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World Wide



An Illustrated Bi-Monthly Magazine Devoted to

Spiritual Realization

Development of Body, Mind and Soul

Practical Metaphysics

Hindu Psychology

Articles in This Issue:

"FIXING HABITS IN THE BRAIN AT WILL"

by Swami Yogananda

"FREEDOM" by Swami Dhirananda

"THE LIFE OF CONTEMPLATION versus ACTIVITY" by Dale Stuart

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SWAMI YOGANANDA

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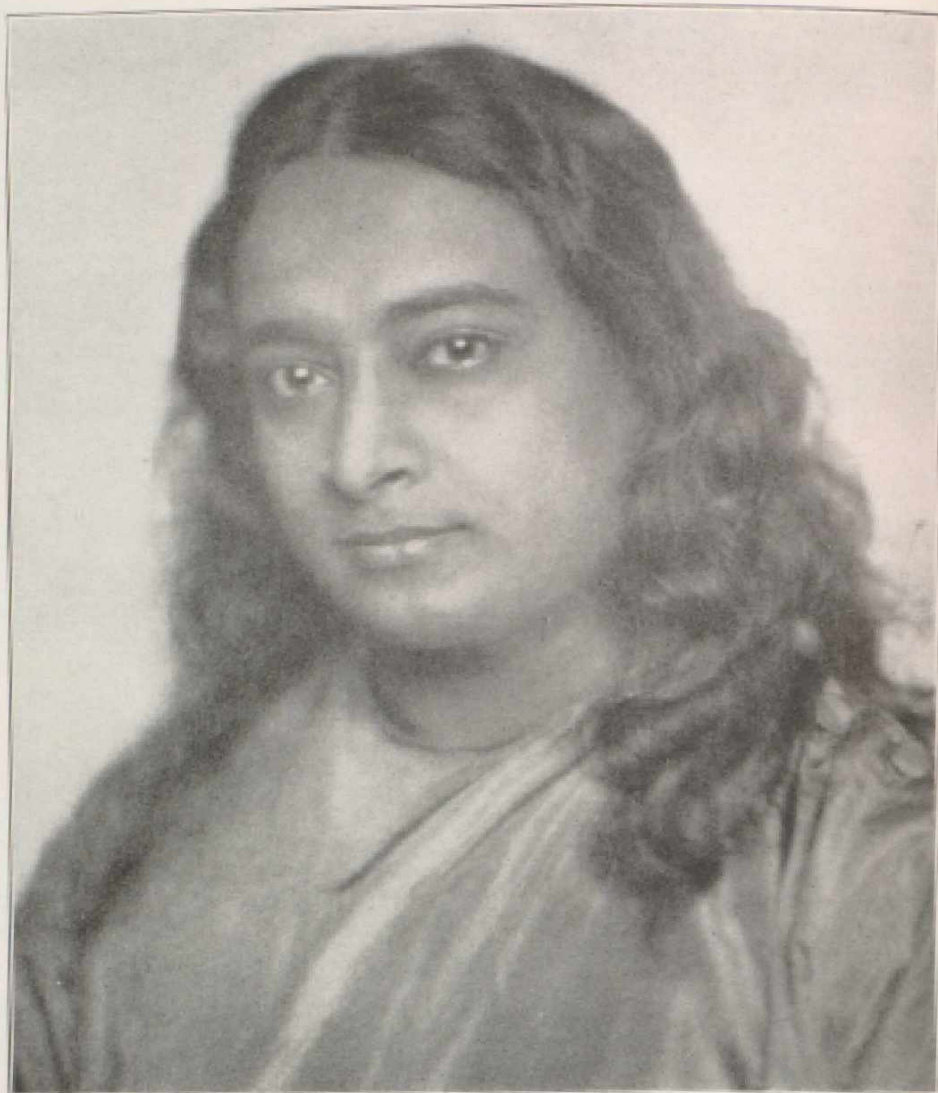
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3880 San Rafael Avenue

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

EAST-WEST

WORLD WIDE

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3880 San Rafael Avenue

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THREE SONNETS *by the* NIGHT SEA

I.

Surely the dome of unremembered nights
Was heavy with these stars! The peaceless sea
Casting in foam their fallen shafts to me
Makes ancient music to their awful heights.
O quenchless and insuperable lights!
What life shall meet your gaze and thence go free
From litten midnights of eternity
To havens open to your final flights?

Abides nor goal nor ultimate of peace
Nor lifts a beacon on the cosmic deep
To guide our wandering world on seas sublime,
Nor any night to grant the soul release,
Swung as a pendulum from life to sleep,
From sleep to life, from Timelessness to Time?

II.

Now as I hear upon the caverned night
The ocean's ceaseless and stupendous dirge
And one by one the stars approach its verge,
The deep seems all on prayer, and the light
Of farthest suns but questions for the sight
Of men who yet may test the Dark, to urge
Life's portent from the starlight and the surge
And read the ancient Mystery aright.

Do blinded powers from their darkness seek
Thru human sight, that secret to attain?
From founts how distant is the spirit fed?
And who are we? And is it we who speak?
The Why we utter to the night of pain,
The Whither to the unresponding dead?

III.

Thou seemest inexhaustible, O sea!
And infinite of nature; yet I know
That by divine permission could we go
Within thy sealed and silent deeps, and be
Of all thy glooms and treasures made free—
The soul each marvel would outgrow,
Till each were vain as festal fires that glow
Beneath the stars' immortal scrutiny.

And were all alien worlds and suns laid bare
Till Mystery their secret should declare,
The Finite soon its utmost would impart,
And sun nor world at last have power to thrill
Man's wayward and insatiable heart
Which God and all His truth alone can fill!

—*Author unknown.*

FIXING HABITS IN THE BRAIN AT WILL

By

SWAMI YOGANANDA

Who lives in this marvellous Hall of living walls of mortared osseous tissues fitted with the various ocular, tactual, auditory, olfactory and gustatory doors? This hall of life, the human skull, presents a veritable epitome of a huge state. It includes the range of hilly convolutions of the cerebrum, inlaid with the arterial streamlets and dark rivers of veins. Is this exquisite territory vacant, unoccupied? Is this hall filled just with a senseless mass of physical cells? Is there a book without an author, a child without parents, a clock without a maker, a rose without a designer? Nay—and similarly there are wondrous ruling agencies behind this kingdom of mystic beauty. Beneath the dome of the human skull is enacted scenes of intense activity and pulsating life and intelligence. The strange colony of myriads of little brainy cells are guided and controlled by a mixed host of good and impish invisible sprites, pixies and fairies of unseen habits.

There the little blood corpuscles are paddling their tiny boats laden with various vital commodities in the arterial stream. There is buying and selling, absorption and elimination, going on here. The little intelligent cells are engaged in banqueting, or introspecting, or receiving the guests of sensations from the outer sensory doors, some are creating mischief by inviting sprites of invisible disorderly habits into this great commonwealth.

The habit lords, and the commoners, the brain-cells, are gathered together and are furiously debating who should assume the responsibility of the bodily government. These united states of flesh have been the scenes of many wars and revolutions. At certain election times, the whole state is in disorder and confusion. Who is going to be president? How many votes will the various candidates receive? Every human action, mentally or physically performed, is a voter. When a particular action is repeated, it swells the number of its votes, and a huge number of such actions elects a certain habit candidate. Then a collective vote of all human actions determines at different periods of life, which habit is going to be the predominant one and rule supreme.

Election by numerical superiority often ignores the qualitative standard. If the majority of voters are morons or criminals, they are bound to blunder and elect the wrong habit candidate. Unless the voting human actions are guided by the supreme law of discrimination, they enslave themselves anew under an undesirable ruler.

A true spiritual democracy in this bodily kingdom necessitates the thorough education of the voting human activities. They should not only depend on their numerical power of repetition, but also on the quality of attentive performance. Above all, they should be trained to be guided by ideal rationalism and warned against the bribing effects of sentimental environment, leading to the misuse of their voting powers. The power of reason should select the candidates.

Habits of anger, greed, envy, drinking, excessive smoking, coffee or tea drinking, sloth, failure, result from their being elected to office by unwise hordes of little actions whose numerical strength alone elected them without thought of the after-effects of enslavement. Habit-slaves are not born, they make themselves so, unknowingly or knowingly thru their constantly repeated actions. The first drink never made a drunkard, the first act of sensuality never made a sensual slave, the first use of dope never made a dope-fiend. A series of mechanical or thoughtless repetitions of the wrong action elected the gripping habit as ruler. Quantitative strength won against the weak qualitative voice of reason that had no votes because it had not been exercising its powers.

Guard yourself against the first performance of evil actions. What you will do once you are liable to do again. Like a rolling snowball, habit grows stronger and bigger by repetition. Use your reason in all your actions, otherwise you become converted into helpless slaves of undesirable habits.

IMPEACHING A BAD HABIT PRESIDENT AND INSTALLING A BETTER

A strong bad habit presiding for a long time in the bodily state, brings chaos and misery. Spiritual famine, mental fevers, universal poverty of body and brain exist in a kingdom thus misruled. A strong bad habit should be impeached before a tribunal of daily introspective and conscience judges, who should inform the daily offending actions

that the inevitable outcome of their persistence will be nervous breakdown, wasted youth and exploded happiness. This constant note of warning may serve gradually to awaken the enslaved reason and will of the habit-bound victim.

Many excessive smokers, drunkards, sex-slaves are not free because they do not think they are doing wrong and because they don't die immediately. But tho the shovels of habit dig slowly, yet they dig surely a yawning untimely grave preceded by the scorching flames of suffering.

Convince your actions of the tyranny of the undesirable ruling habit first, then begin the work of constitutional agitation and actual impeachment. A whining or sorrowing attitude, remonstrance, or even violent but spasmodic rebellion is of little avail. You are the maker of your habits and you must undo them by regular effort.

Relate your actions to new better ways. Keep them continuously busy, interested, attentive, in serving and fraternizing with good actions. If the actions begin to revert back to their old dangerous associations, don't get discouraged. Persist, give sufficient time and attention, and the voting strength of the new actions will increase and finally get power enough to overthrow the worthless ruler, and elect in his place their own good candidate habit.

A bad habit takes time to attain supremacy, so why be impatient about the growth of its rivalling good habit? Do not despair about your undersirable habits, simply stop feeding them by repetition.

The time used in the formation of habits varies with the individual kind of nervous system and brain cells, and is chiefly determined by the quality of attention. But any habit can be installed in the brain, almost instantaneously at will, by creating brain-grooves thru the power of deep trained attention.

True democracy presupposes rational, willing obedience to good laws, ungoaded by higher authority or any other external influences whatsoever. Similarly, a wise man, one who is really free, avoids error and performs good, not compelled by habit, but from free reasonable choice.

"To him who hath shall be given; but from him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." This Biblical statement is very true of habits. A man of good actions increases in virtue, but a slave of bad habits loses all power of will and reason.

All national tastes, human customs, are the results of habits, and are environmental in nature. Love of Americanism or Hinduism is the outcome of habit and familiarity. When I was a baby, if I had the choice, I would have preferred to be a human chameleon, free to embrace the desirable aspects of all nations and creeds.

Government of actions by internal self-evolved discrimination, unguided by good or bad habits, imparts unbounded power of will. A man with such power can instantly fix a new habit in his brain, or stop one at will, without feeling the compulsion of a habit-president. One must not be dominated by a good habit, either, because the habit may be in power simply because there has never been any temptation of evil. Such a good habit is not permanently fixed in the nature, because it is born not from choice and reason, but thru circumstance.

One way we can test our power over our habits, is to command the mind to like or dislike a certain food at will. When I first arrived in America, I was served at a dinner some Roquefort cheese and crackers. No sooner had Mr. Roquefort touched the palate and its arrival become known to the cerebral cells, than the habit lords rebelled and were about to upset the honored guests in my stomach. I didn't enjoy this sudden embarrassment, and saw that everyone else at the table was greatly enjoying this peculiar cheese. I strongly urged my senses to immediately elect the Roquefort-cheese-enjoying habit. I liked the taste at once and do so to this day.

Why do things happen contrary to your desires? Because your habits are also contrary to your desires, and your actions flatter your habits. Your habits must cater to your true Ideals.

Habit is an automatic mental mechanism for performing actions without the labor involved in initiating new actions. Wrongly used, this mechanism becomes man's arch-enemy. Be practical. Try from today to overcome the hidden enemy habits within you, garbed with your environmental likings, and be free to act from reason alone. Your habits are not you. Be yourself, and you will remember the lost image of God within you.

The LIFE of CONTEMPLATION *versus* ACTIVITY

By

DALE STUART

The first glimpses of divine revelation, the first rapture of spiritual discovery, usually have their birth and early growth in an outward silence or solitude, and an inward serenity. This experience was the motive that activated the founders of monasteries and hermitages, who thus hoped to produce conditions favorable to meditation and spiritual perception. The early flowers of illumination must be guarded against the bitter frost of worldly life and the devouring flame of skepticism. To safeguard their purity and their sweetness, to perpetuate their unearthly beauty, is the only wish of him who has felt their ecstatic unfoldment in his heart. He knows that their preciousness, their rarity, their healing loveliness, are worth every sacrifice, every precaution, every devotion. Impelled by this sense of duty and of overpowering love for the first "fruit of holiness," the first glimpse of divine treasures, men and women throughout the ages and in every land have left their homes, their possessions, their families, all the allurements and hopeful possibilities of their world; many have cast off in a moment the shackling habits of a lifetime, in order to be freer to serve and to preserve the sacred lotus within them, whose fragrance caught them unaware and drowned them in sweetness and dynamic bliss. Rather than lose the new consciousness of inner light and beauty, rather than relinquish hold upon the dazzling, thrilling power of divinity, rather than give up possession of the new-found soul, the neophyte is ready to cast into oblivion not only all earthly belongings, but also all habits, all mental prejudices, even all instincts of self-preservation or self-love. This overwhelming change, embracing the material, physical, mental and instinctive habits of his life, is of course only made possible thru a perception, however faint, of Reality—and unreality therefore vanishes and can present no claims to his consideration. He cannot feel the hold of any earthly power or of his own separate existence, because he has in some measure touched the Omnipresent Fountainhead of life, and has dissolved himself in the embrace of that "tremendous Lover."

This realization of the uniqueness, the gain beyond all other gains, the ever-renewing bliss of spiritual awareness, has been and always will be, the upholding principle, the indomitable drive behind the sacrifices, the austerities, the discipline and the self-abandonment of the true seeker. He may have only intellectual or scientific conviction, he may have deeper emotional causes for his allegiance to his Creator, he may have deep spiritual perception—but whatever his experience, he would not exchange his sense of spiritual values for any conceivable or inconceivable lure.

This then is the high resolve, the exalted purpose and experience of him who first glimpses the divine horizon. No solitude can be too vast, no sacrifice too much, if by such means the sweet serenity of the soul, the sacred inspiration, may be maintained.

The aim of the hermit in the wilderness, or of him who is strong enough to spiritually progress against worldly obstacles, is finally to feel the divine lamp within them lit with an eternal flame, beyond the possibility of any extinguishment.

To this end the claims of activity and of solitary contemplation, offer themselves. Is work or meditation the best path to eternal blessedness? The Bhagavad Gita sheds much light on this problem.

"Two schools of wisdom; first,
The Sankhya's, which doth save in way of works
Prescribed by reason; next, the Yog, which bids
Attain by meditation, spiritually:
Yet these are one! No man shall 'scape from act
By shunning action; nay, and none shall come
By mere renouncements unto perfectness."

"Live in action! Labour! Make thine acts
Thy piety, casting all self aside,
Contemning gain and merit; equable
In good or evil."

"Therefore, who doeth work rightful to do,
 Not seeking gain from work, that man, O Prince!
 Is Sanyasi and Yogi—both in one
 And he is neither who lights not the flame
 Of sacrifice, nor setteth hand to task.
 Regard as true Renouncer him that makes
 Worship by work, for who renounceth not
 Works not as Yogi. So is that well said:
 'By works the votary doth rise to faith.'"

The lives of thousands of saints answer it. Jesus and Buddha did not feel that their spiritual riches exempted them from worldly toil. They travelled and taught and worked, giving their own lives as example and inspiration to the seeking world. The Christian saints and martyrs were indefatigable workers, ready to serve their fellowmen at all costs. The greatest masters of India teach that final liberation is possible only thru selfless service to others.

"Therefore, thy task prescribed
 With spirit unattached gladly perform,
 Since in performance of plain duty man
 Mounts to his highest bliss. By works alone
 Janak and ancient saints reached blessedness!
 Moreover, for the upholding of thy kind,
 Action thou should'st embrace. What the wise choose
 The unwise people take; what best men do
 The multitude will follow."

The Gita further assures us that detachment from results will free us from otherwise inescapable ties of Karma:

"He that acts in thought of Brahm,
 Detaching end from act, with act content,
 The world of sense can no more stain his soul
 Than waters mar the enamelled lotus-leaf.
 With life, with heart, with mind,—nay, with the help
 Of all five senses—letting selfhood go—
 Yogins toil ever towards their souls' release.
 Such votaries, renouncing fruit of deeds,
 Gain endless peace."

The reason for this emphasis on work and service lies not in what the giver gives, as much as what he receives. The work itself may not be great, or if great in results, it may not be lasting. Or it may call out only misunderstanding. The work of a saint or a reformer may be apparently undone by his followers. Or disaster may pursue his disciples. Some will say these results are evil, that the Master had helped himself and even the world more by remaining in solitude. But the answer is, that the merit of work lies not so much in its results, which are inevitably intertwined with the disintegrating effects of time and circumstance, the merit rather lies in the **opportunity** it affords to the seeker to manifest, to prove, to demonstrate, to fulfil and express, the divine attributes of his being.

His virtues are won in solitude perhaps, or at least by self-discipline, self-denial and meditation, (for the gifts of eternity, the deathless light of realization and reality, are not bestowed lightly nor lightly won) but they are not permanently and unalterably his own until they are tested in the fire and crucible of action, of outward expression. Activity for a noble cause, whatever it may be; service for anyone save himself; these alone afford

opportunity to hammer virtue into imperishable forms, to express the inner nobility, to conquer the material by spiritual forces.

The Creator's hand moves invisibly, present everywhere and always, to uphold His creation and bring His work to perfect fulfillment.

"Look on me,
Thou Son of Pritha! In the three wide worlds
I am not bound to any toil, no height
Awaits to scale, no gift remains to gain,
Yet I act here! And, if I acted not—
Earnest and watchful—those that look to me
For guidance, sinking back to sloth again
Because I slumbered, would decline from good,
And I should break earth's order and commit
Her offspring unto ruin."

We are His instruments, the medium of His expression, and we serve Him and the purposes of His creation by balancing work with meditation, by translating spiritual values into material manifestations.



BITS OF WISDOM

The following sayings are taken from the lectures of Swami Yogananda and reproduced here that a wider public may enjoy them:

"Loyalty to a spiritual custom without sincerity and conviction is hypocrisy. Loyalty to the spirit of a custom even without clinging to the form is wisdom. Loyalty both to the form and the spirit is the greatest wisdom. But loyalty neither to spiritual custom, principle or teacher is spiritual degeneration."

"How can you nourish yourself by only listening to a talk on food? You must apply your knowledge. To know food only theoretically, is to always remain hungry. So he who seeks new doctrines continuously but does not put them into practice in his own life, is in continual spiritual starvation."

"A good habit is your greatest friend—a bad habit your mortal enemy. Be careful about the repetition of an action. It will become a habit before you realize it. Habit is second nature. But it can be changed by persistent good action."

"When we serve others we serve ourselves. Do not think, 'I will help *others*'—think rather, 'I will help *my own, my world*, because I cannot otherwise be happy.'"

"Praise does not make you better, nor blame worse than what you are. Then why heed these two? Don't pay attention when they praise you, but survey yourself carefully when they blame you. If you are in fault, free yourself from error quickly, but if you are not guilty, laugh and forget it. Truth will speak for you."

"Spiritual action talks louder than the utterance of many sacred words."

"No disease is incurable. Some diseases are beyond the reach of medicines, which are by their nature limited. When a disease is persistent and long-continued, and medical aid and other ordinary methods fail to cure it, it is then called chronic or incurable.

The fault of deficiency in the medicine, and its inability to cure, are illogically transferred to the disease. The *medicine* is uncurative—so doctors call the *disease* incurable! But the power of the Infinite is unlimited and can heal all disease.

Medicine has its uses—why deny facts?—but it is strictly confined to certain limits. If a disease is beyond medical aid, that is not the time to despair, but rather the time to put your faith on the Infinite power who is omnipotent.

Medicine cannot help you if you just talk about it and do not use it, similarly, faith cannot cure unless you use it and not simply talk of it.

In mental or spiritual healing, one must have faith to 'burn the boat to walk on the sea.' Would you not rather doubt the aid of limited material forces than the power of the Infinite Spirit?"

A SOLITARY WAY

(Found carved on the walls of the Catacombs.)

There is a mystery in human hearts,
And tho we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well and are well beloved,
To everyone of us from time to time,
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
Our dearest friend is stranger to our joys,
And cannot realize our bitterness.
"There is not one who really understands
Nor one to enter into all I feel"
Such is the cry of each of us in turn,
We wander in "a solitary way"
No matter where or what our lot may be;
Each heart, mysterious even to itself,
Must live its inner life in solitude.

And would you know the reason why this is?
It is because the Lord desires our love.
In every heart he wishes to be First.
He therefore keeps the secret key Himself,
To open all its chambers, and to bless
With perfect sympathy and holy peace
Each solitary Soul which comes to Him.
So when we feel this loneliness, it is
The voice of God saying, "Come to me."
And every time we are "not understood"
It is a call to us to come again;
For God alone can satisfy the Soul
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have a solitary way.

And when beneath some heavy cross you faint
And say "I cannot bear the cross alone"
You say the truth. God made it purposely
So heavy that you must return to Him.
The bitter grief which "no one understands"
Conveys a secret message from the King
Entreating you to come to Him again.
The man of sorrows understands it well
In all points tempted, He can feel with you;
You cannot come too often, or too near,
The son of God is infinite in grace,
His presence satisfies the longing Soul
And those who walk with him from day to day
Can never have a solitary way.

B U D D H A

By

RT. REV. ARAI

(The Rt. Rev. Arai is the Abbot of the Sojiji, Head Monastery of the Soto Sect, which belongs to the School of Meditation, one of the largest Buddhist denominations of Japan, founded in 1310.)

We conceive Buddha, the Enlightened One, as an infinite, all-pervading, omnipresent, and omnipotent Being. He is too sublime to be named after a traditional or a national deity, too spiritual to be symbolized by human art, too full of life to be formulated in terms of mechanical science, too free to be rationalized by intellectual philosophy, too universal to be perceived by bodily senses; but everybody can feel His irresistible power, see His invisible presence, and touch His heart and soul within himself. "This mysterious Spirit" says one of the ancient masters, "is higher than the highest, deeper than the deepest, limitless in all directions. There is no centre in it. No distinction of east and west, and above and below. Is it empty? Yes, but not empty like space. Has it a form? Yes, but has no form dependent on another for existence. Is it intelligent? Yes, but not intelligent like your mind. Is it non-intelligent? Yes, but not non-intelligent like trees and stone. Is it conscious? Yes, but not conscious like your waking state. Is it bright? Yes, but not bright like the sun or the moon." Thus Buddha is unnamable, indescribable, and indefinable.

It is He that moves, stirs, inspires, enlivens, and vitalizes everything. It is He that pillars the heavens, supports the earth, glorifies the sun and the moon, gives voice to thunder, tinges clouds, adorns the pasture with flowers, enriches the field with harvest, gives animals beauty and strength. Therefore we may say that even a dead clod of earth is imbued with the divine life, just as Lowell expresses a similar idea when he says:

"Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers"

The poet must be in the right, not only in his esthetic, but in his scientific point of view, in saying—

"I must
Confess that I am only dust.
But once a rose within me grew;
Its rootlets shot, its flowerets flew;
And all rose's sweetness rolled
Throughout the texture of my mould;
And so it is that I impart
Perfume to thee, whoever thou art."

Buddha's divine life pervades the grandest as well as the minutest works of nature, and it may fitly be said 'greater than the greatest, and smaller than the smallest.' It cannot be



A Japanese Statue of the Buddha

defined. It cannot be subjected to exact analysis. But it is directly experienced and recognized within us, just as the beauty of the rose is to be perceived and enjoyed, but not reduced to exact analysis. This life in the microcosmos is identical with that of the macrocosmos, and the Divine Life of the macrocosmos, that is Buddha, is the common source of lives.

The universe is the holy temple of Buddha and nature is His gospel. Every flower that blooms by the wayside sings a song in praise of His glory, and every star that twinkles above our heads shines forth His sacred law. The holy writ that we admire is not one of parchment, nor of palm-leaves, nor in black and white, but one written in heart and mind. Our faith is based not on the dead Scriptures, but on living facts. We want not to turn over the gilt pages of the holy writ but to read between the lines in the holy pages of daily life. Buddha should be prayed to not by word of mouth, but by actual deed and work. "The so-called sutra," says Dogen the founder of our sect, "covers the whole universe. It transcends time and space. It is written with the characters of heaven, of man, of beasts, of Asuras, of hundreds of grass, and of thousands of trees. There are characters some long, some short, some round, some square, some blue, some red, some yellow and some white—in short, all the phenomena in the universe are the characters with which the sutra is written." Rei-un read the sutra through the lovely flowers of a peach-tree in spring after some twenty years of his search for Light, and said:

"A score of years I looked for Light:
There came and went many a spring and fall.
E'er since the peach blossoms came in my sight,
I never doubt anything at all."

So-shoku also read it through a waterfall, one evening, and said:

"The brook speaks forth the Tathagata's word divine,
The hills reveal His glorious forms that shine."

Since Universal Life permeates the universe the poetical intuition of man never fails to find it, and to delight in everything typical of that Life. "The leaves of the plantain" says a Zen poet, "unfold themselves, hearing the voice of thunder. The flowers of the hollyhock turn towards the sun, looking at it all day long." Jesus could see in the lily the Unseen Being who clothed it so beautifully. Wordsworth found the most profound thing in all the world to be the universal spiritual life, which manifests itself most directly in nature, clothed in its own proper dignity and peace. "Through every star" says Carlyle, "through every grass blade, most through every soul, the glory of present God still beams." It is not only grandeur and sublimity that indicate Universal Life, but smallness and commonplace do the same. A sage of old awakened to the faith, when he heard a bell ringing; another, when he heard the frogs croaking; and another, when he saw his own form reflected in a river. The minutest particles of dust form a world. The meanest grain of sand under our foot proclaims a divine truth. Therefore To-shi, pointing to a stone in front of the temple, said: "All the Buddhas of the past, the present, and the future are living therein."

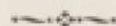
In addition to these considerations, which mainly depend on indirect experience, we can have direct experience of life within us. In the first place, we experience that our life is not a bare mechanical motion or change, but is a spiritual, purposive, and self-directing force. In the second place, we directly experience that it knows, feels, and wills. In the third place, we experience that there exists some power unifying the intellectual, emotional, and volitional activities so as to make life uniform and rational. Lastly, we experience that there lies deeply rooted within us Enlightened Mind, which neither psychologists treat of nor philosophers believe in, but which Zen masters expound with strong conviction. Enlightened Mind is the centre of spiritual life. It is the mind of minds, and the spirit of spirits. It is Universal Spirit awakened in the human mind. It is not the mind that feels joy or sorrow; nor is it the mind that reasons and infers; nor is it the mind that fancies and dreams; nor is it the mind that hopes and fears; nor is it the mind that distinguishes good from evil. It is the mind that holds communion with Universal Spirit or Buddha, and realizes that individual lives are inseparably united with Universal Life and of one and same nature. It is always bright as a burnished mirror, and cannot be dimmed by doubt and ignorance. It is ever pure as a lotus flower, and cannot be polluted by the mud of evil and folly. Although all sentient beings are endowed with this Enlightened

Mind, they are not aware of its existence, excepting men who can discover it by the practice of Meditation. It may be compared with a precious stone ever fresh and pure, even if it be buried in the heaps of dust. Let us quote a Chinese poem to see how Zen treats it:

"I have an image of Buddha,
The worldly people know it not.
It is not made of clay or cloth,
Nor is it carved out of wood,
Nor is it moulded of earth nor of ashes.
No artist can paint it;
No robber can steal it.
There it exists from dawn of time.
It's clean, although not swept and wiped.
Although it is but one,
Divides itself to a hundred million forms."

It is Buddha dwelling in the individual mind. It enables its possessor to acquire, not a relative knowledge of things as his intellect does, but the profoundest insight in reference to universal brotherhood of all beings, and to understand the absolute holiness of their nature, and the highest goal for which all of them are making. Enlightened Mind once awakened within us serves as a guiding principle, and leads us to hope, bliss, and life; consequently, it is called the Master of both mind and body. You might call it God in man, if you like.

Thus relying on our inner experience, which is the only direct way of knowing Buddha, we conceive Him as a Being with profound wisdom and boundless mercy, who loves all beings as his children, whom he is fostering, bringing up, guiding, and teaching. "These three worlds are His, and all beings living in them are His children." "Buddha is the mother of all sentient beings, and gives them all the milk of mercy." Some people named Him Absolute, as He is all light, all hope, all mercy and all wisdom; some, Heaven, as He is high and enlightened; some, God, as He is sacred and mysterious; some, Truth, as He is true to Himself; some, Creator, as He is the creative force immanent in the universe; some, Path, as He is the way we must follow; some, Unknowable, as He is beyond relative knowledge; some, Self, as He is the Self of individual selves. All these names are applied to one Being, whom we designate by the name of Universal Spirit or Buddha.



THOUGHTS FROM SUFISM

By M. RASHID

The soul is not a substance that has been melted and poured into our forms of flesh, nor is it something abstract like blackness or whiteness familiar to the human eye, nor is it a sound that disturbs or soothes the nervous system of human make-up.

It is the essence of the knowledge of the Maker and self. And yet it is not knowledge alone, for knowledge is an extension—and extension upon extension is possible, which philosophy denies. Besides, an extension has only one attribute, that is, of size or extent, while soul has two qualities—one of self-knowledge and the other of the knowledge of Him.

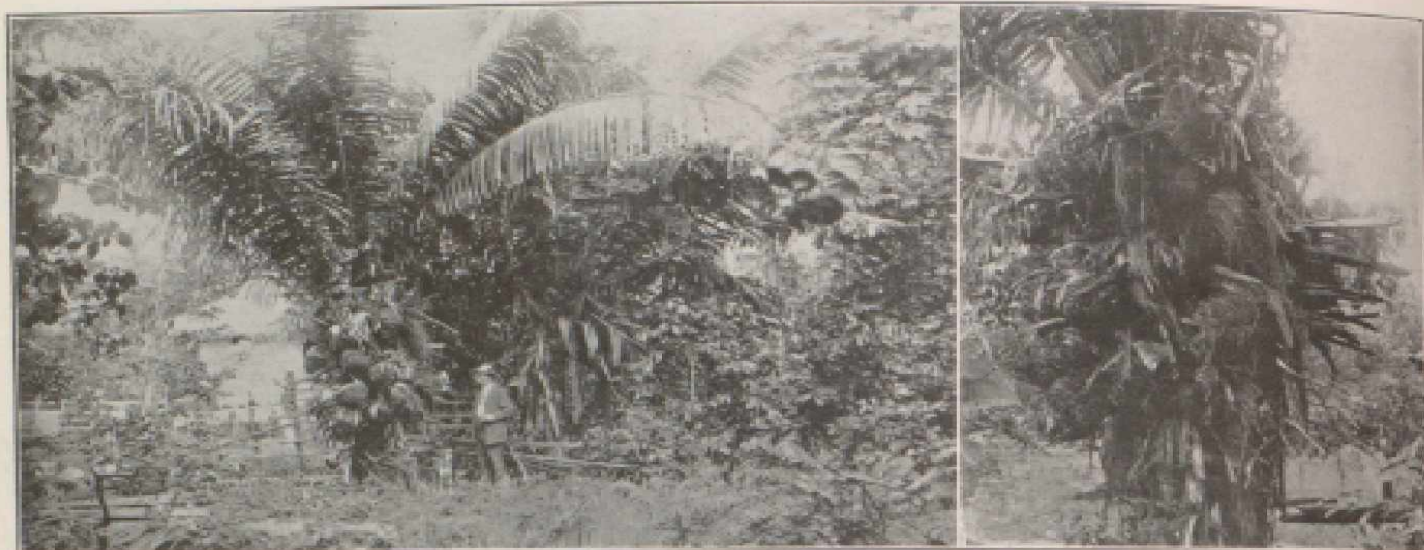
It is not a form or figure, for form and figure can be divided or broken into parts. And thus, if we could divide the soul into parts, such as knowledge and ignorance, it would be knowledge and ignorance at the same time. Knowledge and ignorance of the same thing at the same time is impossible.

Thus, it is one—a thing that cannot be divided. It is something visibly and invisibly complete. It is the subject, object and the attribute.

It permeates everything, free from all the qualities of being contained within a space or connected with a certain specific body. It is independent of life condition.

It is individualized Spirit.

THE WORLD OF NATURE



The Tropical Tagua Palm, and its Ivory Pods.

—*Courtesy, Pan-American Union*

(This educational department will be a feature each month. The two articles in this issue are from the pen of Harriet Hobson. The facts about the "Tagua Palm" were procured thru the kindness of the Pan-American Union.)

HOW VEGETABLE IVORY GROWS

The Tagua, a palm fern that grows wild in several of the South American Republics, is one of Nature's master-pieces. Its botanical name is *Phytelephas macrocarpa*, and its seeds are the queer, potato-like nuts whose kernels form the beautiful vegetable ivory of commerce. The Tagua attains a height of ten to twenty feet, its short, thick trunk is crowned with a splendid crest of bright green leaves, whose deep fringes make them resemble gigantic plumes. At the base of the leaves are the white blossoms, whose rich fragrance is but one of the many attractions possessed by a tree which combines beauty and usefulness to an unusual degree.

Tagua seed pods are among Nature's most exquisite treasure boxes. They are as large as a man's head, and weigh from ten to twenty pounds, each mighty burr containing from fifty to ninety ivory nuts. Rough and warty on the exterior, the pods are very beautiful within. They are filled with soft, pink pulp that is as fine as jeweler's cotton; and snugly packed away in this pulp are wee bags of sweet juice, which soon change into little lumps of sweet pulp, and then harden into the fat nuts which possess the color and the texture of dentine ivory.

The Tagua palm is one of the world's master producers. It requires a full year to bring its ivory nuts to maturity, but during that time it is not idle; instead, it is running several side lines that it will eventually bring up to the main line of production! While it is developing its green ivory nuts, it is making glad the world about it with the rich fragrance of its white blossoms; and at the same time it is busy dumping on the market bushels of its finished product!

The nut pods of the Tagua remain tightly closed until the fat little potatoes they hold are fully ripe, and hard enough to withstand the determined drilling of a grub which likes vegetable ivory as a dwelling place. When the time comes, the big pods burst open at the lower end, and pour the contents out upon the ground. Then come scampering dozens of willing workers; wee furred creatures whose teeth and tongues remove the sweet,

sticky pulp in which each nut is wrapped. Every ivory nut is licked as clean as if it had been washed, by this queer volunteer brigade, and all that man has to do to harvest his valuable crop is to bend his back and pick it up!

At the button factories the ivory nuts are subjected to intense heat which changes their pure white to the rich cream color of old ivory. After being shelled, the inner part which is "vegetable ivory," is sliced in pieces the correct thickness for buttons. Machines then chop from these slices, buttons of every shape and size! Vegetable ivory may be cut, sawed, sliced, carved, polished, and dyed, and for these reasons it is the most beautiful and valuable button material in the world.

The Tagua palm grows in Panama, Columbia, Peru and Ecuador, but it is in the latter Republic that it reaches its greatest perfection. Thousands of tons of the ivory nuts are harvested in Ecuador each year, and shipped to various parts of the world, the United States of America being the largest consumer.

THE ARCTIC TERN

One of the most beautiful and remarkable birds in the Western world, is the Arctic Tern, a palpitating atom whose wings bear it 22,000 miles each year on its trips to its nesting site, and back to its winter home. The Tern is a small gull, with a tail forked like that of the swallow; it is dressed in a stylish suit of gray trimmed with black; a tight black cap is on its wee head, and bright coral bill and shoes and socks make him look very much like a winged flower as he goes through space with the speed of a rifle bullet.

The Arctic Tern makes its nest as close to the North Pole as it can find ground solid enough to build upon. At the end of the breeding season, this dainty little aviator points his coral bill straight South, and launching himself in the air, he keeps on going until he rounds Cape Horn, and arrives as near the South Pole as he can find open water to supply him with fish. From Pole to Pole is 11,000 miles, and each year the Tern makes the round trip of 22,000 miles, aside from the other thousands he flies in search of food. The fact that he makes this marvelous flight is thought-producing. It makes one wonder how he does it; where he carries his compass; where lies the invisible trail he follows so unerringly through the pathless sky?

His love and need for sunshine must be one of the impelling forces behind his strenuous journeys, for his two polar homes keep him in regions of perpetual sunshine about eight months out of the year.

HEALTH HINTS—VALUE OF OCCASIONAL FASTING

The following is a delightful and very nutritious dish, containing the vital mineral salts in great abundance:

Chop two slices of fresh or canned pineapple, one handful seedless raisins, one carrot ground up in meat-chopper, one tablespoonful shelled pistachio nuts. Mix these together with four tablespoonfuls cream. Serve on lettuce with shredded lettuce on top.

Carrots ground up in meat-chopper, or chewed thoroly, are an excellent food for teeth and bones. Nuts should always be chewed very thoroly before swallowing.

Business men and women would benefit their health very greatly by fasting or eating very little on Sundays and holidays. It is a dangerous habit to eat a full meal just because breakfast or dinner is served. Eat at regular times if you are hungry, but eliminate as many unwelcome meals as possible. Twenty-four hours' fasting each week will give the digestive system a thoro rest, and you can start on your work with fresh vigor.

Why disobey God's little laws that govern the body beautiful and thus get into big trouble?

You take you lunch, give your lips a hasty napkin-rub, and rush out feeling that everything is alright. But what about your teeth—why deny them a cleansing shower bath after they have worked so hard for you?

Diseased teeth produce many ills. Rinse your mouth out ten times with water after each meal, if you have no tooth-brush handy. That is what the Hindu pundits prescribe.—S. Y.

NANAK—FOUNDER OF THE SIKH RELIGION

Nanak, founder of the Sikh religion of India, was born in the Punjab in 1469. He was devotionally inclined from his early youth and passed most of his time in religious contemplation and practices, in spite of some parental objections. As one time, his parents feared for his health and sent for the doctor, whom Nanak greeted with this mystic outburst: "The ignorant physician knoweth not that it is in my mind that the pain is. Physician, go home: take not my curse with thee. I am imbued with my Lord; to whom givest thou medicine? The body is weeping, the soul crieth out, 'Physician, give none of thy medicine; go home, few know my malady. The Creator, who gave me this pain, will remove it.'"

Nanak married and lived a life of worldly service for some time, but soon left his home and position to take up his abode in the jungle and assumed the garb and manner of life of a holy man. Here he practiced all the austerities of his calling and began to give utterance to those inspired songs, afterwards collected and preserved in the *Adi Granth*, the sacred book of the Sikhs. His sole companion was his faithful servant and disciple, the musician Mardana. Later Nanak became a wanderer and preached his gospel in northern India, Bengal and Ceylon, returning to his native town after an absence of twelve years. Toward the end of his life, he laid aside the habits and garb of a wanderer, and settled down with his family at Kharatpur. Large numbers of followers gathered round him. He organized them and taught them by word and precept in the new faith. He built almshouses and was active in other charitable works. He died in 1538, when his fame for saintliness and wisdom had grown very great. His line is preserved to this day and is still held in much veneration by all Sikhs, trusted and protected in stormy times of war out of regard for their holy ancestor.

Many beautiful miracles are attributed to Nanak. One story goes that he once lay with his feet, instead of his head, toward a nearby mosque. The indignant priests came up to him and pointed out that such a position was sacrilegious. When Nanak did not move, they forcibly turned him around. And as they did so, the whole mosque moved too so that his feet were still facing it!

Sikhism numbers both Hindus and Mahomedans among its followers, who are unswervingly loyal to their simple faith. When enough Sikhs get together even in a foreign land, a Sikh temple soon rises. There are such temples in Vancouver and California and other places in America.

The Sikh religion is very beautiful in its simplicity. Nanak taught perfect equality and brotherliness, and his followers are among the most democratic in the world. He condemned superstitious rites and laid stress on prayer, love and virtue as the true road to salvation. He gave a high place to ethics and morality, and set forth purity of life as the highest object of human endeavor. The daily practice of cleanliness, almsgiving and of abstinence from animal food is strictly enjoined, and obedience to the guru is demanded of every Sikh as his first duty.

Nanak had no political aims and taught peace and good-will. He took care to prevent his followers from contracting into a narrow sect or into monastic divisions, and to this end, excluded his own son, a meditative ascetic, from the ministry after him. His religion would have been a quiet and quaker-like faith were it not for the persecution it received at the hands of the Mahomedans. On this account it developed a sharp military character, and under competent religious and martial leadership, the Sikhs were welded into a strong and powerful nation and made possible the establishment of a small but historic republic whose men have the name for extreme courage and heroism.

The following poem, *Japji*, composed by Nanak in his old age, and still sung by every Sikh at day-break, conveys Nanak's ideas of Godhead and true worship, and is majestic and elevating in style.*

(*The facts for the above article are taken from a book on Nanak published by G. A. Natesan and Co. of Madras. The extracts from the translation of Nanak's "*Japji*" are from the pen of Dr. C. C. Caleb.)



The Saint Nanak

Extracts from NANAK'S JAPJI

"Of Him, the One True Name is Om,
 Creator, all-pervading He:
 Devoid of hate and fear, unborn,
 Undying, self-existent Lord.

He in the beginning did live,
 He was before Time came to be,
 He, verily, existeth now,
 He shall exist for evermore.

How shall a man the True One know?
 How shall he falsehood's barriers break?
 He can, as Nanak foreordained,
 By keeping His Divine commands.

What shall we offer in return
 That we may in His Presence stand?
 What shall we utter with our lips
 Which, hearing, He may love us well?

At the ambrosial hour of morn
 Let us with reverence meditate
 Upon His True and Holy Name
 And also on His Majesty.

Countless the saints who contemplate
 Upon Thy attributes divine;
 And countless they who love the truth
 And they who practice charity.

Perchance polluted be one's clothes,
 They can with water be made clean,
 But if the heart's defiled by sin,
 It can be cleansed by only Him.

Who practiseth austerities,
 Almsgiving too, and charity,
 And who resorts to holy shrines,
 Of honour but a fraction gains.

*But he who hears Him and obeys,
 And loves Him in his inmost heart,
 Shall wash off his impurities
 Within his own heart's sacred shrine.*

'Tis He the Lord who knows the needs
 Of all and gives accordingly:
 Alas! how few are they who do
 This truth acknowledge or believe.

Priceless Thy dealings and Thy marks,
 Priceless Thy dealers and Thy stores,
 Priceless is all that comes from Thee,
 And priceless that Thou tak'st away.

Let him who seeketh Him regard
 Contentment as his ear-ring:
 Let modesty his wallet be,
 His ashes, meditation deep.

Let him consider death his quilt,
 And faith as his mainstay in life;
 And let him keep his body pure
 (Like to a virgin undefiled).

In this wise he shall gain indeed
 The spirit of true tolerance*
 For by subjection of the mind
 Is Vict'ry gained o'er all the world.

O Nanak, He is realised
 Only through His Own grace Divine:
 Who boast of other ways and means
 They idle prattlers are and false.

O Nanak! He whose arm is strength,
 He sees all things and wields all pow'r;
 None in His sight is high or low
 (For He regards all men alike).

Deeds, good and bad, before His throne
 Are by the king of death rehearsed:
 By their own actions some get near,
 And some stay far away from Him.

Who meditate upon His name,
 From labours freed repair to Him:
 Their faces, Nanak, shine: through them
 Salvation other people gain."

*Yogic attainment.

SPIRITUAL INTERPRETATION OF A BIBLICAL PASSAGE

John 6:27—"Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the son of man shall give unto you: for Him hath God the Father sealed."

Labor not for the meat which perisheth (do not devote all your energies simply to the maintenance of the physical body, for even the most scientifically balanced diet can nourish the body only for a limited time) but for that meat (but seek the infinite source, the cosmic energy and life current) which endureth unto everlasting life, (which can spiritualize the material forces into deathless or changeless energy, serviceable to the soul eternally) which the son of man (the human body which comes from another human body) shall give unto you: (because it contains divine possibilities within it) for Him hath God the Father sealed (God the creator has stored his immortal energy in man and has labelled or marked it as the storage battery of His own cosmic design. One can recharge his body-cells from within by knowing the mechanism of the body/battery and its secret storehouse of cosmic current) — S. Y.

WHO IS A YOGI ?

"Not a sword-swallower, crystal gazer or snake charmer, but one who knows the scientific psycho-physical technique of uniting the matter-bound body and soul with their source of origin, the Blessed Spirit.

He is a Yogi who says:

'I shall go within
To bring Thee without
Where I am Thou must come.'

Such an enlightened one dives deep within the soul thru meditation, and brings God-realization without to apply it in worldly life. He is a Yogi who acts for all, and not he who shirks activity or is a fugitive from the battle of life. If we all go to the forest, we will have to build a city there and face the problems of life just the same.

A business man, literary man, artist, musician, laborer or king; all can be Yogis, if they so choose. A Yogi aspires to know the Spirit thru living according to the spiritual laws of life, thru renunciation of all material fruits of success and by devoting such fruits to the good of all. Such a man as the Hershey chocolate king, who has given his entire fortune of eighty millions to a school, and now works in his own factory, has accomplished a renunciation equal to that of great saints.

We must struggle to attain success and have the broadening experiences of life. Many would-be Yogis say, 'My wife died, I lost my wealth; hence I will forsake everything and become a hermit.' Why, they have nothing to forsake! Such sacrifice is not real. It is the renunciation of the fruits of successful action, the translation of selfish ambition into selfless service for all, that is true sacrifice."— S. Y.

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"INSPIRATION"

by

*Antonio Frilli
of Florence, Italy*



THE SONG OF THE EAGLE

By RITA GREEN BREEZE

Ya he! Ya he! I am the eagle, yi! the mighty one!
I soar aloft! I look upon the sun!

Unto the four world-points I fare, calling,
And as I wheel athwart the soundless blue,
Up from the east the white dawn riseth, faint,
On, steadily, I soar to greet the Day-God—
The Sun, Life-Giver, beams upon my pride.
On conquering wings the teeming earth I circle
To cry the glory of all things growing;
The forest's whisper, the voices of the sea.
The scudding clouds I spurn!
I spread my rain-plumes proudly!
Fearless and swift I journey to the westward,
Fearless and swift I glide upon the rainbow.
Yi, triumphant, straight and high my pinions bear me
To joy unchanging, and beyond!
Then call I farewell to day.
Yi ho ee go!

I am the eagle, yi! The mighty one!
I soar aloft! I look upon the sun!

FREEDOM

By

SWAMI DHIRANANDA

We all want freedom, but sometimes we are greatly exhilarated at the idea that we are free when we are perhaps seriously forging fetters for our feet. When the shackles are tight about us, we begin to smart under the pain and send a shrill cry for freedom to the skies. Somebody comes along and teaches us how to manufacture a file. We file off the shackles, and are free again.

The file now becomes interesting. We turn to the file for "fun." We have got to have it in plenty, no matter whether we need it or not. The factory, attic, cellar, living room, bedroom, kitchen, every place, we pack with files till we get sick of the sight of them. We want to get out of the house or get them out of it. We want to be free from them. But what did we want so many files for when we did not need them? Because they looked interesting. Did we not know that looks were deceiving sometime? We knew, but not enough to get away from the deception.

Hypothetically speaking, that is the way we go on in the world. Every means of freedom becomes a bondage because of our wrong conception or gross use of it. Men wanted to be free from one another's tyranny, so they put somebody up as a king who was to rule over them all. One king fought with another and employed men for the battle. Bloodshed, carnage, destruction were the results. The people wanted to be free from that condition. They wanted a strong emperor who could keep peace throughout the land and keep the kings and governors in their proper place. An emperor came, but in time turned out to be whimsical—his will was law, his displeasure was death; "he can do no wrong." Men wanted to be free again from that subjection. Advisers of the emperor, from being puppets, became strong-willed representatives of the people's will and began to curb the emperor's will, and he became a puppet in turn. Still the people would not rest. "Why is the heavy load of a king or emperor on our consciousness?" They wanted to be free from that. "I am the same as a king or emperor. Why will he rule or his son rule? We will rule ourselves. Everybody has a right to rule." Then came democracy where everyone rules, rules by casting votes for their representatives, rules by majority.

The American constitution was then written. But now the complaint is in the air that money in many cases, directly or indirectly, controls votes. People want to be free from the misdirected power of the moneyed class. Thus there is always the attempt to reach out for freedom after we forfeit it through our own faults or by letting others commit them.

You wanted children. You get married and bring up a family. You like the household, but it is not capacious enough to hold your attention. You want to be interested in other people and things, too. You like to know about neighbors, community, city, country, world and many other things, and, if possible, do your little part in improving them. You cannot remain absolutely engrossed with your own self. You have to love your dog, or dress at least, or something of that sort. We want change, we hate monotony. Why? Because we want freedom from the past or from a certain item of the present. Freedom does not always mean forgetting the thing—root, trunk, branch and all—that we want to be free from, nor does it mean its neglect—though sometimes it does mean that. When you were a child, every time you wanted to multiply one sum with another, you had to look at the multiplication table. You are grown up now, you still multiply two sums, but you do not go back to see the multiplication table. The table is in your head. You are free from the table but you do not need to be free from what the table represents. You may forget the table but not the laws of the table.

Freedom leads to expansion of consciousness, not exclusion from circumstances. When it is more exclusion and less expansion, it is another form of bondage. You hate the city on account of its noise and crowds; you come to the country and have less noise and

crowd. You gain that much. But if you are not careful, even that less noise and crowd will, by and by, fill and monopolize your consciousness and your mental freedom will be gone. You were a prisoner in nets in the city, you will now be a prisoner in a mass of cobwebs in the country. Unless you try in the city to bar noise and crowd from your consciousness, you cannot try to do that while in the country. If you had had expansion of consciousness you would not have been bothered by noise; your mind would go beyond the noise to the subject in hand, anyway. Circumstances would not have handicapped you so much.

What is meant when it is said that freedom leads to expansion of consciousness? It is not spacial expansion, as consciousness does not occupy space, though it is aware of it. Freedom has an expansion in the sphere of its influence and intensification in its quality. That is real freedom. One having real freedom, not only strongly resists an undesirable habit that tries to entrap him, but keeps away from others that have not yet set the trap. He is not an unquestioning slave of good habits, either. He lets good habits rule him only when he can give them the command to do it. He is free in every place—no matter where his body is. Dungeon, darkness or heaven's dome does not make any difference. The sphere where he exerts his freedom's influence is vast. But the culture of freedom starts from his own consciousness, his own bosom, but it takes the whole world within its power. Freedom is of the soul. If you have some of it, you will dislike unreasonableness of every sort. By and by your expanded consciousness will cover every detail of your life under its wings. Walls of circumstances will not shut your distant vision, if you get up to the soul's pinnacle; then you can take in everything in a broad sweep. When you have not achieved real freedom, you can be free of one thing and not of another, but true freedom leaveneth the whole mass—the whole consciousness; you are then free from all bondage, every sphere is covered by its influence.

A free consciousness is a unique one. It is different from an enslaved consciousness in many ways. It has power and intensity, pluck and exhilaration. It looks up instead of down. It makes one tingle with energy and makes one ready to walk over the fence to get into another man's land but imparts him enough self-control to wait by the fence till an invitation is extended to come through the gate. It quickly senses possibilities in others when they try to raise their heads above difficulties, and sympathizes with their attempts. Meanness cannot go with freedom. Those who are slaves to bread and butter necessities, slaves to the spirit of aggrandizement and exploitation, slaves to the spirit of imperialism are mean. A truly free nation, or an almost free nation, cannot be mean.

But national freedom is one of the kindergarten schools where the soul can learn only the alphabet of its ever-free language. It is not enough. Free speech, free thinking, free pursuit of happiness, the three cardinals of a free national consciousness, are needed absolutely but they do not always imply real freedom. Free speech may start discussion, brighten dark points, clear ground, initiate healthful actions. So is it that free speech is better than gagged speech. But if free speech is used for vituperation or vileness, acrimonious attacks or advertisements of fetishes of worldly life, if it is used for hardening the line of difference rather than to make prominent the points of similarity among peoples, if it is used for exalting the demon of ignorance and trying to feed its insatiable maw with unscrupulous propaganda, then free speech from the standpoint of the soul, defeats its own purpose, however glorious that purpose may look to the average person. To the extent you have freedom within, to that extent you are free without. To the extent you act from the soul, or at least from the reason center of your mind, to that very extent you are stopping your innumerable so-called free institutions or free activities from manufacturing fetters for your feet. That's the case, too, with free thinking, free opportunities for the pursuit of happiness.

If general happiness, peace of mind and a spirit of service are the criterions by which the worthwhileness of life should be judged, then people, living under monarchy and having peace, happiness, spirit of service and higher ideals, but not having so many rights and privileges as in democracy, are undoubtedly better off than people living under the latter with every privilege, but no peace, with every opportunity but no ideal, with every comfort but no spiritual craving. This is no comment on democracy, but simply points out the difference between real and apparent freedom.

You cannot make me free unless I am willing or ready to get freedom. I cannot make you a slave if you refuse to wear the chain. I may shackle your body, but your mind

will be free. On the other hand, if your mind is not free, I may take you out of one prison, but you will run into another. Our soul is always free but its puny proxy, our limited self, including mind, is in chains in ordinary circumstances.

When an idea possesses you so that other ideas are thrown overboard, even if the latter were shouting for a hearing, there must be something wrong with you. You have to give hearing to everything in the world that approaches you. You may not grant its request or admit its claim. When pleasure comes or when sorrow forces itself on you, you have to give hearing to both but that does not mean that you have to jump with the former or die of the latter. One who loses himself in pleasure is, from a transcendental standpoint, as far removed from freedom as one whose pillow is wet with bitter tears. Levity goes with license, not with freedom. Real freedom gives a composure that dislikes excitement. When chains of bondage start falling off a man's feet, he jumps in joy, but after a while he maintains a steady gait and does not think of making a "fuss" and drawing a crowd. That state comes from real freedom.

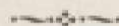
If senses or mental whims rule you, slavery is your badge and you yourself are your burden; if reason directs your every step, freedom will approach you with her blessing; if the soul inspires your every motive and experience, freedom will take you up on her lap and repeat to your ears the message of eternity.

If a fixed idea dominates you, you are not free. Some of the fixed ideas are: "I have no strength or health; I am always a failure; it is hard to carve out a path in the world; what's the use of trying? it is better to live in the shack of ignorance than to struggle to reign in the palace of knowledge; all, or most, people are like this or that; some friends proved false to me so I do not believe in making friends; every organization has some fault so it is best to stay out of all; money is so much needed so how can it be worshipped as less than a God?" and so forth.

Admit the claim of an idea to a reasonable extent, but if you go beyond that extent, you are losing freedom, and you have to be mighty careful in finding out what the reasonable extent is.

If a superstition dominates you, you are in bondage. "Diseases are the works of demons; living sacrifices are needed to pacify them;" "The rising of a comet is the sign of the overthrow of the world—people used to run into caves, at such an omen;" "God condemns a so-called sinner to eternal hell, so be good that you can escape the hell-fire," these are a few of the superstitions, some mediaeval, some modern.

The soul, the pure soul, is ever free. Until and unless you know it, you will not have real freedom. What we call freedom is only a slant of the steps leading to it.



MYSTIC SPARKLE

By *BERTHA SCHER*

It was quaint wisdom of the ancients that the universe is set to music, that the creative world was a note of harmony. All things are kept in motion by melodious sound. The poets sing of the music of the spheres and the Psalmist rhapsodies of the morning stars singing together. Rhythm is the cause of the sparkle mystic message of a summer evening, the look of devotion in the eyes of a faithful dog, a chance phrase of a true love song. Happy the soul so delicately attuned to the cosmic purpose that it can discern the hidden meaning of life in the harmonies and discord of the world, and perceive with Emerson in the darkest, meanest things that always, always something sings.

DIVINE LOVE

By

HARRIET HOBSON

Divine Love is not to be confounded either with human affections or with physical sensations. It is as cool as a glass of distilled water; as aloof as a moonbeam. It is an impersonal principle, and as such, it works in as strict accordance with scientific law, as does the fact that two plus two make four. It is the most powerful chemical in the universe, and what it does not transmute into its own likeness, it hurls back into Divine Substance, there to remain until it is again drawn to a single point as a concrete expression.

Divine Love is the great creative power that controls the worlds. At the same time, it is the tenderness that shingles a butterfly's wings with star-dust, lifts the fairy hands of a grass blade toward the Light, and uncurls the petals of a rose-bud. It is the power that hurls the leader of a just cause to victory; it is the sweet wisdom of the nest-building bird, and the abnegation of the mother polar bear that starves while she gives food to her cubs.

Divine Love is the pure acid that unselfs the soul. It consumes hatred, envy, jealousy, spite and egotism; and releases in the very places they occupied, such virtues as generosity, fidelity, justice, devotion, mercy, and humility. It banishes greed from the heart, changing the clutching talons of the miser, into the wide-open giving hand of the humanitarian. It destroys lust, and out of a libertine it can make a Saint Augustine. It changes intolerance into comprehension; and condemnation into sympathetic understanding. It drives out fear, and makes the timid heart strong and courageous.

Divine Love is the Royal Giver! It pours forth blessing as lavishly and impersonally as the Sun showers down heat and light upon the earth and the inhabitants thereof. It blesses friends and foes alike. It gives, and forgets the gift, shrinking from thanks as the unenlightened shrink from blame.

A soul filled with Divine Love is invincible. It is consciously sheltered beneath the wings of the All Mighty. It wears a shield through which no evil thing can penetrate. For Divine Love is the Refuge of all who walk in **THE WAY**. It is the holy of holies where the Masters seek, and find, strength. It is the Divine Harbor in which they cast anchor, and find peace and rest and that energy which works ceaselessly but is never weary. It is the Great Calm of the Adept.

Divine Love is the Truth that sets men free. It is the great emancipator. It shatters fetters of prejudice and evil habits that have bound souls within a bondage worse than the lowest slavery. It dissolves veils of illusion, giving clear sight. It takes the sting from a vitriolic tongue, removes claws from tempers, and renders harmless the high explosives attached to over-wrought nerves. It is the mighty expander, bringing extensions of consciousness that reveal to one the aching weariness of the over-worked horse as well as the Divine Breath vibrating through the universe.

Divine Love is the miracle worker. It takes a beggar and makes him fit to sit among kings. It takes a king, and deposits him on the junkheap. It takes a weak, whimpering, limping soul, purifies it, and it becomes One who walks in **THE WAY**. Centuries ago Divine Love flamed in the heart of "The Little Black Friar," and hurled him forth as Martin Luther, the giant of the Reformation. It touched the soul of Peter, a rough fisherman, and transmuted him into the Chief of the Apostles, the Saint of the flaming faith. It filled the heart of a humble peasant lad, made him strong beneath intolerable burdens, and then fashioned him into the Christ-like priest, Father Damien, who gave his life to work among the lepers.

Divine Love sends the great Wisdom Teachers from the Orient to all parts of the world, bearing their messages of holiness. It brought the saintly Swami Vivekananda to

us, years ago, when he blazed the trail along which Mother India has since sent to us her highest, and purest, and holiest and best.

Divine Love hurled Saul of Tarsus, the persecutor, to the earth, and when he was uplifted, he had become changed into Paul of God, the great Evangelist. Divine Love flamed like a living light in the soul of Jesus of Nazareth, and he became the Christ, or the holy, enlightened One, who told his disciples of a love whose translation into deeds would bring lasting peace to a blood-drunk world.

Divine Love saturated the whole being of the young Prince, Gautama, and he became the Buddha, The Compassionate One; the Dharmaraja; Revealer of the Four Beautiful truths, and the Eight Fold Path, whereby millions found the Light. Divine Love produces the Bhakti-yogi, so united with the Divine through devotion that in his soul there blooms the white lotus of holiness.

Divine Love filled the heart, and mind and soul of a quiet Hindu lawyer, and gave him to the world as Gandhi, the Mahatma, who is beloved by countless millions, not only of his own land but of every other land where men and women believe in freedom, in peace and in the brotherhood of man.

Divine Love is the great Teacher; the Great Link that unites all nations, all creeds, all castes, all colors, all ages. It makes the Brotherhood of man a divine truth in active operation, instead of a few empty words pattering from the lips. It was the sweet singer, Sidney Lanier, who wrote:

"Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below."

It was Saint Paul who said: "Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

It was Swami Vivekananda who said: "Forms vanish, rituals fly away, books are superseded, images, temples, churches, religions, sects, countries and nationalities, all these limitations and bondages fall off from him who knows this Love of God!"

It was Christ who said: "This is my Commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you."

It was Buddha who said: "Better than sovereignty over the earth, better than living in heaven, better than lordship over all worlds, is the *fruit of holiness.*"

Nor less, I trust,
To these I may have owed another gift
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
The heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

—Wordsworth.

THIS IS HE

Judgment is mastered, fear of death destroyed
Nor sees God earthward walking, man in form,
Grey-bearded, peering secret fastnesses,
With wrath forth-going in the vibrant storm.

This is no God ye builded, who believed
And dreamed Him vengeful; such god, perchance,
The priests of Baal worshiped, lifting high
Altars of lust and templed ignorance.

God is not made with hands! How long, how long
Must He who transcends temples vainly wait
Knocking at doors unclean with web of dust,
The warder sunk in sleep beyond the gate?

This rather God who tarries in the grove
And wakes the liquid echoes, but now mute;
Tuning the breast which lifts a ruffled throat,
Sounding its mellow pipe or wistful flute.

And this is He who tips the upland rim
With mystery of color; This is God
Who wakes the seed and thrusts its tender roots
With force unmeasured from the heaving sod.

And this, who stirs some unformed peasant boy
To dreams of Christhood; shapes the dulcet note
Of destined songstress; she so little taught
Awakes, God's finger thrilling lip and throat.

And this is God who moves the beauteous bronze
Of swamis by the Ganges, pointing west
Where sinks the sun beyond far seas; and this,
Who calls the dreamer from his dream of bliss.

Who calls the dreamer, "Wake, my soul, awake!"
He enters in and going forth once more
Thou seemest God in boundless space,
For He hath left ajar the once closed door.

God, whom I know with inner knowing, come!
Light, seen with inner single eye, abide!
Thy boundless Oms are rolling, drum on drum;
How dulled the ecstasies of earth beside!

Come! Thou comest! Come! Await, my soul;
Still earthly silence, doubly still, and hear
The far reverberant song of planets roll,
Earth upon earth and cycling sphere on sphere!

—By a Student.

EAST-WEST WORLD-WIDE NEWS

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO SPIRITUAL PROGRESS

WESTERN SYMPATHY FOR EASTERN PROBLEMS

The American Fellowship of Reconciliation at their conference, September 10-13, 1925, at Swarthmore, Pa., adopted the following statement:

We have realized anew our conviction that only a fearless reliance upon acts of justice and unarmed good will can bring a fair and peaceable relation between the Eastern and Western peoples.

We know that we ourselves have an inescapable share in the wrongs done by the Western nations. When we require of our government, of American investors, and of Christian bodies a new spirit in their dealings with Eastern nations, we are seeking the development of a social method which none of us has perfectly applied.

We welcome with keenest satisfaction the statement made many months ago by twenty-five American missionaries that they would neither seek nor accept military protection in any crisis that might arise. We believe that only as such determination prevails among Christian missionaries and among the church bodies owning mission property can the sincerity and international character of their Christian faith be made clearly evident to non-Christian peoples.

This summer the English speaking branch of the Peking Fellowship of Reconciliation, composed largely of missionaries, reiterated publicly their conviction of the evil and futility of violence and placed themselves squarely on record for an immediate move by the foreign powers toward the abolition of the unequal treaties and the removal of all foreign troops. With this position we are wholly in accord.

Recent events in China have revealed as with a lightning flash the way in which the whole mission enterprise appears to Eastern eyes as an integral part of our Western civilization and bound up with it in reliance upon force and entanglement with capitalistic methods of exploitation.

We believe that the time has come when missionary organizations should completely dissociate themselves and their workers from the special treaty privileges which have been secured from China under co-

ercion. A serious responsibility rests upon them also, we believe, to cooperate with the new efforts of other agencies to secure and make known to the Western public such facts and information about events in the Far East and the trend of Oriental opinion as are not now available through the Western press.

We urge our government to throw its weight unreservedly toward the extension of the coming conference of the Nine Powers to include a frank, honest and thorough discussion of all special treaty privileges of the powers in China so that the Western world may have a fair chance to hear China's side of the case. We believe that if the facts were fully known the public would forthwith demand immediate steps toward the abolition of extra-territoriality and the restoration of China's sovereignty, unimpaired.

We call the attention of the public to the proposal for vast fortifications at Pearl Harbor by the American Government and to the British plans already under way for the Singapore base, preparations which can only be regarded by Eastern nations as threats against their independence. Distrust of the purposes of the Western powers and the general atmosphere of mutual suspicion can be dissipated only as such plans are abandoned. We must face furthermore the implications to Oriental peoples of our delay in redeeming our promise of independence to the Philippine Islands.

We urge upon our fellow countrymen respect for the Oriental worker and a consideration of the measures which discriminate against him, forbidding his immigration to the United States and withholding citizenship. We must assist him in his efforts to raise the industrial standards of the East, most especially in mills owned by foreign capital. We welcome the increasing solidarity and determination to achieve freedom and justice among the students, workers and merchants of China shown in the recent strikes.

We would give our support to those throughout the world who are striving to practice the methods of peace which are common to the teaching of Jesus and the great philosophies of the East. It is our conviction that only through a spirit of

love that risks suffering and humiliation in an effort to win its opponents, and that steadily refuses to take the way of violence, as Gandhi has refused in India, can people, East or West, achieve a better world.

MAHATMA GANDHI DEFINES NATIONALISM

"I call myself a nationalist and I pride myself in it. But my nationalism is as broad as the universe. It includes in its sweep even the lower animals. It includes in its sweep all the nations of the earth, and if I possibly could convince the whole of India of the truth of this message, then India would be something to the whole world for which the world is longing. My nationalism includes the well-being of the whole world. I do not want my India to rise on the ashes of other nations. I do not want India to exploit a single human being. I want India to become strong in order that she can infect the other nations also with her strength. Not so with the other nations of the world, not so with a single nation in Europe today. They do not give strength to the others. We are not receiving any strength. It is in the nature of things impossible for them to do so, and that is why I have taken the uncompromising position that I cannot possibly be a party to a constitution whose basis is brute force.

"President Wilson mentioned his beautiful 14 points, and do you know what he wound up with? He said, 'After all if this endeavor of ours to arrive at peace fails, we have got our armaments to fall back upon.' I want to reverse that position, and I say 'Our armaments have failed already. Let us now be in search of something new, and let us try the force of love and God which is truth.' When we have got that, we shall want nothing else."

AN INTERNATIONAL HOME

We are very glad to hear of an International Home founded by Mr. John D. Rockefeller in New York on Riverside Drive, at the cost of several million dollars. Students of sixty-one nationalities reside here in peace and amity. Students from different countries and races are allowed to stay here, in proportion to their college population, at a very nominal cost. Such institutions do much to further the cause of world understanding and hence world peace.

CHRISTIAN AIMS

The Nation reports the following outcome of the recent session in Detroit of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America: "Representing twenty-eight constituent Protestant denominations this governing committee has reaffirmed its "unequivocal support of national prohibition." This does not mean that it has discarded the report issued by its department of research upon the failure to enforce the prohibition law. It is willing to face the facts of the situation as they are, but reaffirms its belief that despite all shortcomings the net effect upon the physical, economic, political, and moral life of the nation is beneficial. The committee came out against the Japanese Exclusion Law, which it declares has lost to America the friendship of the Japanese and all the other Oriental people, and "carries in it the seed of a color war." As to the vital question of peace, it reaffirms the conclusions of the National Study Conference, held in Washington, December 1 to 3, under the auspices of the Federal Council, which declared war to be the "supreme enemy of mankind" and its continuance "the suicide of civilization." The conference voted that the church should devote itself to peace above all else, that in doing so it should never "become an agent of the government in any activity alien to the spirit of Christ," and should recognize the right of each individual to follow the dictates of his own conscience as to whether he should or should not participate in war. This spells real progress; it is a triumph of the principle of conscientious objection to war, and it has brought the church a step nearer to the ultimate position which it must take or perish—that it will not support its government if that government goes to war."

INDIA MOURNS A GREAT LEADER, C. R. DAS

Mahatma Gandhi has raised a considerable amount of money for the C. R. Das Memorial College to be erected in Calcutta, India. Swami Yogananda's Ranchi school collected funds for this purpose. Mr. Das was a famous Bengali lawyer and an outstanding political figure. He was president of the Indian National Congress and served his country in many ways. His influence was second only to Gandhi's. Many great tributes are being paid to his memory. His funeral was attended by hundreds of thousands, headed by Gandhi himself at Calcutta.

THOUGHTS ON THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

By JOSE M. VEGA

The principle of our existence is spiritual. The direction of our energies, the promulgation of our thought, the inspiration of our lives, is the soul. The rest is subsidiary and transitory. In the spiritual rests man's greatness. And it is a poor economy that gives time and effort to the lesser at the expense and to the detriment of the greater.

Around finite and material things, if we but pause to think, there always cling the elements of undesirability; the difficulty of their acquisition, the uncertainty of their possession, the limited tenure of their association. But our concept of the Infinite presents none of these objections.

Spiritual growth is superior to material delinquencies. Its existence is above and beyond the material, and truth is eternal. Material entities in themselves are good, as all creation is good per se. Apart from metaphysical goodness, too, rises the goodness of utility. Man is free and may choose between the manifold kinds of good apprehensible by the intellect.

But who chooses spiritual good and the compensations of spiritual development chooses the highest good. His reward is unlimited and unalloyed, and his possessions are truth and eternity. The development of humanity must come through spiritual achievement. And this in turn must come from the individual. Each atom in the mass will partake of the perfection the mass exhibits. The atoms individually must first display the virtues the whole makes manifest.

The spiritual man is reading in the trees and flowers, in the mountains and sky, new lessons of truth whose beauty charms. He is creating in all who know his conduct a belief in spiritual values.

And he is finding in his own being, in his own life, a peace ineffable.



Yogoda students of Swami Yogananda's Chicago class in November.

News and Activities of the Mount Washington Educational Center



OPENING FESTIVAL

Sunday, October 25, 1925, was a memorable day for Los Angeles. The sun was high in his glory and bathed the city in his healing light. Mount Washington, with its canyon lying by the smooth meandering upward drive, with its scattered homes and majestic trees, with its birds and flowers, vibrated to the one thought that rippled thru the upland air. The Mount Washington Educational Center was to be opened!

Large busses and automobiles brought the visitors and students up from the foot of the mountain to the Center. More than two thousand people filled the halls and front porches. Many could not find standing room, and remained out on the grounds, enjoying the scenic grandeur that lay to view for miles around.

The hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers sent by the students of Swami Yogananda and friends from all over America.

The program opened with a fervent prayer offered by Swami Yogananda, who then extended a hearty welcome to all who were interested in the purpose of the Center, the purpose of world-wide, non-sectarian, spiritual all-around education for children and adults. Swami showed the audience pictures of his own Master, Swami Sriyuktswarji, and of the latter's Master, Swami Lahari Mahashaya. "It is thru my Master's inspiration and help that I have founded this institution," Swami Yogananda said, "and as such the glory belongs to him. I dedicate this Center to him and to his Master. May their blessings ever be upon it."



Three new pictures of the Mount Washington Educational Center, taken from different angles.

The Honorable James McLachlan was the next speaker, and in his talk he pointed out what Swami Yogananda meant to him, to America and to the cause of universal constructive education. He said, "This wonderful spot, in my judgment, will become a shining beacon light, like that in the New York harbor, enlightening all the world. Under the inspiration and guidance of the Swami, this place will become a spiritual Mecca to which will flock people from all over the earth."

Swami Dhirananda, formerly in charge of the Boston Yogoda and Sat-Sanga Center and now the Residential Swami at Mount Washington, was next presented to the audience, and gave a short talk on East and West and their points of unity. Mr. M. K. Serailian, composer and artist, was next on the program, and gave an interesting talk on "The Soul of Songs." Swami Yogananda then gave the main speech of the afternoon, on "The Purpose of the Mount Washington Educational Center," explaining how thru the financial,



Mrs. Yowlache, Swami Yogananda, Chief Yowlache and Rita Green Breeze. The picture on the right shows Swami wearing the head-band with which the Indians honored him.

moral and spiritual cooperation of his students in Los Angeles and throughout America, he had been able to found this Center in fulfillment of one of his life-long dreams, a Center which has its very dust touched by the inspiration of his soul and every member blessed by the meditations of his heart.

These speeches were interspersed with piano, violin, vocal and orchestral selections which added harmonious beauty and variety to the program. Finally, chant affirmations and healing vibrations were given by Swami Yogananda. The power of the Great Spirit filled the atmosphere and the thrilling spark divine coursed thru every fibre of the audience's prayerful hearts. A great peace and joy vibrated throughout the hall.

Refreshments were then served to the guests, and Swami greeted his friends and students from distant cities who had come from afar to be present at this Opening Festival. A procession was formed, and led by Swami Yogananda and Mr. Wellington to the beautiful adjoining "Mission Gardens." There was a short service there under the blue canopy of the sky, by the canyon of silence. Thus ended a great day and began a great work.

DIVINE PRAYER HEALING SERVICE FOR ALL

Every morning at seven o'clock, Swami Yogananda sends a Divine Healing Prayer Vibration to his students and all who ask his help in healing and liberating themselves from physical or mental disease or the spiritual suffering of ignorance. Anyone who wishes to avail himself of this help which Swami is happy to extend to

all, may write to the Los Angeles Headquarters and briefly state the nature of his or her trouble.

PRESENT ACTIVITIES AT THE CENTER

Every Sunday at 2:00 p. m., Swami Dhirananda conducts a non-sectarian Sunday School class for children, with stereopticon views as an added attraction. At 3:00 p. m. there is an address followed by Healing Vibrations, for adults. During the week there are classes and various activities.

The details of carrying on the worldwide Yogoda Correspondence Course work takes up much time. Thanksgiving and Christmas plans caused a good deal of cheerful activity and fun.

Interviews are granted by previous appointment. Our Center phone number is Garfield 6406. At present there is much activity concerned with the "Night in Dreamland" play to be put on at the Philharmonic on January 15th. We are receiving much delightful cooperation from our students by the formation of men's and women's groups for practical service. The Bureau of Decoration, the Bureau of General Management, and the Bureau of the Household are rendering us valuable help.

Our meditation room is being furnished and will offer a quiet beauty and solace to those that visit it for inspiration and prayer. Mrs. E. R. Norwood of San Francisco, who has been very helpful in many ways, has promised to donate her valuable and extensive library to the Center. We hope soon, with the kind cooperation of our students all over the country, to have an excellent library and magazine room.

SWAMI ENTERTAINS FAMOUS AMERICAN INDIAN CHIEF

On November 9th, Swami entertained at luncheon the famous American Indian baritone, Chief Yowlache of the Yakima tribe in Washington, also Mrs. Yowlache, and the gifted writer, Sun Rise (Rita Green Breeze), one of whose poems appears in this issue. Chief Yowlache is the greatest Indian baritone and has appeared in concert in many cities. He sang at the Sunday service on November 8th at the Center, and was accompanied by the equally famous pianist, Mr. Homer Grunn, who has composed many beautiful Indian melodies. Sun Rise of the Miami tribe, is president of the American Indian Association, and co-author with the noted composer, Carlos Troyer, of "Zuiana," an American Indian music drama which will be presented in Los Angeles this summer.

MONTHLY DONATION PLEDGES

The monthly donation pledge-cards signed by students all over the country are being fulfilled very faithfully by many members of the Yogoda classes. We hope that every Yogoda student will see his way clear to donate a regular monthly sum, in keeping with his means, to the upkeep of the Mount Washington Center, so that our energies may be free to devote to educational activities of a world-wide nature. This is your own Center, and with your interest and cooperation, we will extend its healing influence to every seeking soul. We want to feel that every Yogoda student is taking an active interest in our work and is willing to do his part in maintaining it and spreading its message of peace and understanding.

MR. AND MRS. C. P. SCOTT ARE WELCOMED AT CENTER

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Scott of Portland, Oregon, and their little daughter, came down to Los Angeles for the Opening of the Center, and offered their cooperation and spontaneous help in building up the work. Swami Yogananda was very happy to accept their kind offer and welcomes them at the Center as inner residential workers. In the capable hands of Mrs. Scott, the business details of the work are carefully looked after, and her personality and spiritual nature have won her innumerable friends in her new home.

TWO BRILLIANT MUSICIANS NEW CONVERTS TO YOGODA



Mr. Huston Ray

Mr. Huston Ray, "America's most widely Advertised Pianist," took the Yogoda lessons from Swami in San Francisco, and received so much benefit that he says: "The teachings of Yogoda are demonstrable beyond any forms of metaphysical practices ever brought to my attention and they have become a part of my daily life and are indeed an inspiration.

"A musician needs the conscious control of the mind and I find your method has taught me, and I know it is teaching others, this self-control."

Mr. Luigi von Kunits, Conductor of the New Toronto Symphony Orchestra in Toronto, Canada, has this to say of the Yogoda Correspondence Course: "Having followed the Yogoda method now for several months I cannot say enough in its praise. It certainly creates and constantly increases physical and mental alertness, virility, and poise, and the scientific conciseness and completeness of the ingenuous series of exercises is most admirable. The suggestions for strengthening the power of memory I have found extremely helpful. The preliminary concentration exercises give the most enjoyable mental calm."

TREE PLANTING CEREMONY

On the initiative of Mr. Fred Hughes of the American Tree Association, Washington, D. C., and President of the Tree Crofters International Association, three trees, one from Europe, one from the Himalayas, and one from Formosa, were planted on the grounds of our Center on November 16th. Mr. Hughes writes, "We have visualized Mount Washington as covered with living tree plantings that will breathe out a loving 'welcome home' to Swami Yogananda when he returns. We will plant a Carob, or Bread Fruit tree, at the Swami's gate, where it faces the two great friends of humanity—Jesus and Gautama."

"NIGHT IN DREAMLAND" AT PHILHARMONIC AUDITORIUM

Mr. Jay Wellington of the "Mission Gardens" of Mount Washington, who has been the director of many successful plays, is going to repeat his musical extravaganza, "A Night in Dreamland," for the benefit of our Center. This play appeared in all the cities of Southern California two years ago and won huge success. This time Director Wellington will combine it with another offering, "The Garden of Buddha," and in the scene "The Shrine of Buddha" from the latter play, he is using only Yogoda students to represent the various Buddhist characters.

The play will be given Friday night, January 15th, 1926, at the Philharmonic Auditorium, Los Angeles. No effort is being spared to make the affair a brilliant theatrical and artistic success. We extend our kindest thanks to Mr. Wellington for producing this extravaganza for our benefit, and for his great interest in the spread of the message of Truth.

THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION

Thanksgiving was celebrated at the Center by a dinner attended by about forty students. Thanksgiving prayers and service were held under the sky at the beautiful "Mission Gardens" and a delightful musical program was rendered. Swami Yogananda sent his Thanksgiving greetings to the Center, by wire from Chicago. The Spokane Yogoda students sent Swami a Thanksgiving gift which he highly values for the love and devotion behind it.

IN APPRECIATION OF THE HON. JAMES McLACHLAN

The Honorable James McLachlan of Los Angeles has rendered us so many valuable services and has proved his devotion to our cause in so many ways, that we wish to take this opportunity to publicly extend our thanks and express our deep appreciation. He has given unstintingly of his time and talents whenever there was need. We are grateful.

OUR COVER SYMBOL

The symbol in colors on our front cover signifies the single spiritual eye of meditation, the pranic star door thru which we must enter to find Cosmic Consciousness.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

The holy occasion of Christmas was fittingly observed at the Center and homage paid to the founder of Christianity and his beautiful message of "peace on earth, good-will to men."

We had a huge Christmas tree on the West Sun Porch (no snow in southern California!) and a small one inside, also a real live tree which is being planted on the grounds. Santa Claus paid us a visit and stuffed stockings for all our Sunday School children.

"SHAMA AUR SHAIR," PERSIAN TRANSLATION BY M. RASHID

Nawabzada M. Rashid, member of Swami Yogananda's staff, and well-known throughout the country to Swami's students and a host of personal friends, has made a very charming translation of the immortal masterpiece "Shama Aur Shair" or "Candle and Poet," by the Persian poet, Sir M. Iqbal. The philosophy expressed has the delicate charm and subtle spiritual appeal that characterizes the works of Rabindranath Tagore and the best parts of Omar Khayyam.



M. Rashid

NOTED COMPOSER SETS SWAMI'S POEM TO MUSIC

Mr. M. K. Serailian, distinguished San Francisco artist who has recently done some very lovely paintings of the beauty spots on the Jack London estate, is also a very fine composer. Mr. Serailian is an Armenian and has sympathetic understanding of both Eastern and Western music. This knowledge he was able to utilize to excellent advantage when composing the inspiring melody for one of Swami Yogananda's best-known poems, "My Soul is Marching On."

Mr. Serailian writes: "The melody is in Armenian style. The first three lines are grave and regretful yet mellow, but the fourth line is positive and progressive, in keeping with the words It is arranged for piano and four voices The air is simple enough for the individual to sing as the song of his soul."

STUDENT THROWS AWAY CRUTCH AT SWAMI'S HEALING MEETING

In the course of Swami Yogananda's lectures and classes in various cities, hundreds are healed of different physical, mental and spiritual sufferings. Once in a while, however, a case of unusual interest or circumstances comes up, and we are glad to report it in these columns in order to acknowledge the power of the Great Spirit working His healing miracles. A Los Angeles student, Mrs. Otto Crimman of 211 West Shorb Ave., Graham, California, in the presence of a large number of students at the healing meeting at the Center on November 1, 1925, threw away her crutch that she had used for five years and also became healed of severe neuritis of twenty-five years' standing. She gives the following testimonial: "Five years ago my Hollywood home was robbed. The shock gave me an attack of nervous prostration, and upon recovering I could only walk with the help of crutches. I also had suffered for 25 years from agonizing neuritis. In October I took the course of Swami Yogananda's and helped myself greatly thru the exercises. Then at the healing meeting on November 1st the healing vibrations were so strong in me that I stood up and walked without my crutch, and have never used it since. The neuritis pains came back one night, and as I was going to get some medicine, the thought came to me to do nothing but pray and practice the Yogoda exercises, which I did. The pain left me immediately and has never returned."

GIFTS DONATED TO THE CENTER

The Center has received many beautiful and useful gifts since the Opening. We especially welcome gifts of furniture, household equipment, and books. Any addition to our Museum collection is very welcome. We wish to express our thanks and pleasure at receiving gifts from the following students: Miss Marguerite Jackson, Mme. Emma Bergman, Mme. Pinet, Mr. and Mrs. Horace E. Smith, Miss Annie Bossart, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bramham, Mrs. Mattersteig, Mrs. Elizabeth Pompey, Mrs. Bolen Wilson, Mrs. Alice Heberlein, Mrs. C. P. Scott, Mrs. D. W. Bradley, Mrs. E. R. Norwood of San Francisco, Mrs. Ruth Jones, Mrs. Helene Schramm, Miss Ethel Faus, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hughes, Miss S. Hallquist and Mrs. Ida Brokaw.

We also wish to express our gratitude to the following for their service on our musical program at the Center during the month of November: Mrs. Paloma Baruch, pianist; Mr. Homer Grunn, pianist; Chief Yowlache, baritone; Mr. La Leavitto, baritone; Mary Parisia, violinist; also the Bush Orchestra; Miss Alice Dorn, Mr. B. Chavez, Miss Smith, Mr. Fred Hughes, Miss A. Harris and Miss E. V. Flewelling.

SPECIAL MESSAGE TO BOSTON STUDENTS

Swami Yogananda has this word to say to his beloved Boston students:

"The greatest good for the greatest number" must be the motto of those in the spiritual path. Swami Dhirananda was sent to take charge of the Los Angeles Center, after three years at the Boston Center, because the need there was greatest. Your sacrifice will bring you greater strength. We all must learn to help ourselves. I am very happy to see some of you standing strong for the cause and forgetting personalities. My schools in India had to sacrifice both Swami Dhirananda and myself, for America. So Boston should not hesitate to sacrifice herself for a larger cause. Rather rejoice that the first fruits, and the first Yogoda and Sat-Sanga movement started in Boston. Develop and carry on in your personal lives the lessons of our five years' work in Boston. Be loyal, and I will cooperate to have a strong Center there. My blessings to you all."

THE MISSION GARDENS

The founder and owner of Mission Gardens, a place of art and beauty on Mount Washington, Mr. Jay Wellington, when first asked by Swami how many acres he had, replied, "Eight." But the next day when he met Swami again, he said, "I want to correct yesterday's misstatement. We have sixteen acres," meaning the eight acres of Mission Gardens and the eight acres of our Center, which are situated side by side occupying one whole breast and slope of Mount Washington. Such is the brotherly spirit of Mr. Wellington. As a result of long mutual prayers, two sister organizations, one representing the East and the other the West, have come to reside side by side, to build together a beacon fire to show all travellers of the Occident and Orient, the royal road to Unity.

THE SPREAD OF YOGODA

Swami had a triumphant return to Los Angeles in October and lectured to crowds in the Philharmonic Auditorium. A large and enthusiastic Yogoda class and new Super-Advanced Course were given, and much demonstration of public interest was shown. The Opening of the Mount Washington Educational Center brought visitors from all parts of the country.

In November Swami opened his lectures in the Morrison Hotel in Chicago and attracted large crowds of eager listeners to the message of Yogoda. The first night, Swami was introduced to the audience by the distinguished Dr. Julian P. Arnold, son of the famous poet, Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Song Celestial" and "The Light of Asia." Dr. Arnold is himself the author of several works.

Many distinguished Chicago residents took the Yogoda course and helped Swami in spreading the message. Among his new Chicago friends are Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Moseley, the Comtesse Eugenie Zicha, Mr. S. Fieldman, Mr. John R. Prall, Mr. H. J. Wurzburg, and Mr. William Saphier. Also Mr. C. Lagourgue, the composer, who has put some of Swami's poems to music.

Mrs. Marjorie Briggs rendered much valuable assistance, in Chicago, Rochester, and Cleveland.

Swami spoke on "East and West" before the Chicago Hindustan Association, and was very much pleased with its harmonious work and activities.

About four hundred Chicago people took the Yogoda class and Swami was pressed to repeat the course over again, but other plans had been made. About a hundred students came down to the train to see Swami off to Rochester, where he spoke to about 5000 people in one day, at two lectures, both of which were given at the Lyceum Theatre. Sixty students were enrolled for a Yogoda class at these two lectures and Swami gave his Yogoda message to this devoted group. Mr. Vladimir Rosing, Conductor of the Eastman School of Music and a famous tenor, gave Swami every possible cooperation. Swami was invited to the home of Mr. G. Eastman, and was very much impressed with his personality, keen business mind, and great philanthropic works. Mr. Eastman presented Swami with one of his wonderful little latest model Kodaks in remembrance of his visit to Rochester. Mr. Eastman, altho over 70, is just leaving

on a trip to Africa to hunt big game. He is youthful yet in body and mind.

Swami left Rochester for New York and spent several delightful days renewing old friendships there. He then went on to Boston, to spend the Christmas holidays there as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. M. W. Lewis. In Boston Swami attended the Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Hindustan Association of America, and opened the meeting on December 27th with a prayer. One of the speakers made an appeal that all discarded magazines be sent to India for needy schools and students there. Magazines with educational value, such as the Literary Digest, Scientific American, Physical Culture, Popular Science, etc., are especially welcome. There is no doubt that the gift of knowledge is the greatest gift. All such magazines, or books, may be sent to the Yogoda Headquarters, 3880 San Rafael Avenue, Los Angeles, California, who will see they get shipped to a deserving place in India.

This Hindustan Convention lasted three days, and much of the credit for its success was due to the efforts of Mr. H. K. Rakhit, president, Prof. S. L. Joshi, chairman, Mr. S. Roy, and Mr. B. Marumdar. The aims of the organization are (1) furthering the interests of the Hindu students at home and abroad, and (2) interpreting India to America and America to India. "Thou hast made me known to friends whom I knew not. Thou hast given me seats in homes not my own. Thou hast brought the distant near and made a brother of the stranger," as Tagore sings.

Swami arrived in Cleveland on January 2nd where he was met by a number of leading citizens and newspaper representatives. As this issue goes to press, Swami has already spoken before the Cleveland Congress of Mothers, the Mid-Day Club, the Men's City Club, the Exchange Club, the Writers Club, the High Noon Club, a Masonic organization, and the Masters of the Boy Scouts. Everything points to a tremendous success and spread of the Yogoda message in Cleveland.

In April, Swami will lecture from April 18th to 25th at Carnegie Hall in New York City, and he specially urges all his students to write to their friends in that city and tell them about the coming Yogoda course.

Swami welcomes any suggestions from his students in regard to methods for further spreading the great message of Yogoda.

BOOKS BY SWAMI YOGANANDA, A. B.

YOGODA. Seventh edition. Descriptive pamphlet of the System originated by Swami Yogananda for Bodily Perfection thru contacting Cosmic Energy, and for mental and spiritual development along the lines of the great Hindu Teachers. 15c.

SCIENTIFIC HEALING AFFIRMATIONS. This book has become a world-wide inspiration. Swami has used these affirmations at Healing Meetings in many of the large American cities, and thousands have been liberated and healed of disease of the body, mind and soul. This book gives not only many beautiful and inspiring Affirmations to use for awakening your inner powers and thus free yourself from the consciousness of sickness, poverty, bad habits and mental sloth, but it also EXPLAINS the scientific reason for healing thru the power of thought, will, feeling and prayer. Unique methods of healing for different types of mind. How to Contact the Curative Life Principle and Cosmic Source. 50c.

PSYCHOLOGICAL CHART. Eighth Edition. This book gives a Chart for Analyzing Human Nature and Conduct. Practical understanding of inherent and acquired natures. A Psychological Mirror for Self-Knowledge and Self-Discipline, highly recommended by Harvard Ph. D.'s and Calcutta University professors. Used with great practical success at Swami's Residential Schools in India. 50c.

SCIENCE OF RELIGION. Fourth Edition, with Frontispiece of the Swami. The Quintessence of Hindu Scriptures and Philosophy. Attaining Practical God-Realization. The Four Great Paths to Cosmic Consciousness. The Fundamental Human Hunger for Spiritual Experience and How to Satisfy it. This book contains the Essence of the Teachings of the Swami's Great Master. \$1.50. (Postage 10c extra.)

SONGS OF THE SOUL. Third enlarged Edition. Intuitional Poems inspired thru spiritual Realization. For Chanting, Meditation and Soul Revelation. "Exquisite imagery and psychological description of mystic experience." "Classical solemnity of thought with fascinating suggestiveness of modern inspired poets." "We mark in some poems the power of Milton, in others the imagery of Keats, and in all the philosophic depth of the Oriental Sages." \$1.50. (Postage 10c extra.)

SPECIAL OFFER FOR SET OF 5 BOOKS \$3.75. (Postage 25c extra.)

PHILOSOPHIC INSIGHT. By Swami Dhirananda. A unique philosophical exposition of the Ideal and the Real in Life. Embodies in essay-form the deepest Oriental thought. Its elevating message presented in a strictly psychological way is intensely gripping. \$1.25. (Postage 10c extra.)

"EAST-WEST" MAGAZINE, \$1.25 yearly, postpaid.

SHEET MUSIC (For Piano). "My Soul Is Marching On." Words by Swami Yogananda, music by M. K. Serailian. "A very beautiful, haunting and unusual melody." 30c post-paid.

MOUNT WASHINGTON EDUCATIONAL CENTER

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



MOUNT WASHINGTON EDUCATIONAL CENTER
ESTABLISHED BY SWAMI YOGANANDA IN 1925
HEADQUARTERS OF SAT-SANGA AND YOGODA

APPEAL OF LUTHER BURBANK FOR THE WORK OF SWAMI YOGANANDA

Santa Rosa, Calif., December 22, 1924.

I have examined the Yogoda system of Swami Yogananda and in my opinion it is ideal for training and harmonizing man's physical, mental and spiritual natures. Swami's aim is to establish "How to Live" schools throughout the world, wherein education will not confine itself to intellectual development alone, but also training of the body, will and feelings.

Through the Yogoda system of physical, mental and spiritual unfoldment by simple and scientific methods of concentration and meditation, most of the complex problems of life may be solved, and peace and good-will come upon earth.

The Swami's idea of right education is plain common-sense, free from all mysticism or non-practicality, otherwise it would not have my approval. Such schools have been established in India, also Centers in Los Angeles, Boston, New York, and other Western and Eastern cities, and have aroused tremendous enthusiasm among leading Americans in this country.

I am glad to have this opportunity of heartily joining with the Swami in his appeal for international schools on the art of living, which, if established, will come as near to bringing the millenium as anything with which I am acquainted.

(Signed) LUTHER BURBANK