, and instead of an external beauty alone, a beautiful adjustment of every part to every other part of the plan is caught. The soul hears the strains of harmony in the ether's vibration that is the basis of all nature's estate.

We sense that Love is not identified with the surface of things alone. External beauty serves to decorate, for God loves to beautify His every creation; even the lowliest objects glitter in fascinating color and light, pleasing and attracting the eye that the mind may be brought to reflect upon that immortal beauty which is in the soul that sees.

So Beauty is truly in the eyes of the beholder rather than in the object which appeals to it. A beautiful soul finds beauty in all things, even when to others ugliness is seen, because it is actuated by Love that moves it to know that no meanness and smallness truly exist. There is nothing evil to him whose thought is as God's thought.

Oh Love! thy touch is soft, thy presence sweet.



Second Coming of Christ

Steps Toward the Attaining of the Consciousness
Which was in Christ Jesus

By SWAMI YOGANANDA

At that time Jesus went on the sabbath day through the corn; and his disciples were an hungred, and began to pluck the ears of corn, and to eat. But when the Pharisees saw it, they said unto him, Behold, thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do upon the sabbath day.

But he said unto them, Have ye not read what David did, when he was an hungred, and they that were with him: How he entered into the house of God, and did eat the shewbread, which was not lawful for him to eat, neither for them which were with him, but only for the priests?

Or have ye not read in the law, how that on the sabbath days the

priests in the temple profane the sabbath, and are blameless? But I say unto you, That in this place is one greater than the temple. But if ye had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless. — Matthew 12: 1-7.

JESUS was a believer in the scriptures as written by the great prophets who appreciated Him. Men of realization who have the common knowledge of the same truth do not contradict one another. Because they express the same wisdom in various manners of thought, their disciples of limited understanding create differences and establish

different cults with varying beliefs. Great Masters have no differences among themselves, but their disciples with limited minds see differences between one teaching and another. But when these disciples overcome their limitations by meditation and attain self-realization, they find all limitations vanish and they can see the one truth underlying all religions.

Spirit of the Law

In answer to the criticism of the Pharisees who claimed that His disciples were desecrating the sabbath day, Jesus answered in the above manner, quoting the scriptures to support the actions of His disciples and explaining that it is the spirit of the laws laid down in the Holy Books which must be followed. Literal following of the laws would lead to delusion. For example, to perform distracting material work on the sabbath day may be sinful, as the sabbath day was intended for the busy worldly people who would thus take one day out of each seven days to meditate upon God. But to Jesus and His disciples, to whom every day was a sabbath, a day of God-contact, it was all right to perform any legitimate action like appeasing hunger or healing.

Besides, on the sabbath day no one can stop the functions of the body or control its involuntary movements or stop the racing of inner thoughts, all of which involve activity. If one outwardly

remains quiet on the sabbath but inwardly thinks of worldly affairs, he may be superficially observing the sabbath day but spiritually he is profaning it. The disciples of Jesus were really observing the sabbath, for their minds were on God and Christ, even though their bodies were hungry, for casually they ate a few ears of corn as a matter of necessity. That is why Jesus speaks of David who lived in God, and who, when he was in need and hungry, went into the house of God and ate the sacred shewbread and gave it also to them that were with him. This was unlawful for David to do, for only the priests had that right.

Then Jesus speaks of Himself and the Spirit within Him which was greater than David or the priests who could, according to scriptural law, have special privileges on the sabbath. The consciousness of Jesus was one with God and as such was greater than the vibration of the temple where David ate the shewbread. Jesus could feel this, being conscious of all present, past or present. That is why Jesus makes the plea that if ordinary spiritual people like the priests, and spiritual David, could go blameless when they broke the sabbath laws, how much more Jesus or his disciples who were one with God, could disregard outward law if they saw fit.

Then Jesus says to the Phari-

sees: "If you had known that my Spirit within the body temple is greater than the atmosphere of the ancient temple, then I will have divine compassion and sympathy with your understanding and I will not have to sacrifice wisdom by silence, on the altar of your ignorance. If you had known of the Spirit within Me and Its wisdom which guides all my actions and the actions of those that are with me, you would not have literally interpreted the scriptures and the laws of the sabbath and condemned my guiltless disciples who stand faultless before the real scriptural laws and eyes of God."

And He said unto them, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath: Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath.—Mark 2:27-28.

The spiritual law of weekly divine communion of the sabbath is a law of spiritual conduct created for the advantage and spiritual upliftment of man, but living man was not created to blindly observe, without rhyme or reason, the sabbath day. Physical, hygienic, social, mental and spiritual disciplinary rules at different times of civilization and the evolution of man, were temporarily or permanently created to suit the development of man. The rules have to be modified and in spirit have to be differently followed, according to the changing needs of man in different states

of civilization in the world progress.

Rules Are Variable

A rule consists of a system of actions initiated to produce certain physical or mental results. These rules are conditioned by time and the state of man. Hence they are variable in accordance with man's environmental changes. For example, it has been shown above that the sabbath was for worldly people to give them one day of freedom from business which would enable them to commune with God. But if the business man remained outwardly inactive and inwardly active with business thoughts, he was outwardly following the sabbath but inwardly nullifying the purpose for which the sabbath law was created. A spiritual man who meditates seven days a week and fasts several days may be hungry on the sabbath day, so it would not be a sin for him then to eat a little food while he was conscious of God during even his eating. This spiritual man apparently breaks the law of the sabbath but in spirit he does not. That is why Jesus says that all sabbath days were made for the advantages of man and that man under difficulty was not to blindly follow the letter of the sabbath law.

Thus it was illustrated how an unenlightened following of the sabbath may lead to great disadvantages. The ordinary dogmatic or hypocritical priest of

ancient times might be so fanatical about following the sabbath day that he would not run out of his home and ride on a horse to bring a doctor for his dying brother, servant, or a guest. To follow the sabbath law by ignoring urgent needs as illustrated above is hypocrisy and defeats the purpose for which the sabbath day was set aside, for to ignore giving aid to a helpless man is a sin which disturbs communion with God by disregarding the dictates of conscience.

The Spirit of Service

One can take rest on Sunday and commune with God, occasionally breaking the vow of inactivity whenever it is necessary to offer help to those in need. This would not contradict the spirit of observing the sabbath day. That is why Jesus says that all rules of conduct should not be blindly followed but should be modified with strict reason and not license whenever it was necessary to do so. That is why Jesus says if ordinary men can, without transgression, modify rules of conduct on the sabbath, therefore the Son of man (His Spirit within his body) was also master of the sabbath day and could modify it as He pleased.

Here Jesus speaks of Himself as the Son of man because He refers to His body which has to observe certain physical laws in order to observe the sabbath.

And it came to pass also on another sabbath, that he entered

into the synagogue and taught: and there was a man whose right hand was withered. And the scribes and Pharisees watched him, whether he would heal on the sabbath day; that they might find an accusation against him. But he knew their thoughts, and said to the man which had the withered hand, Rise up, and stand forth in the midst. And he arose and stood forth.—Luke 6:6-8.

On this occasion, Jesus, knowing the Pharisees' thoughts, that they wanted to trap Him, said to the afflicted man, "Rise up and stand forth in the midst of the throng in full view so that they could behold the glory of God of healing on the sabbath day."

And when the man stood up Jesus addressed the throng:

I will ask you one thing; Is it lawful on the sabbath days to do good, or to do evil? To save life, or to destroy it?—Luke 6:9.

Purpose of Sabbath

What Jesus meant was that to observe the sabbath day was to do good actions and to have spiritual communion. Hence, how could it be sinful to do good? The Pharisees wanted to imply that all actions including good actions were outlawed on the sabbath. Therefore Jesus wanted to show them that since observing the sabbath day was a good action, it was contradictory to outlaw good actions on sabbath days. It was worldly and evil actions that were to be outlawed, especially on sabbath days, so that the sabbath

might be a model day after which all other days of life could be patterned.

More than emphasizing no actions on the sabbath day, negatively, it should be emphasized, positively, that sabbath days should be days of inner communion with God, no matter what one was doing outside, so that other days, though filled with business life, could be inwardly converted into sabbath days by feeling God during all activity.

"Lawful to Do Well"

Jesus, by His question, definitely pointed out that good actions could not be excluded on the sabbath. The Pharisees could not answer Him and remained quiet and then Jesus said unto them again,

What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out? How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the sabbath days.—Matthew 12:11-12.

Jesus says: Which of you, in this throng, will not lift a sheep fallen into a pit on the sabbath day? Will you not hold it and lift it out of the pit? Then, if it is all right in your material consciousness to lift a sheep, how much more is it necessary to lift a precious man, made in the image of God, from the pit of

trouble? Then, it is absolutely evident that the sabbath was made to create spiritual consciousness and it is lawful to do any activity that increases that consciousness.

And when he looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand.—Mark 3:5.

And Jesus looked on them with spiritual indignation because of the hard-heartedness of the Pharisees who refused to feel for goodness. Then He said to the man with the defective hand, "Stretch forth thine hand".

Effort of Will Necessary

Jesus meant, "Make an effort of your will to stretch forth your hand and send the all-healing energy there. If you do so and are in tune with Me, My divine will, controlling the cosmic energy of the universe, also present in your will and your bodily energy, will heal your hand". The person healed had to do something to prepare his mental soil so that the seed of divine healing power coming from Jesus could sprout into the plant of healing.

And he stretched it out and his hand was restored whole as the other. And the Pharisees went forth, and straightway took counsel with the Herodians against him, how they might destroy him. But when Jesus knew it, he withdrew himself with his disciples

to the sea: and a great multitude from Galilee followed him, and from Judea, and from Jerusalem, and from Idumea, and from beyond Jordan; and they about Tyre and Sidon, a great multitude, when they had heard what great things he did, came unto him. And he spake to his disciples, that a small ship should wait on him because of the multitude, lest they should throng him. For he had healed many; insomuch that they pressed upon him for to touch him, as many as had plagues.—Mark 3:5-10.

Spiritual Humility

Jesus, with His spiritual humbleness, not trying to resist material forces by spiritual miracles, withdrew with His disciples to the sea. A great multitude came to Him. Jesus told His disciples to have a ship where He could retire and avoid the throng. He had done his duty in healing many and He wanted to do His duty to God in solitude.

Many infected with plagues pressed upon Him to touch Him and became healed. Jesus, even though He was serving mankind, knew He was doing so with the power of God and that in the course of doing His duty to mankind he should not forget His duty to commune with God in solitude, without Whose power He could not do any healing and from Whom Jesus derived all His strength, love and inspiration.

The Philosophy of Yoga, by Elizabeth Sharpe (Luzac & Co., London, 2/6).

This is a small book on the immortal discourses of the Lord Krishna to His devotee, Arjuna. One of the famous passages of the *Bhagavad Gita* is here translated as follows:

"The man like God loves every created thing without attachment or egoism: endures anything that comes his way with serene mind and contentment. His knowledge and his convictions are unshakable. The world neither disturbs him nor does he disturb the world. He is complete in himself without any want. He neither rejoices nor grieves. To him honour or dishonour, cold or heat, pleasure or pain, censure or praise, are as the ephemeral things of created life. He is silent in his greatness, contented in his simplicity, devoted to Universal Good, and steady in his devotion to the Ideal."

The translator has also included a rendition of *Chid Vilasom*, a hitherto unpublished Sanskrit manuscript. A typical verse follows: "The song of life is in a rhythm of three: the Great light (*Shiva*), the reflection (*Shakti*), and the light of the great soul (purified man). These are symbolized by the sun, the moon and fire. These in their turn have three scintillations (gold, white and blue). They are seen in meditation."

Meditations

FOR AUGUST

By Sri Nerode

Sunday, August 1. Nobody can run away from the conditions of life. The conditions follow on the heels of the runaways.. Fearlessly shall I stay where I am and right there recondition the conditions by the powers of God.

Monday, August 2. If nothing else can change the human lot, God certainly can. I shall put my hopes and fears in His unseen hands, while gleaning wisdom from daily experiences.

Tuesday, August 3. Even the last vestige of pride, called "self-respect", I shall kill in the presence of God until the indomitable humility of the Son of Man adorns my character.

Wednesday, August 4. Every person has a birthright to enjoy and acquire what is good and beautiful. So shall I imprint upon my consciousness the pictures of eternal good and beauty, so that what is in my consciousness today will be manifested in my life tomorrow.

Thursday, August 5. Love is the golden link that binds the universe as One. I shall drench my consciousness in that holy love.

Friday, August 6. Of all the happy people, the happiest are those who live in God and serve God's people on this earth. I shall be a man of God and servant of humanity.

Saturday, August 7. If prosperity is of God, that shall be mine also, as my soul partakes of His essence. By the powers of God, prosperity that is honestly earned is bound to be revealed through me.

Sunday, August 8. Gratitude is a virtue of the soul. May I constantly feel grateful to the Giver as well as to those who are my friends, especially the ones who blaze my path to Realization.

Monday, August 9. Health and vitality are the nature of youth and life. Irrespective of age, I shall make health and vitality bubble through me by tuning in my mind with God and living a temperate life.

Tuesday, August 10. That higher plane of consciousness, which is unmanifested and pure, is the creative field of all things. There shall dwell my thoughts, working with the creative nature of the Infinite.

Wednesday, August 11. Unless there is understanding in the affairs of life, there will remain misunderstanding. Even at the sacrifice of a transitory peace I shall work for an understanding and a permanent peace.

Thursday, August 12. No spiritual soul, true to God, can cherish a cruel thought even toward the vilest sinner. As every cruel thought makes one a sinner, so, O God, save me from such cruel philosophy.

Friday, August 13. Where God dwells there must be present harmony and freedom. Harmony secured through suppression, and happiness without freedom, are illusions. O God, let harmony and freedom live with happiness and understanding in my humble home.

Saturday, August 14. None can deceive the Law of *Karma*, even if the *Karma* or actions be of secret motives or of hidden performance. I shall make my motives pure and my actions straightforward.

Sunday, August 15. Wrong desires and dishonest ambitions lead one to wrong actions and dark scheming. May I crush the former so that the latter can find no access into my character.

Monday, August 16. There must be justice in the affairs of men. I shall seek justice, but, O God, save me from the spirit of revenge.

Tuesday, August 17. There should be no cessation of service until the end of these earthly days. May I live in service, and serving may I die.

Wednesday, August 18. Bad temper is a sin and a self-inflicted punishment. I shall curb bad temper with patience and efforts.

Thursday, August 19. If I came from God and I did, there was a time when I was with God. Then why should I feel such a lonesome separation from my Lord? I shall transform my thoughts and constantly feel His Presence.

Friday, August 20. There is a reason why things happen in life. There is a certain reason in all things. It shall be the quest of my soul to discover the Reason of all reasons, which is the Divine Intelligence.

Saturday, August 21. The very idea that I have enemies is an error. I shall look upon all as my friends. Perhaps, there are some unfriendly and misunderstanding friends.

Sunday, August 22. Children are flowers in the garden of life. They are the future hopes of this unhappy earth. Wherever I see a child, I shall shower my blessings and love upon the little one.

Monday, August 23. Selfishness is a part of the plan of self-preservation; but the benefit of self-preservation must also be granted to others. Therefore, I shall never secretly or openly be swayed by the inglorious trait of selfishness.

Tuesday, August 24. The most beneficial forces exist on the unseen plane. I shall turn my concentration to the unseen worlds so that I can make those unseen forces work in my life.

Wednesday, August 25. Commercialism has invaded even the kingdom of heaven. O God, may Thou be the supreme interest in the dreams of my life.

Thursday, August 26. True disciples are rare as true teachers. O God, lead me through the path of my own divine understanding and the self-realization of my divine nature, wherein I cannot make mistakes.

Friday, August 27. There are many doctrines, and in every doctrine there is some grain of truth; but I shall not waste my precious life in the maze of doctrines and fragmentary truths, when I can know all doctrines and all truths by realizing Thee, my God.

Saturday, August 28. Joy attracts joyous things, whereas sadness draws sad things in life; so shall I command my mind to think of joy and nothing but joy.

Sunday, August 29. All accomplishments in life require brain-power. Of all foods for the brain, God is the Vitamin All. I shall nourish my intellect with God, God, and God alone.

Monday, August 30. For me there is but one God, the God of Love, and one religion, the Religion of Realization. All other gods and religions exist not for me. For me forms are dead; the essence alone lives.

Thursday, August 31. In God alone there is life. In God alone there is abundance. In God alone there is contentment. That God can alone be manifested in service, not in selfishness. So, within me or without me, I shall see and feel God and God alone, and manifest Him in the acts of service and unselfish non-attachment.

ALL IN ONE

(Alphabetical Acrostic)

By S. R. Ayyar, B.A.

All Are the One, all aim at One;
All Bow to One, all breathe in One;
All Come from One, all cling to One;
All Dwell in One, all date from One;
All End in One, all err but One;
All Flash from One, all flow to One;
All Glow in One, all grow from One;
All Hail The One, all hymn to One;
All In the One, go in The One;
All Join in One, all joy is One;
All Kneel to One, all know The One;
All Love is One, all lead to One;
All Move in One, all melt in One;

*Dharmarajya.

All Need The One, all near The One;
All Own The One, all o'er is One;
All Pray to One, all praise The One;
All Quest The One, all quote The One;
All Ring to One, all ring The One;
All Seek The One, all sing to One;
All Tune in One, all turn in One;
All Urge is One, unit in One;
All Vie for One, all verge to One;
All Weave 'round One, all wheel 'round One;
All X are One, x-rayed by One;
All Yearn for One, all yield to One;
All Zest and zeal, all these are One;
O One, The One, The Only One!

ancient times might be so fanatical about following the sabbath day that he would not run out of his home and ride on a horse to bring a doctor for his dying brother, servant, or a guest. To follow the sabbath law by ignoring urgent needs as illustrated above is hypocrisy and defeats the purpose for which the sabbath day was set aside, for to ignore giving aid to a helpless man is a sin which disturbs communion with God by disregarding the dictates of conscience.

The Spirit of Service

One can take rest on Sunday and commune with God, occasionally breaking the vow of inactivity whenever it is necessary to offer help to those in need. This would not contradict the spirit of observing the sabbath day. That is why Jesus says that all rules of conduct should not be blindly followed but should be modified with strict reason and not license whenever it was necessary to do so. That is why Jesus says if ordinary men can, without transgression, modify rules of conduct on the sabbath, therefore the Son of man (His Spirit within his body) was also master of the sabbath day and could modify it as He pleased.

Here Jesus speaks of Himself as the Son of man because He refers to His body which has to observe certain physical laws in order to observe the sabbath.

And it came to pass also on another sabbath, that he entered

into the synagogue and taught: and there was a man whose right hand was withered. And the scribes and Pharisees watched him, whether he would heal on the sabbath day; that they might find an accusation against him. But he knew their thoughts, and said to the man which had the withered hand, Rise up, and stand forth in the midst. And he arose and stood forth.—Luke 6:6-8.

On this occasion, Jesus, knowing the Pharisees' thoughts, that they wanted to trap Him, said to the afflicted man, "Rise up and stand forth in the midst of the throng in full view so that they could behold the glory of God of healing on the sabbath day."

And when the man stood up Jesus addressed the throng:

I will ask you one thing; Is it lawful on the sabbath days to do good, or to do evil? To save life, or to destroy it?—Luke 6:9.

Purpose of Sabbath

What Jesus meant was that to observe the sabbath day was to do good actions and to have spiritual communion. Hence, how could it be sinful to do good? The Pharisees wanted to imply that all actions including good actions were outlawed on the sabbath. Therefore Jesus wanted to show them that since observing the sabbath day was a good action, it was contradictory to outlaw good actions on sabbath days. It was worldly and evil actions that were to be outlawed, especially on sabbath days, so that the sabbath

might be a model day after which all other days of life could be patterned.

More than emphasizing no actions on the sabbath day, negatively, it should be emphasized, positively, that sabbath days should be days of inner communion with God, no matter what one was doing outside, so that other days, though filled with business life, could be inwardly converted into sabbath days by feeling God during all activity.

"Lawful to Do Well"

Jesus, by His question, definitely pointed out that good actions could not be excluded on the sabbath. The Pharisees could not answer Him and remained quiet and then Jesus said unto them again,

What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out? How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the sabbath days.—Matthew 12:11-12.

Jesus says: Which of you, in this throng, will not lift a sheep fallen into a pit on the sabbath day? Will you not hold it and lift it out of the pit? Then, if it is all right in your material consciousness to lift a sheep, how much more is it necessary to lift a precious man, made in the image of God, from the pit of

trouble? Then, it is absolutely evident that the sabbath was made to create spiritual consciousness and it is lawful to do any activity that increases that consciousness.

And when he looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand.—Mark 3:5.

And Jesus looked on them with spiritual indignation because of the hard-heartedness of the Pharisees who refused to feel for goodness. Then He said to the man with the defective hand, "Stretch forth thine hand".

Effort of Will Necessary

Jesus meant, "Make an effort of your will to stretch forth your hand and send the all-healing energy there. If you do so and are in tune with Me, My divine will, controlling the cosmic energy of the universe, also present in your will and your bodily energy, will heal your hand". The person healed had to do something to prepare his mental soil so that the seed of divine healing power coming from Jesus could sprout into the plant of healing.

And he stretched it out and his hand was restored whole as the other. And the Pharisees went forth, and straightway took counsel with the Herodians against him, how they might destroy him. But when Jesus knew it, he withdrew himself with his disciples

The Man-Woman Saint

Translated by

Balmukund Verma

FOUR hundred years ago, there lived in Puri a *Brahman*, Jagannath Das by name. He was very much respected for his learning and piety. Though he had no worldly trouble or anxiety, he appeared sad and worried. His desire was not for anything of the world but for realizing the Lord. When praying, he would say: "Lord, it is only through Thy mercy that man can realize Thee. I am useless, worthless. I have not the strength to withdraw myself from the attachments of the world and to fix my mind on Thee. I am the slave of attachments, a willing victim of illusion. It is Thou, O Lord, who canst save me from the snare. Merciful Lord, there is none so low as I, but my vanity prevents me from accepting my lowliness. I am not on the right path. Lord, take mercy on Thy fallen slave. Grant me the strength and the will to worship Thee and pray, bless me with Thy *darshan* (sight)."

Years rolled on; Jagannath prayed to the Lord as above. One day, before going to sleep and while still in bed, he began to pray like this: "Lord, much time

has passed. I have not had a ray of light from Thee, no doubt because I have not deserved it. If I am unworthy of Thy devotion or love, as surely I am, pray let me have something that will inculcate in me implicit faith in Thee. Merciful Lord, I am at Thy feet. There is none to take me up whether here or hereafter. Take me to Thyself or throw me away; whatever I am, I am Thine."

Power of Sincere Prayer

Thus praying, Jagannath Das fell asleep. The heart of the Lord is so very tender: it was touched. A single word of sincere prayer is enough to melt it. The day, nay the moment, the true devotee opens his innermost heart in prayer and, despairing of all worldly instruments, places himself at the Lord's feet with implicit faith, the Lord accepts his prayer the same, the very same moment.

The Lord appeared to Jagannath Das in his dream and said, "Dear Jagannath, why are you so depressed? He who, for once, takes his shelter in Me with a true heart, has nothing to be afraid of. This is My promise. Today you are saved. You will

* *Kalyana Kalpataru*.

have no fear. Now do one thing for Me. The *Bhāgavata Purāna* is a safe and sure ship to carry people across this ocean of the world. Inspired by Me, Vyāsa-deva compiled it. Raja Parikshit attained salvation after he had heard the *Purāna* recited by Sukadeva. *Bhāgavata* is My own Image. Therefore, you translate it into your own language, the Prākṛit. This will purify you, no doubt; but, what is much more, it will purify many others who cannot understand it in Sanskrit. Take it up forthwith, bless yourself and the world."

Command of the Lord

On being commanded by the Lord thus, Jagannath said, "Lord, I am totally ignorant and illiterate. How shall I be able to carry out your commands? How shall I translate into Prākṛit that great book of knowledge, the *Bhāgavata*?"

The Lord rejoined, "Dear one, don't be afraid. What is it that I cannot do? Fear not and with confidence and faith in Me sit down to write and go on as I prompt you to." Having said so, the Lord disappeared.

Jagannath Das awoke and sat up in the bed. He was overjoyed at having had a *darshan* of the Lord. Full of faith in the Lord, he at once got up, took pen and paper and was ready for writing; but what to write he still knew not. He felt so confused that he began to weep bitterly, so that his

clothes, his face and hands were all wet with tears. His physical eyes failed to function. And then, as he looked inside his heart, he found that the glorious image of the Lord was there. All the sense portals were closed up. The pen began to move and page after page was transcribed. Next day, early in the morning, Jagannath Das again experienced the same thing. This went on from day to day and in a short time a beautiful translation in verse of *Srīmad Bhāgavata* was ready. Jagannath Das, in obedience to the Lord's commands, began to recite the translation among the people.

Jagannath next toured the country. The sweetness of the recitation attracted not only men and women, it kept even bird and beast spell-bound. A melodious voice charms the people and when the song is God-inspired and is sung entirely for the soul-uplift of the people, without any desire whatsoever for personal gain or fame, and when, again, it is nothing else but the very essence of the Book of Love, such as the *Bhāgavata* is, it is sure to make the people enamoured of it. As Jagannath Das went on singing in the streets, a flood of tears flowed down his cheeks, his voice became full of stifling pathos, his body tottered to a fall, through the ecstasies produced by the song. Men, women and children, looking at the ecstatic condition of Jagannath, were forcefully drawn towards him. They reverently

entreated him to go to their houses and there to let them listen to his enchanting song. They would all cluster round him and with rapt attention hear him sing the praises of the Lord. They would love him as one of their own. Thus the song went round from house to house.

Plot of His Enemies

But the evilly-inclined and wicked people must occupy their time. To speak ill of those who are praised, to pick holes is the chief concern of their life. The crow defiles beautiful things as if temperamentally; the dog defiles sacred trees, budding plants and creepers; the rat cuts away pieces from people's clothing, although it does him no good; the snake bites, although it is profitless to him.

The wicked people were greatly jealous of Jagannath Das. They designed a plan. Their leaders went to Raja Pratāparudra, the king of Puri, and said: "Your Highness, this sacred capital town of your kingdom is having a serious scandal these days. There is a villainous *Brahman*, Jagannath by name. He wears a *Tulasi* rosary, daubs his forehead with sandal paste and moves out freely and with impunity, robbing simple men of their wealth and unsophisticated women of their honor. The sacred town of Puri has been defiled by him. We humbly beseech Your Highness to get the truth or otherwise of this sifted by your detective staff and,

if Your Highness is satisfied with the correctness of our report, then Your Highness might order your sacred territory freed from this scourge of a *Brahman*."

The Raja ordered the investigation of the matter. The wicked maligners of Jagannath next approached the detective staff and took them to places where Jagannath, surrounded by men and women, was reciting the *Bhāgavata*. They also bribed them to exaggerate what they had seen and to confirm their report to the Raja. The malicious report was confirmed and the Raja sent for Jagannath Das and said: "Oh wretch, you have got the look of a saint, but your actions are altogether otherwise. You live among women day and night and sing to them—who knows what? Now, out with the truth or else the days of thy sinful life are numbered."

Make No Distinction

Hearing these words, Jagannath thought for a while and then confidently replied: "Your Highness, it does not behoove you to persecute a harmless fellow on the false and envious reports of his enemies, without looking at all into the truth of the allegations. I only recite *Srīmad Bhāgavata* and recite it to anyone, a *Brahman*, a *Kshatriya*, a *Vaisya*, *Sūdra* or an untouchable, whosoever calls me to his place. I make no distinction between young and old, man or woman. With the mercy of the Lord, I am a

Brahmachārī (man of self-control). When with men, I am a man; and when with women, I am like unto them. My presence has never produced objectionable emotions or passions either in me or in others."

Raja's Misunderstanding

Raja Prataparudra had already made up his mind. He ground his teeth and said: "You are a consummate rogue, a great scoundrel. How tall you talk! You say that you are a man when among men and that you get transformed into a woman, when you are among women. Well, if you are a saint, I should like to witness your saintliness. Let me see how you get transformed into a woman. If you cannot convince me of this claim of yours, remember, I will have no mercy on you, even though you are a *Brahman*." Then, turning towards his soldiers, he thundered forth, "Take this cheat, this scoundrel, into the prison and put him in fetters and handcuffs."

Jagannath Das had never claimed that he actually became a woman. He meant something quite different; but he had no opportunity to make himself correctly understood, as the Raja was in a fit of rage. The Raja went to the palace and the constables bound up Jagannath, hands and feet, and took him into the jail.

Equal Pleasure Everywhere

To a true devotee, hell and heaven make no difference. He

considers the Lord to be with him everywhere and, so long as He is with him, the devotee does not care where he is. He finds equal pleasure everywhere. Jagannath was quite happy in the jail. He fixed his mind on Him and, mad with devotion, he would now laugh, then weep and next cry like a child, then dance and at times sit silent and quiet as if in *Samādhi*. Once, when praying to the Lord, he said: "Lord, the Raja has put a fantastic meaning upon what I said. With You, there is no difference between man and woman. To transform me into a woman is an ordinary thing for you, but it will surely facilitate my singing your praise. O Lord of all Illusion, pray do this."

The prayer was heard by the Lord and accepted. Jagannath became unconscious of his body and found that the Lord was before him in the prison cell and he heard the Lord say: "Dear one, if that is your desire, be it so. The desires of My devotees are My own desires. Your physical body is no longer that of a man, it is a woman's. Whenever you want it again to be the body of a man, it will be as heretofore." Saying so, the Lord disappeared.

The Transformation

Jagannath Das woke up as from a dream and found that his body was that of a woman. His joy knew no bounds. He began to say to himself, "Oh, how

blessed I am in being in this prison cell! The incident has blessed me as also this little dark cell, meant to frighten its inmates. The dust of the Lord's feet, a touch of it, brought salvation for Ahalyā who had become a stone; the same touch blessed Sesanāga and bedecked his forehead with the rarest of jewels. The sages consider themselves blessed when they get the water that has touched the selfsame Feet. Oh, how blessed I am in having had a touch of the Lord's hand, just a while before!"

Thus singing the praises of the Lord, Jagannath passed the night. As the day dawned, the sentry came and opened the prison door. Jagannath emerged out of the cell. The sentry was dumbfounded to find a beautiful, stately woman coming out of the cell instead of Jagannath. Finding that he was dazed, Jagannath said, "Brother, I am the same Jagannath whom you put into the cell last evening. The Lord's ways are inscrutable. He has out of His great mercy turned me into a woman overnight. Now take me to the King."

Jagannath was taken to the palace. The Raja wondered at the faultless beauty and the enchanting proportions of form of the woman before him. He began to think within himself, "Is it the same Jagannath Das or has he played a trick? If it is he, then surely it is the Lord's doing. I have committed a great, an un-

pardonable sin in putting such a saint into the jail. But that is impossible." Then, addressing Jagannath Das, he said, "There is no doubt that you have the true and full form of a woman now. But I doubt if you are the same Jagannath Das. It is possible that he may have made good his escape, putting you in his place. Therefore, if you can once more be the same Jagannath Das in my presence and reassume your original form of a man, then alone can I be convinced."

The Re-Transformation

Jagannath Das closed his eyes and began to pray to the Lord. In an instant, the woman's form was gone, and, with *kartal* (cymbals) in his hands, Jagannath Das was seen singing the praises of the Lord. All present were wonderstruck. The Raja fell at the feet of Jagannath and, craving forgiveness, said, "O crowning glory of Saints, if you have really granted me forgiveness, then pray recite your *Bhāgavata* to me."

The Lord's devotees are, by nature, tender-hearted and forgiving. Jagannath Das consoled the Raja and began to recite *Bhāgavata* to him from that day onward. This went on and, when he finished, Raja Pratāparudra fell at his feet again and requested Jagannath Das to take him as one of his slaves and disciples. The Raja got a neat cottage built for the saint in a

(Continued on Page 41)



Spiritual Interpretation OF THE ★ **BHAGAVAD GITA**

Imperishable Soul

By SWAMI YOGANANDA

Chapter 2, Stanza 23

Literal Translation:

"This soul cannot be severed by weapons; this soul the fires cannot burn; this soul cannot be moistened by water; and this soul cannot be dried up by breezes."

Poetic Rendition:

The cruel thrusts of arms cannot pierce the subtle being of the soul; hungry flames cannot consume or digest the soul; yea, the lips of water cannot soil the sacred soul; nor can the buxom breeze drink its blood and render it dry.

Spiritual Interpretation:

The Spirit creates two sets of different things: (1) Invisible powers of life, mind, and

wisdom; (2) Visible forms of vibratory matter.

The soul is individualized spirit, as the wave is the individualized ocean. The spirit is Immortal, Omniscient, Omnipresent, Ever-new Bliss. So the soul is *individualized* immortal, omniscient, ever-new bliss. The Spirit by finer vibrations created soul, intellect, mind, life. By grosser vibrations, the Spirit created matter, solids, liquids, gases, energy, just as consciousness of man in the dream state can create will, thought, and feeling, and also solids, liquids, gases, energy.

Vibration of Joy

The awakened soul becomes one with Spirit. The soul feels

its all-creating power even as Spirit. The soul consists of the fine vibrations of joy. The weapons of earth or solids, the fire or energy, the water or liquid, the air or wind, all these constitute gross vibrations. The Spirit or the soul is made of vibrationless vibration of Joy. Hence it cannot be disturbed by gross vibrations of solids, liquids, air or energy. Ice collides with ice, water dashes against water, energy is matched against energy; but stones cannot hurt air or fire. So gross vibrations or solids, liquids, winds or energy cannot in any way collide with soul consciousness.

As the consciousness of the dreamer cannot be hurt or destroyed by any dream object of weapon, water, fire or energy, so also, all objects which are created by the dream consciousness of the Spirit cannot hurt the dreamer, the Spirit.

Soul Is Unaffected

In a dream, there might be fights with weapons, flood, fires, storms, but these do not affect the consciousness of the dreamer. So, the soul is not affected by its dream cosmic created objects of solids, liquids, wind and fire. Just as the consciousness of a dreamer is not burned by the fire of his dream, so also the soul is unaffected by the objects evolved and vibrated out of it. The flood or storm in a dream does not af-

fect the dreamer's consciousness. So also, the creator soul's consciousness is not affected by its created objects.

When the physical consciousness of man changes by meditation, he beholds all solids, liquids, energies, as a play of forces, as dream images floating in the cosmic mind of the Cosmic Dreamer. Then the dream-sword cannot slay the dream-body nor can anything be able to destroy him.

As the dreamer is never hurt by the fires, weapons, floods, storms, of a dream, and he finds himself safe after the dream is over, so also, the human soul dreamer is not actually hurt by the dream weapons, dream floods, dream fires, dream storms which he experiences during his cosmic dream. They may frighten the dreamer temporarily, but when he wakes up in God, he finds himself safe and sound.



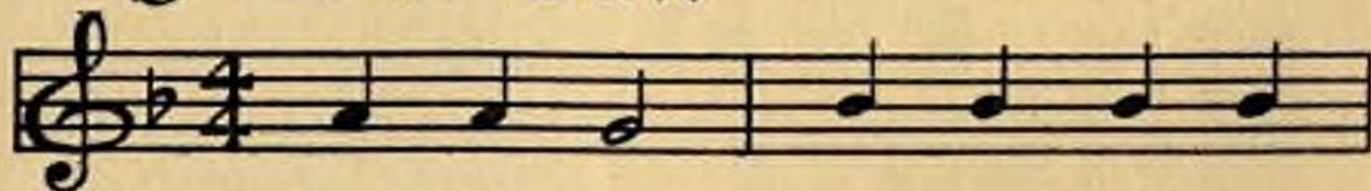
THE MAN-WOMAN SAINT

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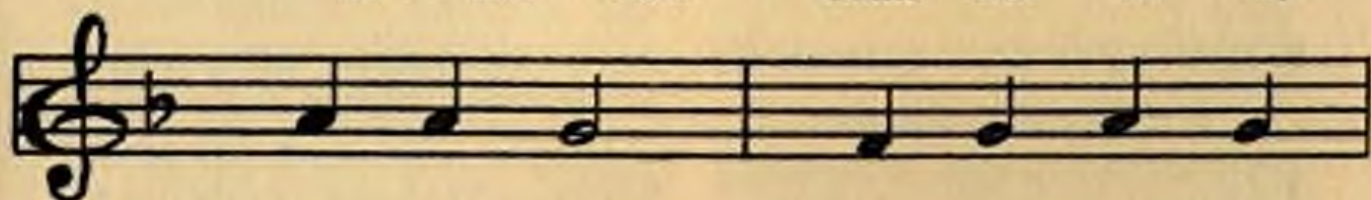
forest near by and continued to serve him with his own hands thereafter.

It is over four hundred years since the saint Jagannath Das gave up his earthly body. But, even today, the temple to his memory stands on the sea-shore in Puri. The *Bhāgavata* that he composed is worshiped like a diety in every house in Orissa.

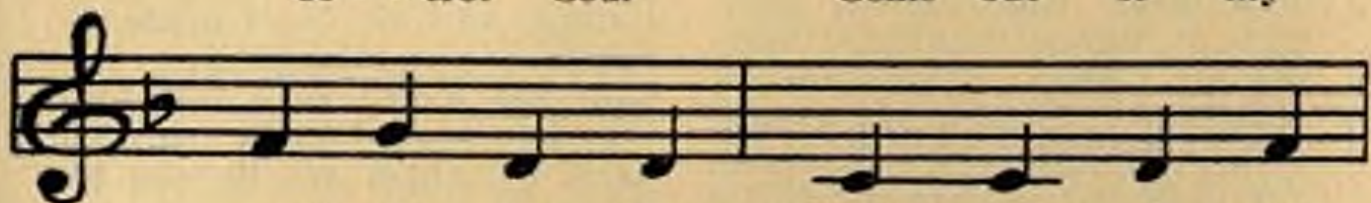
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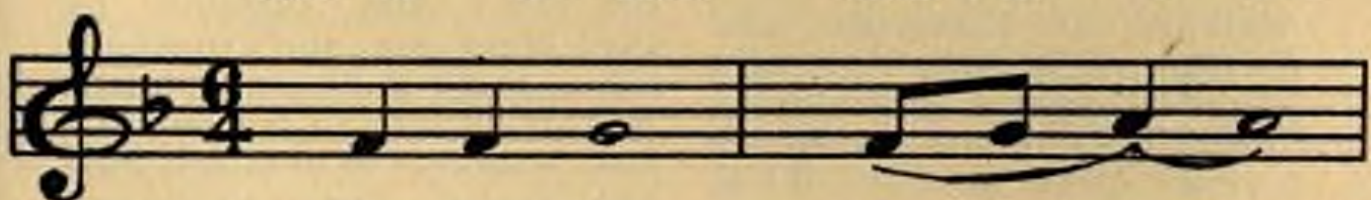
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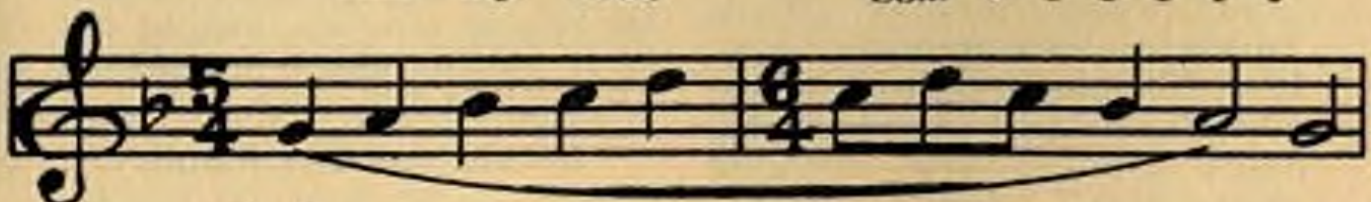
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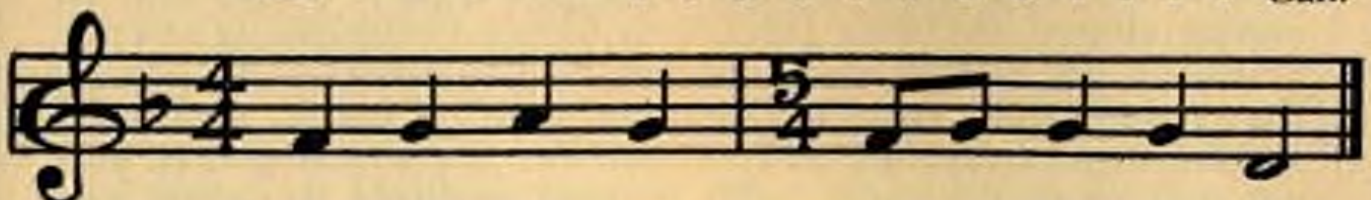
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Thee my Soul, Soul - - - - -



Soul - - - - - Call.



Thou can't re - main hid - den a - ny - more.



INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP

"He hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."—Acts 17:26.

WHICH DO YOU CHOOSE?

By Swami Yogananda

PICTURE a hall of religions where Hindus, Moslems, Americans, Englishmen, Japanese, Chinese, Nubians, Germans, Italians, Abyssinians, Russians, Frenchmen, Grecians, Mongolians, Tibetans, Australians, Bushmen, New Zealanders, South Americans, Alaskans, all Europeans and Asiatics, all nations and races assemble together worshipping God in wisdom and perception even as Jesus did. Behold in the hall of salvation, Krishna, Rama, Vyasa, Buddha, Christ, Zoroaster, Mohammed, Shankara, Chaitanya, Babaji, Lahari Mahasaya, Sri Yukteswarji, Saint Francis, and liberated saints of all religions, feeling God in the same way as unending eternal ever-new joy.

Behold the United States of the World with God as the President governing the different nations of the earth. Behold Adam and Eve as the common parents of the yellow,

dark, olive-colored, white-colored or red-hued humans.

Behold the earth as a big house, where the family of all nations beholds God as the Father, and all races made in His image as His children. Behold the world as a kingdom centrally heated by the sun, all parts of which are lighted by the same moon, decorated with the same stars, sustained by the same air and sunshine, same food and same water. Behold all human bodies similarly sensitive to pain and gunshot wounds. Listen to the language of one thought behind all human tongues, behold the same human nature beneath all national peculiarities.

Behold the One Family

Now seeing all the above things, would you like to preach the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of all nations, universal religion, universal method of contacting God, universal auxiliary language, and international understanding—or would you prefer the doctrine

of race hatred, Nordic supremacy complex, Aryan egotism, dictatorships, war, wholesale devastations by bombs and shattering of bones and tearing the lungs with chorine gas, national selfishness which leads to greed, patriotic insolence, famines, cruelties, concentration of all national wealth on armaments, shot-for-shot law, hatred between Asia and the West, racial differences between black and white—an emphasis which contains the seeds of the greatest world conflagration — industrial selfishness making nations the tool of destiny and Satan, insulting immigration laws which discriminate by color, not quality, and which would outlaw the Jew, Christ, from Germany and Gandhi from America, unbalanced division of wealth, giving birth to national greeds and wars, bitter political factions, and isms of religions which divide Protestants and Catholics, followers of the same Christ? Modern war which is so evil, so much more unimaginably inhuman and cruel than all other past wars, and which is super-advanced in the art of murder and tortured, lingering death, has caused many thousands of parentless children crying for food amid the rain of bombs and choking gases and shrapnel stabbing shells.

Horrors of Modern War

The horrors of modern warfare all the more show how the

so-called civilization of modern times needs the teachings of Christ, of "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do, for they are My brothers," to bring lasting peace on earth. Selfish industry, race for armaments, brandishing the sword of political power, increase of material comforts, have made modern civilization insecure and disastrous. Actual steps must be taken to live the brotherhood preached by Christ and the masters of India and of all religions, a brotherhood which alone can bring permanent prosperity, peace and joy. Those who use the sword must fall by the sword. Those who would live beneath the canopy of universal brotherhood would permanently remain in the castle of permanent security, prosperity and happiness, each nation having a host of friends instead of, as now, each nation against a host of enemies.

IF WE MUST DREAM

By Swami Yogananda

Health and death,
War and peace,
Cold and heat,
Grief and joy,
Are all dualities
Of my cosmic dream—

But O God,
I do not like
The cruel dream-bombs
Shattering the little dream-
bodies of Spanish children

In the nightmares of Europe's
strife.

Drunk with delusion

The brother drives the dream-
sword

In the heart of another brother

In this doleful land of dreams.

O God, why do You let us

Dream such dreams of terror

Created by our delusive brains

Insane with selfishness?

O God, I implore You come

And jerk us out

Of this mad dream.

O God, if we must dream

Teach us to dream beautiful
dreams—

Let Thy song drown the roar
of cannons and bursting
shells,

Let Thy joy poison and kill all
selfishness,

Let Thy power enliven all,

Let Thy smile be upon all lips,

Thy wisdom rest forever in the
temple of brains,

And Thy all-uniting love rest
in the sanctuary of all na-
tions' hearts.

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WHAT DO WE KNOW?

(Continued from Page 9)

of predicting eclipses and making
calendars, all of which are for
the benefit of human society, so,
also, any man, by looking within
himself and applying his con-
sciousness of inherent goodness,
may build for himself a spiritual
mansion in which he may abide
so long as he shall choose, and to
which he may invite those friends
who can appreciate the glory of
such a golden home.

KANT ON ART

"An aesthetically basic feel-
ing is the sense of the sublime.
This feeling is conceived of by
Kant as an act of spiritual self-
delivery. As beings of the
senses, we are anything but up-
lifted by what forces itself
upon us as gigantic, colossal,
or unmeasurable. The sight of
the limitless ocean or the vast
solitude of the desert, the ex-
perience of a violent thunder-
storm or the eruption of a vol-
cano, have at first a depressing
or a terrifying effect upon us.

"But soon a defense reaction
—to use a modern term—sets
in, our spiritual nature asserts
itself. We feel ourselves a part
of the living spirit that per-
vades this infinite space and
sets in motion these wonder-
ful revolutions of nature. We
feel an active power in us akin
to the life of the portentous
phenomena before us. And thus
we are enabled to transform
the overwhelming sensations
of terror and awe into the feel-
ing of the sublime, that is, to
raise ourselves to the level of
the object of our sensations and
see in it a manifestation of the
life that assures our own spir-
itual sublimity. . . . The mis-
sion of art, according to Kant,
is to release these powers of
the spirit, to give man his true
inner freedom. In Kant's own
words: 'Nature is beautiful
when she appears as art; art
is beautiful when she appears as
nature'."—Kuno Francke.

News Items

SCIENCE CONGRESS

A delegation from the British Association for the Advancement of Science will visit India to participate in the Jubilee celebrations of the Indian Science Congress at Calcutta in the first week of January, 1938. Many prominent scientists from Europe and India will attend. Sir Ernest Rutherford will preside.

CHINESE GIFT

The opening ceremony of the Viswabharati Chinese Hall was performed by the poet Tagore and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, president of the Indian National Congress, on April 14th, the day of the Bengali lunar New Year's Day. A magnificent library of one *lakh* (100,000) Chinese books on all subjects was donated. The Sino-Indian Cultural Society for strengthening the age-old ties between China and India has been formed.

NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

Mahatma Gandhi will be one of the candidates for the Nobel Peace Prize for 1937. One of those entitled to propose candidates to the committee has consented to a request from the Norwegian organization of the Friends of India to nominate Mr. Gandhi.

CHINESE PAGODA

A priceless seven-story pagoda fashioned out of an 18,000-pound piece of jade will be China's contribution to the International Art Exposition in Paris.

The pagoda, which kept 150 workmen busy for 18 years, is the same whose unrivaled brilliance and workmanship drew the admiration of experts at the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition in 1933.

While the masterpiece of jade carving was cut from one big piece of jade, each of the seven stories may be taken apart as well as the inside parts.

The pagoda is mounted on a base of cloisonne, and may be lighted from inside with inset electric bulbs. With the lights on, the pagoda takes on a striking appearance.

ANCIENT MODERNISM

The ancient Babylonians had collective bargaining 5,000 years ago, it seems. They also had old age pensions, government price-fixing and government control of industry, stock market troubles and lots of other things which we like to consider modern. So says Dr. Walter H. Dubberstein, instructor

in Oriental history at the University of Chicago.

Collective bargaining seems to have worked out fairly well through the old Babylonian guilds, "responsible to society for the good behavior of their members," and Babylonian social security may have been reasonably effective. Government monopoly and government price-fixing apparently were the same big flops in Babylon that they have been wherever and whenever tried.

With all their modern social and economic conveniences, the Babylonians had their day and went their way. Whether the life of their civilization was prolonged or curtailed by some of the experiments cited is something for the historians, archaeologists, political and social economists and others to fight out among themselves.

Will a like debate about "ancient American civilization" be under way 5,000 years or so from now?

DEVOTEE OF CHRIST

COSENZA, Italy, March 26. — Civic authorities said Elena Aiello, a nun at the Cosenza orphanage, bled from her forehead today as on 12 previous Good Fridays.

Religious and civic leaders went to the orphanage where the nun lay on her iron bed. A crowd of worshipers knelt in

prayer outside the humble stone orphanage.

On previous occasions, authorities said, bleeding has continued each Good Friday until about midnight and has left the nun's face chalk white. The blood flows from the nun's forehead somewhat as it did from Christ's when a crown of thorns was pressed on His brow.

"ELEPHANT BOY"

The recently released film, *Elephant Boy*, directed by Robert Flaherty, is an interesting study not only of jungle life in India but also of the Hindu sense of unity between man and nature. The picture, which is based on Kipling's *Toomai of the Elephants*, was filmed in the vast primeval jungles of Mysore in southern India. The title role is played by a remarkably gifted 12-year old Hindu boy, Sabu.

One of the most striking scenes in the picture is the hill at Sravana Belgola, the sacred seat of the Jains. The granite summit of this hill was carved, in the tenth century, into the largest free-standing monolithic figure in the world. It is 57 feet high and is reached by a flight of 600 steps. The statute represents the Jain saint Gommatesvara in an austere *Yoga* posture. The saint has identified himself so completely with nature that creepers climb over his body, ant-hills rise about his thighs and snakes crawl over his giant feet.

Another recent film worth seeing is *Lost Horizon*, a story of a Utopia hidden from the outside world in the high mountainous regions of Tibet. The allegorical meaning is clear, the unbelieving brother symbolizing the perverse lower nature which seeks to destroy all beauty and is finally the cause of its own destruction.

STUDY OF SANSKRIT

Dr. Poul Tuxen of Denmark, professor of Sanskrit at Copenhagen University, recently visited India and addressed the students of Presidency College in Madras. In the course of his lecture, Dr. Tuxen said that over a hundred years ago his University first offered courses in the study of the sacred Indian tongue. Declaring that his own chief interest was in the study of Sanskrit, Dr. Tuxen acclaimed it as "the finest and most wonderful language in the world. In Copenhagen, as elsewhere, Sanskrit is studied in order to have a basis for comparative philology. Panini's Sanskrit grammar is a much more profound science than the grammar of any European tongue." The professor concluded by telling his audience that, as it is the custom of his University to present the King of Denmark each year with a book, last year he had himself prepared a translation from Sanskrit of Nagarjuna's *Madhyamika* for the royal gift.

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BOOK REVIEWS

A Hermit in the Himalayas, by Paul Brunton (E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y., \$2.50).

The latest book of Paul Brunton, whose earlier *Search in Secret India* won him widespread acclaim as a true interpreter of the East to the West, is compiled from his private journal written during the months of his solitary sojourn in the Himalaya Mountains on the Indo-Tibetan border. The book is rich in philosophic reflections on an amazingly varied range of subjects—reincarnation, the art of acting, asceticism, the science of astrology, meetings with bears and panthers, visits of yogis, a friendship with a deodar tree, the spiritualization of politics, the future of Tibet. Above all, his joy in meditation—the surging power and exhaustless inspiration which he derives from his practices in the lonely wilds—shines forth and illumines every page. A few passages from the book follow:

"In this (Himalayan) undertaking I am simply obeying the injunction laid upon me by my revered spiritual Master . . . In his unique presence one feels instinctively that one is all the time mentally on bent reverent knees. I am ever ready to throw myself at his feet who

can show me what I really am, who shall make me feel larger than the unsatisfying mortal that passes for me."

"The intellect is but an instrument and not the essential being of man. It is not self-sustained. It is an automatic and routine faculty. Modern man represents the triumph of mechanistic intellect over mere instinct, just as future man will represent the triumph of divine intuition over mere intellect."

"I know that these (thought) intruders are alien to the essential being of man. I know that when all thoughts are let go, when they die off like lotus flowers in mid-winter, the divine reality begins to arise. The mere resolve and consequent effort to turn one's attention inwards immediately arouses them to a fierce struggle for their own existence. Their grip on man is more tenacious than he normally realizes, for it is the result of long hereditary ingrained habit passed down through the race. They hold him mercilessly, enslave him in a manner which he rarely understands, and deprive him of the liberty that already exists in his unknown inmost nature. I have watched in myself the processes by which

thought moves and I have discovered them to be mechanical."

"The most powerful Being in the entire universe—its Creator—is likewise the Ever-Calm, the Ever-Still. The Supreme Being dwells within the motionless Absolute, yet all movement, all creation, all world-working, proceeds out of that Divine Stillness. And if man is 'made in the image of God,' then the most dynamic element within him must also dwell in stillness. This is a primary truth of life and we would do well to acknowledge it. . . . I perceive, therefore, that I have nothing to lose by persisting in my exercises in stillness; I need fear neither feebleness nor degeneration. On the contrary, I have everything to gain, to-wit: contact with that vital creative Force which has really made me."

"I have learned the highest wisdom is to find and then surrender to this Power. But to discover It we need to go into the Silence every day for a little while, retiring from the outer world to enter the inner world wherein It abides. God will not lower His mode of speech in order that unfamiliar mortals may comprehend. We must learn His language or go without His message. His language is nothing else than this stillness."

AUGUST, 1937

Yoga: The Science of Health,
by Felix Guyot (Dutton & Co.,
N. Y., \$1.50).

This is one of the best books on *Hatha Yoga* which has been written for Westerners by a Westerner. The author tells us that the Sanskrit word *Hatha* means strength, energy, and "is a method, at once traditional, rational and experimental, which regulates the economy and utilization" of man's forces. Contending that the span of human life should extend up to 250 years, the author points out many reasons, some of them quite unknown to the West, why this goal is not attained, and how it may be finally achieved. One of his most interesting explanations is how sexual indulgence shortens life. "Man acquired the exceptional faculty of repeating genetic acts during any season, but it was at the expense of his total period of genital activity and, as a consequence, at the cost of the length of his life. What happened was just as if he had had the restricted possibility of performing a limited number of sexual acts during the cycle of his whole existence. Primitively, this number was distributed over 150 to 200 years; through the frequency of the repetitions, it finished in being spread over 40 years only."

A few of the numerous practical health hints given in the book follow:

"The human frame is constructed in such a manner that, when the hands are turned *with*

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the palms to the front, the head is found to be automatically poised on the shoulders with the bust well balanced on the loins, and the whole weight of the body poised upon the narrow base" of the foot. One of the secrets of a graceful, fatigueless carriage is to walk with the palms to the front.

"Do you know how to go up a staircase? People place half their feet only on the steps, and sometimes only the toe. Result: to the effort of ascent is added that of keeping one's balance. Place the whole of your foot flat on the steps and hold your hands with the palms forward; you will find that you no longer get out of breath."

"One of the secrets of Oriental runners is that their progression is strictly timed by both their heart and lung movements. Movements timed by the rhythm of the heart and lung are accomplished with a minimum of fatigue. *Hatha Yoga* lays down as a rule that a movement should always begin on a heart beat and last an integral number of beats."

"The nervous force flows away naturally by the extremities, like electricity with which it offers numerous analogies. The loss which takes place every moment through the tips of the fingers and toes is a considerable one. If you bring these extremities into contact, you will close the circuit."

"It is quite impossible to remain angry inwardly when the

muscles of the face and body are relaxed, when the eyes and lips are smiling; it is the whole secret of Oriental impassibility."

"If one takes the precaution of only drinking water having a salinity equal to that of the blood, neither excessive perspiration nor its resulting thirst will occur. I have drawn attention to the advantage of drinking water containing half a teaspoonful of common salt to a pint."

A simple cure for insomnia is given—the application of heat to the inside of the ankle.

The author's observations on the ancient Hindu medical knowledge of diagnosis by breath and psycho-analysis, and of vitamins and other "modern" discoveries are no less interesting than his comments on meat-eating vs. vegetarianism, the relation of diet to the problem of country vs. city life, the importance of eating foods indigenous to one's own soil, the value of wheat, onions and garlic in longevity, the existence of a personal vital rhythm which everyone should discover and live by, the internal use of olive oil for that "sun-tan" look, and the neglected importance of song and dance as a healthful aid to natural self-expression. These are only some of the many subjects discussed in this sensible and thought-provoking book.

The Secret Lore of India, by W. M. Teape, M.A. (W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., Cambridge, England, 7/6 for two volumes).

This work contains a number of main passages from the *Upanshads*, put into very readable English verse by Dr. Teape. In the first section of the translation, the world is symbolized picturesquely as a Horse:

On Horse's back we launch
away,
His mane—those clouds all-
rippled grey;
Thorough the grey yon crin-
kling red—
Reflections cast by rising head;
The courser's back—that
stretch of sky,
This wind—his breath, that
sun—his eye.
These rivers running near and
far
The entrails of his body are;
His paunch's fill—these drifts
of sand;
Above the drifts those moun-
tains stand—
His lungs and liver. Debonair
His hide behold, with trees for
hair;
His flesh—those clouds that
low and high
Amass in dapple through the
sky.
His yawnings are the light-
ning's pranks
North, south, east, west about
his flanks.
O hark the rain! Each lake
doth boil

Surcharged with yeast in wild
turmoil.

His are the speeding years we
ride,

His heat—the warmth in all
descried.

Strikes out his hoof each new-
flashed day.

The moon! O see it dance
away!

One leap of his, a year is fled;
His vibrant tail—the stars out-
spread!

Voice is his voice; 'tis he we
hear

Whene'er salutes a voice our
ear.

So urge we on, on mad course
hurled,

Thou, I, and others, all the
world!

So taught the East, the World
doth fill

A part fulfilling each man's
will:

For rider each, cause good or
ill

For which he hath his flag un-
furled,

As be the rider, so his world,
A steed for him of just the
breed

To bear him to his nature's
deed.

There are chapters dealing with inspiring passages from the ancient *Upanishadic* lore on The Evolution of the Cosmos, The Emanations From and the Return to Itself of the Unitive Self, Macrocosm and Microcosm, How the Spirit Became the All and The Self Creative.

SCIENTIFIC DIGEST

THE "DEATH RAY"

The "death ray" of which the writers of sensational fiction are so fond has at least this much foundation in scientific fact: that it has now been proved workable on a small scale.

Happily this instrument of death has not yet been so far perfected as to be of any use to the soldier or the criminal. But it may before long be applied to the more homely purpose of eradicating pests and vermin.

An experimenter in Leicester demonstrated some time ago that high-frequency electric rays could kill mice and flies.

The "death ray" kills the victim in the same way as a certain note played on a violin or struck with a tuning-fork will sometimes crack a wine-glass. That is, it appears that the "frequency" of the ray coincides with the "wave-length" of the animal's nervous impulses, with the result that those impulses are killed.

The scientist who carried out these experiments believes that every living creature possesses a distinctive "wave-length," and it was by discovering the wave-length of mice and flies that he was able to kill them

with the application of a ray of the appropriate frequency.

Thus, for the present, the "death ray" seems likely to be more effective in the larder than on the battlefield. Food protected by an apparatus tuned-in to the wave-length of any prevalent pest would be safe from contamination.

ELECTRICAL MESSAGES

Electrical messages from the stratosphere region of the brain where the emotions and the soul are supposed to be located were declared recently by two neurologists to give a new insight into the nature of insanity, and "the clouds and storms in the vast atmosphere of the personality."

Dr. Frederick Lemere of Medical Lake, Washington, and Dr. Hallowell Davis of Boston told the closing session of the American Medical Association's annual meeting that these storms and cross-currents which change a normal mind into a bizarre thing can be charted accurately just as the weatherman charts the weather.

Each Person Has Pattern

Such brainstorms have a characteristic effect on the electrical waves of the brain which can be picked up and re-

corded on a special machine. All human beings have a pattern of brain waves as characteristic of them as their fingerprints, Dr. Lemere declared, and the various brain disorders also have patterns which identify them exactly.

Dr. Davis added that he had found that passive, patient, dependent people have "strong and plentiful" primary brain waves which occur at a rate of ten per second while persons with a consistent internal drive for prestige or power have only a few weak such waves.

HEAT EXPANSION

We know about the properties of heat and cold in expanding and contracting substances respectively. But what of the effect of temperatures on human beings?

If a metal rod grows longer for being heated, why shouldn't the body expand in the same way? Well, it does! Apart from the fact that one's hands, for example, obviously are fatter when thoroughly warm, one's legs and arms actually get longer.

This fact has been proved experimentally. When a person has drunk some hot coffee his arms and legs can be measured to show an increase in length. Similarly, the contraction due to drinking iced water is measurable.

A BLOOD FACTORY

A portable "blood factory," tenderly carried 3000 miles across country while in operation, recently produced human red and white cells at the American Medical Association convention.

The blood corpuscles were "born" in a sealed and germ-proof glass jar. Inside was a small amount of bone marrow, which had been painlessly extracted with a hollow needle from a human breast-bone. It "manufactured" corpuscles in the same way that the "red marrow" of the flat bones produces them regularly in the living body.

The entire apparatus, which serves as an artificial "heart, lung and kidney," was devised by Dr. Edwin E. Osgood, head of the division of experimental medicine, University of Oregon Medical School, Portland.

The marrow is nourished by a "chemical soup." This is 65 per cent salts, minerals and sugar, and 35 per cent infant blood serum.

The "lung" bottle "breathes" ordinary air. The air and the artificial plasma flow through glass "windpipe" and "arteries" in such a way that they balance each other like the blood and air in the human lung, Doctor Osgood explained. The "kidney" bottle with its tubing carries off waste products of cell life.

★ Diet and Health ★

By ELLEN EASTON, B. Sc.

The most common and most destructive method of cooking vegetables is boiling. They are carelessly thrown into a lot of water and a good share of their precious vitamins and minerals are dissolved out of them. It has been shown by scientific tests that only about half as much of the soluble nutrients are lost in steaming as in boiling; therefore, steaming is very much to be preferred. Steaming also preserves the delicious natural flavors.

In baking there should be no loss of valuable elements through dissolving in water. Baking in the open oven is the ideal method for cooking such vegetables as potatoes and squash. Small vegetables, leafy ones, and juicy ones are best baked in a covered casserole. Casserole baking gives about the same results as waterless cooking in specially made cookers. Both retain the valuable flavor and nutritive elements.

If you must boil vegetables, and sometimes it seems necessary, use as little water as possible, have it actually boiling when the vegetables are put in, and cook them for as short a time as possible. This applies particularly to corn on

the cob, whole stalks of asparagus, string beans, cauliflower and Brussels sprouts. Boil potatoes, whole carrots and beets with their skins on. Whenever possible use the water in which vegetables have been cooked for soup stock or gravy.

Dinner Menu

Delicious cucumber soup
Cauliflower and carrot salad
Cheese somerset
Corn curry
Baked green beans with tomato sauce
Lemon-strawberry ice cream
Delicious Cucumber Soup
4 tablespoons butter
3 large cucumbers, peeled and sliced thinly
2 leeks, sliced thinly
3 tablespoons whole wheat flour
3 cups vegetable stock seasoned with Vegex
1 cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vegetized salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream
Cook cucumbers and leeks slowly in butter until cucumbers are soft. Add flour. Slowly stir in remaining ingredients, except cream, and cook until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Pour soup through a

INNER CULTURE

sieve and press cucumber pulp through it. Reheat, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of heavy cream and serve.

Cauliflower and Carrot Salad

Wash cauliflower and slice paper-thin. Scrub and shred carrots. Chill vegetables, mix and serve on cress with well seasoned French dressing.

Cheese Somerset

- 6 tablespoons butter
- 6 tablespoons whole wheat flour
- 3 cups milk
- 1 teaspoon vegetized salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon onion juice
- 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup nippy American cheese, grated

Make cream sauce of butter, flour and milk. Add other ingredients, mix well, pour into a buttered baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake 35 minutes in moderate oven. Unmold or serve in casserole.

Corn Curry

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- 1 tablespoon chopped green peppers
- 1 cup cooked corn
- 3 tablespoons whole wheat flour
- 2 hard cooked eggs, diced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon curry powder (more if desired)
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vegetized salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk

Smoein (smoked seasoning powder)

Slightly brown onions, peppers and corn in melted butter. Stir in flour, add rest of ingredients and cook 2 minutes.

Baked Green Beans with Tomato Sauce

Wash, string and shred one pound green beans. Put them in a glass or earthenware baking dish and cover with one can of condensed tomato soup or freshly made well seasoned tomato sauce. Bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Lemon-Strawberry Ice Cream

- 2 eggs, well beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered raw sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup light cream
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
- 1 cup crushed sweetened strawberries

Whole unstemmed strawberries

Beat eggs until lemon colored. Gradually add sugar and continue beating. Stir in honey, milk, cream, and lemon juice. Freeze until firm in automatic refrigerator. Put into a chilled bowl and whip until light and creamy. The curdled appearance will disappear during freezing. Return to freezing tray which has been lined with heavy waxed paper and finish freezing. Unmold on the crushed berries and garnish with the whole berries. Serves six.

By ORPHA L. SAHLY
(Director of Center Activity)

Calcutta, India

The Calcutta Center is making splendid progress due to the enthusiasm and labours of the members, especially that of the energetic secretary, Mr. S. Majumder. Apart from the weekly Saturday and religious class, members also join the daily morning and evening meditation and prayer. Swamiji Yogananda used to enjoy saying that although the Calcutta Center was comparatively small it was a "comb" full of honey. In the last year, the number of its followers has been gradually increasing and the *Ashram* turning into a real place of *Sadhana* for the benefit of everyone that comes in touch with it. The presence of Swami Satyanandaji infuses enthusiasm and spiritual thirst by his Saturday lectures and individual instructions to the members.

The Calcutta Yogoda Sat-Sanga Students' Home is attracting increasing attention of the thinking public. This year several of the students of the Home have passed in the Matriculation, Intermediate, and the degree examinations of the Calcutta University.

The readers of the Calcutta Yogoda Sat-Sanga Library have

been overjoyed by the recent appeal in *Inner Culture* requesting the American friends to help this library with books. The local public—societies and publishers—have also contributed many books free to this library. The number of readers has considerably increased.

Swami Satyanandaji made a whirlwind campaign tour during last May over Midnapore and Southern Bengal. Special interest was witnessed everywhere—thousands mustered from distant parts of the district in the anniversary meetings of the Yogoda Sat-Sanga Centers at Gobardhanpur, Handol, Khukurda and Ejmalichak. These centers and many other meditation groups reverberate with the holy spirit of Master Swami Sri Yukteswarji who used to bless these places by his regular annual visits. Many were initiated into *Kriya Yoga* in these places. The simple Yogoda teachings for the harmonious development of body, mind, and soul appealed very deeply to the hearts of the people of the district. Swamiji's new book, *Ananter Dhyane* (Bengali translation of *Metaphysical Meditations*) has been in great demand there. At every place people in large numbers have

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promised whole-hearted support to the Yogoda cause.

Ranchi, India (Eastern Headquarters)

Recently one temple has been erected in the center of the beautiful orchards and dedicated to Lord Shyameswar (Siva) after the holy memory of the Great Master Shyamacharan Lahiri Mahasaya. Daily prayers are being held in the calm and delightful surroundings of the garden. This new temple has facilitated the desire of deep meditation of the devotees to a great extent. Daily scripture classes are being held. A Yogoda Museum which contains a valuable collection by Swami Yogananda will shortly be opened to the public. The Yogoda Library has been enriched by several new books, monthlies, and dailies. The number of students in the aboriginal school and the number of health-seekers in the Yogoda Gymnasium are increasing gradually.

Bangalore, India

Meetings and prayers are held fortnightly at this Center. The Fortnightly Yogoda *Praecepta* and *Bhagavad Gita* are read in the class, attended by a very distinguished group who regularly come to the meetings.

Los Angeles, Calif.

The Second Temple of the Self-Realization Fellowship will celebrate an India Social Night on July 18 at 8 p.m. Many delightful features are planned.

NOTES ON AUTHORS

Paul Brunton, at present in Madras, India, writes to our editor as follows: "I shall be back in Europe within a year and I intend to be in California in time for the World's Fair at San Francisco. . . . In answer to your request I have written an article for *Inner Culture*, part of which I shall use in my next book. . . . I regard the work of familiarizing America with Indian wisdom and linking it with modern practical needs which you are doing at the Fellowship as of very high importance and therefore offer my congratulations on the service you are engaged in."

A. Murad, whose book on *Nada Brahma* will be published in India, has sent one of its chapters, *The Blessed Krishna Speaks*, for this issue.

James Warnack is the Church Editor of the *Los Angeles Times* and the author of a book of poems, *Soul Symphonies*.

Grace Thompson Seton, well-known writer and traveler, and former national president of the Penwomen's League of America, is a Self-Realization Fellowship member of ten years' standing.

Louis E. Van Norman, former editor *Nation's Business* and former foreign editor *Literary Digest* and *Review of Reviews*, has been an active member of the Self-Realization Fellowship in Washington, D. C., since its founding.

Directory of Self-Realization Fellowship Centers

(Yogoda Sat-Sanga Society)

Los Angeles, Calif.

WESTERN HEADQUARTERS of THE SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP (Yogoda Sat-Sanga Society), Founder-President, Swami Yogananda. Free public lectures when announced. Special meditation services conducted by Swami Yogananda, Thursday evenings, 8 p.m. Address, 3880 San Rafael Avenue, Los Angeles, Phone: Capitol 9531.

SECOND TEMPLE OF SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP, 711 West 17th St. (Georgia and 17th Sts.) Sri Nerode, Director-in-Charge. Seva Devi and Sri Khagen, associate teachers. Teacher and student training classes. Services each Sunday at 11 a.m., and Wednesdays at 8 p.m. Sunday School for children each Sunday at 10:15 a.m. Daily meditation at 2 p.m. Phone: Capitol 9531.

ENCINITAS, Calif. Yogoda Hermitage. The Temple of All Religions (under construction) will soon be open to the public.

*Santa Barbara, Calif.

Meetings held each Thursday evening at 8 p.m. at No. 39 Mihran Bldg., 17 E. Carrillo Street. Telephone 7752. The Center will be open afternoons for study and meditation. Mrs. Lloyd Briggs, Conducting Teacher. Residence address, 1740 Prospect Ave. Telephone, 27984.

Washington, D. C.

Brahmachari Jotin, Conducting Teacher. Sunday Service at 8 p.m. Tuesday Class on Philosophy and Yoga at 8 p.m. The public is welcome. 4918 48th St., N. W.

*New York City

Center at Carnegie Hall, 7th Avenue and 56th St. Studio 906, 7th Avenue entrance. Phone, Circle 6-2987.

Boston, Mass.

Conducting Teacher, Dr. M. W. Lewis, 29 Edgehill Road, Arlington, Mass. Assistant, J. Albert Simpson. Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ellen MacTwiggan, 158 Summer St., Somerville, Mass. Meetings every Monday evening at 8:15, at 543 Boylston St., Copley Square, Boston.

*Miami, Florida

Conducting Teacher, Mrs. Olga Lade, 2120 W. Flagler St. Meetings at 8 p.m. on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Library.

Cincinnati, Ohio

Mrs. Bertha Shimler, Conducting Teacher. Weekly meetings at 5842 Bramble Avenue.

*Cleveland, Ohio

Dr. P. M. Wherrit, Conducting Teacher, 10609 Euclid Ave. Mrs. P. M. Wherrit, secretary; Mrs. A. R. Brenne, treasurer, 1651 Clarence Ave. Meetings each Thursday evening at 8 p.m., at Allerton Hotel, Card Room, E. 13th St. and Chester Ave.

*Canton, Ohio

Mr. L. K. Whittemore, Conducting Teacher. Thursdays meetings at 8 p.m., also Sundays at 8 p.m., at the home of Mrs. J. E. Bowen, 821 Harriet Ave., N.W. Phone 23129. Miss Erna Coleman and Miss Mary Singer, secretaries. Mr. E. Davies, President of Board of Directors.

*Akron, Ohio

Conducting Teacher, Miss Minnie Hargreaves, 2221 21st St., S.W., North Akron. Meetings each Tuesday evening at 8 p.m. at 34 S. High St., Pythian Bldg., Room 201.

*Dayton, Ohio

Conducting Teacher, Mrs. Elma King, 720 North Main St. Telephone Adams 2835. Meetings each Wednesday evening at 8 p.m.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Conducting Teacher, Ednah F. Hall, 4006 W. 44th St. Phone Walnut 0856. Wednesday, 8 p.m., Inner Circle, at home of Mrs. E. W. Backus, 2201 E. Lake of the Isles Blvd. Public Sunday Services, 8 p.m. Monthly vegetarian supper, 25c, 6:30 p.m., last Sunday of each month. All services at Center, 423-34 Lumber Exchange Bldg., 5th St. and Hennepin Ave. Center open daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Rental Library.

St. Louis, Mo.

U. Punditji, Conducting Teacher. Daily Meditation, 1:30 p.m., open to public. Sunday, 10:00 a.m., Sunday School. Morning Services, 11:30 a.m. Evening Services, 8 p.m. Each Friday at 8 p.m., Psychological Study and Question Class; all welcome. The Center is open each day after 11:30 a.m. Library and Center at Maryland Hotel, Room 840-42, 9th and Pine Sts.

*Topeka, Kansas

Meetings the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at the Y. W. C. A. Building, until further notice. Mr. Roy H. Clark, chairman.

532 Kansas Ave.; Mr. A. E. Seal, Conducting Teacher, 2732 Wisconsin Ave. Mrs. Alta M. Redmond, Sec. and Treas., 1908 N. Kansas Ave., North Topeka.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Meetings every Thursday evening at 8 p.m., at the Wisconsin Hotel, North Third Street, Room 157. Conducting Teacher, Miss Lillian Grabler, 3035 North Richards St.

Indianapolis, Indiana

Conducting Teacher, Sri Ranendra Kumar Das, 38 1/2 Pennsylvania St., Penn. Bldg., Rm. 405; Sunday services at 11 a.m. Class, Friday evening at 8 p.m. Public cordially invited. Miss Meta Eckhardt and Mrs. Chas. Hoffman, Mentors; others when announced. Lending library.

Denver, Colorado

Friday weekly meetings in Room 103, Y.W.C.A. Building, 1545 Tremont Place, at 8 p.m. Fredrick H. Wadley, Conducting Teacher, 3428 Colfax Ave. "A." Miss Dorothy J. Ladwig, Assistant Teacher and Secretary, 1536 Willow St. Study Class every Tuesday evening at 429 Acoma St., at 7:30 p.m., Mrs. J. Leo Friend, Teacher and Treasurer.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Alyce Gubler in charge. Self-Realization Fellowship Center Meetings held every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock in the Newhouse Hotel.

Ranchi, India

New EASTERN HEADQUARTERS of YOGODA SAT-SANGA (Self-Realization Fellowship), SHYAMA CHARAN MISSION, with Ashram accommodations and departments for Fortnightly Instructions by Correspondence, and the Brahmacharya Vidyalaya, a Residential School for Young Boys. Patrons: Yuvaraja of Mysore and Maharajah S. Nundy of Kasimbazar, Bengal, Swami Satyananda, Acharya-in-Charge. Prabhas Chandra Ghose, Vice-President. Prakash Das, Supervisor. Br. Santananda, Secretary-in-charge of Fortnightly Praecepta.

Western disciples, guests, and visitors are welcome and will find hospitable and suitable accommodations.

Calcutta, India

Self-Realization Fellowship (Yogoda Sat-Sanga Society) and the Students' Home. Secretary: S. Majumdar, B. A.; 52 A Vivekananda Road. Sailen Das Gupta, Superintendent.

Yogoda Girls' School and Yogoda Sat-Sanga Center (for ladies), 39 Raja Dinendra St. Manager, Tulsi Narayan Bose.

AUGUST, 1937

Puri and Serampore, India

Self-Realization Fellowship (Yogoda Sat-Sanga) at the Karashram, Puri. Swami Sebananda in charge.

Yogoda Sat-Sanga Ashram. Motilal Bhattacharya in charge, Bhaktashram, Chatra, Serampore.

Midnapore, India

Yogoda Sat-Sanga Ashram, Khurda.

Yogoda Sat-Sanga Ashram, Gobardhanpur.

Yogoda Sat-Sanga Ashram, Handol.

Yogoda Sat-Sanga Ashram, Ejmalichak.

Yogoda Sat-Sanga Ashram, Ghatal.

***Bombay, India**

Dr. H. W. Nawle, Conducting Teacher. Meetings each Thursday evening at Amarchand Bldg., Bombay.

***Bangalore, India**

Yogoda Sat-Sanga (Self-Realization Fellowship) Center, 52 Second Cross Road, Basavangudi. Yogoda Fortnightly Praecepta and Bhagavad Gita are read in the class. Meetings and prayer are held fortnightly.

Tukuma, Latvia, Europe

Mr. Harry Dikman, Conducting Teacher; Zigfr. Meleroica iela Nr. 20. J. Vessel, Secretary.

*These Centers are newly inaugurated and will be acknowledged and ordained after three years' trial.



"Look for the moon in heaven, not in the water!

If you desire to rise above mere names and letters,

Make yourself free from self at one stroke!

Like a sword, be without trace of soft iron;

Like a steel mirror, scour off all rust with contrition;

Make yourself pure from all attributes of self,

That you may see your own pure bright essence!"

—The Masnavi I Ma'Navi.

Letters of Appreciation

"It is like being born again, to discover through your teachings that God can be known and contacted through a definite technique which has served during the ages for earnest seekers of God in India. We need this teaching in the West and its absolutely non-sectarian nature will aid greatly in its spread. May every member persevere until the goal is reached! I have gained immeasurably in every department of my life since first taking your lessons thirteen years ago."—L.P., Calif.

"I am very happy to study with you. Your lessons have done so much for me already. I do not feel like the same person at all. I am not restless any more and I do not worry as I did before. Lesson 8 came this morning. It is different from anything I have had. I have been told by doctors to relax, but they never told me how. So now I am trying your way."—E.Z., Calif.

"It gives me great pleasure to write and tell you of the results I have gained since studying your course, including concentration and meditation.

"I thank God for leading me to the place where I found what I was seeking. I have been going to hear the teacher at your Fellowship in Washington and enjoy it very much."—E.B., Washington, D. C.

"I received your Magazine and *Praeceptum* and it is like entering a new world. It is, in fact, the beginning of a Real Life—a true understanding of Spiritual Life which we are sensing but could not comprehend."—M.E.L., Pa.

"You will never know just how much these Lessons have done for me and my family in more ways than one. I was a bunch of wrecked nerves; in fact, the whole family was suffering; my husband had a nervous breakdown caused by over-taxation of strength. We used to live on a noisy highway, but since studying with you, we bought a lot and built a cottage. Now we are in our cottage, where it is heavenly and quiet, with Nature all around us.

"I have used several packages of Nutritive Nuggets. They are delicious. In continuing my studies with you, I review some of my past Lessons every day. I find new interests and more understanding. We have all gained in weight, are more calm, and are at ease and contented. I am giving my three youngsters Self-Realization Fellowship Teachings. We have changed our ways of living and eating, and are learning to control our own lives."

M. B., Michigan.

The Horn of Plenty Bank

WE wish to be of greater service to our readers and students and have developed this method of helping you to demonstrate in your life the abundance and success which are yours by Divine right.

Until you realize that you and the Father are One, and that "All things whatsoever the Father hath are mine," and you know this in your mind and soul, you cannot manifest the abundance, health and happiness which you desire.

The purpose of the Horn of Plenty Bank and prayer practice is to help you to get the right attitude of mind firmly established through the daily practice of right prayer and right habit, and thus to help you to demonstrate in your everyday life the things you are only vaguely wishing for now.

As your mind is changed and renewed through right thinking, through persistently knowing that your good is yours now, the way opens for you to receive it.

The Horn of Plenty Bank is a beautiful reminder to keep the idea of abundance always present in your consciousness.

This plan helps you practically in a number of ways. First, it shows you how to think correctly and encourages you in doing so through inspiring you to daily affirmation and prayer.

It helps you to realize and develop faith in the one unfailing source of supply, which is God, through the practice of a short prayer and meditation which is to be held in mind each time a coin is deposited, whenever a negative thought appears, and at as many other times during the day as possible.

It helps by supplying an easy method of saving for subscriptions to Inner Culture Magazine, for

spiritual books or for offerings to the Mother Center to help carry on the holy work of spreading God's message to suffering humanity.

It helps by giving you the opportunity to supply your friends with gifts of spiritual literature. In this way you put into practice the command: "Give and it shall be given unto you."

It helps by giving you, along with the little Horn of Plenty Bank, a special lesson outlining the Divine Bank, of bringing desires into manifestation. Faith and prayer and work are the most important steps. Wishing and ineffective prayer get you nowhere. This method teaches you how to pray correctly and then how to do your part in bringing about your desire.

It also helps by giving you the service of trained workers who pray for your success, health or happiness from the moment your request reaches us for a Horn of Plenty Bank until the contents which you have saved are sent in with your order. You will wish to have one of these beautiful banks with you always once you have started your prayer drill and have found how effective it is.

Complete instructions in the use of the bank and also a lesson in demonstration are sent with each request for a Horn of Plenty Bank.

Fill in the blank below and let our workers help you to bring into manifestation the super-abundant good which is yours now.

Please send me a Horn of Plenty Bank and please also put my name on the prayer list for opening up the way for prosperity to come to me.

Name _____

Street _____

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Swami Yogananda at the side entrance to the Yogoda Hermitage of the Self-Realization
Fellowship overlooking the Pacific Ocean at Encinitas, California

My Prisoner

By Swami Yogananda

Long You hid
Beneath the static of my restless thoughts,
Long You fled
In the chambers of eerie ether,
At last I found Thee
Hiding behind the quiet desert-dunes
Of My desirelessness.
Fastened with strong cords of devotion
You are my Prisoner.
I'll keep You
Locked in the dungeons of silence
Fastened beneath the bars of my closed eyes.
Beloved Prisoner
I'll keep You enshrined
On the altar of my secret songs,
Beloved Captive
I'll keep You hidden
In the bower of my caresses.
In the temple of my dreams.
Beloved Infinite
I'll keep You ever imprisoned
Behind the strong walls of my undying love.