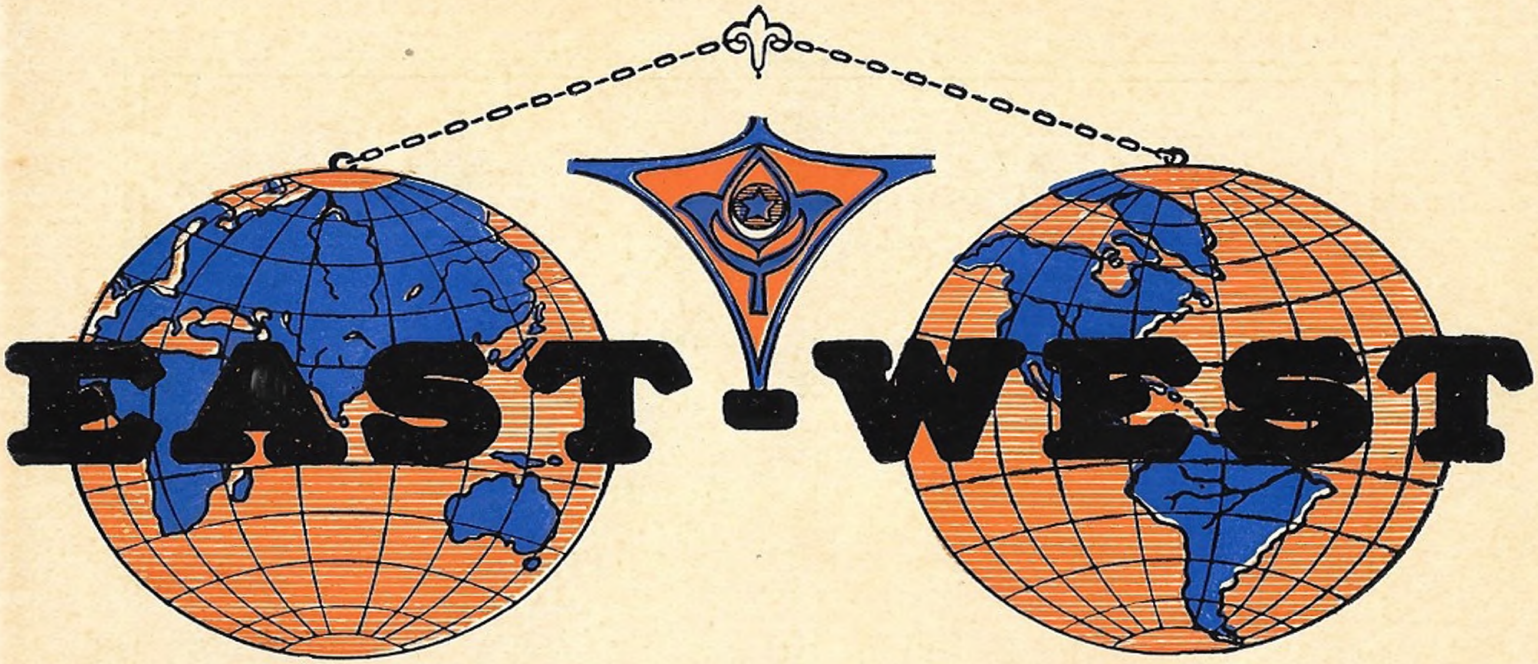


In Memory of L. H. W.
By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

The People of India
By KUMAR GOSHAL

Molinos, Spanish Mystic
By ARTHUR E. MASSEY

Light on Mythological Deities
By PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA

Dangers Of A Bookshop
By MURRAY LAVERY

Vol. XVI, No. 1 July-August-September, 1944

The United States Of The World

By Goldie Laden

Oh, poets and singers,
Oh, preachers, statesmen, teachers, and seers,
In Asia, Africa, North America, South America,
Europe and Australia,
Take up this chant and sing a song of songs:
The Song of the United States of the World.
Oh, listen, nations, listen each and all;
This is the object of the centuries of toil,
The purpose of our engines rich in promise and in power,
The meanings of our sorrows and our pain—
That out of these a planet might be born
Embraced and nurtured by the heart of Man.
Our airplanes, our ships of iron and steel, our radios,
Unite the earth and make it one.
For this all labor has been spent,
All work of heart and brain,
For this our wars are fought, our sons are dying,
The reason for the marching of the masses everywhere,
That races, nations, classes,
Might stand together in the sun, as one.
The soul of earth stirs in its sleep,
And soon it will awake,
The United States of the World.
Oh, dreamers of a better, fuller, more abundant life,
Mohammed, Plato, Buddha, Zarathustra, Jesus, and Laotse,
And all the others famous and unknown
Who followed and still follow after them,
Doctors, inventors, nurses, teachers, warriors, poets,
Pioneers, lawyers, farmers, statesmen, sages,
Of all lands, races, classes, ages;
Your work, your dream, bears fruit,
And is the means whereby the earth
Becomes aware and conscious of itself as one;
And we the parts through which the whole unfolds,
Not one above or greater than another,
In this Democracy of Life,
Soon to find fulfillment of itself—
Through the United States of the World.
It is not the death of civilization,
Of culture and morals,
Not the defeat of Man—
But the birth of a world, and the birth of Man

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EAST-WEST

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Vol. XVI, No. 1 July-August-September, 1944

East-West, 3880 San Rafael Avenue, Los Angeles 31, California. L. V. Pratt, Editor.

Yearly subscription, $1.00. Single copies, 25c.

Published quarterly by the Self-Realization Fellowship, established in America in 1920 by Paramhansa Yogananda, Founder and President.

Copyright, 1944, by the Self-Realization Fellowship, 3880 San Rafael Avenue. Los Angeles 31, California.

Entered as second-class matter November 4, 1940 at the Post Office in Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A.

In Memory of L. H. W.

By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER



He began life characteristically, depreciated and disparaged. When he was a white, thin, big-headed baby, his mother, stripping the suds from her lean arms, used to inveigh to her neighbors against his existence. "Wa'n't it just like that *do*-less Lem Warren, not even to leave me foot-free when he died, but a baby coming!"

"*Do*-less," in the language of our valley, means a combination of shiftless and impractical, particularly to be scorned.

Later, as he began to have some resemblance to the appearance he was to wear throughout life, her resentment at her marriage, which she considered the one mistake of her life, kept pace with his growth. "Look at him!" she cried to anyone who would listen. "Ain't that Warren, all over? Did any of *my* folks ever look so like a born fool? Shut your mouth, for the Lord's sake, Lem, and maybe you won't scare folks quite so much."

Lem had a foolish, apologetic grin with which he always used to respond to these personalities, hanging his head to one side and opening and shutting his big hands nervously.

The tumble-down, two-roomed house in which the Warrens lived was across the road from the schoolhouse, and Mrs. Warren's voice was penetrating. Lem was accepted throughout his school-life at the home estimate. The ugly, overgrown boy, clad in cast-off, misfit clothing, was allowed to play with the other children only on condition that he perform all the hard, uninteresting parts of any game. Inside the schoolroom it was the same. He never learned to shut his mouth, and his speech was always halting and indistinct, so that he not only did not recite well in class, but was never in one of the school entertainments. He chopped the wood and brought it in, swept the floor and made the fires, and then listened in grinning, silent admiration while the others, arrayed in their best, spoke pieces and sang songs.

He was not "smart at his books" and indeed did not learn even to read very fluently. This may have been partly because the only books he ever saw were old schoolbooks, the use of which was given him free on account of his mother's poverty. He was not allowed, of

course, to take them from the schoolroom. But if he was not good at book-learning he was not without accomplishments. He early grew large for his age, and strong from much chopping of wood and drawing of water for his mother's washings, and he was the best swimmer of all those who bathed in the cold, swift mountain stream which rushes near the schoolhouse. The chief consequence of this expertness was that in the summer he was forced to teach each succeeding generation of little boys to swim and dive. They tyrannized over him unmercifully—as, in fact, everyone did.

Nothing made his mother more furious than such an exhibition of what she called "Lem's meachin'-ness." "Ain't you got no stand-up *in* ye?" she was wont to exhort him angrily. "If you don't look out for yourself in this world, you needn't think anybody else is gunto!"

The instructions in ethics he received at her hands were the only ones he ever knew, for, up to his fourteenth year, he never had clothes respectable enough to wear to church, and after that he had other things to think of. Fourteen years is what we call in our State "over school age." It was a date to which Mrs. Warren had looked forward with eagerness. After that, the long, unprofitable months of enforced schooling would be over, Lem would be earning steady wages, and she could sit back and "live decent."

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, whose translation in 1921 of Papini's "Life of Christ" won wide acclaim, is a resident of Vermont. It was there that her discernments found a rural saint, whose gethsemanes make up the irradiating tale on these pages.

Mrs. Fisher, also well-known for her "Deepening Stream," has recently written "Fables for Parents" and "Seasoned Timber."

It seemed to her more than she could bear, that, almost upon her son's birthday, she was stricken down with paralysis. It was the first calamity for which she could not hold her marriage responsible, and her bitterness thereupon extended itself to fate in general. She cannot have been a cheerful house-mate during the next ten years, when Lem was growing silently to manhood.

He was in demand as "help" on the farms about him, on account of his great strength and faithfulness, although the farmers found him exasperatingly slow and, when it was a question of animals, not always sure to obey orders. He could be trusted to be kind to horses, unlike most hired men we get nowadays, but he never learned "how to get the work out of their hide." It was his way, on a steep hill with a heavy load, to lay down

the whip, get out, and put his own powerful shoulder to the wheel. If this failed, he unloaded part of the logs and made two trips of it. The uncertainty of his progress can be imagined. The busy and impatient farmer and sawyer at the opposite ends of his route were driven to exhaust their entire vocabulary of objurgation on him. He was, they used to inform him in conclusion, "the most *do*-less critter the Lord ever made!"

He was better with cows and sheep—"feller-feelin'," his mother said scornfully, watching him feed a sick ewe—and he had here, even in comparison with his fellow men, a fair degree of success. It was indeed the foundation of what material prosperity he ever enjoyed. A farmer, short of cash, paid him one year with three or four ewes and a ram. He worked for another farmer to pay for the rent of a pasture and had, that first year, as everybody admitted, almighty good luck with them. There were several twin lambs born that spring and every one lived. Lem used to make frequent night visits during lambing-time to the pasture to make sure that all was well.

I remember as a little girl starting back from some village festivity late one spring night and seeing a lantern twinkle far up on the mountainside. "Lem Warren out fussin' with his sheep," some one of my elders remarked. Later, as we were almost home, we saw the lantern on the road ahead of us and stopped the horses, country-fashion, for an interchange of salutation. Looking out from under the shawl in which I was wrapped, I saw his tall figure stooping over something held under his coat. The lantern lighted his weather-beaten face and the expression of his eyes as he looked down at the little white head against his breast.

"You're foolish, Lem," said my uncle. "The ewe won't own it if you take it away so long the first night."

"I—I—know," stuttered Lem, bringing out the words with his usual difficulty; "but it's mortal cold up on the mounting for little fellers! I'll bring him up as a cosset."

The incident reminded me vaguely of something I had read about, and it has remained in my memory.

After we drove on I remember that there were laughing speculations about what language old Ma'am Warren would use at having another cosset brought to the house. Not that it could make any more work for her, since Lem did all that was done about the housekeeping. Chained to her chair by her paralyzed legs, as she was, she could accomplish nothing more than to sit and cavil at the management of the universe all day, until Lem came home, gave her her supper, and put her to bed.

Badly run as she thought the world, for a time it was more favorable to her material prosperity than she had ever known it. Lem's flock of sheep grew and thrived. For years nobody in our

valley has tried to do much with sheep because of dogs, and all Lem's neighbors told him that some fine morning he would find his flock torn and dismembered. They even pointed out the particular big collie dog who would most likely go "sheep-mad." Lem's heavy face drew into anxious, grotesque wrinkles at this kind of talk, and he visited the uplying pasture more and more frequently.

One morning, just before dawn, he came, pale and shamefaced, to the house of the owner of the collie. The family, roused from bed by his knocking, made out from his speech, more incoherent than usual, that he was begging their pardon for having killed their dog. "I saw wh-where he'd bit th-the throats out of two ewes that w-was due to lamb in a few days and I guess I-I-I must ha' gone kind o' crazy. They was ones I liked special. I'd brought 'em up myself. They —they was all over blood, you know."

They peered at him in the gray light, half-afraid of the tall apparition. "How *could* you kill a great big dog like Jack?" they asked wonderingly.

In answer he held out his great hands and his huge corded arms, red with blood up to the elbow. "I heard him worrying another sheep and I-I just—killed him."

One of the children now cried out: "But I shut Jackie up in the woodshed last night!"

Someone ran to open the door and the collie bounded out. Lem turned white in thankfulness. "I'm *mortal* glad," he stammered. "I felt awful bad—afterward. I knew your young ones thought a sight of Jack."

"But what dog did you kill?" they asked.

Some of the men went back up on the mountain with him and found, torn in pieces and scattered wide in bloody fragments, as if destroyed by some great revenging beast of prey, the body of a big gray wolf. Once in a while one wanders over the line from Canada forests and comes down into our woods, following the deer.

The hard-headed farmers who looked on that savage scene drew back from the shambling man beside them in the only impulse of respect they ever felt for him. It was the one act of his life to secure the admiration of his fellow men; it was an action of which he himself always spoke in horror and shame.

Certainly his marriage aroused no admiration. It was universally regarded as a most addlepated, imbecile affair from beginning to end. One of the girls who worked at the hotel in the village "got into trouble," as our vernacular runs, and as she came originally from our district and had gone to school there, everyone knew her and was talking about the scandal. Old Ma'am Warren was of the opinion, spiritedly expressed, that "Lottie was a fool not to make that drummer marry her. She could have, if she'd gone the right way

to work." But the drummer remained persistently absent.

One evening Lem, starting for his sheep-pasture for his last look for the night, heard someone crying down by the river and then, as he paused to listen, heard it no more. He jumped from the bridge without stopping to set down his lantern, knowing well the swiftness of the water, and caught the poor cowardly thing as she came, struggling and gasping, down with the current. He took her home and gave her dry clothes of his mother's. Then leaving the scared and repentant child by his hearth, he set out on foot for the minister's house and dragged him back over the rough country roads.

When Ma'am Warren awoke the next morning, Lem did not instantly answer her imperious call, as he had done for so many years. Instead, a red-eyed girl in one of Mrs. Warren's own nightgowns came to the door and said shrinkingly: "Lem slept in the barn last night. He give his bed to me; but he'll be in soon. I see him fussin' around with the cow."

Ma'am Warren stared, transfixed with a premonition of irremediable evil. "What you doin' here?" she demanded, her voice devoid of expression through stupefaction.

The girl held down her head. "Lem and I were married last night," she said.

Then Mrs. Warren found her voice.

When Lem came in it was to a scene of the furious wrangling which was henceforth to fill his house.

". . . to saddle himself with such trash as you!" his mother was saying ragingly.

His wife answered in kind, her vanity stung beyond endurance. "Well, you can be sure he'd never have got him a wife any other way! Nobody but a girl hard put to it would take up with a drivel-headed fool like Lem Warren!"

And then the bridegroom appeared at the door and both women turned their attention to him.

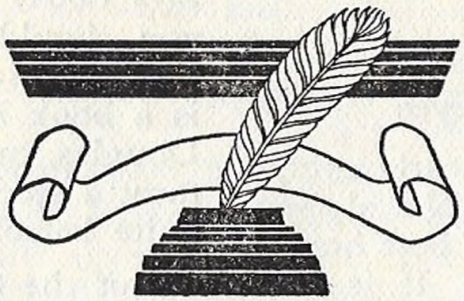
When the baby was born, Lottie was very sick. Lem took care of his mother, his wife, and the new baby for weeks and weeks. It was at lambing-time, and his flock suffered from lack of attention, although as much as he dared he left his sick women and tended his ewes. He ran in debt, too, to the grocery stores, for he could work very little and earned almost nothing. Of course the neighbors helped out, but it was no cheerful morning's work to care for the vitriolic old woman, and Lottie was too sick for anyone but Lem to handle. We did pass the baby around from house to house during the worst of his siege, to keep her off Lem's hands; but when Lottie began to get better it was haying-time; everybody was more than busy, and the baby was sent back.

Lottie lingered in semi-invalidism for about a year and then died, Lem holding her hand in his. She

(*Continued on Page* 43)

Dangers of A Bookshop

By MURRAY LAVERY



"Nowhere is human nature so weak as in a bookshop."

I forget who said that, but it was a man who spoke *de profundis.* For 'tis true, 'tis pity;—and there are more things in your philosophy, Polonius, than Shakespeare ever dreamt of.

Bookworms, Incog.

Someone should do something about it. Form a society, and have a place where the wretched victims of the book habit may pour out their troubles and receive the kind of counsel that might—I say might—help them. Of course, the only real cure is hanging. But some efforts should be made in the meantime to relieve them. For remember, once they were people like ourselves.

The plight of some of these wretches is heart-rending. I could a tale unfold of many a once fine and responsible citizen who had a home, a family, a position, even a Buick. But one day he read a book. I shall spare you the minutiae of his downfall. Let this suffice—the other day in Pasadena I saw him hovering around in front of Francis Lynch's shop, begging passersby to take him in and buy him just one book.

One Book Leads to a Library

The insidious part of this affliction is that so many are victims without realizing it. You hear them say: "Oh, I can take a book or let it alone," and that is what they think, my friends, that is what they think. But the day will come when one book is not enough, and they will say: "Well, what's the harm in another book?", or "If one book makes you feel good, two will make you feel twice as good!" And when it is too late they learn the bitter truth that, as Kipling said, the books we read 2 by 2, we pay for, as E. E. Cummings said, 1 by 1.

Lately I've been passing through Pershing Square, and for the last three days there's been a man there, buried in a book. Some people point to him and laugh; others hasten by on the other side; some

don't even see him. The point is no one makes any effort to dig him up. And yet he might have done great things. He might even have reached Forest Lawn.

Read To Me Only With Thine Eyes

The worst of it is, nearly everyone has books at home. Not always, of course, but even our best homes often have a magazine. It is true that some of our good people don't read, but merely keep books in the house for guests. They excuse themselves, saying that after they sit and look at a guest for a while, they feel they have to offer him something.

The next time you contemplate offering anyone a book, consider what you are doing to him A man reads a book one day, and the next day he happens to pass by a bookshop. Maybe he's tired and discouraged, lonely and ill-at-ease; so he hesitates, he wavers, he looks furtively up and down the street, he—alas, what fools these mortals be!—he enters.

Two hours later he reels out, books packed under each arm, books bulging from his otherwise empty pockets. The sky is filled with singing birds, the sun and the moon and the stars dance a minuet in the heavens, and he swings "the earth a trinket" from his wrist.

And he is doomed. Too late to save him now. Better to dash his head against a stone.

O, Iago, the Pity of it, Iago!

I have a friend who says you have to be broad-minded about books in this day and age. She says books are like medicine, and you should always keep some in the house in case of sickness. There is a book now, she says, by Lloyd Douglas, whom she considers almost a second Elsie Dinsmore, and quite harmless.

But the thing is, you can't compromise. That's as plain as the way to parish church. Otherwise, you are doomed. In the end, you won't have a penny or an overcoat or an antimacassar to your name.

All you will have is a sky filled with singing birds, the sun and the moon and the stars dancing together in the heavens, and you will be swinging "the earth a trinket" from your wrist.—(From "Fiddlers' Green" in *The Tidings,* Los Angeles.)

AGAINST MULTITUDES

"And Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and said, Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power: help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go against this multitude."—2 *Chron.* 14:11.

"Faith in His name hath made this man strong; yea, the faith which is in him hath given him this perfect soundness." — *Acts* 3:16.

LXXIV

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again;
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain!

—Fitzgerald's Translation of the *Rubaiyat.*

Spiritual Interpretation by Paramhansa Yogananda

"A changeless joy, born of lonely meditative search, is now my own, sound against the ages. The little earthly doll-house, lit by playful Luna, cannot longer accommodate my being, spacious with omnipresence. Outmoded moon, seek me no further; I am gone with empyreal lightnings!"

Applied to Daily Life:

Man should struggle to realize himself, not as a body confined to a point in space, but as the vast soul, which the ego, in most barbaric modes, conspires in vain to cramp.

Glossary:

1—*Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane*—The bliss of security in God, known only to the soul rescued from a transient cosmos.

2—*Moon of Heav'n is rising once again*—Phenomena of the outward universe, in contrast, are bound to alternations.

3—*How oft hereafter rising*—Fettered, like all natural manifestations, to periodical recurrence.

4—*This same Garden*—The earth, planet of stately lilies, riotous weeds.

5—*Shall she look . . . after me—in vain!*—Why seek an absolute omission? I am one with Spirit, subtle beyond material influences.

* * * * *

Two comments on the Fitzgerald translation of the Persian profundity, the "Rubaiyat," may be safely made: It is (1) the most widely known, of its literary class, in the world, and (2) the most grossly misinterpreted, by critics and public alike. This paradox undoubtedly would have delighted old Khayyam, and brought forth one of his best quatrains.

Molinos, Spanish Mystic

By ARTHUR E. MASSEY



My first introduction to Miguel de Molinos was through the pages of Shorthouse's famous novel, *John Inglesant*. I found in Molinos' *Spiritual Guide* the fruit of a deep spiritual experience. In Italy, Inglesant entered the stream of the new movement and came under the bright, beneficent influence of Molinos, who brought to Rome a fresh type of Christian practice and thoughts—the outcome of the Spanish mystical movement which began with St. Teresa.

Mystics are essentially individual and original; the Spanish mystics, who were among the greatest, were no exception. After the mystic comes the systematizer. He reduces the personal experiences of the mystics to something that may be used as a guide to others. He lays down rules, wins disciples, gets a movement on foot, fortifies his rule by quoting authorities in the past, wins favor for it from those in high places. Both types are found in the movement associated with St. Francis of Assisi. If the time is ripe, the result is the foundation of an order. If the movement is out of due time, as in the case of Molinos, it ends in burnings, crucifixions or imprisonments.

Molinos was a mystic and quietest of the second type. He knew that the mystic experience is an enormous boon to the soul, because it frees one from the impediment of cut and dried religion and enables him to come to closer grips with spiritual reality. Molinos feels (rather than argues) that such is the meaning of religion; all the rest is frills and trappings. His experience is so genuine that he writes of it with freshness and with the quaint images and original illustrations to which we are accustomed in the mystics. He used the mystic way and proved its value in dealing both with his opponents and his disciples. He is the sweet-natured, clear-headed, spiritually-minded man who draws others instinctively into his way of life.

Shorthouse describes the climax of his movement in the following passage:—"It must be supposed

that the distress caused by the death of his wife and child and by his absence from them at the last was one motive which caused Inglesant to seek in Rome spiritual comforts and companionship from the Spanish priest Molinos, in whose society he had before found so much support and relief. It was thought, indeed, by many besides Inglesant, amid the excitement which the spread of the method of devotion taught by this man had caused, that a dawn of purer light was breaking over spiritual Rome. God seemed to have revealed Himself to thousands in such fashion as to make their past lives and worship seem profitless and unfruitful before the brightness and peace that were revealed; and the lords of His heritage seemed for a time to be willing that this light should shine.

"It appeared for a moment as if Christendom were about to throw off its shackles, its infant swaddling-clothes, in which it had been so long wrapped and, acknowledging that the childhood of the church was past, stand forth before God, with her children around her, no longer distrusted and enslaved, but each individually complete, fellow citizens with their mother of the household of God. The unsatisfactory rotation of formal penitence and sinful lapse, of wearisome devotion and stale pleasures, had given place to an enthusiasm which believed that, instead of ceremonies and bowing in outer courts, the soul was introduced into heavenly

The spiritual system of Molinos, whose soul was one with the Indian saints, was later called Quietism. It combined deep mysticism with ethical antinomianism. He stressed self-annihilation, that the small ego be not made too ridiculous before the universe.

places and saw God face to face. A wonderful experience, in exchange for lifeless formality and rule, of communion with the Lord, with nothing before the believer, as he knelt at the altar, save the Lord Himself, day by day, unshackled by penance and confession as heretofore. Thousands of the best natures in Rome attached themselves to this method; it was approved by a Jesuit Father, the Pope was known to countenance it and his nephews were among its followers.

"But it was only for a moment that this bright prospect opened to the church . . . . The Jesuits and benedictors began to be alarmed. Molinos had endeavored to allay the suspicion attached to his teachings, and diminish the aversion that the Jesuits felt towards him, by calling his book the *Spiritual Guide,* and by constantly enjoining the necessity of being in all things under the direction of a religious person; but this was felt to point more at the submission to general counsels than to coming always to

the priest, as to the minister of the sacrament of penance, before every communion; especially as Molinos thought that the only necessary qualification for receiving was being free from mortal sin.

"Suddenly, when the reputation of this new society appeared to be at its height, Molinos was arrested and Father Esparsa, the Jesuit whose approbation had appeared before the *Spiritual Guide,* disappeared. What became of the latter was not known, but it was generally supposed that he was 'shut up between four walls' and at any rate he appeared no more in Rome. In the midst of the excitement consequent on these events, seventy more persons, all of the highest rank—Count Vespiriani and his Lady, the confessor of Prince Barghese, Father Appiani of the Jesuits and others equally well-known—were arrested in one day and before the month was over more than two hundred persons crowded the prisons of the Inquisition.

"The consternation was excessive, when a method of devotion which had been extolled throughout Italy for the highest sanctity to which morals could aspire was suddenly found to be heretical and the chief promoters of it were hurried from their homes and from their friends, shut up in prison and in peril of perpetual confinement, if not death. The arrest of Father Appiani was the most surprising. He was accounted the most learned priest in the Roman College; he was arrested on a Sunday as he came from preaching. After this no one could guess on whom the blow would fall next."

So much for Shorthouse's fascinating and graphic account of the rise and persecution of the Quietists. Molinos' *Spiritual Guide* is not a book of theology. There is no heresy in it, no "new theology," not even "new thoughts" or "new statement." Its value is that it is a practical record of experience intended to be a guide to similar experience. It is a testimony to the reality of the Christian experience, common to all mystics of all lands, which outlive all the philosophies and theologies—*the experience of spiritual reality,* the vindication of prayer by its results in human life, the verification of faith in an increasing sense of oneness with the Divine Will, the experience of the Real Presence of the mystical Christ in the devotee's life.

Such experience has never been universal, but it has been widespread—more widespread than adequately recorded. What is lacking is clear statement, personal testimony to facts of experience which can be set side by side, compared, verified, set in relation to one another, so as to give the bearings and dimensions of the central spiritual Reality of which they are evidence. A record such as that of the *Spiritual Guide* has an added value, as bearing on the universality and timelessness of the experience. It helps us to take our own bearings and find where we are in the map

of the soul's country through which we are traveling.

The main teaching of the mystics is that the way to God is direct—not mediated, not outside us, but within. The way to all that can be known of God experimentally lies within us. The path to this inward experience is called *contemplation,* or *recollection.* The first aim of the book is to teach what contemplation is. It is not a state, but a process, involving much mental activity, though the activity appears to be of a negative character. It consists in removing the layers of mental habit, the obsessions, perplexities, arguments, irrelevances, "gleamings of the outward eye and ear," which usually fill the mind and for many people make up what they call their mind. The contemplative knows that there is a mind under this mind and he has to reach it. When he reaches it, he finds that it is in touch with a spring of fresh thought and emotion so unlike the dry stuff of his own mind, so like what he has read of the experiences of saints and prophets, that he naturally regards it as supernatural. This, he says, is God making Himself known to me. This is the inner light, the spring of water springing up into eternal life.

The second stage in the mystic journey is the *purgative* stage. Its need lies in the obstacles which prevent contemplation from operating satisfactorily. Prayer becomes unreal or languid. The mind gets filled with other things. We are driven out of ourselves in the pursuit of objects we desire. We strike a period of "dryness" when in the desert of life we find no springs of everlasting water springing up into eternal life. This is not due to any deficiency in the supply. It is due to obstructions in the wells or the channels that lead from them. Then what we need is to understand the meaning of the purgative stage, to be told that the greatest of all the temptations is to be without temptation, that victory lies not in avoiding conflict, but in overcoming, that truth anyhow is at the bottom of a well and that certainly when the obstructions in our own minds and wells are removed the springs will make themselves felt again.

The third stage is the *unitive* way and this is where controversy has most intruded. The mystics teach that beyond the purgative stage lies a stage where the union of our will with the Divine Will is absolute. In this stage they have no will that is self-born or self-motived. They are intuitively obedient to the slightest leanings of the Divine Will. They understand its purposes instinctively and in that condition are in perfect peace Different terms are used to express the above-mentioned stages by different mystics, as with St. Teresa, who defines the first as "*meditation,*" in which all the powers of the soul act naturally and freely; they work hard with small result. The second includes "*recollection*" and the prior of "*quiet*", where the will

is united to God, while the imagination and intellect remain free to help or hinder this delightful union.

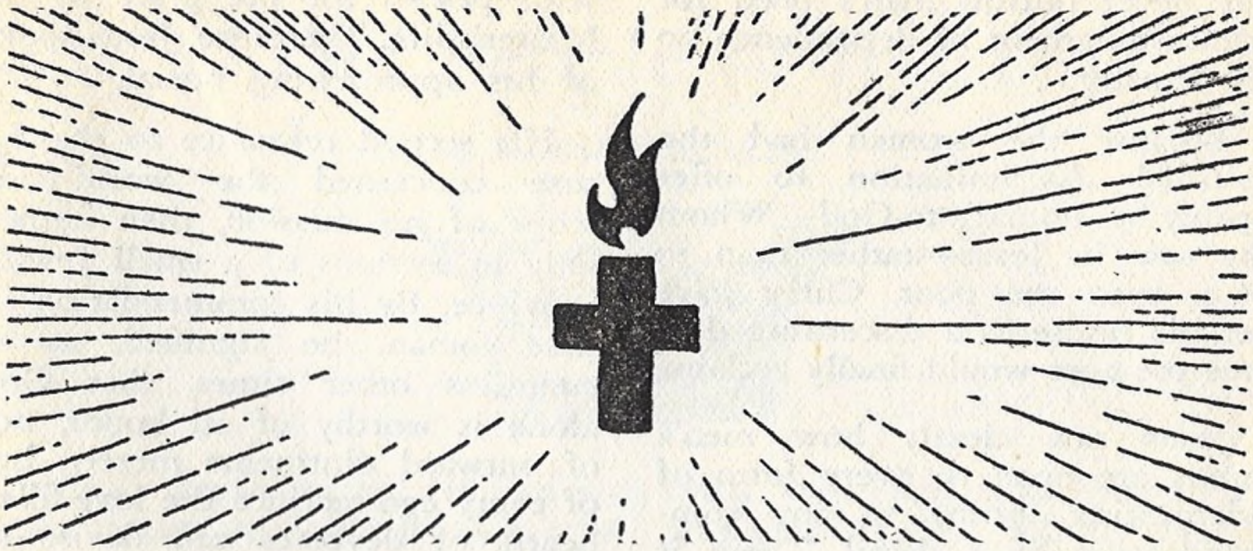
In the third degree these powers are also drawn into union; this causes an inebriation and leaves behind greater effects than quietude. The finished state is a complete union of all the powers, so that it is impossible to speak or read. This lasts barely half an hour, but may lessen or return so as to occupy hours; but the utmost point of transformation in God lasts only an instant.

To return to Molinos—suspicion was roused as to his teaching by the attack of a Jesuit preacher in 1681. The matter was referred to the Inquisition, which pronounced the *Spiritual Guide* orthodox, and censured the intemperate zeal of *segnai*, the Jesuits who had attacked the book. But the Jesuits had scented their prey and, like hound on the scent, were determined to hunt him down. They set Pire la Chaise to work on Louis XIV, knowing that he was on bad terms with Pope Innocent XI, who had befriended Molinos. Official representations by the French ambassador at Rome led to Molinos' arrest in 1685. The Inquisition got at him through his converts; a report was spread abroad that Molinos had been convicted of moral enormities. On September 3, 1687, he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, his writing was condemned and in 1696 or 1697, Molinos died in prison.

The spirit of his book is fine, so free from pedantry, so genuine in its piety and straightforward effort to disengage the essence of religion from its trappings, that it can be read with pleasure and profit from beginning to end. Molinos believed that he had found a royal road to God, without any intermediaries at all. Provided that the believer treated both Church and Jesus as a means to an end beyond themselves, Molinos was willing to make use of both. Beginners might start with the Church. Through it, they found devotion to Jesus. At the third and highest stage, both were left behind and God remained alone.

The Jesuits seemed to fear that if this line of teaching were followed, there would soon be no use for church ceremonies; as priests they would be sidetracked. The more advanced men and women became in mystical truth, the less they would require Jesuit teachers. The danger which the Jesuits feared has not been justified to any appreciable extent in the later Quietest history. It is, alas! only a small proportion of those who do venture the inward way who attain Self-Realization or Divine Union, where all trappings and props fall away, and nothing exists but the "peace that passeth understanding."

—*The Kalpaka* (India).



Illogics of Humanitarianism

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

By PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA

And being in Bethany in the house of Simon the leper, as he sat at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head. And there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made? For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor. And they murmured against her.

And Jesus said, Let her alone; why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on me. For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but me ye have not always. She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her. —Mark 14:3-9.

Jesus bestowed his recognition of the woman's perpetual honor for one reason only—the sole reason which ruled his every action on earth. This was his instancy of acceptance that God alone can be the highest Goal of life. Good works for the poor, compassion for the suffering, can only lead to

but never outrun man's need for acknowledgment of dependence on his Creator.

Because the woman had the spiritual discrimination to offer openly her homage to God—Whom she saw in Jesus—rather than to man, even the poor, Christ gave her his praise as a discerning devotee the ages would finally acclaim.

Jesus saw clearly how men's minds are open to every form of sidetracking, prone to any commandeering by a detail. There is only one problem in human life —establishment of unity with God —but this prime simplicity has been befogged by a million issues. Man will not give a monotheistic love to God, and disguises his infidelities by punctilious respect before outward shrines of charity. These humanitarian gestures are virtuous, since for a moment they divert man's attention from himself, but they do not free him from his single responsibility in life—his sense of gratitude to God. This responsibility, assumed with man's first breath of an air freely bestowed by his only Benefactor, was discharged by the woman whom Jesus so powerfully upheld, silencing the thousand illogics that would put man before God.

As Jesus well knew every step to be unfolded in the divine drama of his life, he made two prophecies on the occasion of this Bethany feast. His crucifixion was very nigh, since it was from this table that Judas went forth to bargain with priests for the price of his Master's life. Therefore, Jesus spoke of his approaching burial.

His second reference to the future concerned the world-wide scope of his mission, then known only to sections of a small Jewish province. By his commendation of the woman, he signified, as at countless other times, that God alone is worthy of all honor, not of outward ointments merely, but of every ego-sacrifice the love-filled hearts of devotees can devise as token of their joy in Him.

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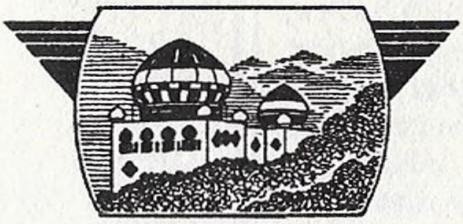
SRI R. K. DAS

38½ N. Pennsylvania Street

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The People of India

By KUMAR GOSHAL



Before Pearl Harbor, if Americans thought of India at all, it was in terms of mystery and romance, as purveyed by the motion pictures and the colorful travel brochures. India brought to mind a hot country, dense forests teeming with elephants and tigers; temple bells and nautch girls; fabulously wealthy maharajahs who wore precious jewels even on their shoes, and who lavishly entertained Europeans and Americans; Kipling's Kim and Gunga Din, and the Bengal Lancers. Some were astounded and repelled by stories of child marriage, the caste system, the Untouchables, the misshapen fakir, the snake charmers, and the rope trick. Others had heard of an emaciated little man named Gandhi, who wore a loincloth and drank goat's milk, and who was trying to persuade his countrymen to use non-violence as a weapon in their struggle for political freedom. A few had heard of Nehru and the Indian National Congress, and had taken a genuine interest in the problems of the Indian people. The general conception of India, however, was that of a primitive country, full of strange, incomprehensible museum pieces, which the British Government was having a difficult time modernizing.

When, in September, 1939, Great Britain declared war against Germany, and India automatically became a belligerent, the Indians asked, "If this is a war for democracy against fascism, then what about India?" The British Government brushed the question aside, nor did it find an echo in America, for India was still looked upon as an exotic by-product of world history rather than as a participant in shaping the future of mankind. It was not until a Japanese invasion of India seemed an imminent possibility that Americans began to think of India in terms of reality.

The realization dawned that besides the maharajahs, the fakirs, the nautch girls and the snake charmers, there were also the three hundred ninety million people, who had been struggling to be free of political and economic imperial-

> **"If we British people fail—as I think we have failed so far—over the Indian problem we have put civilization back. If we could realize—the majority of us and particularly that wonderfully slow-moving body, Parliament, and acknowledge publicly that we have ever made a mistake it would be one of the greatest spiritual achievements we in this country have made."**—Dame Sybil Thorndike, London, Jan. 22, 1944.

ism. But then fascination of the fantastic gave place to bewilderment. With the utmost sympathy for any people struggling for freedom and democracy, Americans still wondered if feudal habits, the caste system, the Untouchables, the differences in the Hindu and Moslem religions, and the doctrines of Gandhi, with whose pacifist views the Indians were identified, were not too many obstacles to overcome. Unfamiliarity with India and her people made these problems seem more acute than they were, and Americans generally tended to remain puzzled and neutral over the issue of India's freedom.

But as time passed, the very nature of the war against the fascist powers began to sharpen the issues at stake. It became increasingly clear that we must learn not only what we were fighting against, but also what we were fighting for.

Japan's successes showed that the United Nations suffered their worst military defeats where they were politically weakest—in the colonial territories. Hongkong, the Netherland Indies, Singapore and Burma fell before the uncomprehending eyes of European commanders, who had regarded the white man's prestige a sufficient defense against any Asiatic power. On the other hand, the superb resistance against Japanese aggression put up by the Chinese and by the Filipinos were eye-openers to the world. To the Chinese the fight against Japan was a continuation of their struggle to achieve national unity and national liberation; their success was based upon the solid foundation of a free people, fighting under their own chosen leaders to preserve their freedom.

The Filipinos also fought gallantly because, under a comparatively more enlightened American imperialism, they had fared better than other colonials, and could anticipate complete political freedom in the near future. The lesson furnished by the action of the Chinese and the Filipinos was not lost upon progressive-minded people on both sides of the Atlantic. And especially it was not lost upon the other Asiatic and colonial peoples.

It was accepted by liberal as well as many conservative leaders that this war was being fought not only *against* fascism, but also *for* national liberation. President Roosevelt insisted that the Atlantic Charter applied to the whole world; Vice-President Wallace, Milo Perkins, Sumner Welles, and Wendell Willkie—to name but a few—served notice that the end of this war would see the elimination of both fascism and imperialism from the face of the earth. And when they spoke of imperialism, the question invariably arose: "What about India?"

For India has become the symbol of Imperialism. India is the largest single colony in the world, and the longest governed by an imperial power. Her wealth made possible the industrialization of Great Britain, the first country to profit from the industrial revolution. Although her people have been treated no worse than the peoples of Malaya, Africa or Puerto Rico, India has become a symbol of imperialism to the extent that Wendell Willkie, when traveling through the Near and Middle East, was constantly asked the same question: "What about India?" These peoples have pressing problems of their own, but they shrewdly consider the United Nations' attitude toward the "brightest jewel in the British Crown" as the supreme test of the professed democratic aims of the war.

It has been universally admitted that the fall of Hongkong, Malaya and Burma were primarily due to the fact that the peoples of those territories were not mobilized nor given an incentive for their defense. A similar policy in India may be disastrous for the Allied cause. The entire colonial world, as well as oppressed minorities everywhere, are watchfully waiting to see if the imperial countries have learned any lessons from the debacle in the Far East—and, to them, the proof of the learning will be in the freeing of the colonial peoples.

India is also of great importance to the military strategy of the anti-Axis forces. It is from India that a major offensive can, and will, be launched against the Japanese in Burma; American seamen are carrying a stream of war material to the ports of Karachi, Bombay and Calcutta; thousands of American soldiers are on Indian soil and more will be going there to take part in the drive against Japan; and American fliers are already participating in softening-up air raids on Burma. Thus India becomes a vital concern of the United States. When the time comes for an assault on the Japanese in Burma and Malaya, a sullen and apathetic Indian people will be no great asset.

India thus remains a challenge to the United Nations' avowed war aims, a country of great strategic importance in the military offensive against the Axis and a potential contributor to post-war peace and

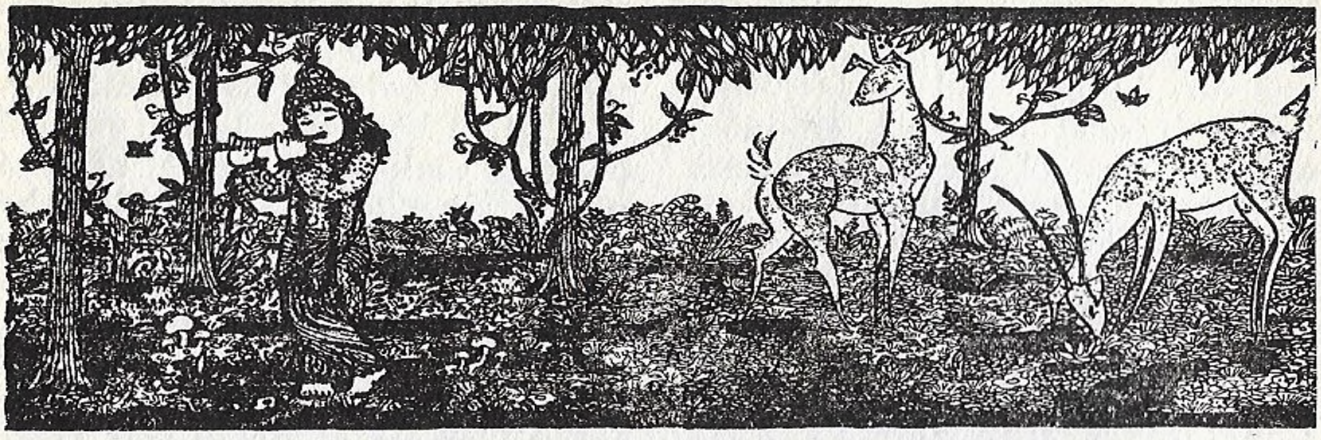
prosperity. Freedom for India will mean not only the mobilization of 390,000,000 Indians in the war, but gaining the confidence of millions of others in the colonial world who now view this war skeptically. It will mean the utilization of vast natural resources and unlimited man-power in the thrust against Japan.

It is axiomatic nowadays that the world has become an indivisible unit, that the various parts of the world have become economically interdependent, that the economic condition of any one country is bound to affect the rest of the world. It should therefore be obvious that if, in India, one-fifth of the world's population remains materially backward, it is bound to be a heavy drag on the economy of the rest of mankind. Even more should it be obvious that no country can better itself economically without first gaining political emancipation. Thus, India's freedom is a prerequisite for world economic betterment.

Even when all this is said—and many powerful voices have said it—public opinion in America remains largely confused and inactive on behalf of India. This is due to lack of sufficient information about the *people* of India. Effective action can be taken only on the basis of proper understanding, and understanding can come only from knowledge. But knowledge of what kind? It will not help us to understand India and her people by learning the dates of various wars and the lists of dynasties which ruled over the country, nor by being familiar with what Gandhi eats and how Nehru feels. Fundamentally, wars are fought for economic reasons; and social and political relationships among individuals and groups, and between rulers and the ruled, are also founded on the economy of a country. The leadership of a Gandhi or a Nehru cannot be explained on the basis of their idiosyncrasies, for they are leaders only so long as they represent the desire of their followers for economic betterment.

To understand India, therefore, we have to understand the development of Indian economy in the past and in the present. To understand the social customs of caste divisions and untouchability, child marriage, and religious antagonism, it is necessary to learn how the Indians solved their basic problems of food, clothing and shelter, which are problems common to all mankind. And it is this knowledge of the heritage of the past, the transitional phases and the relationship of India to World War II, which will help us to understand the Indian people, guide us to the solution of their present problems, and indicate their future.

(*Continued in Next Issue*)



Spiritual Interpretation OF THE ★ BHAGAVAD GITA

By PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA

Light on Mythological Deities

Chapter III, Stanza 12

Literal Translation:

Astral angels communed with by the fire (of meditation) (*Yajna*) will grant you the craved-for gifts of life. He who enjoys benefactions of the universal deities without due offerings to them (of devotion) is indeed a thief.

Interpretation:

All life's processes are controlled by the inner or astral deities; every man thus should worship these enriching influences or agents of God for bounties of life, health, knowledge, prosperity, according to individual karma. Materially minded persons who thoughtlessly accept the gifts of life without conveying in some way their respects to the Giver are ingrates indeed, pilferers before a shrine.

As the Absolute Verity is abstract beyond comprehension of ordinary men, these should reflect upon the cosmical angels, sleeplessly laboring for universal maintenance, whose conceptual formulations are within the logical scope even of unlettered peasants. Mythology and folklore of every land are rich in personifications of these potent intercessionary influences.

Gross man seldom or never realizes that his body is a kingdom, governed by Emperor Soul on the throne of cranium, with subsidiary regents in the six spinal centers or spheres of consciousness. This theocracy extends over a throng of obedient subjects — twenty-seven thousand billion cells, endowed with a sure if automatic intelligence

by which they perform all duties of bodily growths, transformations and dissolutions, and by fifty million substratal thoughts, emotions and variations of alternating phases in consciousness. This is the extent of activity in an average life of sixty years. Any apparent insurrection of bodily or cerebral cells toward Emperor Soul, manifesting as disease or depression, is due to no disloyalty among the humble citizens, but to misuse by man of his individuality or freedom of choice, given to him simultaneous with a soul, and revocable never.

What Servants Hath Man!

Every man's intellectual reactions, feelings, moods and habits are circumscribed by effects of past actions, whether of this or prior lives. Lofty above all such influences, however, is his regal soul. The human being, seeking a more spiritual consciousness, should not neglect elementary expressions of gratitude for the regulating powers which throb in his heart, circulate in his blood, speed his digestion, condition his telephonic nervous system to receive and transmit all communications among soul, body and outward world, carry on the metabolic, crystallizing, procreative and eliminative functions of his body, the ramifications of thought and will in his brain, and the emotional responses of his heart.

Man, identifying himself with a shallow ego, takes for granted that it is he alone who thinks, wills, feels, digests meals and keeps himself alive, never admitting through reflection (only a little would suffice!) that he is naught but puppet of past actions (karma) and of nature, directed and controlled by intelligent deities. Man is thus out of touch with universal harmonies, and is no better than lawless pirate, not rendering homage to countless forces which mercifully provide for the whole of his alloted span.

Ancient scriptures, for this reason, extolled the value to man of some form of worship which would acknowledge his indebtedness to cosmical agents on whom depends the proper functioning of all life. By such reverence, man finds the untoward effects of already-performed evil actions much lessened, since ignorance or blindness of true cause is also lessened.

The *Gita,* in this stanza, tries to inspire man, that he be not like dumb, driven cattle on the road of life. Universal perceptions arise when man strives to understand the powers which work in the silent humility of all nature, and behind his body and mind, in conformance with rulings of Emperor Soul. Each one should know he has been born, not due solely to compulsions of past actions, but primarily because God created him as a soul, dowered with individuality, hence essential to the universal structure, whether in role of pillar or parasite.

Each one should understand that death comes, not alone as cumulative effect of actions, but by secret decree of deities in the plexuses.

They work God's will to remove a man from earth for at least an invigorating space, his duties of that life being terminated normally by righteous fulfilment, or prematurely by destructions of evil tendencies, oft hidden from the casual sight.

Advice to the Ambitious

A higher or more esoteric interpretation of this *Gita* stanza is counsel to yogis that life-force can be withdrawn from enslavement to body and senses, to be united with liberating subtle currents and forces in the seven spinal plexuses. Lives of such yogis are influenced, not by effects of past actions, but solely by directions of the soul-deities. These enable aspirants to avoid the slow, evolutionary monitors of egoistic actions, good and bad, of ordinary life, cumbrous and snail-like to the eagle hearts.

The superior mode of soul-living frees the yogi who, shorn of his ego-prison, tastes the deep air of omnipresence. In contrast, the thraldom of natural living is humiliating wound. A man, conforming his life to the evolutionary order, can command no concessionary haste from nature but, living without error against the laws of his physical and mental endowment, still requires about a million years of incarnating masquerades to know final emancipation.

The telescopic methods of yogis, disengaging themselves from physical and mental identifications in favor of soul-individuality, thus commend themselves only to those who eye with revolt a thousand thousand years. This numerical periphery is enlarged for the ordinary man, who lives in harmony not even with nature, let alone his soul, but pursues instead unnatural complexities, thus offending in his body and thoughts the sweet sanities of nature. For him, two times a million years will scarce suffice for liberation.

By practice of *Kriya Yoga,* deep meditation, and guidance of enlightened guru, a determined soul can accomplish a million years of evolutionary unfoldment within a space of 48 or 24 or 12 or 6 or even 3 years, according to the adamance of his efforts and the quality of his past actions.

By *Kriya,* the outgoing life-force is not wasted and abused in the senses, but constrained to reunite with greater currents in the plexuses. By such reinforcement of life, the yogi's body and brain cells are electrified with the spiritual elixir. Thus he removes himself from the abjection of studied observance of natural laws, which can only take him, by such circuitous means as given by proper food, sunlight, and inoffensive habits, to a million-year Goal. It needs eight years of normal healthful living to effect even slight perceptible change in brain structure, and a million such solar returns are exacted to sufficiently refine the cerebral tenement for manifestation of Cosmic Consciousness.

This, then, is the real *Yajna* or Fire Rite mentioned in the *Gita.* The life-current in the senses is

withdrawn and united in the vaster flame present in the main brain region and the sub-dynamos of spinal centers. This fire ceremony alone can give true knowledge to one who understands how to practice it, and differs much from the little-effective outward fire rites, where perception of truth is oft burnt, to chanted accompaniment, along with the incense!

Constructive Incendiarism

The real yogi, withholding all his mind, will and feeling from false identifications with bodily desires, uniting them with the superconscious forces in the seven spinal shrines, thus lives in this world as God hath planned, not impelled by impulses from the past nor by new witlessnesses of fresh human motivations. Such a yogi receives fulfilment of his Supreme Desire, safe in the haven of all-satisfying, ever-blessed Spirit. This is indeed the true Fire Ceremony, in which all past and present desires are fuel consumed by love for God. This Ultimate Flame receives the sacrifice of all human madness, and man is pure of dross. His bones stripped of all desirous flesh, his skeleton bleached in the antiseptic suns of wisdom, he is clean at last, offending not the delicacies of neutral cosmos.

O Man! Offer thy labyrinthine longings to a monotheistic bonfire dedicated to unparalleled God! Burn desire for human affection in aspiration for God alone, a love solitary because omnipresent! Throw faggots of ignorance to incandesce the blaze of insight! Devour all sorrows in sorrow for God's absence! Consume all regrets in meditative bliss!

All Debts Discharged

A number of Fire Offerings are described in the Hindu scriptures, as follows:

1. *Pitri Yajna*—Offering oblations to ancestors, i.e., the past, essence of whose wisdom illumines man today.

2. *Nri Yajna*—Offering food to the hungry, i.e., the present responsibilities of man, his duties to contemporaries.

3. *Bhuta Yajna*—Offering food to the animal kingdom, i.e., man's obligations to less evolved forms of creation, instinctively tied to bodily identifications which also corrode man's life, but lacking in that quality of liberating reason which is peculiar to humanity. Thus the ceremony of *Bhuta Yajna* symbolizes man's readiness to succor the weak, as he in turn is comforted by countless solicitudes of higher beings. He is also under bond to rejuvenations of nature herself, prodigal in earth, sea and sky. The evolutionary barrier of incommunicability among nature, animals, man and astral angels is thus overcome by offices of silent love.

4. *Deva Yajna*—Offering life-current from the senses, as sacrifices to soul-sight. This "Rite to the Gods" is performed by advanced

yogis, as preliminary step to the fifth rite.

5. *Brahma Yajna*—Offering the soul on the altar of all-pervading Spirit. This finality is attainable only after faithful performance of the preceding four ceremonies, which inwardly as well as outwardly acknowledge man's debt to (1) past, (2) present, (3) worlds of lower beings and (4) worlds of higher beings. Thus proving fidelity to creation, man is fit to touch hem of Creator's robe.

-:- -:- -:-

THE ENLIGHTENED ONE

By Rose Noller

Oh, Buddha, Thou all-compassionate, all-harmless one,
Teach us Thy self-sacrificing oblivion.
Shed light from Thy nirvanic depth to understand
The God within our chaos, Thy great creative hand.
Thou art not self-enwrapped, but Self-bestowed,
To which yet every other god a debt has owed.
Thou, with Thy roots in this, our planet's pain,
The Enlightened One, hath proved all sorrow vain.
Oh, Buddha, great beyond our efforts to be wise,
Open our blinded eyes to Thine illumined eyes.
We, who must kill and hurt to set our freedoms free,
Show us, we pray, Thine all-innocent immensity!

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE PEOPLE OF INDIA

By Kumar Goshal

Sheridan House, Inc., 257 Fourth Ave., Dept. 77, New York 10. $3.00; cloth; 375 pp; 16 pp. of photographic illustrations.

This excellent book is divided into four sections. The first relates briefly the high lights of India's past, her mighty heritage, more ancient than any other known to man. It has apparently occurred to few Western thinkers that this feat of national survival is by no means an accident, but a logical incident in the devotion to eternal verities which India, above all lands, has offered through her best men in every generation. By sheer continuity of being, by intransitivity before the ages—can dusty pundits truly tell us how many?—India has given the worthiest answer of any people to all conundrums proffered by the centuries.

The Biblical story (*Genesis* 20) of Abraham's plea to the Lord that the city of Sodom be spared if ten righteous men could be found therein, and the divine reply: "I will not destroy it for ten's sake," gains new meaning in the light of India's escape from oblivion. A land shall live, never by its material achievements—outcomes of pride and artificial needs of society—but in its masterpieces of man. Let it be heard again, in this twentieth century, twice dyed in blood ere half over: No nation that can produce ten men, great in the eyes of the Unbribable Judge, shall know extinction. Heeding such persuasions, India has proven herself not witless against the thousand cunnings of time.

The second and third sections of the book deal with India under the confusions of the East India Company, and the compulsions of British rule. These were and are the acid tests of a land whose dross must be further purified, that it achieve a national immortality, confounding time and the historians alike.

"India and the Second World War" is the theme of the fourth section—a title surely modern, but only a detail in the long annals of a nation which counts its prestige by its saints and not by acts of national or international sabotage. Let the future come; it will confront an India risen and vibrant, harking to the unfevered counsels of *rishis* who planted their maxims of right living deep in harmonious soil with, first, nature, and then with the Supernatural, which is God. It need hardly be pointed out that the present trend of world civilization is both un-

natural and ungodly. Let moralists in search of a sermon dwell on this fertile reflection.

Mr. Goshal's volume suggests, to this reviewer at any rate, these fair profundities of invocation to the future India. But the casual eye will see no more in his pages than the colorful spectacle of a storied land, its past and present. As such, the book is the best introduction to India's history now available in America. Free from bitter bias, it revolves those factual facets of a nation bewildering to all chroniclers, because both versatile and invulnerable. India's soul has found eternal Anchorage; her hands have ever expressed Its countless surface shiftings.

The Prologue to Mr. Goshal's *The People of India* has been reprinted in this issue of *East-West* by permission of the publishers, Sheridan House of New York.

THE SEAS OF GOD
Edited by Whit Burnett

J. B. Lippincott Co., Dept. 77, East Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa. $3.00; *cloth; 585 pp.*

In a world of books, here is one which should not be overlooked in the general surfeit. The forty-nine modern authors, each represented by an illuminating tale, are famous, most of them, and include five winners of the Nobel Prize for Literature.

The volume takes its title from Walt Whitman's *Passage to India,* in the following stanza:

"Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough?

Have we not groveled here long enough, eating and drinking, like mere brutes?

Have we not darkened and dazed ourselves with books long enough?

Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only.

Reckless, O Soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,

For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,

And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul!

O farther, farther sail!

O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the *seas of God?*"

Whit Burnett, noted essayist and founder of the magazine, *Story,* prefaces this collection of diverse insights into the thralless soul, with a Foreword powerful in a reverent compassion. In part, it follows:

"The people who move through these stories have been understood more deeply by their authors than is common in the run of stories written for casual publication. Here is the lonely spirit of a Thomas Wolfe, a spirit which despaired of its loneliness; and the hermit soul of a Thoreau, who in the lavish spring of green New England, welcomed his loneliness and fashioned it into poetry. There is the spirit of the brotherhood of man in the worker's vineyard; the spirit of the

child, frightened of the bogies of its elders, candid with the beauties of the world, and hopeful; the doubting spirit, filled with knowledge and with torment; the spirit of reflection, nostalgia for another time and place and a life of the ideal; the spirit of the dream and re-formation of the world, of rebirth and revival; and the spirit of conscience and of testament.

"Understandably, these stories are of such nature that their authors must have felt they had to write them. One senses that this was so quite generally, whether the story was by a suffering Tolstoy, a reminiscing Rilke, a questioning Wolfe, or a believing Undset. Many a time the flesh was weak, but the spirit was strong. And it is not a little interesting to note how in the lives of so many authors in this book creation wrested with more than its usual difficulties: how with Kafka, his writings had to combat poverty and disease and post-war Austrian starvation; how Olive Schreiner fought for publication, after weary years of isolation and despair; how Chekhov battled poverty and illness, and with Lagerlof and Clarence Day how each pursued his way through a lifetime each of crippled limbs and how Pirandello dwelt for fourteen years in the companionship of an insane wife whom he would not put away.

"Man's spirit is more than the morality of keeping a good conscience. Mann's Schiller says in his weary hour: 'It is the struggle and compulsion, the passion and the pain.'

"It is more too than one man's struggle, it is every man's struggle. 'The wound is mortal and is mine'."

20th CENTURY INDIA

By

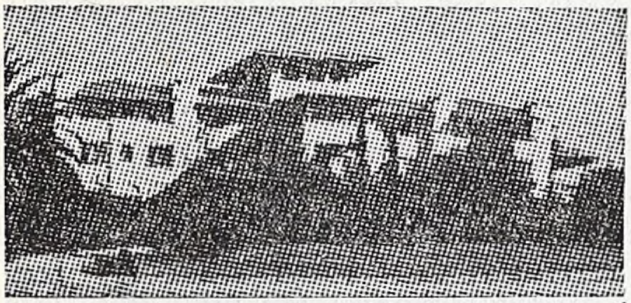
Kate Mitchell and Kumar Goshal

Institute of Pacific Relations, Dept. 77, 1 E. 54 St., New York 22. 43c postpaid; 94 pp; heavy paper binding.

This readable little book is long on fact, short on fancy. There are several excellent maps and numerous photographic illustrations. The scope of contents is shown by the chapter headings: (1) India, Old and New, (2) The Peoples of India, (3) Village life, (4) Wealth and Poverty, (5) How India is Governed, (6) Growth of Indian Nationalism, and (7) India and the War.

Most significant extract from the book: "Yet with all this difference in caste, Hindu life is very much all of one piece. Hinduism has made a great contribution to world literature, art, music, and philosophy, all of which is colored by the Hindu approach to life. The thing which distinguishes Hindus from all other groups is not their race or language, but their great interest in the meaning of life. Outward forms are to them but reflections of inner experience."

A "Discussion" at end of each chapter, listing pertinent questions, makes the book of particular use to schools and study groups. These are entitled to a special price of 30c per copy, when ordering in lots of ten or more; such requests should be addressed directly to the Webster Publishing Company, 1808 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.. Orders for one or a few copies should be directed to New York address given at top of this review.



Self-Realization Fellowship

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3880 San Rafael Ave.
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This headquarters was established in 1925 by Paramhansa Yogananda, who founded the Self-Realization Fellowship in America in 1920, when he came as the delegate from India to the International Congress of Religious Liberals, at Boston.

The Fellowship is affiliated with Yogananda's World Colonies at Dakshineswar on the Ganges, and at Ranchi, founded in 1917.

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Notes From The News



"THE GATE"

The world premiere of *The Gate,* a musico-dramatic play, was presented at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on May 23, for the benefit of the children of India, through the instrumentality of India Famine Relief Committee, Inc. The Board of Directors of the Relief Committee includes Bruce Bliven, Pearl S. Buck, William Ernest Hocking, John Haynes Holmes, Henry R. Luce, Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, Richard J. Walsh, Elsie Weil—practical friends of India, one and all.

The Gate was performed before a reverent audience of 3000, entranced by this powerful dramatic plea for the birth of a United States of the World. The story covers a hundred-year period, including our own times, and is unconventional in structure, being sung, spoken and musically projected. Soloists, actors, chorus and orchestra took part, proving Greek theater not outmoded, but suited today as in times of Pericles. The collective emotions of *The Gate* brought into play, in nineteen scenes, the lyric offerings of a cast of 300 persons.

Music, as the sole universal tongue, predominated, the grandeur of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra augmented by voices of The People's Philharmonic Choral Society, and The Chorus of The Caravan. The libretto was by Max Brand, Mirza Ahmad Sohrab and Julie Chanler. These three writers are also the officers of the Music and Theatre Wing of the Caravan of East and West, Inc., 132 East 65 St., New York, which sponsors new significant ventures in musico-dramatic works, and which is hoping to represent *The Gate* in the near future.

The entire production was staged and directed by Erwin Piscator, a leading innovator of the modern theater. Jean Paul Morel, formerly conductor of the Opera Comique in Paris, was the brilliant conductor; Max Helfman, composer, led the chorus. The Dramatic Workshop of the New School for

Social Research collaborated in this moving modern presentation of a theme venerable as the first lofty instinct of man.

FAMINE IN INDIA

Arranging to send the proceeds of *The Gate* to India, Mr. Richard J. Walsh, President, India Famine Relief Committee Inc., 40 E. 49 St., New York 17, said: "Because of a famine brought on by the war, thousands, maybe millions, of children in India have been robbed of their childhood. To restore them to health and strength is one of the major tasks of all thoughtful citizens of the world."

A reporter from the conservative *Times of India* made a tour of Bengal to study famine conditions, and wrote: "People have died by the thousands, in the villages, without any record of their passing. No one will ever know what the total was. . . . Some reports suggest 10% of the total population of the province, which would mean 6,000,000. . . . One class of laborers, the *Namasudras,* alone number 3,000,000 in Bengal, and it is not impossible that a third of these have died."

The London *New Statesman and Nation* wrote: "The descriptions of life in Calcutta . . . read like extracts from some medieval chronicle of the Black Death. . . . What is happening in the remoter towns and the poorer villages is a question our imagination hesitates to explore. The chief sufferers seem to be the landless peasants, whose ancestral acres have gone to the usurer. Their numbers have been increasing with staggering rapidity during the last twenty years. . . . What has the Government been doing to cope with this calamity? It failed to foresee what the consequences of the cessation of imports of rice from Burma must certainly be. After that date it went on exporting Indian wheat to the armies in Persia and the Middle East. In India itself the army gave a fillip to the rising prices by buying large stocks for its own stores. The cry went up for American and Australian wheat, but shipping is short. . . .

"The depressing record of these two years raises in our minds the question: Who really is in charge of India? The Centre has lost the tradition of autocracy. . . . There is on the Viceroy's Council a majority of Indians, but they are his nominees, with no party and no backing behind them. The provinces are autonomous, but in more than half of them self-government is in abeyance. . . . Of the two major Indian parties, one is interested only in separating its Moslem provinces from Hindustan. All the leaders of the other, much the bigger of the two, lie silenced in our prisons. . . ."

"A large section of the English public is obviously shocked and ashamed by what has been allowed to happen in India." Further comments on the famine (still raging in some parts, and with no adequate governmental steps against recurrence, in sight) are to be

found in *India Today,* monthly bulletin of the India League of America, 40 E. 49 St., New York; $2 per year.

CHINA AND INDIA

The following letter, written by Paramhansa Yogananda to the Editor of the *New York Times,* appeared in that paper under date of Feb. 18, 1944:

"Your Feb. 10th editorial, 'In Justice to India,' was very timely. An additional reason for readmitting the people of India to American citizenship—a privilege enjoyed by them until 1923—is the fact that they, like the Europeans, belong to the Caucasian race.

"It is indeed gratifying that the bars to Chinese citizenship in America have been recently removed. An astounding fact, ignored by historians, is that India and China have weathered the millenniums together in perfect friendship, unmarred by any record of war between them. Only two civilizations that have outwitted time, (surviving amid the wreckage of Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Rome) India and China have known how to value international friendship, though their territories adjoin, and they have never been isolated from each other.

"America and India can make valuable contributions to each other's well-being. Every land has its own peculiar genius. As India is the only nation whose best minds for centuries have studied religion as a science, with underlying laws which must be known to be demonstrated, it is inevitable that this addition by India to the sum of human knowledge will eventually be investigated more fully in the Western world."

U. S. CITIZENSHIP BILLS FOR PEOPLE OF INDIA

Bills have recently been introduced into Congress with the aim of admitting nationals of India to American citizenship, denied them since 1923. At that time, a ruling of the late Justice Sutherland of the U. S. Supreme Court disenfranchised all Indians in this country who had already become citizens, and forbid further naturalization on the novel, unethnological and un-American grounds that people from India were not "free white persons" in the *eyes of the man in the street,* a fellow whose opinions in other departments of life have been generally unnoteworthy.

Terrors of Sun Tan

The exact wording of Justice Sutherland's ruling on February 19, 1923, by which he reversed the decision of his predecessors on the bench for 133 years, was as follows: "What we now hold is that the words 'free white persons' are words of common speech, to be interpreted in accordance with the understanding of the common man, synonymous with the word 'Caucasian' only as the word is popularly

understood and used, whatever may be the speculations of the ethnologists."

This ruling, granting the judgment of the ignorant a superiority over that of scientific scholars, has not only its dangers as a contemptible legal precedent, but its ludicrous side as well. Unhappy the possible fate of an American who travels to the tropics and acquires too dark an intimacy with the sun! Some immigration official, conceivably a sterling representative of the "common man," may evoke his power under Sutherland's ruling, and assert with perfect truth that, according to the indisputable evidence of his eyesight, the returnee is definitely *not* a "white person."

Active Support Is Urged

A "Citizenship for Indians" meeting was held on May 4, 1944 in Washington, in the National Press Club Auditorium. The speakers were Senator William Langer, (author of the Bill in the Senate), Representatives Clare Boothe Luce and Emanuel Celler (authors of the Bills in the House) and Leland Stowe, noted writer.

On this occasion, Congressman Celler pointed out that "while all of us indignantly assail Hitler's racial theories, and rightly so, we often forget that we of the United States practice discrimination against racial minorities in our midst." Analyzing his bill, the speaker said that at least it is a gesture of good will toward one of our great allies, India, whose soldiers are now dying on many battlefields. What kind of situation is this, he demanded, when Tagores and Nehrus are considered unfit for American citizenship?

Friends of India are urged to support these new Bills for the Naturalization of the Nationals of India, which are: H. R. 4415, introduced by Congressman Celler of New York; H. R. 4479, introduced by Congresswoman Luce of Connecticut; S. 1395, introduced by Senator William Langer of North Dakota. Such friends may write to any member of the Senate Committee on Immigration, and of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, and to their own senators and congressmen, as well as letters to local newspapers.

AMERICAN DISCIPLE

Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson, eldest daughter of our last War President, died in India on February 12. She was a deep student of Hindu philosophy, and spent the last six years of her life happily pursuing a path of discipline at the feet of the great sage, Sri Aurobindo of Pondicherry.

GANDHI'S VIEWS ON THE JAPANESE

Mohandas K. Gandhi, held for twenty-one months without trial and incommunicado by the Government of India, has finally been released. "The decision was taken wholly on medical grounds," according to the recent curt announcement from the India Office

in London. Evidently the Government does not wish the Mahatma to die in confinement, thus to fulfill to the end a rightful role of martyr. British prisons, however, are no novelty to Gandhi, calm after a lifetime of many quaint abodes.

Death of Mrs. Gandhi

Mrs. Gandhi, 74, long co-worker in non-violence with her husband, whom she considered as her *guru* or spiritual teacher, died on Feb. 22. Her funeral services were held, according to an *Associated Press* dispatch from Poona, "amid sharp press criticism of the Government of India for declining to release the wife of the Indian leader from internment before her death. . . . The New Delhi *Morning Call* asserted that she was kept in prison 'in spite of universal public demand for her release'."

In a letter to the Editor of the *New York Times,* published on May 7, 1944 and already reprinted, through cable service, in Indian newspapers, Mr. J. J. Singh, President of the India League of America, wrote, in part, as follows:

"You say: 'Mahatma Gandhi openly invited the Japanese invasion by proclaiming non-resistance to them.' It is incorrect to say that Gandhi, by his non-resistance policy, openly invited the Japanese to invade India. It is true that Gandhi believes in soul-force and in the theory of non-violent resistance. But it becomes a distortion of facts when certain of Gandhi's sayings are quoted and yet others are not. Here is something that Gandhi said on the question of Japanese invasion of India.

"In May, 1942, Miss Slade, an Englishwoman, daughter of a British admiral, sent a questionnaire to Gandhi asking what should be the attitude of the Indian people in case of a Japanese attack. Gandhi dictated a letter in reply and said: 'There should be no compromise, no trade, no barter and acquiescence and no cooperation with the invader.' This certainly could not be construed into an invitation to the Japanese.

"In these days when gigantic wars are being fought, when new and more devastating implements of destruction of mankind are being introduced every day, when human beings are being killed like flies, a man like Gandhi, who talks of soul-force and non-violent resistance, cannot be understood. About 2,000 years ago another Man also preached soul-force and non-violence. Was He understood then? Is He being understood today? Let us not impute motives to men like Gandhi just because we are incapable of understanding them."

"EAST-WEST"

East-West was the title decided upon by Paramhansa Yogananda and Luther Burbank in 1925, when this periodical was founded. There has been an interregnum, of the past few years, during which it was known as *Inner Culture.*

With this issue, the magazine reverts permanently to its original name of *East-West.*

Daily Deliberations

JULY 1. "All theory is against the freedom of the will; all experience for it."—*Samuel Johnson.*

JULY 2. "If you are wise, laugh."—*Martial.*

JULY 3. "All real joy and power of progress in humanity depend on finding something to reverence, and all the baseness and misery of humanity begin in a habit of disdain."—*John Ruskin.*

JULY 4. "May this, our land, know the independence of man that roots in dependence on Deity."—*Paramhansa Yogananda.*

JULY 5. "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."—*Proverbs* 25:15.

JULY 6. "There are some defects in every path. Everyone thinks his watch is correct, but as a matter of fact, not one shows the true solar time." —*Sri Ramakrishna.*

JULY 7. "Friendship is the bond of reason."—*R. B. Sheridan.*

JULY 8. "Of the uses of adversity which are sweet, none are sweeter than those which grow out of disappointed love."—*Henry Taylor.*

JULY 9. "There is no chance, and no anarchy, in the universe. All is system and gradation. Every god is there sitting in his sphere."—*Emerson.*

JULY 10. "We are not altogether here to tolerate. We are here to resist, to control and vanquish withal."—*Carlyle.*

JULY 11. "Be united—united—united."—*Schiller.*

JULY 12. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."—*I Cor.* 15:22.

JULY 13. "Religion is not an intelligence test, but a faith." —*E. W. Howe.*

JULY 14. "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."—*Ecclesiastes* 1:9.

JULY 15. "The growth of wisdom may be gauged accurately by the decline of ill-temper."—*Nietzsche.*

JULY 16. "To have real freedom you must be the slave of philosophy."—*Epicurus.*

JULY 17. "Wisdom is divided into two parts: (a) having a great deal to say, and (b) not saying it."—*Anon.*

JULY 18. "Philosophy is the art of arts and science of sciences."—*John of Damascus.*

JULY 19. "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."—*Song of Solomon* 8:7.

JULY 20. "Honor is venerable to us because it is no ephemeris. It is always ancient virtue." —*Emerson.*

JULY 21. "A friend is another self."—*Latin Proverb.*

JULY 22. "I am for religion against religions."—*Victor Hugo.*

JULY 23. "God comes to see without a bell."—*George Herbert.*

JULY 24. "I shall rise again" (Latin: *"Resurgam."*)

JULY 25. "If I love you, what business is that of yours?"—*Goethe.*

JULY 26. "Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."
—*Shakespeare.*

JULY 27. "Love begets love."—*Latin Proverb.*

JULY 28. "Most men employ their first years so as to make their last miserable."—*Thomas Fuller.*

JULY 29. "Pains is the price that God putteth upon all things."—*James Howell.*

JULY 30. "He who regardeth another's wife as his mother, another's goods as clods of earth, and all mankind as himself, is verily a philosopher."—*The Hitopadesa.*

JULY 31. "Deeds are males, words females are."—*John Davies.*

AUGUST AWAKENINGS

By Paramhansa Yogananda

AUG. 1. Beloved God, hidden in the ashes of my burnt griefs, I will find Thy consumeless gold.

AUG. 2. I look to polestar of God's peace shining in firmaments of my deep meditation.

AUG. 3. Today I will know that happiness is the altar of God within me.

AUG. 4. I will use all perishable pleasures and temporary aspirations as faggots to feed eternal fires of wisdom.

AUG. 5. I will break the hive of secret silence and drink the honey of unceasing blessedness.

AUG. 6. May I find Thy ambrosia hidden in my heart, to quench all perfume-thirsts of soul.

AUG. 7. I will not give up until I find Thee, O God. I will follow ways of saints, that I may hear Thy voice.

AUG. 8. I will discipline myself to develop my sleeping spiritual powers.

AUG. 9. May sweet resignation to God lead me to perform all work with sense of privilege, gratitude and joy.

AUG. 10. I will be patient and persevering, for I know the Goal is incomparable.

AUG. 11. As I dived through measureless seas of the love in all things, I found at last the priceless pearl of Thy presence.

AUG. 12. Today I will tune my soul-radio to hear Thy voice of cosmic vibration, the music of atoms, and the song of bliss vibrating in my superconsciousness.

AUG. 13. May I follow Thy trail of fragrance and find Thee hidden in the secret temple of all blossoms.

AUG. 14. Thy love, O God, flowing through human hearts, hath lured me to find perfect love in Thee.

AUG. 15. May I look away from the diverting motion pictures of life, that I may behold Thee as Thou art.

AUG. 16. Today I will feed my soul with wisdom from all scriptures and through Thy voice of silence.

AUG. 17. I will take all sorrows from attics of memory and cast them into fires of oblivion.

AUG. 18. The King of the Universe is my Father; I am free in His realms of wisdom.

AUG. 19. I will scatter the stars of my unlimited cheer to dispel the dark sadness of souls.

AUG. 20. Inflame my mind with Thy thoughts! Inflame my heart with Thy love! Inflame my soul with Thy joy!

AUG. 21. May I be wise; ignorance of God's laws do not enable me to escape effects of a law once broken.

AUG. 22. God hath given me the privilege and free choice to receive His healing rays or shut them out.

AUG. 23. Disease, failure and ignorance cannot touch me if my will power be stronger than they.

AUG. 24. Each day I will rise above all disappointments or others' misunderstandings.

AUG. 25. I will do all with a sense of love of duty, that the Heavenly Father may be consciously with me.

AUG. 26. Through life's changes, my love for God will be changeless.

AUG. 27. May Thy infinite life renew me, that I joy in power from Thy cosmic current.

AUG. 28. Divine Law is all-powerful when I do not shut it out by barren boasts.

AUG. 29. I will hold the thought that all bodily states are changeable and curable.

AUG. 30. I will cast away all consciousness of failure, and realize the Eternal Righteousness.

AUG. 31. Spiritual insight unravels all mysteries of life. Ignorance is healed by knowledge.

SEEDS FOR SEPTEMBER SOIL

SEPT. 1. "He who wishes to secure the good of others, has already secured his own." —*Confucius.*

SEPT. 2. "Am I not a man and a brother?" —*Wedgwood.*

SEPT. 3. "If you want your child to grow into a sane, normal man . . . keep him in the sunshine. To develop indoors, under glass . . . is immeasurably absurd." —*Luther Burbank.*

SEPT. 4. "Originality is simply a pair of fresh eyes." —*T. W. Higginson.*

SEPT. 5. "The all-important factor in national greatness is national character." —*Roosevelt.*

SEPT. 6. "Silence is a means of avoiding misfortune. The talkative parrot is shut up in a cage; other birds, which cannot speak, fly about freely." —*Tibetan Lama, of Saskya.*

SEPT. 7. "It is strange that men should see sublime inspiration in the ruins of an old church and see none in the ruins of a man." —*G. K. Chesterton.*

SEPT. 8. "And he looked round about on them which sat about him, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren!" —*Mark* 3:34.

SEPT. 9. "In adamantine chains shall death be bound." —*Alexander Pope.*

SEPT. 10. "Ritual cannot dispel ignorance, because they are not mutually contradictory. But knowledge destroys ignorance, as light, darkness." —*Shankaracharya, Founder of the Monk-Order of Swamis, 8th century.*

SEPT. 11. "Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life." —*Matthew Prior.*

SEPT. 12. "The glories of the Possible are ours." —*Bayard Taylor.*

SEPT. 13. "Friends, fellow mortals, bearers of the ghost
That burns, and breaks its lamp, but is not lost."
—*John Masefield.*

SEPT. 14. "Thinking is the function; living is the functionary." —*Emerson.*

SEPT. 15. "Even when the thieves of the five senses broke in upon me, wert Thou not still in my heart?" —*Sri Ramana Maharishi.*

SEPT. 16. "Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands or feet." —*Tennyson.*

SEPT. 17. "O fool, to try to carry thyself upon thine own shoulders! O beggar, to come to beg at thine own door!" —*Rabindranath Tagore.*

SEPT. 18. "The foundation of all our pain is unbelief." —*Amiel.*

SEPT. 19. "By immortality is meant not the survival of death —that is already given to every creature born with a mind—but the transcendence of life and death."—*Sri Aurobindo.*

SEPT. 20. "I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores." —*Shelley.*

SEPT. 21. "I pray only that the Christian may become a better Christian and the Mohammedan a better Mohammedan." —*Mahatma Gandhi.*

SEPT. 22. "From heavenly harmony this universal frame began." —*Dryden.*

SEPT. 23. "Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art."—*Shakespeare.*

SEPT. 24. "Let us have faith that Right makes Might." —*Lincoln.*

SEPT. 25. "This man decided not to live but know."—*Browning.*

SEPT. 26. "They flash upon that inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude." —*Wordsworth.*

SEPT. 27. "God never gave man a thing to do, concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the Son of God would have done it."—*P. J. Bailey.*

SEPT. 28. "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding."—*Proverbs* 4:7.

SEPT. 29. "No communications can exhaust genius; no gifts impoverish charity." —*John Lavater.*

SEPT. 30. "Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."—*Beattie.*

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(*Continued from Page* 8)

tried to say something to him that last night, so the neighbors who were there reported, but her breath failed her and she could only lie staring at him from eyes that seemed already to look from the other side of the grave.

He was heavily in debt when he was thus left with a year-old child not his own, but he gave Lottie a decent funeral and put up over her grave a stone stating that she was "Charlotte, loved wife of Lemuel Warren," and that she died in the eighteenth year of her life. He used to take the little girl and put flowers on the grave, I remember.

Then he went to work again. His sandy hair was already streaked with gray, though he was but thirty. The doctor said the reason for this phenomenon was the great strain of his year of nursing; and indeed throughout that period of his life no one knew when he slept, if ever. He was always up and dressed when anyone else was, and late at night we could look across and see his light still burning and know that he was rubbing Lottie's back or feeding little Susie.

All that was changed now, of course. Susie was a strong, healthy child who slept all through the night in her little crib by her stepfather's corded bed, and in the daytime went everywhere he did. Whenever he "worked out" he used to give her her nap wrapped in a horse blanket on the hay in the barn; and he carried her in a sling of his own contrivance up to his sheep-pasture. Old Ma'am Warren disliked the pretty, laughing child so bitterly that he was loath to leave her at home; but when he was there with her, for the first time he asserted himself against his mother, bidding her, when she began to berate the child's parentage, to "be still!" with so strange and unexpected an accent of authority that she was quite frightened.

Susie was very fond of her stepfather at first, but when she came of school age, mixed more with the other children, and heard laughing, contemptuous remarks about him, the frank and devouring egotism of childhood made her ashamed of him with his uncouth gait, his mouth always sagging open, his stammering, ignorant speech, which the other children amused themselves by mocking. Though he was prospering again with his sheep, owned the pasture and his house now, and had even built on another room as well as repairing the older part, he spent little on his own adornment. It all went for pretty clothes for Susie, for better food, for books and pictures, for tickets for Susie to go to the circus and the county fair. Susie knew this and loved him by stealth for it, but the intolerably sensitive vanity of her twelve years made her wretched to be seen in public with him.

Divining this, he ceased going with her to school-picnics and

Sunday-school parties, where he had been a most useful pack-animal, and, dressing her in her best with his big calloused hands, watched her from the window join a group of the other children. His mother predicted savagely that his "spoilin' on that bad-blooded young one would bring her to no good end," and when, at fifteen, Susie began to grow very pretty and saucy and willful and to have beaux come to see her, the old woman exulted openly over Lem's helpless anxiety.

He was quite gray now, although not yet forty-five, and so stooped that he passed for an old man. He owned a little farm, his flock of sheep was the largest in the township, and Susie was expected to make a good marriage in spite of her antecedents.

And then Frank Gridley's oldest son, Ed, came back from business college with store clothes and city hats and polished tan shoes, and began idling about, calling on the girls. From the first, he and Susie ran together like two drops of water. Bronson Perkins, a cousin of mine, a big, silent, ruminative lad who had long hung about Susie, stood no show at all. One night in county-fair week, Susie, who had gone to the fair with a crowd of girl friends, was not at home at ten o'clock. Lem, sitting in his doorway and watching the clock, heard the approach of the laughing, singing straw-ride in which she had gone, with a long breath of relief; but the big hay-wagon did not stop at his gate.

He called after it in a harsh voice and was told that "Ed Gridley and she went off to the hotel to get supper. He said he'd bring her home later."

Lem went out to the barn, hitched up the faster of his two heavy plow-horses and drove from his house to Woodville, eight miles and uphill, in forty-five minutes. When he went into the hotel, the clerk said that the two he sought had had supper served in a private room. Lem ascertained which room and broke the door in with one heave of his shoulders. Susie sprang up from the disordered supper-table and ran to him like a frightened child, clinging to him desperately and crying out that Ed scared her so!

"It's all right now, Susie," he said gently, not looking at the man. "Poppa's come to take you home."

The man felt his dignity wounded. He began to protest boisterously and to declare that he was ready to marry the girl—"*now*, this instant, if you choose!"

Lem put one arm about Susie. "I didn't come to make you marry her. I come to keep you from doin' it," he said, speaking clearly for once in his life. "Susie shan't marry a hound that'd do this." And as the other advanced threateningly on him, he struck him a great blow across the mouth that knocked him down unconscious.

Then Lem went out, paid for the broken lock, and drove home

with Susie behind the foundered plow-horse.

The next spring her engagement to Bronson Perkins was announced, though everybody said they didn't see what use it was for folks to get engaged that couldn't ever get married. Mr. Perkins, Bronson's father, was daft, not enough to send him to the asylum, but so that he had to be watched all the time to keep him from doing himself a hurt. He had a horrid way, I remember, of lighting matches and holding them up to his bared arm until the smell of burning flesh went sickeningly through the house and sent someone in a rush to him. Of course it was out of the question to bring a young bride to such a home. Apparently there were years of waiting before them, and Susie was made of no stuff to endure a long engagement.

As a matter of fact, they were married that fall, as soon as Susie could get her things ready. Lem took old Mr. Perkins into the room Susie left vacant. " 'Twon't be much more trouble taking care of two old people than one," he explained briefly.

Ma'am Warren's comments on this action have been embalmed forever in the delighted memories of our people. We have a taste for picturesque and forceful speech.

From that time we always saw the lunatic and the bent shepherd together. The older man grew quieter under Lem's care than he had been for years, and if he felt one of his insane impulses overtaking him, ran totteringly to grasp his protector's arm until, quaking and shivering, he was himself again. Lem used to take him up to the sheep-pasture for the day sometimes. He liked it up there himself, he said, and maybe 'twould be good for Uncle Hi. He often reported with pride that the old man talked as sensible as anybody, "get him off where it's quiet." Indeed, when Mr. Perkins died, six years later, we had forgotten that he was anything but a little queer, and he had known many happy, lucid hours with his grandchildren.

Susie and Bronson had two boys —sturdy, hearty children, in whom Lem took the deepest, shyest pride. He loved to take them off into the woods with him and exulted in their quick intelligence and strong little bodies. Susie got into the way of letting him take a good deal of the care of them.

It was Lem who first took alarm about the fall that little Frank had, down the cellar stairs. He hurt his spine somehow—our local doctor could not tell exactly how—and as the injury only made him limp a little, nobody thought much of it, until he began to have difficulty in walking. Then Lem sent for a doctor from Rutland who, as soon as he examined the child, stuck out his lower lip and rubbed his chin ominously. He pronounced

the trouble something with a long name which none of us had ever heard, and said that Frank would be a hopeless cripple if it were not cured soon. There was, he said, a celebrated doctor from Europe now traveling in this country who had a wonderful new treatment for this condition. But under the circumstances — he looked about the plain farm sitting-room—he supposed that was out of the question.

"What did the doctor from foreign parts ask?" queried Bronson, and, being informed of some of the customary prices for major operations, fell back hopeless. Susie, her pretty, childish face drawn and blanched into a wan beauty, put her arms about her sick little son and looked at her stepfather. He had never failed her.

He did not fail her now. He sold the land he had accumulated field by field; he sold the great flock of sheep, every one of which he could call by name; he mortgaged the house over the protesting head of his now bedridden mother; he sold the horse and cow, and the very sticks of furniture from the room where Susie had grown up and where the crazy grandfather of Susie's children had known a peaceful old age and death. Little Frank was taken to New York to the hospital to have the great surgeon operate on him —he is there yet, almost completely recovered and nearly ready to come home.

Back in Hillsboro, Lem now began life all over again, hiring out humbly to his neighbors and only stipulating that he should have enough free time to take care of his mother. Three weeks ago she had her last stroke of paralysis and, after lying speechless for a few days, passed away, grim to the last, by the expression in her fierce old eyes.

The day after her funeral Lem did not come to work as he was expected. We went over to his house and found, to our consternation, that he was not out of bed.

"Be ye sick, Lem?" asked my uncle.

He looked at us over the bedclothes with his old foolish, apologetic smile. "Kind o' lazy, I guess," he whispered, closing his eyes.

The doctor was put out by the irregularity of the case. "I can't make out anything *really* the trouble!" he said. "Only the wheels don't go round as fast as they ought. Call it failing heart action if you want a label."

The wheels ran more and more slowly until it was apparent to all of us that before long they would stop altogether. Susie and Bronson were in New York with little Frank, so that Lem's care during his last days devolved on the haphazard services of the neighbors. He was out of his head most of the time, though never violent, and all through the long nights

lay flat on his back, looking at the ceiling with bright, blank eyes, driving his ox-team, skidding logs, plowing in stony ground and remembering to favor the off-horse whose wind wasn't good, planting, hoeing, tending his sheep, and teaching obstinate lambs to drink. He used quaint, coaxing names for these, such as a mother uses for her baby. He was up in the mountain-pasture a good deal, we gathered, and at night, from his constant mention of how bright the stars shone. And sometimes, when he was in evident pain, his delusion took the form that Susie, or the little boys, had gone up with him, and got lost in the woods.

I was on duty the night he died. We thought a change was near, because he had lain silent all day, and we hoped he would come to himself when he awoke from this stupor. Near midnight he began to talk again, and I could not make out at first whether he was still wandering or not. "Hold on hard, Uncle Hi," I heard him whisper.

A spoon fell out of my hand and clattered against a plate. He gave a great start and tried to sit up. "Yes, mother—coming!" he called hoarsely, and then looked at me with his own eyes. "I must ha' forgot about mother's bein' gone," he apologized sheepishly.

I took advantage of this lucid interval to try to give him some medicine the doctor had left. "Take a swallow of this," I said, holding the glass to his lips.

"What's it for?" he asked.

"It's a heart stimulant," I explained. "The doctor said if we could get you through tonight you have a good chance."

His face drew together in grotesque lines of anxiety. "Little Frank worse?"

"Oh, no, he's doing finely."

"Susie all right?"

"Why, yes," I said wonderingly.

"Nothing the matter with her other boy?"

"Why, no, no," I told him. "Everybody's all right. Here, just take this down."

He turned away his head on the pillow and murmured something I did not catch. When I asked him what he said, he smiled feebly as in deprecation of his well-known ridiculous ways. "I'm just as much obliged to you," he said, "but if everybody's all right, I guess I won't have any medicine." He looked at me earnestly. "I'm—I'm real tired," he said.

It came out in one great breath —apparently his last, for he did not move after that, and his ugly, slack-mouthed face was at once quite still. Its expression made me think of the time I had seen it as a child, by lantern-light, as he looked down at the new-born lamb on his breast.— *Reprinted from "Hillsboro People," 1915, by permission of the author and of Henry Holt & Co., New York.*

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"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory." —*Psalms* 115:1.

(Continued from Page 2)

That shakes the earth
In the roar of guns, in the march of feet,
In the gush of blood, in sweat and tears,
For the culture and morals
That man has prized as civilization
Clings like manure on the skirts of the earth,
Feeding the lily that yet hides its face,
But soon will unveil
In the United States of the World.
Let our ship of earth as it sails through time and space
Echo the sound of this song,
Until all hearts can dance with its joy,
Until each atom responds to the tune,
And all eyes see above the Home of Man
Paramount above all other flags, the flag of Peace,
The flag of the United States of the World.

"The person who repeats, 'God! God!' but lives a life of ill-will, retains a mind of impurity. He may do daily all acts of ceremonious worship, but cannot enjoy real happiness even in a dream."—*Guru Ram Das.*





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Prayer as War Still Rages

By Paramhansa Yogananda

Heavenly Father, all nations of the earth, in their heart of hearts, are weary of the carnage, the loss of throbbing lives (O Youth! so dead! so deathless!) and of man's material heritage (O, Mount Cassino! symbol of centuried dignity, destroyed in an hour!). We learn hardly that war, like crime, does not pay. Victor and vanquished alike still see but afar the goal of human righteousness. World War I burgeoned only with Devastations II. Thou alone art almighty; listen to our supplications, Father, and swiftly terminate the war in justice, making barren any seeds of greed in our victor nations, that with ferocious omnipresence they may not sprout into Armageddon III.

Lord of our lives, mayest Thou soon help us to abate the terror of bombings of the innocent young and the helpless old. May their prayers and Thy blessings mitigate the war-creating karma of nations, and quickly stop this affrighting bloodshed. Heavenly Majesty, Thou art sitting on the throne of all hearts; we implore Thee to influence leaders of all lands to realize their mistakes and to cease from hate. Make them cling through sweet understandings to the ways of peace; teach them to remove the true cause of war—heedlessness of Thy word. May this titanic struggle be the last; may the next League of Nations be the nameless, natural league of human hearts.