

EAST-WEST

World Wide



"RATIONALE OF SUFFERING," by Mahatma Gandhi
"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE and HINDU PHILOSOPHY,"
by Swami Yogananda
"EYE OF THE ARTIST," by Dr. Charles Fleischer
"ODE TO THE DEITY," by Derzhavin
"LUTHER BURBANK: AN APPRECIATION"
"TO BUDDHA, ON A LOTUS," by Sarojini Naidu
"ALEXANDER THE GREAT and the HINDUS"
"WONDER LAKE OF TRINIDAD" by Harriet Hobson.

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the "sage of Santa Rosa" whose recent passing the whole world mourns, cherished great dreams of a happy and peaceful humanity. He thought highly of

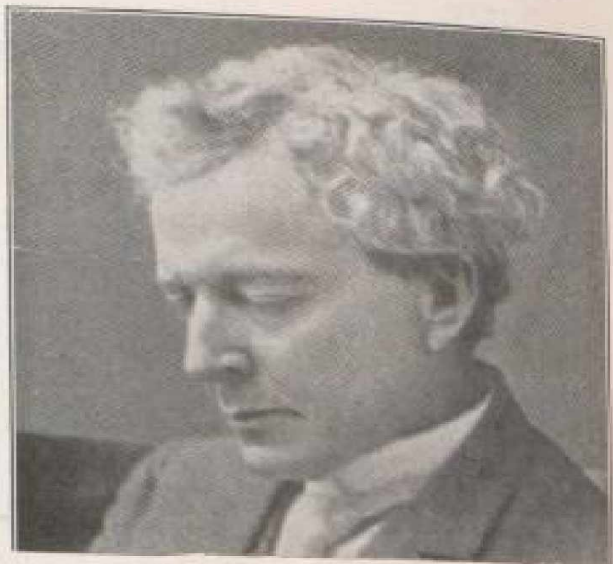
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EAST-WEST

WORLD WIDE

An Illustrated Non-Sectarian Bi-Monthly Magazine devoted to the Spiritual, Psychological and Cultural Aspects of all Civilizations especially the Oriental, with special reference to their bearing on Present-day, Practical Life. EAST-WEST is the official organ for the Mount Washington Educational Center in Los Angeles, Headquarters of the Yogoda and Sat-Sanga movement in America.

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TO A BUDDHA, ON A LOTUS*

By
SAROJINI NAIDU

Lord Buddha, on thy Lotus-
throne,
With praying eyes and hands
elate,
What mystic rapture dost
thou own,
Immutable and ultimate?
What peace, unravished of
our ken,
Annihilate from the world of
men?

The wind of change for ever
blows
Across the tumult of our way,
To-morrow's unborn griebs
depose
The sorrows of our yesterday.
Dream yields to dream, strife
follows strife,
And Death unweaves the webs
of Life.



*Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art
The Bodhisattva Jizo,
Japanese Kamakura Period*

For us the travail and the heat,
The broken secrets of our pride,
The strenuous lessons of defeat,
The flower deferred, the fruit denied;
But not the peace, supremely won,
Lord Buddha, of thy Lotus-throne.

With futile hands we seek to gain
Our inaccessible desire,
Diviner summits to attain,
With faith that sinks and feet that tire;
But nought shall conquer or control
The heavenward hunger of our soul.

The end, elusive and afar,
Still lures us with its beckoning flight,
And all our mortal moments are
A session of the Infinite.
How shall we reach the great, unknown
Nirvana of thy Lotus-throne?

**Courtesy, Dodd, Mead & Co.*

THE RATIONALE OF SUFFERING

by

M. K. Gandhi

(M. K. Gandhi, called "Mahatma" or "great soul" by his countrymen, in counselling his millions of followers to carry out his plans of a "peaceful revolt" in India, warned them that they must be prepared to suffer imprisonment and even death without thought of retaliation. Such was his influence and the inspiration of his example, that tens of thousands endured imprisonment for the cause. In the following article, Gandhi explains his attitude toward jail-life.)

Mrs. Annie Besant writes the following appreciation of Gandhi: "Among us, as I write, is dwelling for brief space, one whose presence is a benediction, and whose feet sanctify every house into which he enters—Gandhi, our Martyr and Saint. He, too, by strange ways was led into circumstances in which alone could flower all that he brought with him of patient, unwearied courage that naught might daunt, unselfishness that found its joy in sacrifice, endurance so sweetly gentle that its power was not readily understood. As I stood for a moment facing him, hand clasped in hand, I saw in him that deathless Spirit which redeems by suffering, and in death wins life for others; one of those marked out for the high service of becoming Saviours and Helpers of humanity. I, who tread the path of the warrior, not that of the Saint, who battle against enthroned injustice by assault, not by meekness, I recognize in this man, so frail and yet so mighty, one of those whose names live in history among those of whom it is said, 'He saved others; himself he could not save.'"

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu writes of Mrs. Gandhi: "She sat by her husband's side, simple and serene and dignified in the hour of triumph as she had proved herself simple and serene and dauntless in the hour of trial and tragedy. I have a vision, too, of her brave, frail, pain-worn hand which must have held aloft the lamp of her country's honor undimmed in an alien land, working at rough garments for wounded soldiers in another.

"Gandhi, who, to quote Mr. Gokhale's apt phrase, 'had moulded heroes out of clay,' was reclining on the floor, eating his frugal meal of nuts and fruits (which I shared), and his wife was busy and content as though she were a mere modest housewife absorbed in a hundred details of household service, and not the world-famed heroine of a hundred noble sufferings in a nation's cause.")

The one view is, why should one go to jail and there submit himself to all personal restraints, a place where he would have to dress himself in the coarse and ugly prison garb of a felon and to live upon non-nutritious and semi-starvation diet, where he is sometimes kicked about by jail officials, and made to do every kind of work whether he liked it or not, where he has to carry



Mahatma Gandhi and his wife,
Kasturba Gandhi.

out the behests of a warder who is no better than his household servant, where he is not allowed to receive the visits of his friends and relatives and is prohibited from writing to them, where he is denied almost the bare necessities of life and is sometimes obliged to sleep in the same cell that is occupied by actual thieves and robbers. The question is, why should one undergo such trials and sufferings? "Better is death than life under such conditions. Far better to pay up the fine than to be thus incarcerated. May God spare his creatures from such sufferings in jail." Such thoughts make one really a coward, and being in constant dread of a jail life, deter him from undertaking to perform services in the interests of his country which might otherwise prove very valuable.

The other view is that it would be the height of one's good fortune to be in jail in the interests and good name of one's country and religion. There, there is very little of that misery which he has usually to undergo in daily life. There he has to carry out the orders of one warder only, whereas in daily life he is obliged to carry out the behests of a great many more. In the jail, he has no anxiety to earn his daily bread and to prepare his meals. The Government sees to all that. It also looks after his health, for which he has to pay nothing. He gets enough work to exercise his body. He is freed from all his vicious habits. His soul is thus free. He has plenty of time at his disposal to pray to God. His body is restrained, but not his soul. He learns to be more regular in his habits. Those who keep his body in restraint, look after it. Taking this view of jail life, he feels himself quite a free being. If any misfortune comes to him or any wicked warder happens to use any violence towards him, he learns to appreciate and exercise patience, and is pleased to have an opportunity of keeping control over himself. Those who think this way are sure to be convinced that even jail life can be attended with blessings. It solely rests with individuals and their mental attitude to make it one of blessing or otherwise.

Placed in a similar position for refusing his poll-tax, the American citizen, Thoreau, expressed similar thoughts in 1849. Seeing the walls of the cell in which he was confined, made of solid stone two or three feet thick, and the door of wood and iron a foot thick, he said to himself thus:

"I saw that, if there was a wall of stone between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not feel for a moment confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder; for they thought that my chief desire was to stand the other side of the stone-wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and they were nearly all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body: just as boys if they cannot come to some person against whom they have a spite, will abuse his dog. I saw that the State was half-witted, that it was timid as a lone woman with her silver spoons, and that it did not know its friends from its foes, and I lost all my remaining respect for it and pitied it."

THERE AMONG SIGHTLESS MEN

By Philip Gray

There, among sightless men,
Open-eyed I stood singing,
And the throat of me swelled in the singing,
Chanting the unsurpassed hymnals
Of God, the Poet re-risen;
Urging his eloquent lyrics,
Fashioned to rouse the blind;
Making blind audiences witnesses,
So, with a truth-flamed fervor,
Songs with the power to lift
The lashes and lids of the sightless
Open-eyed I stood singing:
Till vision came bursting upon them,
Like a deluge of petalled light,
Till beauty came hurting their eyes;
Sightless men no longer.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND HINDU PHILOSOPHY

By

Swami Yogananda

It may be a matter of much interest to many Christian Scientists to learn that the great founder of their faith, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, was a student of the Hindu Scriptures. This fact is shown by her quotations from them in her "Science and Health," up to the 33rd edition. We find in this edition the following excerpt from Sir Edwin Arnold's translation of "Bhagavad-Gita":

"Never the Spirit was born; the Spirit shall cease to be never;
Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the Spirit forever;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!
Edwin Arnold's Translation of Bhagavad-Gita."

Again, Mrs. Eddy makes reference in the same chapter to another translation of Bhagavad-Gita. On page 259 of the 33rd edition, she says:

"The ancient Hindu philosophers understood something of this Principle, when they said in their Celestial Song, according to an old prose translation:

'The wise neither grieve for the dead nor for the living. I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be. As the Soul, in this mortal frame, findeth infancy, youth, and old age, so in some future frame will it find the like. One who is confirmed in this belief is not disturbed by anything that may come to pass. The sensibility of the faculties giveth heat and cold, pleasure and pain, which come and go and are transient and inconstant. Bear them with patience; for the wise man, whom these disturb not, and to whom pain and pleasure are the same, is formed for immortality.'

Both these quotations from the Bhagavad-Gita, or Song Celestial, which contains the essence of the Vedas, or the Hindu Bible, are to be found in Mrs. Eddy's 7th chapter on "Imposition and Demonstration." This whole chapter has been omitted from later editions of "Science and Health"; that is why many Christian Scientists are not aware that their great leader, Mrs. Eddy, was familiar with Hindu thought, and in her bigness did not hesitate to acknowledge it in print.

Impartial investigation will show all the world's great religions to be based on the same universal truths, that do not conflict but reinforce one another. The great religious teachers of history would be in perfect accord if they met face to face today. It is only some of their followers that are at war with one another, thru ignorance of their own true religion.

The great triumphant power of Christian Science over disease and distress is due to the imperishable principle of truth upon which it is founded—the truth of God's love and man's immortal nature. Hence it is not strange to know that the Vedanta philosophy of Hinduism bears out the conclusions of Christian Science. "The Truth is one; men call it by various names."

The similarity or mutual influence of the Hindu Vedanta and Christian Science and other religions should bring fresh hope to mankind by suggesting to it that religious principles have an inner scientific unity and can, like the discoveries of physical science, be universally used with benefit by all mankind in practical life. The material scientist uses the forces of the body and of nature to make the environment of man better and more comfortable, and the spiritual scientist, who uses mind-power to enlighten the soul of man, can be of even greater service.

In this article my purpose is to show not only that the doctrine of "mind over matter" had been worked out by the Hindus prior to the birth of Christian Science, and that the similarity of the message of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy and the principles of Hindu Vedanta is quite evident, but that the Hindus and Christian Scientists will find mutual benefit and will add to their knowledge of the power of mind by a combined study of the Bhagavad-Gita and the Vedanta of the Hindus, and Mary Baker Eddy's "Science and Health."

No matter what great similarity may exist between Christian Science and certain Hindu spiritual doctrines, still, both being different presentations of the principles of a specific truth, and laying emphasis on its certain points differently, are both differently serviceable to the different mental needs of the people in general.

Christian Science is no doubt a new presentation of the truth which the Hindus preached long ago, and as such is really needed in this age. Christian Science, by its sole emphasis on mind-power and complete denial of matter and medicine, has greatly helped to free many matter-bound, materially-minded people. A strong, quick jump from one extremity of faith in matter and in the regular use of drugs, to the other extremity of believing in mind alone, and a complete abandonment of medicine, if successfully accomplished by strong-minded people, will certainly bring results in healing the body. Christian Science in the West has succeeded in turning the thoughts of people from matter to mind.

The Hindu Scriptures point out that the belief in the non-existence of matter and the disuse of medicine, in order to fit in with practical human necessity, must not be abrupt, dogmatic, illogical, unintelligible, or inexplicable, but must be scientifically founded, proved and understood.

The Hindu philosopher does not deny the miraculous healings wrought by Christian Science practitioners, but humbly asks them, "Do you know exactly what law operates in order to effect a physical healing by mind-power, and the exact causes which prevent the operation of the power of mental healing in certain cases?" Then, again, while the Hindu savant thoroughly believes in the power of the mind for healing physical sickness, he does not disbelieve the miraculous healings also wrought by certain doctors. Only he says, "The mind-power is superior to drug-power. Mental cure, if scientifically applied, is more powerful than drug cure." The Hindu healer says, however, that great mental preparation is necessary to understand the relation of mind and matter, or to change the material habits of thinking into spiritual habits of thinking in an individual wholly living on the material plane. When a man thinks he cannot exist a day without munching at a big piece of beef steak, and at the same time talks about the non-existence of matter and the uselessness of medicine, he contradicts himself. If one believes in food, one believes in medicine also, for food is nothing but certain chemicals taken to heal the decaying tissues, which purpose medicine also serves. The Hindu healer says that when your consciousness is on the material plane, you have to obey material laws no matter how much you mentally deny them. Material and mental laws both come from the Divine source, and as such both are true differently. But in order to see the work of the Divine Mind one must know how to lift the consciousness from the physical to the superphysical plane. That requires training and concentration. The aspiring Christian Scientist who wants to live by mind-power alone will do well to go thru the following preparation:

First, one ought to practice fasting under expert advice, not to reduce or for any other material benefit, but for the sole object of getting the soul accustomed to living without being conditioned by food. Hindu saints who have preached about the non-existence of matter have demonstrated their statements by indefinitely living without food (without losing weight or strength). I knew of a lady in 1920 in India, who lived a few miles from my school at Ranchi, who remained forty years without eating. Her case had been several times tested by authorities and found to be genuine. She had been locked up several times for months, in a room in the palaces of certain princes, without food and drink, and at the end of the period, she showed no sign of physical deterioration or loss of weight.

Shankara, one of the greatest of Hindu saints, who lived in the 6th century A. D., and was the foremost exponent of the Vedanta philosophy in India, taught the illusion of matter and the eternal reality of man's true nature.

A story is told of a conversation between Shankara and a certain black magician. The latter used to acquire magical powers thru human sacrifice. While Shankara was preaching the non-existence of matter, the black magician approached him and said, "If matter is illusion, then what is this I see before me?" pointing to Shankara's body. "That is illusion," Shankara replied. The magician was quick to seize this opportunity and said, "If then your body is non-existent to you, let me use this illusion to some practical purpose and acquire some more powers for myself."

"Take it," the great Shankara replied and was ready to ignore his body as if it were an image in a forgotten dream.

Thus Shankara, the "Swami of Swamis," founder of the Swami order, and full of practical realization of his own inner imperishable nature, agreed to accompany the black magician, who led him to a forest, bathed him as though he were a goat for sacrifice, and began to sharpen his long knife for the slaughter in accordance with the rites of black magic. Even then Shankara did not lose his knowledge that the body was illusion. He was not a fanatic but knew exactly what he was doing.

Just then one of Shankara's disciples happened to sit in deep meditation—and on opening his spiritual eye he saw to his great horror a vision of his master Shankara about to be sacrificed at the hands of the wicked magician. Thru his great devotion and psychical power the disciple quickly dematerialized his own body and appeared at once at the scene in the forest. There he saw the knife about to fall on his master's neck and he looked at the magician with his eyes burning with spiritual electricity. The necromancer's whole body was electrocuted and he gave up the ghost with a loud voice.

"Why did you kill the man?" Lord Shankara asked his disciple.

"Sir, he was going to kill you," answered the disciple.

To which the teacher replied, "Foolish one! Didn't I teach you all is illusion? How could he kill me, who have no body?"

The disciple smilingly replied, "Dear Master, if the attempt to kill you was illusion, then the act of Divine Law killing the magician thru me, was illusion too."

In this connection, it is interesting to recall the Biblical story of how Peter rebuked Ananias and his wife for greed, and the immediate subsequent death of the two, in answer to their transgression against Divine Law.

The above illustrations of the lady fasting forty years, and Lord Shankara's great mental composure when threatened with immediate death, go to show how the Hindus are practical in their knowledge of the superiority of mind-power over the material consciousness. Man's body is like a wet battery. It depends partially on carbohydrates, liquids, oxygen, and certain chemicals taken into the body, and internally it depends on the vibratory cosmic life-current which flows thru the medulla into the body of man. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that falleth out of the mouth of God."

So man's life is not dependent on bread alone, (solids, liquids or gaseous material food substances), but on every word (unit of vibratory energy) of God (cosmic energy).

(This article will be concluded in the July-August EAST-WEST.)



The 1925 Sunrise Easter Service, conducted by Swami Yogananda on Mount Washington, Los Angeles.

ODE TO THE DEITY

by

Gabriel Derzhavin

(Gabriel Romanowicz Derzhavin, born in 1743, was a Minister of Justice under Catherine the Great. The following Ode, which earned him the title of the "Russian Pindar," is from the Russian Anthology. It was translated into Japanese by order of the Emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Iedds. It has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written upon silk, and suspended in the Imperial Palace at Peking. The Ode has also been translated into Latin. The following English translation is from the pen of Dr. Bowring.)

Oh! Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy—all motion guide;
Unchang'd through time's all-devastating flight,
Thou, only, God! There is no God beside.
Being above all beings! Mighty one,
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
Embracing, all-supporting, ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more.

In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though aided by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels infinite and dark.
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high;
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thy chains the unmeasur'd Universe surround;
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life with death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And, as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander, unwearied, thro' the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them?—Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou, to these, art as the noon to night!

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weigh'd
Against Thy goodness!—is a cypher brought
Against Infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught!—But the effulgence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom, too;
Yes! in my being doth Thy being shine
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught!—but I live, and on Hope's pinions fly,
Eager, toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity:
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee!
Control my Spirit—guide my wand'ring heart.
Tho' but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still, I am something, fashioned by Thy hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth;
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit-land.

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust,
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god;
Whence came I here? and how?—so marvellously
Constructed and conceiv'd?—unknown! This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy,
For, of itself alone, it could not be!

Creator! Yes, Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
E'en in its source to Thee, its Author, there.

Oh, thought ineffable! Oh, visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadow'd image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek Thy presence, Being, wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore,
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.



THE SEEKERS

By Philip Gray

The first turn in the road shows God come out,
Searching for me with stars to help Him see.
Oh every road He follows, every turning:
Deep as my need for Him is His for me.

THE EYE OF THE ARTIST

by

Dr. Charles Fleischer

Michael Angelo could see the completed statue in a block of marble.

In a sense that is true of every artist. And of the inventor, and the architect, and of every one who undertakes to translate the invisible Idea into symbolic, visible performance.

The work of art lives in the inner vision of the artist, before he creates it in terms of beauty for our vision. The completed mechanism is in the mind of the inventor; the standing structure in the brain of the architect.

In the finest sense, you too, can cultivate and achieve the eye of the artist.

You can see the image of the perfect in the rudest, crudest, coarsest personality. You can—if you can. You can, if you choose!

* * *

A dearly beloved friend, living in an old quarter of New York, was looking out of a top story window into the little open space which serves as the shabby survival of a metropolitan park.

The bright day had brought out the sordid population of human relics and wrecks which usually possess the benches when the weather permits.

The beloved loving one, looking down with pity upon the hulks sunning themselves there, experienced a vision.

She saw, from out the besotted hulk of a man, a beautiful figure emerge glorious and resplendent. There he stood, conquering and to conquer.

* * *

On the next bench sat what to outward seeming was a ragged hag, a prostitute grown too horribly unattractive for her calling.

In the sunshine of love and seeing from a height, our spiritual artist summoned from the body of that "fallen" one, a spirit of loveliness—a rare and radiant maiden, all loveliness and hope.

Then the creative eye ranged the benches and everywhere achieved its wonder-work of re-creation and rebuilding.

In each case, she was able to see the image of the Perfect, which the folly and weakness of the person observed succeeded in obscuring to less sympathetic eyes and in hiding even from his or her own inner sight.

* * *

Of course, only Love and its cousin, Pity, and its close kin, Sympathy, can look on human life with such creative vision.

It must have been with such eyes that the spirit of Jesus looked out upon the Magdalene and saw only that she had loved much and therefore was to be forgiven much.

Such loving eyes can afford to refuse the evidence of the senses, because the object of their sight is illumined by the glory of inner vision.

* * *

Doubtless, there are those who are likely to think you foolish because you would rather find beauty in others where these wise folks see ugliness so easily.

Partly, at least, this is because it requires some effort of mind and spirit to become expert in the quest of beauty. First of all, you must learn to respect deeply your own immortal soul. And, then, you will know yourself an open-eyed child of the All-Seeing One.

Thus you will clean and clear the window through which your seeing spirit looks out upon the world. All smudge and mist and blur of prejudice and unsympathy will be wiped from its surface, and you will see and know your fellows as you see and know yourself—a deathless being of infinite potency in beauty, wisdom, power.

* * *

The idea of deep-seeing faith in man's infinitude of possibility, the American Seer, Ralph Waldo Emerson, has expressed in all his poem, "The Sphinx," but especially in the lines:

"The Lethe of Nature can't trance him again

Whose Soul sees the perfect which his eyes seek in vain."

Let not the outward appearance of others deceive you—any more than you would wish to be judged by yours. From depth of self-knowledge let your soul know the deeps of all souls; and from peak of aspiration let your spirit hail all spirits on their heights.

Thus you become a creative artist calling forth worth and beauty in our human world, and you know the creator's joy in looking upon your work and saying: "Behold, it is good!"

LUTHER BURBANK: AN APPRECIATION

by

Swami Yogananda

My friend Luther Burbank has passed on. His body lies under a Lebanon cedar that he planted years ago in his own little garden, but his spirit smiles at us today from every sweet flower that blooms by the wayside. He, who was so close to nature, so confidential and so understanding to her, is now part of her great spirit, whispering in her winds, shining in her stars, walking the dawn with her.

I loved him very dearly. He was one of the saintliest men I have ever met. To look at his sensitive face with its compassionate eyes and kindly smile was to see a man bathed in a great spiritual radiance. I would not mind walking all the way from New York to Santa Rosa to meet him and discuss humanity and spiritual subjects with him once again. His vast learning and genuine modesty repeatedly reminded me of the trees that are bent low with the burden of ripening fruits. It is always the fruitless trees that lift their heads high in the sky in empty boastfulness.

His love of the voiceless plants, creepers and flowers intensified his love for mankind. He had a burning desire to be of service, to help, to bear as much as possible of the world's burden. He was well-acquainted with humility, patience, sacrifice. His life was simplicity itself. He knew the worthlessness of luxury, and the joy of few possessions.

The keynote to his whole personality was love, great love. His heart especially went out to children, yearning to see them given an opportunity to express the infinite goodness within them. "But the educational system of today is afraid to experiment," he said to me. "Nothing worth while is possible without fearless experiments. At times the most daring experiments are needed to bring out the best in fruits and flowers. The human body, human mind and human soul are much more complex, and important, than those of the vegetable world, so the experiments should likewise be more daring, more numerous. . . . The experiments you are carrying on in your schools in India are of much value to humanity."

I like to remember that Luther Burbank was open-minded to the spiritual message of the East. "In spite of the Western knowledge of science," he told me repeatedly, "we have much to learn from the East. There they have great stores of truth that the Western mind as yet scarcely knows the existence of."

Just before his death, Burbank dramatically martyred himself by calling himself



Luther Burbank

an infidel, so that people might wake up from their sleep of superstition, and seek God rationally. As Jesus offered himself for love, so Burbank was willing to be crucified by public opinion for the sake of truth and the destruction of ignorance. Many newspapers actually called Burbank an "atheist," considering him as one more scientist without faith in God.

An atheist denies the existence of God. But an infidel is simply a disbeliever in the established religion. To a Turk, a Christian is an infidel. Yet both believe in God. But the public does not realize the fundamental difference between the two terms. To most of them, Burbank has denied God. But how far that is from the truth! His faith in the great power that rules the mighty forces of nature was the deepest chord in his being. He himself declared to his interviewer that he was an infidel only in the sense that Jesus was an infidel—because they both rebelled against prevailing systems. But let us read Burbank's actual words as recorded by the interviewer, Mr. Edgar Waite, and first published by the S. F. Bulletin in a copyrighted article:

"Religion grows with the intelligence of man, but all religions of the past and probably all of the future will sooner or later become petrified forms instead of living helps to mankind. *Until that time comes, however, if religion of any name or nature makes man more happy, comfortable, and able to live peaceably with his brothers, it is good. . . .*

"The idea that a good God would send people to a burning hell is utterly damnable to me. I don't want to have anything to do with such a God. But while I cannot conceive of such a God, *I do recognize the existence of a great universal power which we cannot even begin to comprehend. . . .*

"As for Christ—well, he has been most outrageously belied. His followers, like those of many scientists and literary men who produce no real thoughts of their own, have so garbled his words and conduct that many of them no longer apply to present life. Christ was a wonderful psychologist. *He was an infidel of his day, because he rebelled against the prevailing religions and government. I am a lover of Christ as a man, and his work and all things that help humanity, but nevertheless, just as he was an infidel then, I am an infidel today.*"

In reference to the theory of Reincarnation, in which his friend Henry Ford has recently declared his belief, Burbank told the interviewer: "*The theory of reincarnation, which originated in India, has been welcomed in other countries. Without doubt, it is one of the most sensible and satisfying of all religions that mankind has conceived. This, like the others, comes from the best qualities of human nature, even if in this, as in the others, its adherents sometimes fail to carry out the principles in their lives.*"

Burbank, when asked to state his position more clearly, said later: "Euripides long

LUTHER BURBANK
SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA
U. S. A.

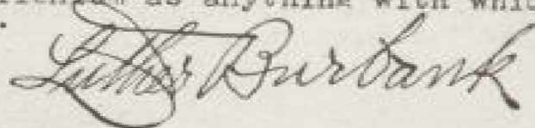
December 22, 1924.

I have examined the Yogoda system with 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 education, through Swami's epochmaking 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 idea of his right education is plain common sense, free from all mysticism or unpracticality, otherwise it would not have my approval. Such schools have been established in India, also Boston and 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.



Luther Burbank's Testimonial letter of praise of Swami Yogananda's "Yogoda" System.

ago said, 'Who dares not speak his free thought is a slave.' I nominated myself as an 'infidel,' as a challenge to thought for those who are asleep. The word is harmless if properly used. Its stigma has been heaped upon it by unthinking people who associate it with the bogie devil and his malicious works. If my words have awakened thoughts in narrow bigots and petrified hypocrites, they will have done their appointed work. . . .

"Most of us possess discriminating reasoning powers—can we use them or must we be fed by others like babies? What does the Bible mean when it distinctly says, By their works ye shall know them? Works count far more than words with those who think clearly. . . .

"I love everybody. I love everything. I love humanity—it has been a constant delight during all my seventy-seven years of life, and I love all the works of nature. . . . All plants, animals and man are already in eternity travelling across the face of time. . . ."

The urge toward infinite realization is in every human soul. But in some, as in Burbank, that urge is keenly felt, tirelessly probing, actively seeking fulfillment. The stupendous power that guides all creation came very close to Burbank in the course of his chosen work. He felt its overwhelming grandeur, its incomprehensible goodness and beauty. And he knew that he, as a man, could not define It or know It completely. On all subjects, he kept an open mind, sure that the truth could not be so small as to be exhausted and contained in one religion, one age, one mind. . . . We should honor him for that.

Henry Ford writes of Burbank: "There was in him a beautiful and abiding faith in the permanence of that which now lives, whatever form it may take, here or hereafter, and whatever function it may perform in what we call the 'world of matter.' He believed that no life was ever lost. . . . His faith was so great and firm that he did not feel the need of being over-positive about things he could not scientifically prove."

Hail and farewell! It is the law of life. I am happy to remember the fragrance of his life, and that it blew across my way. I like to think of him now, in every flower and tree, and in the faces of little children. . . .



Swami Yogananda conducting a Memorial Service for the late Luther Burbank. Ancient Vedic funeral rites were employed. The ceremony consisted of an offering of flowers, fire and water to the Infinite Spirit, symbolizing the liberation of the bodily elements of fire, water, earth, air and ether, and the return of the individual soul to its great Source. The group shown above chanted Vedic hymns around the vessel in which the offering was made. The symbolism of this ancient Vedic ceremonial was beautiful and impressive.

THE WONDER LAKE OF TRINIDAD

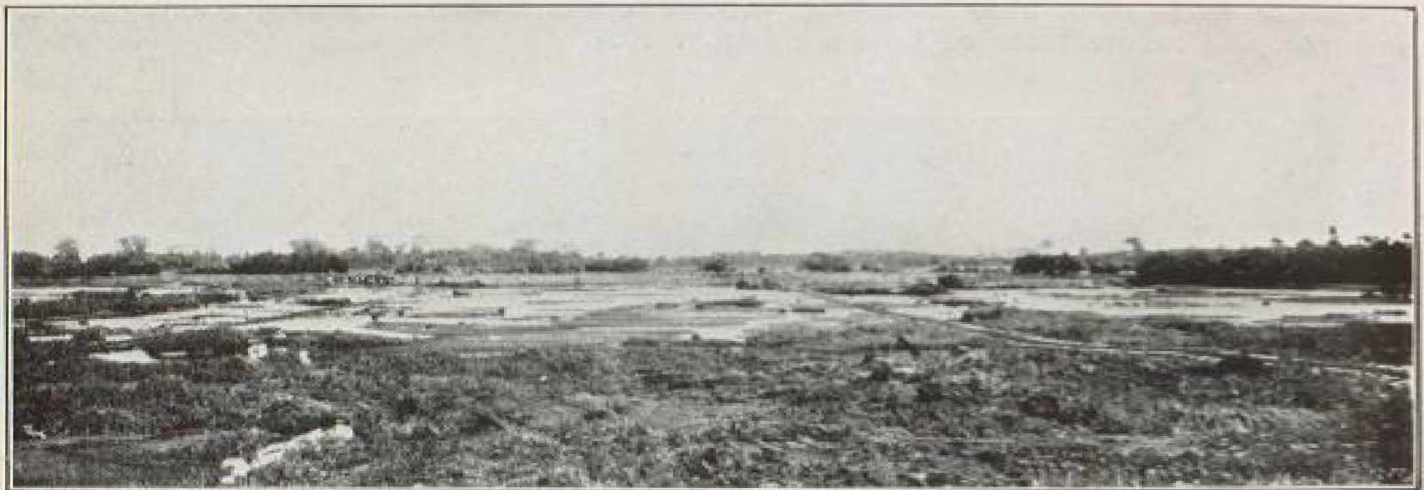
by

Harriet Hobson

When nature entered the street paving business it was on so colossal a scale that the out-put can easily supply enough crude material to pave the highways of the world, with enough left to begin the work a second time, and do it all over again!

A lake basin, one hundred acres in area and about two hundred feet deep, serves as a kettle whose contents are kept warm by heat supplied by fires that burn ceaselessly, down near the earth's center. To fill this mighty cauldron with road-paving material, various substances are piped from their subterranean sources, where the supply seems to be as inexhaustable as was the widow's cruse of oil.

The visible part of this monster plant is the great Asphalt Lake, on the Island of Trinidad, which is a wee polka-dot of land, stuck up like a fat cream-puff in the Atlantic Ocean, near the coast of Venezuela. Trinidad is a veritable "hop-o-my-thumb" among islands, and curves around one side of the lovely little Gulf of Paria; on the other side of the Gulf is the coast of Venezuela, and narrow arms of land extending from each country seem trying to touch each other and grasp hands around the fairy-like gulf. The outstretched arms are symbolic of the beautiful friendship that exists between the two nations. Venezuela is a Republic, with Spanish as the national language, and the Island of Trinidad is a British possession, whose citizens speak English. Columbus called the Island "Trinidad," from the three big mountains, the name being Spanish for Trinity.



The Asphalt Lake of Trinidad, and its little railroad.

The Asphalt Lake of Trinidad, which is one of the world's true wonders, lies on the gulf side of the Island, about one hundred and twenty-five feet above sea level. The Lake is a gigantic bowl, almost round, more than a hundred acres in area, and surrounded by low hills that are covered with vegetation. The surface of the lake is bluish-gray in color, with many tiny pools of water standing about; a few stunted trees grow near the center of this strange tract, and along the edges are big pitch-cones, which have grown hard and knobby, and look like dropsical sign-posts.

Out into the lake runs a railroad that is quite as queer, in its way, as is its abiding place. It is a perambulating railroad, and every few days it is hoisted out of its soft bed of warm asphalt, and its rails and cross-ties are laid in a new place. This constant moving is necessary to prevent ties and rails from going down and vanishing entirely.

How deep the Asphalt deposit extends, no one knows. Borings to a depth of one hundred and seventy-five feet find that the liquid material is still going strong! The "cores" secured by these borings reveal the amazing fact that the asphalt at the lower part of Nature's big pot is the same as that on the top, the only differ-

ence being that the surface asphalt is hard enough to be cut in blocks, while that from the depths is soft, and almost fluid, but quite willing to become solid when exposed to the atmosphere.

Asphalt is the oldest road-paving material known to man, and is mentioned in the history of ancient Babylon. It is a form of Bitumen, which is classed in commercial language under three heads: petroleum, oil and asphalt. In one of these forms bitumen is found in almost every land on the globe, and is being utilized in various ways, for it is one of the most useful gifts that God has bestowed upon man.

Nowhere in the world can Nature be watched at work so well as on Trinidad Island. Nowhere in the world can one see so clearly the Divine power ceaselessly working for the benefit of mankind. An excavation made in the lake one day will be partly filled the next, and by the end of a week, the hollow place is once more level with the surrounding territory. From deep down in the main supply house has been pushed up sufficient material to replace all that man has taken away. From how deep this stuff comes, no one knows; neither can anyone explain why it is that when the hole has been filled with the soft asphalt, the material does not run over and spill around the place needing replenishment. But it does not. Enough comes up to replace what has been taken away, and no more.

Some lines of work are carried on at the present time by the same crude methods employed a thousand years ago. Mining asphalt is one of the great industries that has made no progress through the changing centuries. To dig it with a machine is impossible, because the machine would sink in the soft material and have to be dug out in its turn. Men can skip about, and not stand long enough in one place to get stuck. A man can change his standing ground when he feels that his feet are going downward faster than they should. The surface of the Asphalt Lake is warm at all times and in all places; near the center it is quite soft, and is so hot that the soles of the feet are uncomfortable, even thru very heavy shoes.

Asphalt is dug with mattocks, and is taken from the lake in huge pieces that are about two feet square. These blocks are then broken into smaller bits by hand and loaded in the tiny cars that carry it to a refinery on the Island, or to the ships waiting in the harbor. These vessels are from every nation in the world, for asphalt is found on the streets of London, Washington City, Paris, the cities of South America, and all thru Europe.

Street paving is not the only use for this strange material that so accommodatingly boils up from the middle of the earth, and is brewed wholesale in Trinidad's giant kettle. It is used for roofing, for covering pipes in factories, for waterproofing various garments, for insulating paper, and for deadening sound in big buildings. There are more than twenty-five uses for asphalt, besides its one great job of making the streets of the world easy walking for both man and beast.

For the last thirty-five years, close to one hundred and twenty-five thousand tons of asphalt have been taken each year from Trinidad's marvelous lake. And the awesome thing about it is, *there is just as much asphalt in that lake today as there was more than a quarter of a century ago, when the excavating first started!* Like so many of God's wonderful gifts to man, this valuable deposit seems to be inexhaustible and everlasting!

THE DEW DROP

By Alvin Hunsicker

The dew drop kissed the blooming rose,
It cooled her reddened cheek;
She smiled and opened wider still,
Her petals soft and meek.

She raised her dainty head and sighed
"O dew drop, whence com'st thou?
I know that soon thou wilt be gone
Although I feel thee now.

Why must thou go—why stay not here—
I love thy gentle touch,
It helps me in my budding growth,
Thou must have known as much."

"O smiling rose, I can not stay—
The morning sun so proud
Will lift my liquid body
High up into a cloud—

From thence I'll drop as gentle rain
Once more upon the ground;
Then glide into a rippling rill
For water's all around;

From rill into the river,
From river into bay,
From bay into the ocean
Where for a time I'll stay.

And then the sun will lift me
Once more into a cloud—
Perchance again I'll kiss thee—
That is—if I'm allowed."



Courtesy, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A Rare Old Sixteenth Century Persian Prayer Rug

Prayer rugs differ in a number of ways from those put to other uses, being particularly distinguishable by a Mosque-like arch in the design, to remind the worshipper of the sacred Mosque at Mecca, in whose direction the pious Mohammedan prostrates himself five times daily. The prayer rug is thus of intimate importance in the life of the Moslem. Within its folds, he wraps the articles he employs in the observance of his religious duties. These include a small compass, with which he may, on his travels, determine the direction of Mecca, his Koran, his cake of earth from the holy city of Mecca, and his rosary of 99 beads, one for each of the 99 names of Allah.

The rug pictured above is a beautiful example of Persian skill, with over a thousand knots to the square inch. If any slight imperfection is found in design or workmanship, it may be attributed, not to carelessness, but to the desire of the Moslem weaver to illustrate his belief that nothing can be perfect save Allah.

The orthodox or Sunnite Mohammedan never incorporates forms of animal or human life into his weaving, since the Koran forbids it as a form of idolatry. Further, a Moslem so sacriligious as to assume to himself one of God's functions, that of the creations of life, even in form, will be commanded, on the day of judgment, to endow such creations with a soul.

The beautiful roses of Persia inspired the flowery design of the rug pictured above. A prayer from the Koran forms the border, which, translated from the Arabic, reads thus: "We implore thy mercy, O Lord, for unto Thee must we return. God will not force any soul beyond its capacity; it must have the good or evil which it gaineth."

SAROJINI NAIDU

PRESIDENT OF THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS

by

Dale Stuart

The name of Sarojini Naidu is familiar to English-speaking peoples through three volumes of delightful poetry, "The Golden Threshold," "The Bird of Time," and "The Broken Wing." These songs have established her as the foremost English-writing poetess of India, and are full of a rich color, melody and grace that are distinctively Eastern. One of her poems appears in this issue on page 4.

Mrs. Naidu could not confine her activities to the literary world, however. The cause of India women called for her championship too loudly. She entered the troubled waters of Indian politics and early became an ardent disciple of Mahatma Gandhi, lending all the weight of her support to his political programs and spreading his doctrines of "Satyagraha" (soul-force) and "spinning-wheels in every home." For many years now, Mrs. Naidu has been indefatigable in speaking, writing, and travelling throughout India, and has become a force to be reckoned with, stirring her numerous audiences by the inspiration of her oratory and example.

India is supposed to be caste-ridden. But Sarojini Naidu broke all rules of caste by marrying Dr. Naidu, who was not born a Brahman, whereas Sarojini belongs to one of the proudest Brahman families in India. But Hindu society did not disown her. Instead, today, she occupies the highest post, that of the Presidentship of the Indian National Congress, that it is in the power of India to bestow upon her favorite son or daughter. So, neither her disregard of caste, nor her sex, disqualified Mrs. Naidu from attaining the pinnacle of Indian honor. Conservative though it is, India yet throws all rules to the wind in the face of sincerity, of personal worth and sacrifice.

Gandhi is the political preceptor of Mrs. Naidu, and, since religion is not separate from politics in India, he is her spiritual "guru" and ideal as well. She wrote of him, at the time of his trial and imprisonment for preaching his "non-violent" doctrine: "The strange trial proceeded and as I listened to the immortal words that flowed with prophetic fervor from the lips of my beloved master, my thoughts sped across the centuries to a different land and a different age, when a similar drama was enacted and another divine and gentle teacher was crucified for spreading a kindred gospel with a kindred courage. I realized now that the lowly Jesus of Nazareth furnished the only true parallel in history of this sweet, invincible apostle of Indian liberty who loves humanity with surpassing compassion, and, to use his own beautiful phrase, 'approaches the poor with the mind of the poor.'"

Mrs. Naidu is an arresting personality, vibrant, eloquent, charged with that inner conviction that communicates itself to her followers. But there is a different, poetic side to her nature—shy, quiet, mystical. "Her eyes were like deep pools," Arthur Symons wrote of her, "and you seemed to fall through them into depths beyond depths."

Mrs. Naidu has grave problems and responsibilities confronting her in her new office. But she faces them bravely. She sees all other problems solved by achieving the one fundamental need of harmony. Her speech, made in accepting the Presidentship of the



Sarojini Naidu

Congress, shows this insight: "Mine, as becomes a woman, is a most modest program, merely to restore to India her true position as supreme mistress in her own home, the sole guardian of her own vast resources, and the sole dispenser of her own rich hospitality. As a loyal daughter of Bharatmata, therefore, it will be my lovely, though difficult task, through the coming year to try and set my mother's house in order, to reconcile the tragic quarrels that threaten the integrity of her old joint family life of diverse communities and creeds, and to find an adequate place and recognition, alike for the lowliest and the mightiest, of her children and foster-children, the guests and strangers within her gates."

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND THE HINDUS*

by

Rao Bahadur Krishna Rao Bhonsle, M.R.A.S.

(Member of the Senate of the University of Madras.)

(I acknowledge with gratitude, that almost all the planks used in this contribution have been sawed without much mutilation from the "Invasion of India by Alexander the Great" as described by Arrian, Diodoros, Plutarch, etc., and translated by Dr. J. W. McCrindle who rendered historical literature a good service by translating and publishing a series of similar works which throw light upon the distant past of India.)

When Alexander the Great was informed that the Brahmin Sanyasins¹ whom he met in India, were great adepts in the art of returning brief and pithy answers, he proposed some hard questions to ten of them for their solution.

He demanded of the first, "Which he took to be the more numerous, the living or the dead?"

The Sanyasin answered, "The living, for the dead are not."

The second was asked, "Which breeds the largest animals, the sea or the land?" He answered, "The land, for the sea is only a part of it."

The third was asked, "Which is the cleverest of beasts?" He answered, "That with which man is not yet acquainted."

The fourth was asked, "For what reason he induced Sabbas² to revolt?" He answered, "Because I wished him to live with honour or die with honour."

The fifth was asked, "Which he thought existed first, the day or the night?" He answered, "The day was first by one day." As the King appeared surprised at this solution, he added, "Impossible questions require impossible answers."

Alexander then turning to the sixth asked him, "How a man could best make himself beloved?" He answered, "If a man, being possessed of great power, did not make himself to be feared."

Of the remaining three, one being asked, "How a man could become a god?" replied, "By doing that which is impossible for a man to do."

The next being asked, "Which of the two was stronger, life or death?" he replied, "Life, because it bears so many evils."

The last being asked, "How long it was honourable for a man to live?" answered, "As long as he does not think it better to die than to live." (Plutarch.)

A desire seized the Conqueror of the World³ to make one of the sages, if possible, live with him. Swami Kalanos, who was a gymnosophist⁴ of Taxila and who had made great progress in Philosophy and the study of nature, was accordingly persuaded to visit Alexander by Taxiles (Omphis of Taxila) who helped Alexander in the construction and equipment of a fleet in India.⁵ Kalanos and another Swami went to the King. Aristoboulos (who accompanied Alexander in his Asiatic expedition) states that at Alexander's table, they ate standing, and to give a sample of their endurance, withdrew to a spot not far off, where the elder, lying down with his back to the ground, endured the sun and

* Reprinted from THE INDIAN REVIEW. ¹Religious devotees; saints.

²Because man fears that which is unknown to him.

³This reference is doubtless to some historical incident of India.

⁴Alexander. ⁵The Gymnosophists were an ascetic sect of Hindu philosophers.

⁶Omphis was the King of Taxila, one of the greatest cities in the East, and famous at that time (4th century B.C.) as the principal seat of Hindu learning in northern India, to which scholars of all classes flocked for instruction. Omphis had allied himself with Alexander, because he desired the latter's help against his enemies in the neighboring states, since Taxila was then at war with Poros and others.

the rains which had set in as spring had just begun. The other stood on one leg, holding up with both his hands a bar of wood three cubits long; one leg being tired, he rested his weight on the other, and did this throughout the day.

Kalanos' real name was "Sphines," but as he saluted those whom he met with "Kale," which is the Indian equivalent of "Chairein" (that is "All hail"), he was called by the Greeks "Kalanos." The Sanskrit adjective *Kalyana* means salutary, lucky, well, etc. If we except Sandrokottos (Chandragupta), Taxiles and Poros (the most powerful King in the Punjab) there is no other Indian whose history, opinions and personal characteristics, the classical writers have made us so well acquainted as with those of Kalanos (M'Crindle). This philosopher, we are told, showed Alexander a symbol of his empire. He threw down on the ground a dry and shrivelled hide and planted his foot on the edge of it. But when it was trodden down in one place, it started up everywhere else. He then walked all round it and showed that the same thing took place wherever he trod, until at length he stepped into the middle, and by doing so, made it all lie flat. This symbol was intended to show Alexander that he should control his empire from its centre, and not wander away to its distant extremities (Plutarch). He, at the request of the King, followed him from India. This Sanyasin was with him and was held in honour and esteem by him.

When the Swamiji⁷ was three years over three score and ten, and up till then had never known what illness was, he fell into delicate health when he was in the County of Persis. He, therefore, resolved to depart his life as one who had received the full measure of happiness alike from nature and fortune (Diodoros). Accordingly, as he had no wish to lead the life of an invalid, he informed Alexander that, broken as he was in health, he thought it best to put an end to himself before he had experience of any malady that would oblige him to change his former mode of life. Alexander long and earnestly opposed his request, but when he saw that he was quite inflexible, and that if one mode of death was denied him, he would find another, he ordered a funeral pyre to be piled up in accordance with the man's own directions, and ordered Ptolemy, the son of Lagos, one of the bodyguards, to superintend all the arrangements. Some say that a solemn procession of horses and men advanced before him, some of the men being armed, while others carried all kinds of incense for the pyre. Others again say that they carried gold and silver bowls and royal apparel; also that a horse was provided for him because he was unable to walk from illness. He was, however, unable to mount the horse, and he was therefore carried on a litter crowned with a garland, after the manner of the Indians, and singing in the Indian tongue. The Indians say that what he sang were hymns to the gods and the praises of his countrymen, and that the horse which he was to have mounted—a Nesaian steed of the royal stud—he presented to Lysimachos (King of Thrace and Alexander's greatest General who was present in the battle with Poros in India), who attended him for instruction in philosophy.⁸ On others who attended him, he bestowed the bowls and rugs which Alexander, to honour him, had ordered to be cast into the pyre (Arrian). Before mounting the pile, he took leave of his disciples and friends, recommending them to devote that day to pleasure with the King, "Whom," said he, "I shall shortly see in Babylon." He then sprinkled himself with libation and cut off part of his hair to cast into the fire (Plutarch). After he had prayed, he lay down upon the golden couch on the pyre in a becoming manner and with unflinching courage, in full view of the whole Macedonian army; he exhibited throughout a serene fortitude and self-possession (M'Crindle). Alexander deemed the spectacle one which he could not with propriety witness, because the man to suffer was his friend; but to those who were present, Kalanos caused astonishment in that he did not move any part of his body in the fire. When the flames approached, he remained in the same posture as when he lay down, until the sacrifice was auspiciously consummated according to the customs of the sages of his country (Plutarch). As soon as the men charged with the duty set fire to the pile, the trumpets, Nearchos (Commander) says, sounded by Alexander's order, and the whole army raised the war-shout as if advancing to battle. The elephants also swelled the noise with their shrill and warlike cry to do honour to Kalanos (Arrian). All admired the Sadhu's⁹ high spirit and contempt of death. Strabo (Geographer) makes Pasargadaï to be the scene of this incident, but Diodoros says it was Sousa, and with more probability, since it was known that Nearchos was an eye witness of this incident.

Arrian records the following story of Kalanos: When he was going to the funeral

⁷Kalanos. ⁸One of the most laudable things about Alexander and his Generals was their desire for practical instruction in Hindu philosophy. ⁹Saint's.

pyre to die, he embraced all his other companions, but did not wish to draw near to Alexander to give him a parting embrace, saying he would meet him at Babylon and would there embrace him. This remark attracted no notice at the time; but afterwards, when Alexander died in Babylon, it came back to the memory of those who heard it, who then naturally took it to have been a prophecy of his death.

It may not be considered out of place when it is added here, that many years afterwards, another Indian, in the presence of Caesar (Augustus) at Athens, did the same thing. His tomb is shown to this day, and is called the *Indian's Tomb* (Plutarch). The Indian who burned himself at Athens was called *Zarmanocheegas*, as we learn from Strabo (Geographer) (XV, t. 73), who states, on the authority of Nikolaos of Damascus, that the Indian came to Syria, in the train of the ambassadors who were sent to Augustus Caesar by a great Indian King called Poros.¹⁰ These ambassadors, he says, "were accompanied by the person who burnt himself to death at Athens." This is the practice with persons in distress who seek escape from existing calamities, and with others in prosperous circumstances, as was the case with this man. For, as everything hitherto had succeeded with him, he thought it necessary to depart, lest some unexpected calamity should happen to him by continuing to live; with a smile, therefore, naked, anointed, and with his girdle round his waist, he leaped upon the pyre. On his tomb was this inscription: "*Zarmanocheegas*, an Indian, a native of Barygasa (*Barygaza*, *Broach*¹¹), having immortalised himself according to the custom of his country, here lies." Lassen takes the name of *Zarmanocheegas* to represent the Sanskrit *S'ramanacharya* (M'Crindle).

¹⁰King of the Punjab. ¹¹The province of Bharuch in India.

Kwannon

(*The Japanese Buddhist Diety of Pity.*)

By Arthur T. Merrill

Ghostly, ghostly, a gray mist sways
 Like a water-wraith, wind-tyrannized;
 Ghostly, ghostly, the pale sulphur stars
 Sift through a gray-green haze;
 On white mist nebulae
 Pale souls of Bodhisattvos rise
 Seeking the cerulean depths of Nirvana;
 Ghostly the wind drives through the grasses
 Of an ancient way
 Along a white road leading westward.
 The wet fingers of the mist
 Throttle the voice of the wind
 And dank frigid silence prevails.
 Here a ghostly temple stands
 Immemorial—
 Therein the shrine of Kwannon,
 Plum-bloom breasted,
 No earth-love ever having stained her cheek,
 Her soul fleckless white,
 Diety of Pity, self-immolated,
 Herself ripe for Nirvana:—
 "Wherever a gnat cries, there am I!"
 (A promise she fulfills.)
 And the great heart of her swells
 When in some golden instant
 Heroic deed is done, or pity shown.
 Tides may ebb and flow,
 And moons may wax and wane,
 And suns reel on,
 But more enduring is Buddhistic Kwannon's pity.
 See! a child comes, a crone, a leper.—
 To the plum-bloom breasted One,
 Diety of Pity,
 Herself ripe for Nirvana,
 Buddha-dispenser!

ADVENTURES IN THE HOLY LAND

Mr. D. D. Kimmel, one of the Cleveland sponsors of Yogoda, is a very earnest and sincere seeker after the spiritual realities of life. He has seen life in all its phases, and has lifted himself out of ordinary circumstances into the presidency of the Midland Bank of Cleveland. In the following article, Mr. Kimmel tells some of his recent experiences in the Holy Land, as reported by Mr. Marshall R. Hall of the "Cleveland Times":



Mr. D. D. Kimmel

Kissed by two kings in as many days, visitor at a monastery that stands on the spot where Moses delivered the Ten Commandments to the Children of Israel, guest of a priest whose domicile held the skulls of 2,000 of his predecessors and the skulls of 5,000 monks under them, and then forced to interrupt a journey through the Holy Land because of raiding Wahabis of the Bedouin tribes, are a few of the varied episodes just experienced by D. D. Kimmel, president of the Midland bank, and the Rev. J. H. Goldner of the Euclid Avenue Christian church.

Mr. Kimmel, accompanied by the pastor, spent a lively and interesting two months in Palestine, Egypt, and trans-Jordania. He survived heat that killed camels, fled for 27 consecutive hours in an automobile to escape Wahabis that raided on the trail behind them, and he reviewed the historic scenes of Biblical history that every person at some time has wished to visit and know.

With Dr. Goldner, Mr. Kimmel left Cleveland in March, planning a trip through the olden Land of Goshen, over the route followed by the Children of Israel when they fled under Moses from the oppression of the Egyptians, 36 centuries ago. The route as planned would carry them into Jerusalem. Had it not been for the war-like Wahabis, the itinerary would have been carried out as planned, but the fates that scatter the "best laid plans" intervened, and now Mr. Kimmel, bearing a healthy tan engendered by the blistering heat of the Holy Land deserts, is back at his desk with the memories of a truly marvelous experience behind him.

Mr. Kimmel and Dr. Goldner left Suez by boat, thence journeyed to Tor, on the Sinaitic peninsula, where they picked up their caravan and their dragoman from Cairo. Along a great caravan route, which for hundreds of years was the best-known road between Mesopotamia and Egypt, they traveled, through heat that blistered and seared; heat that dried their skins and became so intolerable that some of their camels died. Turning south from this route, they reached the foot of Mt. Sinai, one of the most famous heights in all history.

It was here that Mr. Kimmel and Dr. Goldner felt the surge of ancient years, saw time roll back and reveal a world of thousands of years ago, for they were guests in a Greek Orthodox monastery that stands within the walls of a huge granite fort, built nearly 1,400 years ago by order of Justinian.

This edifice stands on the exact spot where the Children of Israel pitched their encampment and waited while Moses held his fast upon Mt. Sinai. It was on this spot, too, that the golden calf which stirred Moses to wrath was built, and it was here that the venerable ancient prophet delivered the Ten Commandments. The walls of the fort hold the spring on which the Children of Israel depended for water, and the travelers drank from the same bubbling fount, therefore, that once quenched the thirst of Moses himself.

Mr. Kimmel said the abbot in charge was 93 and had lived at the scene all his life, with the exception of three days. The monks under the abbot knew no more of the world than a little child, but they were extremely hospitable and desirous of pleasing their guests.

Discussing the visit, Mr. Kimmel said:

"They showed us what they believed to be the oldest library in the world, priceless manuscripts on papyrus and sheepskin, among them fragments of the New Testament, and monkish legends without end. It was from the same monastery that, in 850, was recovered the Codex Sinaiticus, the second oldest copy of the New Testament, now in Leningrad.

"Here, too, they showed us the crypt, a stone building with four-foot granite walls, where their predecessors for hundreds of years had been laid to rest. The skulls of the priests were set about the walls and we estimated that there could not be fewer than 2,000 of them. The skulls of the monks made a great pyramid that must have contained 5,000 more—and the leg, arm and body bones were stacked up like cordwood.

"In one corner they showed us Saint Stephanus himself, the founder of the monastery. He died in a cave up the mountain in the year 581; died, crouched down in his black robe, with a great iron strap, which he wore by way of penance, about his waist. They brought him down hill and set him in a corner of the crypt, and he sits there yet."

On the summit of Mt. Sinai, where Moses spoke with God, stands a little chapel, and Mr. Kimmel and Dr. Goldner climbed up to this. Here, they found again that time rolled back and they apparently were standing in a life that existed 30 centuries ago.

From Mt. Sinai, the travelers had planned on following the route of the Children of Israel in the flight out of Egypt, and it was then that the raiding Wahabis interrupted the journey and caused a change in the itinerary. These tribesmen, at war with their fellow tribes, became obstreperous again and the contemplated journey onward was found out of the question. Having no desire to be victims of a desert massacre, Mr. Kimmel and Dr. Goldner changed their plans. In this connection, Mr. Kimmel said:

"We had no choice but to go back and make the journey to Jerusalem by rail. First, we had to reach a railroad. Tor was three days from Sinai, but there would be no boat there for

weeks, so we had to strike across country, and it was hard work. There is but one waterhole on the way, and they told us it was an eight-day trip. By promising them an extra pound a day we made it in six, but camels died on the way in the awful heat, and sometimes we thought we would.

"When we got to Jerusalem they told us we could not get to Petra in any way. The American Express company agents laughed at us, and Cook's said we might try if we'd hire an armed guard of 40. We had a letter to Abdulla, king of trans-Jordania, given us by an Arab we met on the Leviathan, going over, and we knew Petra was within his boundaries. We got a new American automobile and set forth. It was a 100-mile drive to Rabboth-Ammon, the capital of trans-Jordania, and we drove it in a morning, following first the motor road to Jordan and beyond that the military road blasted through the mountains by Allenby's troops during the late war.

"Ten miles out of Rabboth-Ammon we were halted by a cavalry squadron, but our letter to the king got us past, and when he returned from a review of his troops, he gave us a most gratifying reception, and invited us to lunch with him. His younger son sat at table with us, and we carried on an animated conversation through interpreters.

"The king of trans-Jordania, Abdulla, is the second son of Hussein, shoriff of Mecca, direct descendent of the prophet Mohammed, and, since the war, king of the Hedjaz. Abdulla's brother Feisul, designated king of Syria, until expelled by the French, is now king of Iraq (Mesopotamia), and the oil fields so much in dispute. Naturally, when Abdulla offered to show us pictures of his father we were politely interested. When he asked if we would care to see the old gentleman, we made no secret of our eagerness.

"At 4 the next morning we left Rabboth-Ammon by automobile, preceded by a big Italian car which carried Abdulla's oldest son and a brother-in-law, and escorted by two cars filled with soldiers. It was 11 in the evening before we left our machine and were led through a stone archway into a walled garden. Soldiers led us to a tent, lifted the flap to reveal a floor strewn with priceless rugs, walls draped with brocaded silks, and all the splendor that the reader of the 'Thousand and One Nights' might dream. There was King Hussein himself, about the finest looking old gentleman that I had ever seen. He was all in flowing white save for the gold and green about his turban, and I never hope to see a more magnificent white beard. He grasped us by the hand when our dragoman gave us his name and drawing us to him, kissed us three times each upon the cheek.

"Next morning, while we talked, three messages were brought to him and presently he dismissed us with courtesy, but a surprising suddenness, and we started back for Rabboth-Ammon with a doubled escort.

"On the way we met Abdulla of trans-Jordania with a whole string of motor cars loaded with soldiers and guessed what the trouble was. The Wahabi were raiding across our path, but fortunately they passed behind us. It was early morning before we reached Rabboth-Ammon, but Abdulla's ministers had orders never to let us stay, inasmuch as Arabs are in the good graces of the great powers and never care to take chances with the lives or welfare of occidentals. We drove on to Jerusalem, 27 hours' ride in all, and were half dead when we got there.

"Reuter telegrams posted in Cook's office, told us that at that very hour the Wahabi, under Ibn-Saoud, were besieging Petra. They could not have arrived there many hours after our driver had pointed out the site, some miles off the main road we followed."

SWAMI YOGANANDA VISITS THE PITTSBURGH MORALS COURT



Swami Yogananda, as he appeared on the bench of the Morals Court as the guest of Judge A. D. Brandon of Pittsburgh.

"It is the mistaken soul that does wrong," the Swami said, "not the criminal soul." Judge Brandon was one of the Pittsburgh Yoganoda students.

Photo by courtesy of the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times

THE HART OF HEAVEN

By Swami Yogananda

(Inspired by "The Hound of Heaven," by Francis Thompson.)

Like a wild, cruel hunter
Sure of my prey,
I chased for the Heavenly Hart
Thru forests of dark desires,
Maizes of my passing pleasures,
Thru corridors of ignorance
I raced for Him,
The Hart of Heaven.
Farther, farther He fled, driven
Afraid of me, equipped
With spears keen of selfishness.
As He fled
The earth echoed,
"I am more fleet
Swifter than thy feet
Of fiery passion's greeds
Which vainly rush at Me,
None reach Me
Who frighten Me
And thus make Me wise."
Then I flew on the planes of heavenly prayer
In pursuit of the Deer,
But crashed to earth;
Of restlessness I fell.
The Deer yet flies,
The echo replies
"I am fleeter
Than thy noisy plane of prayer.
Thy loud-tongued noise of hollow prayer
In the earliest hour of the chase
Startled me.
I fly
Beyond thy sight."
My spears, my dogs, my plane I left;
Stealthily I crept,
Holding my dart of concentration.
Ah, all sudden

Lo! There I spied the Hart of Heaven
Grazing peacefully,
Fearlessly, before me.
I took aim and shot
But my hand shook with unsteadiness.
Look! The deer bounded
And the earth resounded,
"Without devotion
Thou art a poor, poor marksman!"
Though I shot again and again
At the Heavenly Hart,
It fled, crying
"I am beyond the range of thy mental dart,
I am beyond!"
In despair I gave up the chase
And finding a secret lair of Love in me
By strange intuition and in curiosity led
I strolled deeply within.
Lo! There came my Hart of Heaven
Willingly walking in.
Eager, devoted, steadily
I shot again and again
With my concentration-dart;
Afraid It might again fly,
I missed many times, yet
It stirred not, moved not, fled not.
There my Heavenly Hart
Wounded by devotion's dart
Lay gasping, dying in me,
And Its vanishing breath
Sang thru the silent earth
Echoing within me,
"None can seize Me
Save with the help of Mine,
Save only Mine!
I am thine! Receive Me!"

SUNRISE

By Frances Wierman

(Written after seeing the sun rise on Mount Washington.)

When the Sun-God, above the horizon
Raises aloft His shield of golden fire,
And the keynote of Day is borne to men
From the vibrating colors of Dawn's lyre,
His glance first rests upon the purple hills
Whose peaks burn with a flame ethereal,
Lighted by priestesses of temple Earth—
Candles in sconces on an azure wall!

PATHS TO PEACE

By Rene Albourne de Pender

Seek not thy God at evening time and dawning,
For one short hour of stilted, wordy prayer;
Know Him in all of life that lays before thee,
In sun and moon, in earth and sky and air.

Feel Him in rush of wind, in cleansing rain drops,
In distant planets and in restless sea,
Reach out thine arms across the endless spaces
And make the cosmic spirit one with thee.

Thy soul is God, that seeking soul within thee,
That ever reaches forth for God-like things,
Loose it a while from earthly chains of bondage;
Let it go forth and find its spirit-wings.

It will come back to thee from the far reaches;
Purer and stronger for its winging flight,
Bringing thee peace that passeth understanding
From source of living and from source of light.

— :: —

TO THE GREAT MOTHER

By Frances Wierman

Earth, I am yours! Child of your body beautiful,
Warm, brown and garmented in green,
I can remember no other speech but yours,
Calling in deep-throated cadences of tides,
In pipe of waterfowl and cries of beasts
Cleaving the night; in melody of streams,
In song of birds and beating of their wings.
Your name is graven on my heart; I learned it
From swirl of troubled pool; in hieroglyphs,
Upon uncurling tender leaves and in the writing
Of eucalyptus hands athwart the course of the Moon.
I never long to leave you and there is no tempting me
With tales of radiant journeys to far-distant orbs.
Many you bear feel a maturity that draws
Their hearts from you; but I yet sense
The umbilical that binds me to you, Earth!
Let me stay with you and be one of those,
Your children, who remains at home
And spends in loyal cherishing of you
All time allotted! Clothe me in many forms,
Hold me breast-near and whisper of your lore,
Let my hand know the last beat of your heart—
Earth, I am yours!

NEWS OF THE YOGODA HEADQUARTERS

"EAST-WEST" SYMBOL. The colored symbol on our front cover signifies the single spiritual eye of meditation, the pranic star door through which we must enter to find Cosmic Consciousness, taught by the Yogoda method of meditation. "Therefore, when thine eye be single, thy body shall be full of light. . . . Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness."—Luke 11:34-35.

MEANING OF "YOGODA" AND "SAT-SANGA." "Yogoda" means the system which teaches one to harmonize all the forces and faculties that operate for the perfection of body, mind and soul. "Sat-Sanga" means "fellowship with truth."

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 the Swami is happy to extend to all, may write to the Los Angeles headquarters, briefly stating the nature of his or her trouble.

MONTHLY DONATION PLEDGES. We hope that every Yogoda student will see his way clear to donate a regular monthly sum to the upkeep of the Mount Washington Educational Center, so that its energies may be free to devote to educational activities of a world-wide nature. We want to feel that every Yogoda student is taking an active interest in our work, and is willing to do his share in maintaining it and helping to spread its message of peace and a fuller understanding of life. Checks should be made out to The Mount Washington Educational Center, 3880 San Rafael Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

GIFTS FOR OUR LIBRARY AND MUSEUM. We welcome gifts of books for our fast-growing circulating library, or odd and interesting gifts for our Museum.

APPLICATIONS FOR TEACHERS' COURSE. Swami Yogananda wants to recruit a Spiritual Army. Yogoda needs real workers, robust in body and mind, of calm disposition, mental shock-absorbers who will allow nothing to upset or anger them, who will join us for life, or who can receive at least one year's training to be teachers according to the rules of the institution. These rules will be printed in the near future in this magazine. Make your application now, telling your occupation, education, age, marital status, and sending a recent photograph of yourself. Let us all be eager to serve in the best way we can, for this world-wide fight against ignorance and suffering.

ACTIVITIES AT THE LOS ANGELES HEADQUARTERS. Swami Dhirananda, residential Swami at the Yogoda and Sat-Sanga Center in Los Angeles, conducted a beautiful **SUNRISE EASTER SERVICE** on Mount Washington, on April 4th. A huge crowd attended the out-of-doors worship, thrilled by the majesty of the surrounding mountain ranges and the glorious sunrise. An elaborate musical program was given, including a chorus of fifty trained mixed voices, led by Margaret Wicks of the Polytechnic Evening High School.

Mother's Day was beautifully observed at the Center. Following a charming musical program, Swami Dhirananda invited remarks, fitting to the occasion, from members of the audience. Principal among those responding were the Hon. James MacLachlan, and Mr. James Warnack of the Los Angeles Times.

The Prison Welfare Committee has entered upon its activities. Many comforting visits are being made and the Committee is happy to report that in two weeks, two cases, especially affecting the lives of women, were successfully handled through sympathetic and intelligent cooperation with their legal advisors. This work is felt to be richly potential in opportunity for valuable constructive results, and the Center is fortunate in having among its student-body and helpers, those capable, through both training and active service, of making a success of this department.

Swami Dhirananda's April subjects at his regular Sunday open meetings, were "Resurrection," "Indian Thought and the Living French Philosopher Bergson," "Psychology and the New Testament," and "Chemistry of Feelings."

The interesting Sunday School for children continues to meet every Sunday at 2 p. m. Miss Ida Mary Trask is the very able assistant of Swami Dhirananda in this department.

On Thursday nights the Swami Dhirananda conducts a class on the Inner Significance of the World's Great Scriptures. At present the Bhagavad Gita is being expounded.

The work of the Yogoda Correspondence Course School, and the publication of the East-West Magazine, is also carried on at the Center.

SWAMI YOGANANDA'S ACTIVITIES IN NEW YORK AND DETROIT

On April 18th, Swami Yogananda opened his series of free lectures in the beautiful and famous Carnegie Hall in New York City. His success there was tremendous. The Rev. E. A. Lohman, writing for the "Pittsburgh Yogoda Light," described the opening night in the following way: "Never in all my experience have I found such intense interest and enthusiasm displayed concerning a teacher or teachings as I find in every city that Swami visits. If any power in heaven or earth can establish peace among men and nations, and heal the human heart, that power is to be found in the teachings of our dear Swami. At the opening lecture in New York City, Carnegie Hall was filled to capacity, and more than a thousand people were turned away only after the police reserves were called to quell the besieging crowds. . . . Of the 3,000 persons present, not ten left the hall until Swami said his pleasant good-night. He simply held them spell-bound."

The Yogoda classes that were formed in New York were among the largest ever taught by the Swami, the total number being close to a thousand students. Mr. Alvin Hunsicker and Dr. Charles Fleischer were among those who rendered much practical cooperation to the cause. The Yogoda classes presented Swami with a beautiful radio set.

The Swami accepted invitations to speak before many clubs and organizations, among them the New York Chapter of the Psychology Club; the Exchange Club; the Studio of Dr. Burbank Shaw and Judge David Brandon; over the radio, WRNY; the International New Thought Alliance; the New York Newspaper Women's dinner; the Unity Center; the Jamaica Training School for Teachers; the Author's League Fellowship; and the Maha Bodhi Society of America. The last-mentioned organization met on May 18th to celebrate the 2470th birthday anniversary of the Lord Buddha. Among the speakers on this occasion were Ralph Waldo Trine, the illustrious author of "In Tune With the Infinite"; Dr. Charles Fleischer; Mr. Zero, Mr. Cruzat, Mr. Rajpaksha and

Prof. Cornelius. Swami Yogananda gave the principal speech of the afternoon. The audience was simply electrified, and at the conclusion of the address, rose to its feet to do him honor.

From May 23rd to June 6th, Swami Yogananda will give a series of free lectures at Orchestra Hall, Detroit, Michigan. These lectures will be followed by Yogoda classes.

THREE RECIPES by SWAMI YOGANANDA Spiritual Recipe

1. Read the EAST-WEST well and try to practically follow the best in it, using your own judgment.

2. Lead a balanced life. Be neither too Oriental nor too Occidental. Let not calmness develop into laziness, nor let activity convert you into a business automaton. Be calmly active, actively calm.

3. Polish your feelings. Exercise them by practical sympathy, and say to yourself, "I can only be happy by making others so."

4. Try to consciously contact God. Will to know Him, persevere in the effort to know Him, and be dissatisfied until you do know Him.

Intellectual Recipe (For May-June, 1926)

1. Read a few lines from Shakespeare every day.

2. Read the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas Kempis.

3. Read "In Tune with the Infinite," by Ralph Waldo Trine.

4. Read "The Man Nobody Knows," by Bruce Barton. It is the best modern book on Jesus.

Health Recipe

Fast one day a week, or at least a half-day. If you feel unable to do that, live for one day on nothing but orange juice. This plan will give needed rest to the body-machine which overworks incessantly thru over-eating or wrong eating. Do not think that satisfied hunger means satisfied body needs. Learn the laws of rational, scientific diet, and live on simple and wholesome food.



Yogoda Students of Swami Yogananda's New York Class, April, 1926.

YOGODA TESTIMONIALS OF DISTINGUISHED NEW YORKERS

The Rev. Arthur Porter, M.A., D.D., who took the Yogoda Course in the recent New York class, writes: "In one week's training under Swami Yogananda, I have received more genuine education than in the two



REV. A. PORTER

universities and two seminaries of which I am a graduate. The Course has been to me a startling revelation. I have learned the vital difference between interpretation and realization. Already within the week I have experienced great physical, mental and spiritual improvement. Powers within that have been dormant have been awakened.

"Suffering from stomach and heart trouble for the past twenty years, I have no words to express the deep gratitude I feel for such definite release from my physical and mental bondage. Last Sunday I had the thrill of preaching with a new and strange power. Swami Yogananda will teach preachers how to preach with divine unction. I would that all my brother ministers could come under the gracious and Christlike influence of a teacher who has a living experience of the truth."

Another distinguished Yogoda student in New York was the Countess Ilya Tolstoy, daughter-in-law of the famous Russian reformer, Count Leo Tolstoy. The Countess writes: "I am happy to state that Swami Yogananda gave me a great spiritual start.

His inspired divine message brings the deep realization of Infinite Spirit, and

leads to the spiritual goal of life."

The eminent pianiste, Maria Carreras, expresses her enthusiasm for Yogoda thus: "Yogananda has given to me a new life! A new energy, decision in willing and acting, new inspiration in my artistic work! Above all he has taught me the spiritual contact of the cosmic vibration—how much I am grateful to him!

"I have been immeasurably helped through the teachings of Swami Yogananda. He has renewed my mental vision and strengthened my peace of mind. I consider him a wonderful inspiration to those seeking a sane and peaceful form of abiding energy and happiness."

YOGODA CENTERS DIRECTORY

Los Angeles

The International Headquarters of Yogoda and Sat-Sanga are situated on Mount Washington, 3880 San Rafael Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. Sunday services and non-sectarian Sunday School. Week-day classes. Phone Garfield 6406.

Boston

The Boston Center is in charge of Dr. M. W. Lewis, 24 Electric Avenue, West Somerville, Mass. Wednesday evening meetings for Yogoda students.

Cleveland

Rev. E. A. Lohman in charge. Monday evening meetings at the Truman Bldg., Cleveland. Phone Lincoln 2031. Literature and Yogoda Correspondence Courses for sale.

Pittsburgh

Mr. Ezra A. Zartman in charge. Sunday evening meetings at Congress of Clubs, 408 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh. This Center publishes the monthly "Pittsburgh Yogoda Light." Literature and Yogoda Correspondence Courses for sale.



Yogoda Students of Swami Yogananda's Pittsburgh Class, March, 1926.

A THOUGHT ON ORGANIZATION

Mrs. Lora Olney voiced the following beautiful thoughts on Organization, in a letter to Swami Yogananda. She said:

On leaving the class tonight I heard the thought voiced by a student, "Why organize? It always brings discord."

All nature is organized and where in nature do we find discord in organization except among men? In the organization of the solar system the planets are harmonious; the petals round the heart of a flower (a perfect type of organization) do not quarrel with one another but fulfil their mission of shining out their beauty and fragrance better than if each separate petal were trying to perform its duty alone. One candle throws but a tiny beam, a thousand candles shining as *one* will illumine the night.

Why should we, as the petals round the sacred flower of Yogoda with your wisdom as the central guidance, why should we ever quarrel? If we are obedient to the teachings of Yogoda we shall, in organization, realize collective harmony of such power that it will shake the whole world out of its sleep of ignorance and bring it into complete liberation. There can be no doubt that collective harmonious activity of students who have received your training would generate such tremendous power that no forces of error could withstand it. Implicit obedience, self-surrender, alertness to heed the loving demands of Yogoda, and childlike confidence that our heavenly Father is working with us will make discord impossible.

If people could only understand that "obedience" is a magic word which will bear them up and impel them on, there would be nothing to fear. Self-seeking is the foundation of discord in organization and it can and must be replaced by unselfish service.

MESSAGE TO MY LOS ANGELES STUDENTS

by Swami Yogananda

Dear ones! The power of truth is secretly spreading in different lands. Like the rising dawn it is creeping all over, pushing the darkness away. Hold on to love, truth, meditation and service. Think of nothing but light, and ignorance shall disappear. Ignorance must first go from within us; then it disappears without.

The power of truth has been proved to you. Hold on. Faith everlasting to the teacher, teaching and God. You shall see the goal; lo! it is there, right before you!

"The Man Nobody Knows: A Discovery of Jesus," by Bruce Barton, is original, gripping, *alive!* It succeeds in actually conveying the *personality* of Jesus. It takes a great historical figure, somewhat vague from the mist of centuries, and sharpens his outline until the reader can see him and feel him and understand his compelling charm and power. Jesus as an executive, and the founder of modern business! His methods and advertising! These chapter headings hint at the contents. Every Yogoda student should read it!

MAHATMA GANDHI ON JOURNALISM

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