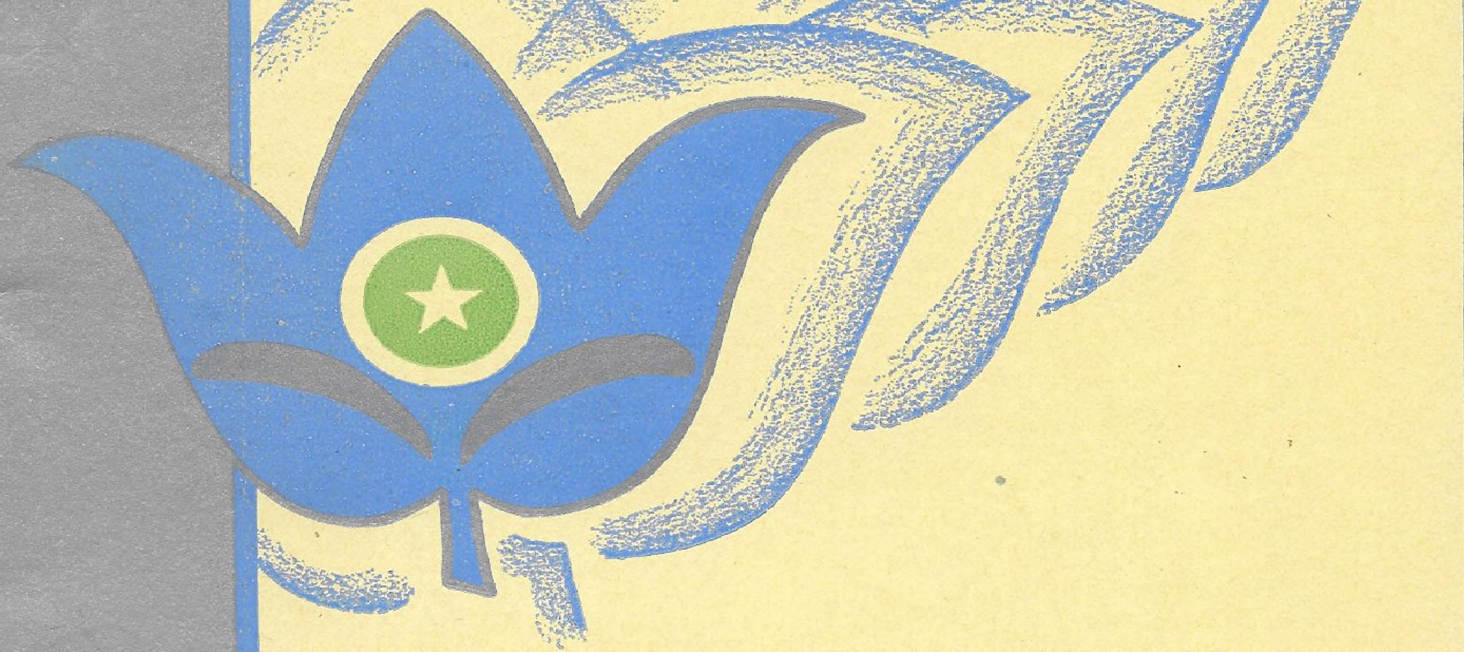


INNER CULTURE

EAST-WEST MAGAZINE



The Last Day



Attaining Spiritual Mastery

JULY
1934
Price 25 Cents
Vol. VI., No. 9

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

Meditations for July

By Sri Nerode

July 1. Every atom of matter, every speck of space, every moment of time, and every drop of thought, is born of God and is moving with His flame. May I perceive His warmth everywhere.

July 2. The moment I am agitated, restless, or disturbed in mind, I will retire to silence, discrimination, and concentration, until calmness is restored to my unhappy mind.

July 3. May I consecrate my life as a love-offering to the service of humanity.

July 4. Life is the expression of infinite beauty. May this eternal urge of beauty burst forth through my every action and thought.

July 5. Holy is the dust whereon treads a humble Soul. Crumble, O God, all my earthly pride into non-existence.

July 6. I will beautify the mansion of my mind with the majestic thoughts of all ages as well as of all lands. May my mind forever think in terms of the Universal.

July 7. There is nothing save the ONE. Everything is only something of the ONE. May I, therefore, destroy the delusion of duality which is the root cause of all sorrow.

July 8. As the Spirit is omnipresent, it must be present in me. Again, Omnipresence presupposes both Omnipotence and Omniscience. Therefore, naturally, these are also attributes of my Soul. May I unfold even a fragment of that of which my Inner Self is made.

July 9. O God, Thou art to me a conscious force, concentrated in the focal center of my Being. Be Thou the point of radiation in my life.

July 10. At times my Soul cries aloud with an unutterable pain. O God, may I wash away my pangs with Thy contemplation.

July 11. Whenever one christens his heart with love and chastens his Self to humble surrender, God speaks through his every expression. May I lose myself in Thee, O Lord.

July 12. Every pain that befalling life adds solid understanding and power of character. May I accept all inevitable happenings of life as gracious benedictions from Thy hands, O Lord.

July 13. The perfect pattern of life is found only in the Eternal. Make me a disciple of the Infinite.

July 14. May my reason ripen into intuition and my knowledge into love. May all my philosophy and religion end in the fruition of Self Realization.

July 15. May all my hopes and fears be dedicated to the intense activity of a joyous surrender to His will.

July 16. Life is a struggle of joy all along the way. May I battle

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INNER CULTURE

EAST-WEST MAGAZINE

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

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July, 1934

Page One

The Highway to Home

AS we dance our way up the highway of Time, that leads to our home eternal, we find that we grow ever younger in Spirit and in Truth. Oh, yes, sometimes we stub our toes and, for a little while, stop dancing, but we keep going just the same, though we stumble and suffer, and grow a little weary with climbing. And, though we become acquainted with pain and with sorrow, we never despair, but, on the contrary, we remain deeply glad for that which has been, that which is, and that which is to be, for we know that what has passed was essential to bring us to our present position along the great trail, and that what we experience in the present is necessary as a vehicle to transport us to our tomorrow of hope.

As the years glide by, we begin to glimpse a little of the glorious truth of our Being as we watch the path of Time recede and see the golden causeway of Eternity opening up to our delighted vision. We begin at last to suspect that there never has been, in truth, any highway of Time, but that we really always have been traveling the bright avenue of Eternity, and we begin to realize, though ever so dimly, that we have not been journeying toward Home, but that we already are at Home and ever have been there, and that the idea that we have been lost and that we seek our way back Home, is only a dream that fades as the light of day begins to dawn.

One day we shall be fully awakened from this dream and we shall find that all through the strange, misty night, which we fashioned for ourselves for a little diversion and in order that we might have an interesting story to tell upon awakening, we have been walking round and round our blessed Home, imagining that our dwelling place was far away. Ah, friends of mine, how sweet will Life become when we awaken!

—By James M. Warnack.

The Last Day

By S. Y.

YOU, who are reading, and I, who am writing, and all the two thousand million people throbbing with life today, will exist a hundred years hence only as thoughts. Great and small, with highly sensitive bodies, must be buried beneath the grass or thrown into the hungry flames of cremation. We, who are so sure of our breakfasts, lunches, and dinners, will be unable to swallow or to speak. Our lips will be sealed forever.

We, who love to listen to flattery, to the voice of the brook and the breeze, and to the sweet melody of music, and to the familiar words of our loved ones, must one day, when absent, wax our ears, so that we may never again hear any sound from this sad earth.

The roses and blossoms that you love, some day will send the messenger of sweet fragrance to knock at the door of your perfume-loving sense, but the door of that sense will open no more. You will never again be lured by the earthly perfume of Nature.

The day will arrive when all beautiful things and faces will stand mutely at the wisdom gate of your lotus gaze and will knock and knock to get into the chamber of your appreciation, but you will not see imperfect matter any more.

The chamber of wisdom will be left untenanted. The brain that controlled your 27,000 billion cells and your bodily factory will direct no more. The soft touches of the breeze and the warmth of the sunshine, the blessing of soft, kind hands, the raindrops, the ocean and the waves, and the cool and warm floods of water will soothe you no more, for your body will remain inert like a lifeless stone.

The day will come when you cannot see, when you cannot move your hands

or feet, when you have no sense of smell, when your skin will not feel the touch of costly dresses, and when you will have neither good nor bad thoughts, neither success nor failure, fear nor bravery, life nor death, wisdom nor ignorance, excitement nor peace.

Since this must come to pass, why are you building so many bad habits and a conviction of permanent comfort around this melting butter-doll of a body? The heat of death will melt these frozen bodily atoms. Did you ever think that you have only this one life, this body, only this way to live just once, and that then you will join the shadows of millions of Souls who also have thought, hoped, lived, laughed, cried, and died, with unfulfilled hopes?

Reincarnation is undoubtedly true, but do you realize that you will never have the same body, the same appearance, the same mind, the same friends, or the same place in which to live and laugh, and die, in exactly the same way as you will experience in this life once and for all?

Remember, you have to play one role for a few years of sorrow and laughter on the screen of Time, then this particular film of Life will be shelved forever, never to be played again in the same way, unless it be revamped and played on the screen of some other Incarnation.

If each and every Soul's cheap garment of flesh must be discarded, so that

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Life's Growth

Here and Now

By Elizabeth Louise Colvin

Part I

THE inspiring teacher of the "School of Radiant Living," Dr. Sutcliffe, has stated in one of his excellent little volumes that his work is dedicated to "Every Soul Seeking the Light," that its purpose is "to help his readers to make their knowledge of themselves an ever-present stimulus to self-mastery and attainment." He further expresses the hope that "the minds of his readers will enlarge and deepen in consciousness and concept by *living* the principles expressed."

To accept the precepts of a great teacher in theory, but to neglect them in practice is a grave offense. Hence, the only fitting evidence we can give that we are students of the "School of Radiant Living" is truly to *live* radiantly.

The word *life* is defined as "the state of being alive," and among the definitions for *alive*, the Winston Dictionary gives: "In a state of action," "attentive," "full of activity."

The mere possession of what is called "physical life" does not necessarily imply a "state of being alive," as I wish to deal with the subjects today. I refer to life as a mental, moral, and Spiritual force.

I quote these lines from the poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

"Earth's crammed with Heaven,
And every common bush afire
with God,
But only he who *sees* takes off his
shoes."

Now, who is "he who *sees*?" Let us consider for a moment the Bible story

from which the poet drew this figure of speech.

Probably there is no character in the Old Testament better known than that of Moses. You will remember that on one occasion Moses was tending the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, when, as the Bible states:

"The angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold the bush burned with fire, and the bush *was not* consumed."

And Moses said: "I will now turn aside and see this great sight—why the bush is not burnt."

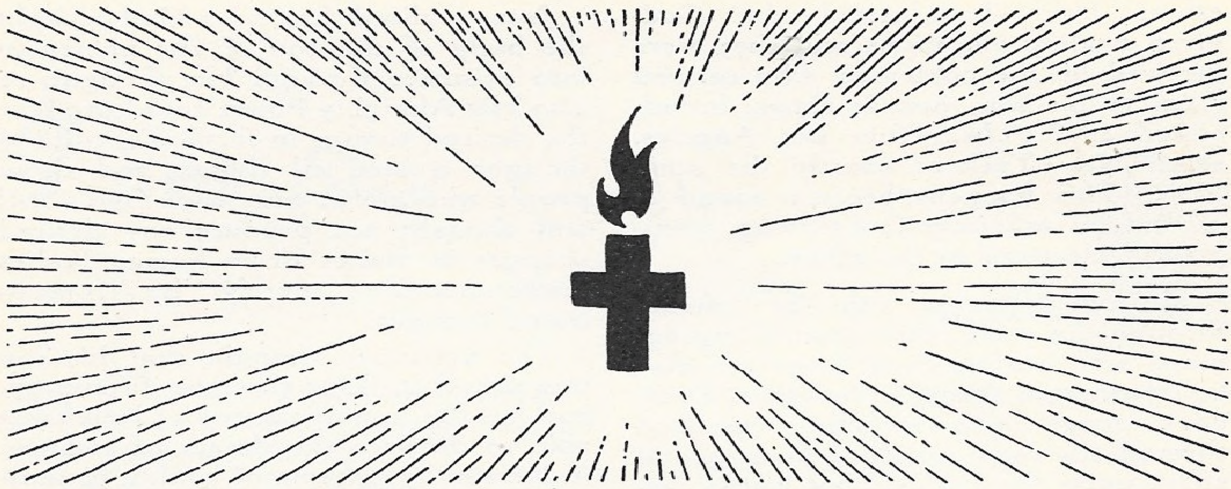
And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush and said: "Moses, Moses." And he said: "Here *am* I."

And he said: "Draw not nigh hither: put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is *Holy ground*."

Why was it that Moses saw the fire of Divine inspiration and heard God's message, while others may have looked upon the same spot and seen only a "common bush?" Was it not because he was truly *alive, in a state of activity*, not only physically, but mentally, morally, and spiritually as well?

Moses was alert; he was attentive; he was aware. Having eyes, he *saw* and, having ears, he *heard*. And he was divinely chosen to be a leader of his people. All of us have potentialities for leadership, and these are realized by

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THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

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

The Healing Power of Thought

(Continued from Last Issue)

Nobleman of Capernaum:

"Now, after two days, he departed thence, and went into Galilee. And he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all."

("Walks and Words of Jesus,"
by Rev. M. N. Olmsted)

Before Jesus healed the son of the nobleman, he observed the general mentality of the people, in that they never believed in God until they saw signs and wondrous miracles. In a way, Jesus was telling the nobleman, whose son was at the point of death in Capernaum, that it was not His custom to perform miracles in order to make people believe in God.

Jesus preferred those people who loved God as a result of their own innate reasoning and perfect accord, rather than those who were compelled to believe in God as a result of the awe and fear they felt at the display of miracles. In other words, Almighty God prefers to have His children use their own free will and reason to love Him rather than be led to love Him through

the force of His miraculous powers. Jesus wanted the nobleman of Capernaum to believe in Him without the performance of the miraculous healing of his son. However, when the father insisted, through true faith, Jesus at last said: "Go thy way; thy son liveth."

After this, the nobleman believed, or rather sensed, the vibratory healing power of Jesus and went home. On his return home, the nobleman was greeted by his servant, who happily announced to him that his son had been living since the day before at the seventh hour. In absent healing the word of healing has to be spoken by the healer. If songs can float through the ether, ready to be caught out of the ether by a radio, so it is that broadcasted healing vibrations can be picked up by sensitive Soul radios.

How the Law of Healing Operates

In this healing it must be remembered that the nobleman's son became well immediately when Jesus spoke; that is, when Jesus set in motion His will-impregnated healing Soul Force in the

ether. Jesus broadcasted the God-given healing vibrations and they were received by the nobleman, who relayed them to his son, just as songs, broadcasted at 7 A.M., from Los Angeles, reach New York at exactly the same time. This happens because sound is carried by infinitely fast-moving omnipresent electrons in the ether.

If sound waves can be carried through the ether, then sounds impregnated with healing Soul Force can also be transmitted through the ether. Ordinary songs and speeches, received through the radio, produce some mental effect upon the listener, but words, impregnated with Soul Force, remain in the ether, ever ready to work.

Jesus impregnated His utterance with His Almighty healing power. Ordinary songs and thoughts transmitted over the radio give only momentary inspiration, but the words of Jesus, "Thy son liveth," contained in them the all-accomplishing, invisible healing power. As the energy in the body can be directed by the will to move any part of the body, so also, by omnipresent Divine Will, any atomic changes can be initiated in any body, in any thing, and at any place, no matter how far distant.

God had a reason for creating the Cosmos, then He willed it, and light or energy came. Then He willed that the light become flesh and earth. Hence, the Universe, being a product of Divine Mind, can be changed by Divine Mind at any time. Matter, although it has dimensions, is not different from thought, for material objects are nothing but the frozen thought of God. Hence, the body and the life in it, are dream products of God's will and thought. The dream Cosmos, with the earth and the living Beings on it, are sustained by God's concentrated thought. If He should dissolve His dream, the Universe, with all things in it, would melt away like a dream. If the Cosmos is made of the frozen thought of God, then the human body is also made and sustained by the same Divine Thought. Hence, God's thought, being the Creator of the thought-body, can create changes in it through the power of Divine Will.

Jesus realized that, since God brought the body of the son of the nobleman into existence through His thought, so also His Almighty Power could produce the desired change in it. God's will and thought created all things, and those people who are in tune with God's will and thought can produce any desired changes in matter or in human bodies instantaneously, merely by concentrated thought.

The nobleman thought that his son was sick, but Jesus thought differently, and so the son recovered. Jesus was able to displace the dream of sickness in the son by a dream of health, because He knew that the entire Cosmos was made of the tissue of dreams. Ultimately, all disease is found to be psychological, so a strong mind, fostering thoughts of health and perfection, can displace a stubborn thought of illness in another person.

Most people cannot heal themselves because their own thoughts are poisoned by the habit of thinking of chronic sickness. It is strange that the people who are always well never seem to believe that they can become sick, but if they happen to become sick after having enjoyed fifty years of good health, and are then unable to keep well for three months, they believe that they can never get well again. Right at this time, if a strong mind can revive the will of the patient who is paralyzed with sickness, then he himself can change his thought and energy, and thus heal himself. No one can heal us except through the hidden power of our own thoughts.

Thought is the brain of the cells and units of Life Force present in every particle of bodily tissue. Hence, a disease thought upsets the entire government of the Life Force in the cells, whereas, the thought of health corrects any disorder in the cellular system.

It must be remembered that I am speaking of the concentrated Divine Thought which can heal and not of the fanciful thought of imaginary people. In order to move Divine Thought, the ordinary man must know the relation of thought, Life Force, and body without denying the existence of the body

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They Say

By Starr Daily



MR. JAMES RUSSEL HOLDEN, banker, seemed unaware that the whole town was talking.

"It's the worst scandal Stoneforks has ever had," declared Mrs. Clarence Epplebury, President of the Morals and Manners Society for Youth, "and the girl's father should be told.

A few of the members held the banker solely to blame.

"As far as I'm concerned," exclaimed Emma Mae Albright vigorously, "James Holden deserves to share his daughter's disgrace. He, with his silly ideas of race equality."

"That is all very true," agreed the President, "but we must not allow our personal opinions to prevent us from doing our plain duty in the matter. Since we are the leading force for good in our community, our duty impels us to appoint a committee to call upon Mr. Holden and lay the truth before him."

The banker's fault, it seemed, had to do with his attitude toward Stoneforks' common people in general, and toward one of them in particular, the boy's father in the case, a foreigner with a darker skin and a philosophy that was unorthodox.

On his way to and from his place of business, Mr. Holden would often meet this lowly townsman. It had long been their custom to pause and exchange comment on the weather and inquire briefly into the state of each other's health. Usually, however, their greeting consisted of nothing more than a mere nod, and "Howdy, Chan?" or, "Lo, Jim."

The committee was promptly appointed, and with his habitual quiet

grace Banker Holden received the ladies in his private office.

"Now," he urged them.

"It's about your daughter, Betty Lou," explained Mrs. Clarence Epplebury. "She has been seen at the basket ball tournament at the County Seat. She was there in company with Young Chan. They came home together in your daughter's new roadster—at a late hour."

"Young Chan and my daughter?"

"The whole town's talking, Mr. Holden. Our sympathies are with you, of course. The parent is always the last to find out such doings of their children. We represent the true sentiment of every good citizen in this community, and our services are at your command. Certainly this most outrageous affair must be stopped."

"Must be stopped," the banker repeated absent-mindedly.

"Of course everybody knows that Old Chan came from heathen India," said Mrs. Epplebury, rushing on eagerly, "and that the boy is a true son of the father. A chip from the old block, my husband puts it. The true son of Stoneforks' odd-jobs-man." The speaker straightened her back stiffly as she said this, and then added: "Besides, everybody knows also that Old Chan is a shiftless and Godless man. He's opposed to every teaching that's good and decent. That's what they say."

"Yes," murmured Mr. James Russel Holden. "Yes, that's what they say."

He sat stroking his half closed eyes while the lady spoke, and his thoughts had gone back over the years; back to

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Saturn the Great Initiator.

By David McKay

WHAT awakened Soul has not felt the sharp sting of Saturn's beneficent lash? The heavy rod of Capricorn's austere ruler which, depriving him of worldly honor, prestige, glory, material wealth, and friends, drives him to his knees—a Soul in anguish, a troubled Spirit, bowed low before the Great Initiator to receive from His hand Aquarian initiation and the staff of comfort to help him on his upward way.

Blessed is the man who knows and recognizes in that cold, crystallizing grasp a token of recognition and counterpart of Leo's kindly, friendly paw. Favored indeed is he who, feeling himself boxed up by a Saturnine square to the Solar orb of his nativity, struggles courageously to overcome the limitations imposed, for it is thus that he may generate the power to become the master who rules his stars, controls his destiny, and transmutes seeming failure and defeat into true and everlasting success. Thus did the struggling Jacob become the prevailing Prince and Son of God.

This, friends, is the only way to meet the disciplinary crises of Life's great school—the only way of escape from the sorrows of Saturn. Let us learn the lesson and rightly apply the knowledge gained to the living of our lives.

The story is told of a certain King upbraiding Saturn for the havoc and chaos he had wrought during one of his periodic malefic aspects toward his Kingdom, to which *scorning* Saturn replied: "Yea, and the next time I return, I shall visit the palace of the King."

Saturn's warning remained with the King and so he got busy and ascertained the time when Saturn's next un-

savory visit to his realm would occur, just when the Stellar ray from his cold, crystallizing orb would strike the palace at an impropitious angle. So, when the hour of his coming approached, as his celestial orbit neared the environs of the palace, the King, with his retinue, removed from the palace, changed their residence, and took a year's vacation in a foreign land, moving beyond the angle of his malefic influence.

When next the twain met, the King, in cheerful vein, inquired of Saturn if he had kept his word and visited the palace, to which he replied: "Yea, I came, but the *Wise had departed.*"

The wise know how to avoid learning the same lesson twice; they learn to transmute their squares into trines and convert Saturnine oppositions into potent polarities.

It is not the possessor of a chart of life replete with benefic aspects that is the greater Soul, but he who, faced with oppositions and obstacles, trials, tribulation, and weakness is enabled to conquer adversity and overcome inherent weakness and affliction—his accumulated Karma from ages past. He is the hero who takes the lash with a smile, who is mirthful in adversity, patient in affliction, and courageous when friends forsake and foes condemn.

'Tis thus the Soul of ripe destiny learns the priceless lessons of life—to be tolerant, compassionate, and wise; to obey and to serve with no thought of reward and no desire to mention deeds well done.

Attaining Spiritual Mastery

Interpretation of the Bhagavad Gita

By S. Y.

Chapter I Stanzas XXXII-XXXV

English Literal Translation

"Uncles, preceptors, sons, also grandfathers, fathers-in-law, grandsons, brothers-in-law, and other relatives, stand here in battle, having relinquished life and riches. Of what use is dominion to us, of what avail happiness or even life, if our relatives must be killed, O Govinda, for whose sake we desire that empire, enjoyment, and pleasure should come to us?"

Spiritual Interpretation

There are the preceptors of pre-natal and post-natal tendencies, their offspring of present mental inclinations, and the grandfather of all mental tendencies, the Ego, and all related mental desires. These are so dear to me! Now I see them all, ready to fight with the superior forces of the Soul.

I feel that if I destroy all my inner desires by the superior forces of the Soul and gain the Kingdom of God, then that psychological victory would be meaningless, for, if all my desires are killed by Spiritual discipline, how can I ever be happy with the Kingdom of God in my possession, but without any inner desires left with which to enjoy it?

Elaborate Spiritual Interpretation

The novitiate devotee thinks that attainment of the Kingdom of God consists in enjoying the Kingdom of God forever with the senses, but he finds out, in the light of intuitional awakening, that the superior Soul forces and the finer Spiritual perceptions of happiness

are ready to destroy all of the gross pleasures and material desires.

Then the devotee reasons that it is terrible to have to destroy the Ego, the consciousness of the body, and all its pleasures of sensation and desires born of physical habits, in order to gain Spiritual powers. Again, the devotee thinks: "If I destroy all desires, no energy, or ambition, or desire, will be left in me with which to enjoy the acquired Soul happiness."

Usually, heaven is pictured as containing beautiful things which please the senses of vision, hearing, smell, taste, and touch. The Spiritual aspirant thinks of Heaven as a place of glorified earthly enjoyments. In reality, when the devotee, in meditation, has to be quiet, peering behind the screen of darkness, he wonders if it is not foolish to relinquish the tangible pleasures of the senses for the intangible, invisible pleasures of the Spirit.

The body is spoken of as a machine fraught with six deficiencies of delusion. "It exists; it is born; it grows; it changes; it decays, and is completely annihilated." And yet, most human beings expect permanent happiness from this impermanent body. The devotee should remember that the Divine Happiness is much superior to and more engrossing than material pleasures, but, because of precedence, that is, because of the first experience of material pleasures, the Ego is unwilling and unable to picture any other happiness superior to them. And so, the Self Control of the devotee becomes very discouraged when he feels that the attainment of the Kingdom of God

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The Power and Import of Little Things

By Louis E. Van Norman

ONE of the schools of modern medicine expresses the thought suggested by the heading of these paragraphs in its motto: "The power of mildness is great." It is expressed much better in Hahnemann's German: "Die Milde Macht ist Grosz."

In this America of ours, this land of superlatives, in which everything, every idea, is bigger than every other, the conception of a power, a potentiality, in little things, is an unfamiliar one. Our measurements are always expressed in large units. And so we have come to find it difficult to understand gradations. We are like the child. The tot who spreads his little hands to tell mother that something is "So Big," knows only two measures: "Little" and "Big."

A little more advanced was the Maori of New Zealand, described by Macaulay (was it not?) His counting prowess was measured by: "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 88, many." The scientist, with years of patient calculation behind him, has a more minutely graded yardstick. From the "atom," or its component parts, each of which is smaller than the millionth of an inch, to the star galaxies whose existence is made known to us only after millions of light years have passed, there is an almost infinite number of gradations.

"Life," said a thoughtful Frenchman, "is made up of nuances—shades. Nothing is all white, nothing all black. Nothing, furthermore, is all wrong, nothing all right. There is no "absolute" for us humans.

When we have lived long enough to see the great perspective, we no longer say: "He is a bad man," but, perhaps, he is "not as good as he might be," or,

more truly, (if we say anything at all) "he will be better in the future." Life teaches us that everything, every quality, is comparative, deriving its value, or importance, more or less, from its relation to some other thing, or quality, as to size, intensity, or persistence.

Akin to this is our impatience as to "results." We forget what repeated action will do for us. Of course, one must never get to a point where, to use the phrase of the psychologists, he merely relies on his "reflexes." If he does, he is sure to drop back into the treadmill of little things. As the English social philosopher, George Carpenter, whose splendid book, "Love's Coming of Age," so inspired the youth of the writer of this article, once remarked: "Young man, my intellectual method is quite simple. I leave my mind open and things get in."

But, on the other hand, much time and energy, both physical and mental, may be saved for important matters, for high adventures, by acquiring good habits in one's childhood so that they become instinctive, by the ability to make action automatic. When a necessary, or highly desirable, action or habit of mind can be acquired so that it becomes automatic, we are free to do more important things. People who say to themselves: "I must not forget to brush my teeth tonight," "I must pay that social debt," "I must keep my desk free of unfinished business," are

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Believe Me, There Is Danger

Some Excerpts from Personal Correspondence

By Dr. Sheldon Shepard

THE other day I met for the first time in several years a man with whom I had once been rather closely associated in religious work. But since then much water has run under the bridge, as the saying goes. We two have changed. He has grown more and more conservative. (He would say spiritual.) I have grown more and more tolerant. (He would say indifferent.)

He knew I was to speak at a given place, and days in advance he worked on a fervid, personal letter, warning me of danger, and calling me from the wayward path. After my address, in meaningful manner he pressed the letter into my hand with the injunction to read it when alone and when I had plenty of time.

The theme was "Believe me, there is danger." And as I read it, I echoed, "Believe me, there is danger." One doubts whether to attempt to lead religion into paths of truth and virtue, or to try some kind of pseudo-Russian experiment and build truth and virtue in civilization in an easier way. With religion doing the kind of things it does, one wonders why all the struggle to save it. There might be something better. One would even like to suggest that what we are pursuing should not be called religion at all, but something else. Why not agree with the millions who say there is no religion except within the fenced-off barren fields of dogma, and say, "Righto. Perhaps that is true. Then we do not want religion. We are seeking something else."

Parts of the Letter

"I praise God today for a full complete salvation which I have by the merits of Jesus Christ, His Son, who,

by his substitutionary work, suffered on the cross that by his shed blood I and all who believe are forever free from the bondage of sin which came to all flesh through the fall of Adam.

It is my privilege to plead the blood of Jesus Christ because he shed it for you and me. There is no other name under heaven by which a man may triumph over sin, flesh, and the devil, and have the peace and joy in his heart such as He only can give.

Is there any such joy as this in modernism, religious beliefs, and isms, but the joy of pride and self esteem? What this sad old world needs today is not a modern religion for modern needs, but to rediscover the old, old truths as is only found in Jesus Christ, Our Lord and our Redeemer.

We read, 'Knowing that ye were redeemed not with corruptible things, with silver or gold, from your vain manner of life handed down from your fathers, but with *precious blood as of a lamb*' without blemish and without spot, even the blood of Christ who was foreknown indeed before the foundation of the world, but was manifested at the end of the times for your sake.' Thus I see that Cain was the first modernist. He tried to ignore the blood of Jesus Christ.

I do not know anything about the doctrine you are now preaching, but in these days the spirit of error is creeping

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Scientific Digest

Discoveries Made in India

A NEW link in the evolutionary history of man and ape has been discovered by the Yale North India Expedition, declares the *Science News-Letter* of recent date. Investigation of fossil jaw bones and teeth brought back by the Expedition reveals the existence of man-like apes nearer to the main trunk of man's evolution than any living or extinct great apes previously known. The family to which these man-like apes belong could develop in several directions, some becoming more like the great apes, others approaching man.

Three entirely new genera are included among the five fossil jaws found in the badlands region of Potwar, India. One has been named *Ramapithecus*, after Rama, the hero of a Sanskrit epic. Another is named *Sugrivapithecus*, after Sugriva, king of the monkeys in the same saga. The jaw of *Sugrivapithecus* indicates that the animal had a well-developed chin, a sign of high evolution, said the discoverer of the remains, G. Edward Lewis, the Expedition's paleontologist. The chin is more like that of a primitive man than that of any living great ape. Many features of the teeth show parallels with human anatomy.

The findings tend to confirm the theory that higher primates originated in this section of the world, said Mr. Lewis. From a Eurasian center they migrated into China, Java, Asia Minor, India, Africa, and Europe. No anthropoid apes or very early humans, however, have ever been found in America.

The Expedition discovered many fossils of animals. Curious huge ruminants related to the modern giraffe were found. They resemble a cross between a moose and a bison, and have

two pairs of horns. Giant land tortoises that make elephant tortoises of the Galapagos Islands look like pygmies were uncovered.

Stone knives and crude scrapers used by men some 500,000 years ago, but millions of years after the era of the fossil anthropoid apes, were discovered by Prof. Hellmut de Terra, leader of the Expedition. With the Stone Age implements lay remains of mammoths and hoofed animals.

These discoveries show for the first time that early Stone Age men inhabited the Himalayan Mountain region. The foothills are called by Prof. de Terra a "cemetery of prehistoric life," because of the fossil bones, wood, and leaves preserved in the rocks.

The Himalayan region is the most dynamic in the world, geologically speaking, Prof. de Terra reported. It has changed from an ocean to the highest mountain land on earth, and in the strata are fossils from every geologic Age in earth history. Today, the region north of Benares is rising at the rate of six feet a century.

Valuable Inventions

ALBERT G. Burns of Oakland, Calif., President of the National Inventors' Congress, in a speech in Kansas City recently, before a Civic Club, thrilled his listeners with a series of statements which could be used for a chapter of the modern "Grimm's Fairy Tales."

Some of his statements were:

Transportation is in its infancy. In a few years people will fly through the stratosphere at 600 miles an hour, crossing the oceans in a day or less.

The present streamline trains may already be obsolete. A train now is

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Health, Intellectual, and Spiritual Recipes

DELICIOUS DESSERT

Mix together four egg yolks, one tablespoonful of white sugar, the juice of one lemon, a pinch of salt, and one-fourth cupful of cream. Cook in a double boiler until thick. Remove from the fire and cool, then add one pint of cream whipped, one can of diced pineapple, one pound of diced marshmallows, and half a pound of chopped nuts. Mix together, then put into sherbet glasses, and set away for 24 hours. Before serving, add a dash of whipped cream and a cherry. This amount will serve 16 persons.

WHOLE-WHEAT PEANUT BREAD

To 2 well-beaten egg yolks add two cupfuls of milk, 8 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of sugar, and one cupful of peanut butter. Continue to beat until well blended. Add 4 cupfuls of whole-wheat flour to the milk mixture alternately. Stir in half a cupful of chopped peanuts. Grease and flour bread pans, and fill about $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Sprinkle a few chopped peanuts on top and bake for about 40 minutes in a moderate oven. This is delicious, wholesome, and especially good for picnics and school lunches.

SAVORY STUFFED ONIONS

Parboil 12 large white onions, and scoop out the centers. Chop these and add to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of drained canned corn, two eggs, one tablespoonful of chopped green pepper or pimiento, one teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of pepper. Place the onions close together in a baking dish, and fill the cavities with the corn combination. Sprinkle 4 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese over the top and bake about 25 minutes in a moderate oven.

Creating Happiness

PRACTICE shooting burning smiles at the target of sorrowful hearts. Every time somebody's heart of sorrow is pierced with the bullet of your smile, you have "hit the bull's eye." Every day go on a target practice by shooting smiles into the body of sadness. Remember, you must kill sorrow at sight. Kill the blues with the blade of wisdom. Open a training school and teach willing students how to be sure shots in shooting smiles into the heart of gloom. Every time you see sad faces, shoot a buckshot of vitalic-spreading smiles there. As soon as you see a sorrowful heart, shoot into it sympathetic smiles and kind words. The minute you see somebody overcome with clouds of sorrow, disperse the clouds by the heavy, continuous cannonading of your courageous smiles.

When you see the gloom of hopelessness, shoot it at once with hope-awakening smiles. Do not form the habit of sorrowing but form the habit of smiling. Make yourself adamant against taking offense and freely forgive and forget those who offend you. Never get angry yourself. Never allow yourself to become the victim of another's anger. Do your best to overcome difficulties, but smile first, last, and all the time. There is no better panacea for sorrow, no better reviving tonic, than smiles. There is no greater power with which to overcome failure than a real smile. There is no better ornament than a genuine smile. There is no beauty greater than the smile of peace and wisdom glowing on your face.

Eastern and Western Ideals

By K. R. Samras, M. A., Ph. D.

THERE is a general belief in the Western world that peoples in the Orient are philosophic and speculative, having little initiative, and that the Occidentals are practical thinkers and dynamic workers. This difference of attitude is said to be the cause of the leading role that the Western nations are playing today in international relations. On the other hand, the Orientals maintain that they are the chosen of God, who understand the art of living, while the Occidentals are ungodly and unhappy materialists. From an historical standpoint, however, both of these beliefs regarding the Eastern and Western peoples are found to be based upon misunderstanding and prejudice. The people who entertain such conceptions, whether in the East or in the West, are equally narrow-minded.

A glance into past events will show that the first contact between the so-called East and West took place in the form of racial and imperial invasions and wars. At first, the civilized Aryans, radiating from Central Asia in the pre-historic period, invaded and subjugated Eastern and Western lands. Later, in 490 B. C., the great Darius, King of Persia, invaded Greece and aimed to create a world Empire. His son and successor, Xerxes, a decade later, tried the methods of his father, but was compelled to give up his high ambitions. During the fourth century, B. C., the tide turned, and the West, under the leadership of Alexander, pushed its influence into the Orient. The brilliant general started out like a whirlwind and went conquering lands as far as the Bias River in the Punjab, until he was forced to beat a retreat by the powerful contemporary Hindu Emperor. Again, about 50 A. D., the Roman legions

established Western influence in the East as far as Cappadocia.

After the downfall of the mighty Roman Empire, a period of anarchy followed in the West. As a matter of peculiar coincidence, in the early centuries of the Christian era even the great empires in China, India, and the Near East broke up into small states and principalities. Later, in the 7th century, the Arabs rose as soldiers of God and carried their wars of conquest through Egypt and Morocco into Spain and France until their advance was checked by Charles Martel at the famous battle of Tours in 732, A.D.

In those times, when the Western world was torn to pieces by an anarchical feudal regime, the Arabs were bearing the torch of civilization. The influence of Christianity was too weak to create a strong sentiment of brotherhood among the warring factions in Europe and, as a result, the standard of living was extremely low. With the exception of a few bright years of Charlemagne's reign, this period, known for its wars, disorders, and turmoils, was in fact what historians call the "dark Ages" of European history.

During the War of the Crusades, the West emerged from its backwardness. Spurred by a zeal to save the holy places from desecration by Moslems, the Western peoples organized a gigantic Movement. In the name of the Christian religion, which teaches "to love thy

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Building Your Own Philosophy

By Rose Noller

TO be strong is to be divinely natural, and to be strong is to think for yourself. To think for yourself does not mean to separate yourself from anything whether Spiritual or physical. It means, rather, that selflessness which discerns human error and corrects it through seeing widely and far and accepting all. And being a philosopher means the ability to make a synthesis of Life as a whole, which is in perfect harmony with one's own highest will. (One's highest will and the Divine will are one.)

This is what Jesus meant when he said: "Follow Me!" "Me" was not a particular, formalized life pattern, but the Spirit within all individuals and all Life, and that Spirit naturally unfolds in a different pattern for each person, although to the one eternal end, to make Life sound and healthful, and interesting and beautiful.

To think for oneself does not mean to deny appreciation of another's differing Life pattern. A study of the thoughts of the greatest thinkers reveals, like a mantle of gold, the same foundation. Only the individual shape or pattern varies, and this is Life's nature. Because it is Infinite, it never finds it necessary to repeat itself. Because Life is endless, it has room for endless variation. This variation attests rather than denies its unity. In all of its marvelous variety it presents the one great fundamental Love and Spirit.

The transient is not transient in reality. Changes in form imply, not mortality, but flexibility. And Spirit, as the name vividly suggests, is infinitely flexible. While it always is a "solid" foundation, yet it yields to whatever

shape you give it. It yields also to destruction of its forms or, rather, it dictates both form and its destruction, and man obeys, since it is all-powerful.

This is where the human being allows himself to suffer needlessly. Because a form of Life, a particular pattern, has become customary to him, he gives it supreme reality, rather than the Spirit, which made the form and which has also the power to destroy it. This human habit causes a very mistaken sense of values, from which emerges suffering, bondage, and death. Spirit has no bondage. Identifying Selfhood with form creates slavery and bondage.

When we say that a person "finds" himself, he has become a thinker and a philosopher. He has identified himself with the flexibility of Spirit. However, the danger invariably occurs later in that individual's life, when he identifies himself with the particular pattern, rightly dictated in the past, and clings to it and is smothered by it. Life would be experienced as immortal, no longer as a concept, but as a fact, if we did not identify ourselves with our particular Life pattern, but instead identified ourselves with Spirit, with Life. Then, when the use of some particular scheme or pattern was fulfilled, we would spontaneously throw it into the melting pot of Spirit and give it a new shape and a new Life, thus revivifying and renewing our own.

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A Need for a Reapportionment of Values

By Louis E. Van Norman

“UNLESS the intelligent people of the United States set their minds to solving the problems of want amidst plenty,” said Secretary of Agriculture Wallace in a recent address, “there is grave danger that our nation will be strangled by its wealth.”

But, beyond this is the necessity for some understanding of the “non-material values of life.” We have “wrought marvels with physical facts. Our power to advance in the material world is phenomenal. In the strength of that power, we thought some years ago that it could go on forever, and we did not think of a need of relationship between human beings. It was one of the theoretical things beyond our ken. Now we know that is not true. Just as important as the scientific sense is that which gropes for an answer to the relationships of human beings.”

Speaking of the programs of our present-day reformers, who always think in terms of “things,” a recent writer (Richard Rothschild, in his volume, “Reality and Illusion”) remarks

that there is today a “widespread faith in the efficacy of a mere realignment of externals in solving the problems of life.” As to the “reform” programs he observes:

“A redistribution of wealth, a ‘socialistic’ as opposed to a ‘capitalistic’ form of government, public ownership of railroads or public utilities, and two-car garages. Such programs are merely the refuge of the weak mind, whose inner self is so timorous, so vague, that it can put its faith in the mere changing of a few forms of social organization.”

“It is an understanding of Spiritual values that we need,” said Dr. Ralph S. Meadowcroft recently. “Modernism, so-called, has done us harm—incalculable harm—in this way.”

In the words of this religious writer, modernism “is an attempt to strangle the Divine impulse out of religion and, in its place, it gives us the substitute of a cheap moral optimism which has long since revealed itself in all its bankruptcy.”



Philosophy of Repentance

REPENT, O man! Repent! Repent before your God! Repent and kneel down before your Christ! Hide not your unrepented sin and unforgiven transgressions under the veneer of self-complacency and shallow philosophy. Feel not uncomfortable. Search your Soul, O man! Search your Soul.

True it is that everything is good and eternal grace is vibrant in the air. True it is that joy and bliss are the immortal attributes of God and your perfect Soul. True it is that you are the child of All-Light and All-Life.

But hearken to the Voice of Christ. Listen to His unfailing wisdom. Unless your penitent tears wash away all the scars of your secret sins as well as your open confession to those whom you have wronged or neglected, and lighten the hidden burden of your complacent Soul, no amount of high philosophy will create a perfect atmosphere within you to bring the real Christ and His real Peace into your life, however well-meaning and allgiving it may be.

How can you give all and mean well; how can you give and serve until you lay bare your heart, undo your sins, retribute your ways, and begin from the bottom of your consciousness to lay the foundation of God's structure in your life.

How can you build the noble edifice of High Philosophy and tall tower of Illumination with untempered mortar and a sin-laid base? It is for that reason that your philosophy is weak, your faith is frail, your stick-to-it-iveness to bold Truth is well-nigh nil, and undetected selfishness always lurks in your conduct and daily actions.

What is the use of concentration, prayer, practice, meditation, silence, church-going, and all the health and wealth of the world, as long as you have not made everything right with your God and with all those who are near and dear to you, or those who are far away?

Unload your sins daily before God; overlook them not, under the intoxication of new philosophy. See that they are mislaid in some unknown nook of the subconscious, and then try to put on the smile of all-wealth, all-joy, and all-prosperity. Do not deceive yourself. O man! Do not deceive yourself!

Come to Christ with your acknowledged sins; be penitent, and then enter through the high portals of concentration, prayer, meditation, and practice, and lo, then you can feel the Kingdom of Heaven at hand, winging toward your greater within. In repentance and hot tears, you will discover your Soul as reborn and reincarnated, while in concentration and practice, new strength will be added unto you to live the new-born life in Christ.

Therefore, let us all kneel down daily before our God, pray with sobbing hearts for forgiveness, and then dive into deep meditation for higher Wisdom and higher Love.

—By Sri Nerode

Eastern and Western Ideals

(Continued from Page 14)

enemy," the Europeans carried on a ruthless warfare with the East for over two centuries. The result was that they roused an antagonism in the Orient. The Moslem world, under the leadership of the Turks, wreaked a terrible vengeance upon the Crusaders and pushed its conquests into Europe, to the very gates of Vienna. But this was not the end of the bloody conflicts between the East and the West.

In the 19th and 20th centuries, the nature of the conflict changed. Now the West invaded the East with subtle methods. At first, the Christian missionaries cleared the way for the commercial interests, and then slowly and gradually military forces completed the process of conquest. At present, the Western powers, fully established in the East, aim to maintain their hold permanently for imperialistic and commercial ends. But they have not learned a lesson from the annals of history.

This narrative of the contacts and conflicts between the East and the West shows that neither East nor West was led by any particular set of principles or ideals. In extending its sway over distant lands, the East was just as unscrupulous as the West. On the other hand, in philosophic speculations the Greeks had excelled in the West and the Hindus in the East. In both East and West, dark and bright sides may be found for comparison. Western thought is based upon Christian philosophy, and since Christ was born and bred in the East, Christian philosophy is fundamentally Oriental. Thus, through religion, commercial relations, wars, and conflicts, and political conquests, there has been a continuous exchange of ideas between the East and the West during the Ages.

Consequently, there are no separate Eastern or Western ideals. The West has produced great philosophers, such as Plato, Abelard, and Kant; great mystics, such as St. Francis of Assisi, Catherine of Sienna, and Ralph Waldo Emerson; and also great thinkers, such

as Gregory the Great, Thomas Aquinas, and Tolstoy. In modern times, the West has produced brilliant scientists. Similarly, well known philosophers, mystics, thinkers, and scientists were born in the East. In fact, throughout the Ages, the East had been ahead of the West in arts and culture, science and industry, and in the standard of living. It was only in the last century that the West took advantage of the Industrial Revolution and advanced at the cost of the East. However, soon the time will come that the East and West will be equally advanced to march along the road of human civilization. In the East, as well as in the West, men are actuated by the same universal ideals.

White Birds

One time, as I sat silent
In my closet, in the darkness,
A snow-white bird, with eyes of flame,
Flew into the Temple of my Soul
And nested there.
And lo! when I had slept,
I saw a brood of birdlings,
Fair as their mother, and with eyes
ashine,
Flying about and singing
In the Temple of my Soul.

And that day I walked forth
Into the world of sorrow;
And when I looked upon the careworn
face
Of one who never hoped to smile again,
I sent forth one of my white birds
To find a resting place upon the altar
Within the darkened Temple of his
Soul.

—By James M. Warnack.



Scientific Digest

(Continued from Page 12)

being built which will travel 235 miles an hour, with the power furnished by a Diesel engine attached to an airplane propeller.

A real air-conditioning unit has been invented and will be announced in a few weeks. It needs only to be plugged in on an electric or gas line.

Transmission lines are obsolete, because power soon will be transmitted through the air.

Growth of India

India may have a population of 400,000,000 by 1941, according to statistics just made public. The estimate is based on the fact that 60 years ago there were 206,000,000 people in India and today there are 350,000,000. While India has suffered at times from famines, which have killed millions and kept down the population growth, it is believed that with the conquering of famine and disease the country's increase will not be retarded in the next seven years.

Pure Oxygen

PURE oxygen is now being piped directly to rooms in the University of Wisconsin State General Hospital at Madison. The new arrangement is to make oxygen available to patients suffering with pneumonia or other ailments which affect directly or indirectly the breathing apparatus.

Pure oxygen administration has been found to increase the constitutional stamina as well as to alleviate the various forms of distress from inability

to inhale atmospheric oxygen. The oxygen will now come to the rooms in pipes from a certain system, from which the necessary supply for the patients may be taken, as water is taken from a sink or faucet. The Wisconsin General Hospital will be the first in the United States to establish this innovation.

Hope is the Best Tonic

A doctor must be a cheerful person in the presence of his patient, if he really expects to get favorable results, according to Prof. W. Langdon Brown, eminent medical authority of the University of Cambridge, England.

Dr. Brown lays it down as an axiom that a successful doctor will never suggest serious ill-health to a patient, but the contrary. The fact that a doctor has been called usually indicates that the patient is already in a state of fear. Fear, like anger, may create a psychical state that can profoundly modify the secretion of the digestive juices and disturb the functioning of both kidneys and bowels.

"Fear," says this eminent physician, writing for an audience of doctors in the *Lancet*, "renders the patient more suggestible, and your attitude, whether encouraging, or the reverse, can profoundly affect his autonomic nervous system through his emotions, and thereby practically every chemical reaction throughout his body may be modified. Our attitude influences not only his own chemical mechanisms, but will actually modify the effect of the drugs we give. Herein is the scientific explanation of the fact that the best of tonics is hope."



Meditations for July

(Continued from Inside Front Cover)

on the very spot where I am now.

July 17. I will transform all conditions, good or bad, into the veritable instruments of success. Before a conquering Soul, even dangers loom as benedictions from God.

July 18. May I discipline myself so that I shall always begin my day with concentration and meditation upon the Supreme.

July 19. Every object in Nature is an idea expressed in form. May I gather all the hidden ideas out of all forms and string them on One Universal Thread of Love.

July 20. In coordinating the triune principle of head, hand, and heart, life finds its ultimate fulfillment. May the trinity of wisdom, activity, and devotion grow on the tree of my life before my earthly season is over.

July 21. I will tranquilize my mind in the sacred bower of silence. May my Inner Eye meet the Divine Effulgence shining in the immensity of darkness that is within me.

July 22. I will concentrate upon the Eternal Principle of life. When everything else is swallowed up by death, It alone stands unscratched on the sands of Time.

July 23. Man fills the cup of his life

with diverse joys, yet he remains thirsty. May I fill my cup with Thy joy, lest I may also thirst forever like the others.

July 24. The economic struggle for life keeps man busy from day to day. O God, burn all false desires in my mind, so that I will not get entangled in the net of false necessities.

July 25. My world is God. May all things and all thoughts dance as Divine sparks before my eyes.

July 26. I will keep myself disentangled from extreme passions, because only in gradual detachment can I find myself absolutely free and happy.

July 27. I will sow the seeds of my honest wishes on the fertile soil of the Cosmic Ether. May they sprout and grow, bringing me a golden fruition in the season of gathering.

July 28. Away is darkness and ignorance from the world of my mind. May I always keep it clean with the waters of discrimination.

July 29. May my love hold within itself everything from the dust of the earth to the stars of the blue.

July 30. Where else can I find my God, except in the hermitage of my own heart? Blind my eyes, O Lord, to the tantalizing without, so that they can look for Thee within.

July 31. Mind is unsteady like quick-silver. May Thy peace lull the riot of my desires.

Government and Religion

Government rests upon Religion. It is from that source that we derive our reverence for truth and justice, for equality and liberty, and for the rights of mankind. The Government of a country never gets ahead of the Religion of a country. There is no way by which we can substitute the authority of law for the virtue of man.

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We cannot depend upon Government to do the work of Religion. We cannot escape a personal responsibility for our conduct. We cannot regard those as wise or safe counsellors in public affairs who deny these principles and seek to support the theory that society can succeed when the individual fails.
—Calvin Coolidge.

Inner Culture

The Last Day

(Continued from Page 3)

the Soul may put on the shining robes of immortality, then why should you cry? If great and small, immortality-declaring Saints and trembling-at-death small men, must die, then why should you fear death? It is a universal experience through which all must pass.

No one except Jesus and a few other Great Ones, out of billions of lost Souls, have been allowed to come back to earth with the same body to tell all mankind that it is possible to return after death in the same body. Even Jesus and a few of the great Masters of India have never appeared on earth in the same fleshly earthly form after death and shown themselves before all the people of the world.

Think what a mystery Life is! It has its origin from the unknown, and into the unknown it merges. Think what a mystery Death is! It swallows up the hard-working man and the idle man alike, as well as the good and the bad ones, and makes them change back into ether and the elements. Think how everybody fears death, and yet death comes only to give peace and relief when life's burden seems to be extremely heavy with grief, ill-health, or apparently incurable trouble.

Why spend all the treasure of your wisdom trying to make this uncertain perishable body comfortable? Wake up! Try to reap the harvest of imperishable immortality and lasting, ever-new Bliss on the perishable soil of the body. You will never find lasting comfort from a slowly melting body. You can never squeeze the honey of Divine Happiness from the rock of sense pleasures. Lasting comfort ceaselessly flows into the pail of your life when

you squeeze the honeycomb of Meditation and Peace with the eager, powerful hands of will, and with ever deeper Concentration.

Why are you intoxicated with material desires during your death-like sleep of ignorance? Your present material activity is like walking and working in a dream of delusion during your sleep of ignorance. Why are you so sure of yourself, and why do you devote your entire time to building a material fortune, which you must leave at the instant call of death? As you know, all material riches are too heavy to be carried in your Astral car on your journey to the great Beyond. Why not prepare now for the last day on earth, when you will have to leave all the things to which you are so attached?

I do not mean that you should be a cynic and not enjoy the things of this Life. All I say is, do not be so attached to anything which you enjoy here that you will feel mental agony when you are forcibly separated from it. If you do not grieve for earthly things when your bodily garment is cast off, you will then have better things hereafter. You will also again receive from the hands of your Father, God, all the things that you lost and cherished. He takes things from you so that you will not remain earthbound, and forgetful of your immortality.

Acquire the power of Meditation, and the treasures of intuitional perceptions and ever-new peace and joy, which treasures will be of great use to you on your last journey. Forget the delusions of today. Get ready by making your acquaintance with God every day, so that at the end of the trail, through the portals of the last day, you may be allowed to enter the Kingdom of your Father and remain there forever.



The Second Coming of Christ

(Continued from Page 6)

thought. The body is the frozen thought and frozen energy of God, nevertheless, man cannot realize this until he knows that thought is frozen into energy and energy is frozen into the body of man. Many people try to explain away the body delusion.

First, it must be realized that the body is made of invisible electrons, and that electrons are made of the invisible thought of God. Instead of saying that the body does not exist, one should say: "The body is not what we think it is. It is not anything but the frozen thought and energy of God, and cannot be gained by fanatic fancy, or by strong Orthodox belief, but only by tuning in with God and by waking up His consciousness, to find that the Cosmos is nothing but His frozen dream.

Attaining Spiritual Mastery

(Continued from Page 9)

lies in the slaughtering of all material desires.

When the true devotee finds himself bothered with the above mental states, he should not feel inner loneliness, picturing the mind as a deserted battlefield full of the corpses of wisdom-slain material desires. He should rather think that the habitual material desires were enemies in disguise, who promised him happiness and only meant to give worries, insatiable desires, broken hopes, disillusionments, and death. These material pleasures resent the advent of lasting Divine Happiness and struggle to retain their hold on the devotee. He must know that, although it is hard to give up lesser material happiness in the beginning, it is the only hope of gaining lasting Spiritual blessedness, and that he will be amply repaid when he actually contacts the superior, lasting, ever-new happiness of inner Soul perception.

English Translation—Stanza 35

Even though these relatives should try to destroy me, O slayer of the

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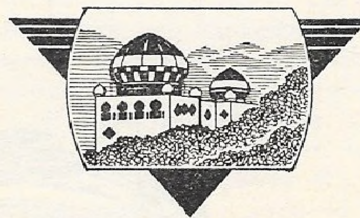
demon Madhu, (Krishna), I could not want to destroy them, not even if I attained mastery over the three worlds, (physical, Astral, and Spiritual) and how much less could I desire to do so for the sake of this mundane territory.

Spiritual Interpretation

Even though the mental tendencies toward sense pleasures, who are so nearly related to me, should try to destroy me with the evils of temptation, O slayer of the demon of ignorance, (Krishna), yet I should not want to kill them, not even if I were to gain dominion over the earth or over the entire three worlds—the physical, Astral, and Spiritual.

The devotee, in trying to delve deep into Soul happiness, is often suddenly possessed by his subconscious habitual love for the sense pleasures. At that time, all the golden hopes of eternal happiness, pictured by the inner Wisdom, seems to be empty and useless, and the devotee often inwardly thinks: "If I have to forsake the tangible earthly happiness now, there is no use in gaining anything, no matter how beautiful the promise for the future."

It should be remembered that it is very difficult to forsake any earthly happiness which is present in the consciousness of the devotee and which sways his mind with the influence of habit. It is very hard for the devotee to give up the known sense pleasures of the present for the unknown pleasures that may arrive in the future. This is the reason why millions of people today would rather eat, drink, and try to be merry now rather than take the trouble to meditate in a quiet place and cultivate lasting, ever-satisfying, inner happiness.



Inner Culture

They Say

(Continued from Page 7)

a little three-room house on the other side of town. In that house was a new born baby, a baby girl, and a very sick mother lying on a none too comfortable bed. There wasn't much of anything else. Times were hard and food was scarce. Old Doc Morris was the only doctor in Stoneforks in those days, and he had said: "Jim Holden, your wife's in bad shape. You ought to get a doctor from the County Seat." To which Jim Holden had replied hopelessly: "There's no place for me to turn. I haven't a penny to my name."

And that afternoon Jim Holden's neighbor, Chan, had dropped in and said: "How's she, Jim?" That was all. He hadn't removed his hat nor sat down. After he had gone out, Jim Holden found one hundred dollars on the kitchen table. And two weeks later when Betty Lou's mother died, Old Chan came and sat through that long tragic night with Jim at the woman's bedside. He hadn't said anything, just sat there like a graven image, meditating after the strange custom of his people in the East. When the sick woman had taken her last breath, he rose. "See that she's put away decent, Jim." And this time he put two hundred dollars on the kitchen table. As he left the room, he said briefly: "She's with her God, Jim."

When Mr. James Russel Holden opened his eyes, he said to the committee: "I'll speak to my daughter tonight." And upon reaching home he went immediately into his library and pushed a button. Sarah, his daughter's old nurse, answered the summons.

"Send Betty to me, Sarah," he said without looking up.

A moment later the girl stood beside him, slim and modern. Her head, recently plastered with a finger wave, was erect, her brown spiritually limpid eyes were warm but defiant.

"I know what you're going to say, father. I know there are a lot of tongues wagging; and I know that those busybodies from the Society were in to see

you today, but, father, I love Young Chan even if he is of another race. He's not what they say he is; neither is his father. Oh, I wish you could only know the real Chan and his Dad as I do."

"I know they're mighty poor in worldly goods," said Banker Holden.

"But you've said yourself, father, that poverty is no disgrace."

"How long have you been seeing Old Chan's boy?" The banker's tones were quizzical, his eyes were thoughtful.

"We've kept it a secret since we've grown up," she said. "You know we played together when we were children before you—"

"Before I found oil on my lifeless acre," he finished musingly. "What are your intentions toward Chan's boy?"

"I intend to marry him," she replied promptly.

He looked up quickly and searched her serious face. "Do you realize your social position in Stoneforks—and mine?"

"I'm sorry, father, but my heart is not controlled by the opinions of Stoneforks. It is controlled by the voice of love. Young Chan, though from a different part of the world, is noble and worthy of my love, and he alone shall have it in the sight of God. I simply couldn't give Chan up. I couldn't."

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

For a moment the girl was silent. "No," she said slowly. "He knows you would refuse your consent. He said he wouldn't marry me at all unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless—well, unless I made him."

Watching her face with a shrewd suggestive light in his eyes, the father spoke with the deliberate finality of one delivering a verdict. "I'll speak to the boy's father tomorrow. You may go."

But the next morning Mr. James Russel Holden was confronted by the girl's old nurse. She had a terrified look in her eyes and a folded sheet of paper in her hand. "It's all my fault," she whimpered. "I've been negligent."

The banker reached for the sheet of paper and read it silently. As he finished, he spoke without emotion: "My coat and hat, Sarah."

Still quiet and self-possessed, he walked to his bank as usual. Judging from his outward appearance, at least, no one could have told that the letter had affected him deeply. On the way he met old Chan, the father of the boy who had just eloped with his only child.

"Howdy, Jim," said Old Chan. "It's a right purty day."

"Lo, Chan. Yep it's a lovely day."

The banker, the biggest man in Stoneforks, held out his hand to the odd-jobs-man from the East.

"Shake, Chan."

"Sure, Jim."

The Power and Import

(Continued from Page 10)

likely to have no time for bigger things. If brushing teeth, paying social debts, and the "gospel of the clean desk" have become automatic, why—well—we just "do" them, and our minds and energies are released for more important matters.

Everything that happens to us in our lives, moreover, is the result of something that has happened before, and the cause of something that is going to happen to us in the future. The present, says a proverb, is the result of the past and the cause of the future. There is something awesome in this when we come to realize it. We can do nothing that does not have some effect on us in the days to come. A whole chain of circumstances may be started by what seems like the most insignificant event. The complete row of dominos falls when you touch the first one.

The advantage—the inevitable result—in the face of constant thought, persistent attention to detail, and patient "following up," is forcefully put in the old wise saying: "Be very careful what

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you long for and think about in your youth. When you are old, you will probably get it."

Believe Me, There Is Danger

(Continued from Page 11)

in everywhere and without being critical *I mean everywhere*. I do not wish to say or intimate anything beyond this because that would not be to the point either. Therefore, I have kept my own words and ideas out of this as much as possible and used Scripture only, for it is the word of God after all that convicts us of truth, and it is the word of God that will judge us in that last day. So we find in I Corinthians, 11:31-32, that if we judge ourselves it will save us from being judged of Him. Christ warns us repeatedly to 'Watch and pray,' and you may be sure that he is anxious for us to watch and pray. And so I bring no accusations of my own, for in the first place they might not be true and in the second place *that is none of my business*. My anxiety is that you do not lose your inheritance—my responsibility to pray for and warn you of danger, for, believe me, *there is danger*.

Christ is coming back very soon now. The Holy Spirit has shown me by many ways and proofs that it is to be very, very soon now. And He said, 'And there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.'

He has been so wonderful to me that I have lost sight of the temporal. I have no further appetite for it, and I am really happy as I have never known happiness before.

If you haven't it, strive for it. It is the crowning joy of joys. I am praying for you."

The Answer

"My dear friend:

I want to thank you for the interest and earnestness of your letter, and to express my joy at the depth of your experience. It is a great thing when one finds that Spiritual reality by which he can live victoriously in all circumstances. One understands then that life does not

Inner Culture

consist in its outward circumstances, but in the 'abundance of the heart.' But I do not see by what right you judge the Spiritual experience of your fellows who differ from you. 'Judge not' is as clear a word of Jesus as any he uttered.

There is no question but that you have found a true and deep experience. I rejoice with you in that. It is genuine, real. That does not mean that your fellows, with utterly different theologies, have not found God just as genuinely.

You see, you mix up your experience with your theology. Knowing your experience to be genuine, you think it goes with your interpretation of God, Jesus, and the Bible. Observation would teach me to think otherwise. I know people with many different kinds of theories who all find the same glorious experience.

And as for what you criticise as 'modern' religion, I am inclined to believe from observation that it produces more beautiful and well-rounded characters and sounder experience, on the whole, than the 'old-time' religion. I say, I am inclined to believe this is true. I do not know. But I do know that many of the choicest Souls belong to the modern group.

I would not for a minute discredit nor discount your experience. Value it; hold to it. But it is better not to criticise another's experience. You have found salvation and joy. Fine. Many other people have found them in other ways. Why should you think that your way is the only way?

There is Divine Power back of Jesus' words of peace. They are creative of new life within us all. That does not mean that there is anything beautiful in some of the immoral stories of the Old Testament, nor that any one of the half-dozen conflicting New Testament theories of the Atonement is correct. Thank God for your experience. Thank God also for the experiences of many Modernists, Catholics, Unitarians, Buddhists—There is one God!"

July, 1934

Life's Growth Here and Now

(Continued from Page 4)

growth in mental, moral, and Spiritual awareness—or *aliveness*.

Truly, "every common bush *is* afire with God." Let us then strive to attain to that state of awareness whereby *we* may see the Divine fire and *hear* the Divine word. May our hearts join in the prayerful thought of the poet, Miriam Teichner:

"God—let me be aware.

Let me not stumble blindly down the ways,

Just getting somehow safely through the days,

Not even groping for another hand,

Not even wondering why it all was planned;

Eyes to the ground, unseeking for the light,

Soul never aching for a wild-winged flight;

Please, keep me eager just to do my share.

God—let me be aware.

God—let me be aware.

Stab my Soul fiercely with others' pain,

Let me walk seeing horror and stain,

Let my hands, groping, find other hands.

Give me the heart that divines, understands;

Give me the courage, wounded, to fight.

Flood me with knowledge, drench me in light.

Please, keep me eager just to do my share.

God—let me be aware."

(From "Awareness.")

Observe again, in the Bible account of the burning bush experience, that when Moses caught the vision, he said: "I will now turn aside and see this great sight." He did not say: "When I get through tending my flock, I will look into this thing. He said: "I will *now* . . . see this great sight."

The glories and blessings of Life can

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and must be realized now. Listen to this message from the Sanskrit, the ancient, sacred language of the Hindus of India:

"Look to this day,
For it is Life, the very life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the varieties
and realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth;
The glory of action;
The splendor of beauty;
For yesterday is already a dream, and
tomorrow is only a vision;
But today, well lived, makes every yes-
terday a dream of happiness, and
every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
Such is the salutation of the Dawn."

(To be Continued.)

Building Your Own Philosophy

(Continued from Page 15)

If we understood Life, we would all be philosophers, although we should not limit ourselves to it except as a way to proceed with life intelligently. We would be able, upon the awakening, or need, or desire, to follow any chosen course upon the basis of that intelligent philosophy. We would no longer hang on to the norms of suffering and try futilely to explain them. What has no basis cannot be explained.

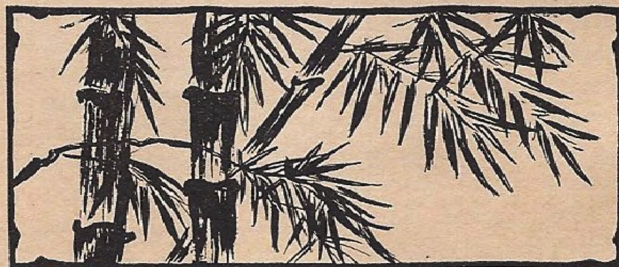
Suffering flies, not by ignorant denial, or blind faith, or blinder superstition, but upon the understanding of Life, for Life is beneficent. Even when we suffer,

it is beneficent. When we suffer, it is trying to tell us to let go of something, and the understanding human being usually clings, then, more tenaciously, until through death Life gently forces him to let go and prepares him for a new norm, a new shape, which he might have chosen himself without dying if he had understood Life.

Do not be led by attraction or repulsion. This is the childish human mind. Stand strong before everything until you understand the lesson it teaches, for Life is always teaching. We are attracted by beauty and wholeness and interest. But from that which repulses us, we can learn to avoid all the human errors, as well as help the sufferers, by analyses of problems which lead to correction. In this way true understanding is born, and from understanding, Life gradually unrolls the endless view of Life everlasting, not as a theory, but as experience and as a fact.

Think for yourself and Love will follow in your thinking, for there is no true thought without Love, and no Love without thought. Separate the two and thinking becomes derision and love becomes weakness. Life is wholesome only when it is whole. How wholesome the natural, unadulterated air! Yet, during the recent war, substance was extracted from it which produced a deadly poison. Life is only good when it is unified and whole.

A philosopher learns to see things as a unified whole—to make syntheses. And so, if we wish to work for a perfect world, each one of us must discern for himself this whole, this beneficent whole, this beautiful whole, this everlasting, whole perfection.



Words

I SPEAK: And speaking I become a God, for have I not created an immortal thing? This mortal clay, through which a thought was made reality in the world of form, may in a single instant cease to be as me forever, but that which I created will live on—a Word. Intangible and unreal though it may seem, how much more tangible and real it is than its creator!

What am I? I do not know. I only know that I exist, as Me, but for a span, then I die and am forgotten, as is everyone who dies. But do I die? Can a creator die when his creation lives?

I speak: Not all the weight of yonder mountain range can crush the life from out the words I spoke! Can I be less than everlasting when the words I speak are clothed in immortality?

I speak: What subtle power within me makes me a creator? Clay cannot speak, yet I did speak, and speaking I did help or harm some fellow mortal; speaking, I did create an everlasting thing, for words are things.

All I can create within this world of form, which seems so real in passing, is a Word. I am today the word I spoke a million years ago, and I will be a million years from now the word I speak today.

—Neil Wood, F.L.C.P.

Culture and Religion

Culture without religion lacks depth and direction. When we compare the chatter of some sophisticated modern groups with the conversation of religiously cultured persons, it is like the contrast between the thin, irritating tick of a dollar watch and the deep, quieting tock of grandfather's clock. Our contemporary culture needs those deep rich tones which come from contemplating the Divine sources of Life. We must have, not merely the knowledge of what is going on, but the moral power to keep us going on.

—Ralph W. Sockman, D.D.

The Brotherhood of Man

By Anne Walker Doughty

As long as there is want or hunger in one Soul

I, too, will wander naked, lone, and cold.

As long as there is pain within one breast,

I cannot know the joy of perfect rest. For that great Heart of God I call my Mother

Sees me not apart, but one with my brother.

What has become of our boasted pioneer spirit? Have we as a nation become such luxury addicts that we quake at the prospect of sacrificing a few trinkets that others may have necessities?

When the Spiritual muscles have become soft from lack of exercise, it is high time to strengthen them by unselfishness and co-operation.

The old Ship of State has laid long in a dry dock accumulating many barnacles, but now, with the rising tide of civilization and prospects of again sailing the high seas of life, the work of removing them has stirred the shallow waters of inertia, causing the miasma of fear and depression to obscure the real Issue.

Soon this old world will embark upon the greatest adventure she has ever experienced; the call for recruits has gone forth and must be answered by hearts with Vision lofty enough to appreciate the true meaning of the Federation of the World, and the Brotherhood of Man.

Safety and security cannot be built upon such an unbalanced foundation as over-supply for the few and actual want for the many. It ever creates that dissatisfaction that undermines it, giving rise to more stately mansions constructed upon truly universal principles.

Let us cease bickering, and with the clear idea of brotherhood in our hearts join hands with our true leaders everywhere, offering our services according to our abilities, ambitious only to serve.

The Horn of Plenty Bank

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

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

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

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

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

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

It helps you to realize and develop faith in the one unfailing source of supply, which is God, through the practice of a short

prayer and meditation which is to be held in mind each time a coin is deposited, whenever a negative thought appears, and at as many other times during the day as possible.

It helps by supplying an easy method of saving for subscriptions to "Inner Culture" Magazine, for spiritual books or for offerings to the Mother Center to help carry on the holy work of spreading God's message to suffering humanity.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Name -----
Street -----
City ----- State -----



Realization

By Jean Whittingham

Tonight I sit within a sister's house
That shelters many of my dearest friends;
A home full of the love of God and man,
Filled with the harmony that friendship brings.

Within the house this joy, without, the songs
Of night-birds singing in the summer air;
My Father shows me all these simple things
As outward signs of His great love for me.

Then with His generous hand He lights for me
The lamp of Inner Vision. Now I know
I am my Father's child—my Father's child!
I know, for in His arms He holds my Soul,
My Spirit, mind, and body feel His love.

Such love, such love my Father has for me!
It fills my Being. Overflowing me
I feel it filtering through all the ether
To give His love, again, to other children.

The river of His love flows endlessly
Within, without, between all time and space,
Forever giving joy to those who take
And realize their Oneness with the One.

Oh blessed life, filled with my Father's love,
I cannot hold you in my mortal arms
'Tis almost more than I can bear, dear God—
My life too little though I give it all!

I weep for joy, I dance, I sing, and still
All this is not enough! I bow my head
Before this brightness as it floods my Soul
And takes my Spirit to a space of thought
Beyond my temple of mortality.

Henceforth all that I am, dear Father mine,
All that I ever was or e'er shall be,
Each thought and act will be forever Thine
From now through all Thy own Eternity.

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Conducting teachers: W. E. Coman, Miss E. D. Provine, Mrs. M. Labhard, and Mr. F. J. Kelleher. Meetings, Friday evenings at 8 p.m. at Philosophical Library, 1011 Eye Street.

*Portland, Oregon

Self Realization Fellowship Center, 219 Platt Building; Harriet Mercer in charge; Sunday service at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Yogoda classes Tuesday and Friday at 8 p.m. and Thursday at 2 p.m.

Wednesdays: "Fellowship Day," at 11:30; half-hour talk followed by Cooperative Luncheon. Class at 2 p.m.; Class for public at 8 p.m., to interest new students. Reading Room and Lending Library open daily from 9:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Saturday from 9:30 a.m. to 3 p.m.

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Dr. M. W. Lewis, Conducting Teacher, 29 Edghill Road, Arlington, Mass. Monday weekly meetings, 543 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

*Boston, Mass.

Dr. S. Margaret Brown, Conducting Teacher, 22 Blagden Street, Boston; Elsa Waldecker, Sec., 37 Sampson Avenue, Braintree, Mass. Meetings held every Friday night at 8 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Apsey, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Anna Krantz, Sec., 18 Goulding Ave. Sunday public meetings and Wednesday classes held at 475 Franklin St., Room 9. (Copies of Inner Culture Magazine may be obtained at news stands in Hotel Lafayette, White Building and Ellicott Square Building, and from Mrs. Sutly's Art Store on Tonawanda Street, and the Unity Rooms in the Hotel Statler.)

*Des Moines, Iowa

Meetings held the first and third Wednesday of every month, at 8 o'clock, p.m., in the Public Library. Flora Morrison Lucas in charge.

Cincinnati, Ohio

R. K. Das, Conducting Teacher, 2729 Scioto St. Phone: Avon 8756-M. Miss Mary Hammond, Sec., 5430 Rolston Ave. Monday class meetings and Sunday public meetings held at 24 East Sixth Street.

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Frederick Wadley, Conducting Teacher, 3428 East Colfax Avenue A. Miss Dorothy J. Ladwig, Acting Sec., 1536 Willow St. Friday weekly meetings held in the Y.W.C.A. Building, 1545 Tremont Place, at 8 p.m.

*Milwaukee, Wis.

Meditation and Class Meeting will be held Sundays at 8 p.m. at the residence of Mr. Robert H. Meyer, 3055 N. 14th Street. All other meetings will also be held at this address.

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Sunday evening services held at 8 p.m. in Pioneer Hall, street floor, Lumber Exchange Building, 5th St. and Hennepin Ave. On Wednesdays, at 8 p.m., all Yogoda students meet for practice of the Yogoda Courses at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Backus, 2201 East Lake of Isles Blvd., Yogoda Course No. 1 is taught by Miss Ednah F. Hall, who also conducts reading groups who meet at 2201 Girard Ave., So. Noon Meditations every week day at the Yogoda Center, 433 Lumber Exchange Building, at 12:15 to 1 p.m.

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Inner Yogoda Group.

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Mr. B. J. L. Merck and Alyce Gubler in charge. Yogoda Center Meetings held every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock in the Newhouse Hotel.

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Mrs. C. F. Koenig, Chairman; Miss Ruth Zimmerman, Acting Secretary, 1415 South Carson St. Meetings will be held on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 310 Public Service Building, at 8 o'clock.

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U. Punditji, Conducting Teacher, Sunday evening devotional services 8 p.m.; weekly classes, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Prayer service at 12:20 and 1:30 p.m. every day except Sunday, at 208 Hotel Missouri, St. Louis, Mo.

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God Alone!

WHO is it who knows all the secrets of all the Souls who ever lived, dazzling the world, and who are now lost and gone?

God alone! God alone!

Who lived in the loneliness of the eternal void, before the atoms blinked their glittering eyes and danced through all Creation?

God alone! God alone!

We came out of Something, we know not what. We know that we live, laugh, and linger now, and most of us will not know what lies in the wilderness of the great Beyond when we fall asleep in the arms of peaceful death. Yet, who knows the secret of Life, both before and after this existence?

God alone! God alone!

All things are living; all things are dancing in the rhythm of eternal harmony. No one knows about the grand procession of Creation, which emerged from the mystic chamber of space. No one knows which part of this chamber of the endless void is occupied by objects and Beings, melted by the magic wand of death, except—

God alone! God alone!

Our loved ones love us, and vow to love us forever, and yet they forget us when they sink into the Great Sleep. Their memories become frozen anon. Yet, who loves us forever, without ever telling us, and who remembers us when all others forget us?

God alone! God alone!

Life and death, stars and wind, love and hate, sorrow and pleasure, and man and beast, dance and sleep on the stygian stage of Time, hiding behind the scenes at death, and coming out to play again on the stage of Time in new costumes of flesh. No one remembers what he did before, or why he is so sure of this temporary rendezvous in this curious caravanserai except—

God alone! God alone!

Why God is playing this game, and why He keeps all this knowledge to Himself, only meagerly sharing it with us, His Children, is known by—

God alone! God alone!

Yet, if you roam no more, and come closer to the Infinite Shore within, and change yourself from the undesirable position of being a prodigal son to that of being a true celestial offspring, then you, too, may know all things that you want to know from none other than—

God alone! God alone!

Since He knows all things, when you change into a demanding Son Divine, you too shall know all things from—

God alone! God alone!

When all friends must leave you, who will be with you?

God alone! God alone!

Since no things and no one are really yours, learn to love—

God alone! God alone!

—By S. Y.