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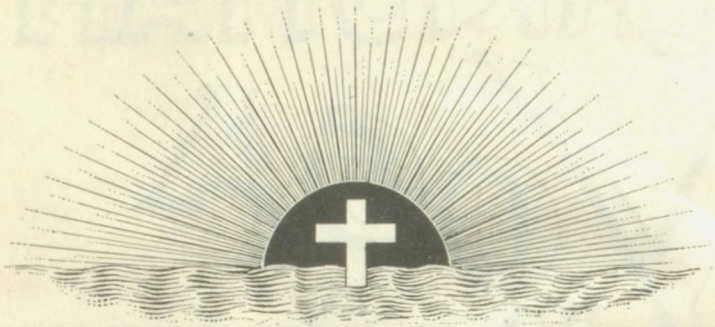
CHRISTIAN YOGA

REACH THE GOAL OF FREEDOM BY THE PATH OF FREEDOM



THE SPIRITUAL SUN RISING ABOVE THE TROUBLED WATERS OF THE SEA OF LIFE

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT

Christian Yoga Monthly

A journal devoted to the teaching of the New Revelation. It heralds the message of freedom for all, from the bondage of limitation, or limited concept. Published by the Christian Yoga Society. Oakland, California.

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Cardinal Principles of Christian Yoga

No affirmations or denials in the form of fixed statements.

The elimination of Polar Opposites. Giving a rational explanation of the problem of good and bad, in the world of All God or All Good.

A new application of the Law of Association, that as we think so we become.

A satisfactory theory of the creation, that will stand the test of thorough investigation. The first time in religious history that science and religion agree upon the question of the creation.

Nothing exists but Consciousness. In the degree you become conscious of your own consciousness as God's, you reach and manifest God Consciousness. Your own thought reflects back on you, and makes you what you are by its quality.

All manifestation is by reflection.

Christian Yoga Monthly

Messenger of Truth

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EDITORIALS

"Through love to light; through light oh God to Thee,
Who art the Love of loves, the eternal Light of lights."

—R. W. Gilder.

THE NEW YEAR. We will begin the New Year first of all by positively loving and blessing everything that has entered into it. We will try to believe that in each event of the past year, from the least to the greatest, the guiding and directing power of the Divine Consciousness in us has been ever present. Thus we forgive the Past; thus we love it and let it go. If we would walk in the path of the New Year with a consciousness of peace and power, we must step forth with perfect confidence in that which lies back of, and will be the support of the Future.

We will be kind to all those with whom we may come in contact, for kindness begets sunshine and the sunbeams are always welcome; the world is looking for sunshine and joy.

We will be masters of our fate. We will make life all that is best and brightest, and then we are to remember that it is sunshine that makes the flowers grow, that transforms the tiny acorn into a great sturdy oak.

There is sunshine in every heart; why should it remain hidden? This dear old world has enough of tears, it needs the smiles and the sunshine. How we always remember a real sunshiny face! Many times the mere sight of a smiling sympathetic face serves as an inspiration and strength through the complexities of many days.

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS. It is the right of every human being to struggle for happiness. Some think they find it in self-satisfaction and self-enjoyment resulting from service to others. Some seem to find it in promoting only their own personal desires at the expense of, or regardless of others, and there are others who find it in the full exercise of all their powers, sometimes blessing others, sometimes hurting.

There are many ideals of the One Life and unnumbered paths by which man is striving to find it. While all find some happiness, not one is content with the measure that comes to him. The cup must be overflowing, and then the cup grows larger. And so we strug-

gle on through years and years of striving for the greater happiness, and our last breath is consumed with the elemental desire to hold to life and make still more out of it.

It is useless to point out to a struggling humanity the utter futility of the strife. All human history is fraught with this eternal striving after happiness. But the sorrow and pain and disappointment in life come from our **view** of happiness; here is the differentiation; there are so many kinds of happiness though none may seem complete. For him who demands the largest measure of happiness at once there are always bitterness, sorrow and disappointments.

Experience seems to have taught us that he is most at peace who gains his happiness not selfishly, not immediately, but whose ideals are secure and fixed on bringing the greatest joy and happiness into the lives of those around him. He may pass through darkness, he may bear many heavy burdens, he may need to give up that which might mean much to his own happiness; but in the meantime he is strengthened and becomes more capable of the greater joy and peace in the long run. And through all this struggle and striving, and in the midst of it, there comes the realization that the deeper things of life and the larger happiness are to be found in the giving up of self to the peace and joy of the dear ones who cannot see beyond today, and who must be happy or lose their grasp on life.

But narrow is this Way, and many there be who stumble over the rough places.

CHRISTIAN YOGA. In the dawn of a new cycle, before the soft, exquisite brightness of a rising sun is upon us, comes the New Dispensation, a new revelation, as it were, of man's kinship with God. Hitherto we have floundered about in an ocean of beliefs, but now in the New Revelation, much is made clear that before seemed veiled and obscure.

In all the progressive thought teaching special stress is laid on affirmations and denials. In Christian Yoga we neither deny nor affirm, but just let go and let the God Consciousness shine through us, and according to **our** light so shall it be. God does not work with us or for us, in fact God does not even know us, for the great Knowing Power of God is active only in entirely and eternally knowing Itself. But God works **through** us.

God IS, and He is for All, to the extent that we participate in the God Consciousness.

Christian Yoga first teaches you about Self and through Self the realization of its identity with God. It gives you a center—a rock, as it were—on which to stand and from which you can look out on life with clearer vision. In Christian Yoga we become acquainted with God, then through silent contemplation and meditation we gradually but surely come to participate in Divinity.

CHRISTIAN YOGA TEACHES US HOW TO PRAY. And then in Christian Yoga we learn to pray; not in the old way of pleading and begging, but just knowing,—just having the consciousness and **feeling** through every atom of the whole being that God Is, that He is All-in-All and ever present; that He is All, and infinitely more than we can realize in the highest flights of our imagination.

Prayer is not in overcoming God's reluctance, but in holding on to the thought of His Willingness, of His eternal Isness.

Now where does prayer begin?

Praying begins in Consciousness. This may seem strange to you, but let us reason it out.

Consciousness is the activity of God, the great dynamic force of the Universe. It is All of substance, of Truth, of Wisdom, of Love, of Power and of Life. It is like a great ever-flowing, overflowing fountain, and its flowing is limitless and boundless. **It is.** And wherever It is flowing, wherever **It Is,** there also are Substance, Truth, Wisdom, Love, Power and Life, but always appears according to the vision and consciousness of the channel through which it flows.

Consciousness is the Light that lighteth every man, and our personal consciousness is the channel through which the Light of Divinity is forever shining.

One of the Masters has said: "Life is a great mirror in which we see reflected all of which we are conscious." Then what is our environment, and what is all this conglomerate mass of inharmony, discord and poverty that we see around us? My dear friends, it is simply the reflection of qualities in our own consciousness. How can we rise above the external? How can we lift ourselves out of the seeming discord and poverty? By silent meditation and more than all else, by a **life of service.**

Be still, and know that I am God. Look upon prayer not as a means of getting, but of the giving up of self, that the Divine may find expression through us, in giving either for ourselves or for others.

Be still. Feel the consciousness of the Limitless. Find your Infinite Being and know your oneness with God. As soon as realization dawns, as soon as Silence becomes audible to your inner ear, your praying begins; for, like the Infinite, your abundance will **flow out.**

Gain the consciousness of abundance if you would see abundance made manifest—reflected. Consciousness **flows out** in feeling, in words and deeds, and such a flowing out would express abundance.

Enter the abode of prayer with humility.

True humility is to have no consciousness of self. We should not let a thought of self, of lack, or of any inharmony enter into our consciousness if we would reflect Truth. We are to forget self utterly and know only God. Then the true **Self** will be revealed in its true relation to God.

Find unity with God before you begin to pray. Know what you are—what each one and everything is in Truth, in Reality, before you begin to express anything. In the stillness we receive the true idea and have its image clearly impressed upon our consciousness. Then all prayer is natural, for then it is simply the outflowing of that of which we have become conscious. This consciousness must precede any outward manifestation.

In such realization we understand the words of our Master Jesus when he said, "When ye pray believe that ye have received, and ye shall have."

OUR OAKLAND SOCIETY. The closing weeks of the old year has marked a decided change and a truly wonderful impetus to the work in our First Christian Yoga Society of Oakland, California.

Never before has the enthusiasm been so great and the attendance has increased beyond our most sanguine expectations. The get-together spirit of love and co-operation among all the members has finally overflowed and focused in the having of a home of our own.

A fine new hall has been procured, including a lecture room, large and light; with healing room, reading and rest room, and office for headquarters adjoining.

The brothers and sisters came out in force, and they all helped. They swept and dusted, scrubbed and oiled, tinted and made curtains. They built partitions, made a rostrum and pulpit, made chairs sit level, stained and polished, and then after all this, they laid the carpet, hung pictures and arranged all the furnishings in the most cozy, home-like and artistic manner possible.

The consistent, unselfish and faithful application to the Cause of Truth by Ralph M. deBit, Superintendent of the Societies of the Southwest and Pastor of the Oakland Society, is making a decided impression on the Oakland public. Without his utterly selfless devotion and constant effort the society could never have reached its present successful and prosperous condition. He has endeared himself much, not only to our own members, but to all lovers of Truth everywhere, and his wholesome optimism and splendid way of presenting the Truth has been an inspiration to all those privileged to hear him. He has wielded a great power as a teacher of men.

He has persevered and conquered and we, all of us, heartily clasp his hand in greeting and together we will all sail out on the wings of old Father Time. We will sail serenely, over the old bridges —never looking backward to watch their burning—on and on, we will sail into the Glad New Year with its Rising Sun in the East and its Bow of Promise in the West; with the Sun—that knows no setting—for our pilot, and all around us in the great ocean of Consciousness, only Harmony, Bliss, and Joy.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS. With the positive thought of love we extend the hand of fellowship to all the world this beautiful New Year's time.

With devoted effort we shall each month realize for you the constructive word of Service, of Freedom, of Strength, and always and always of Love,—love for ourselves, love for each other, and love for all manifested life: Service, that we may be privileged to work in the Master's vineyard; Freedom, that we may express unity with the law; Strength and Love that we may become poised in Truth.

We cordially invite our friends to walk with us through the coming year. We graciously entreat co-operation in our work, and trust you will feel with us that all the work is for all the people when the motive is for Truth.

We shall love to answer questions. We shall rejoice in giving all that comes to us from out the universal energy to those who pass our way. We know the vivid restlessness that fills the air. We feel the tense current of vital life which pours through the souls of men, and we desire most earnestly that our message, the message of Christian Yoga, may bring Peace into the vortexian whirl of many lives.

While we realize the use and even the necessity of the mighty symbol of power, the dollar, we do not intend it to stand between us and anyone who may desire our message. Send us your name anyway.

The positive force of our presence will strengthen conditions on every plane, and you will find it truly a love exchange, when you send us the money as it is convenient for you.

So we shall go forward hand in

hand with all the world, with the vital desire of service—of present use in the work of today.

And now again, we invite you all, whoever you may be, wherever you may be, whithersoever you may be going, to join us in our work for the freedom and the greater happiness of humanity in these times. We want you, we need your love, your hope, and your inspiration. We have no creed that binds, but we have a bond of fellowship of those free spirits and kindred souls, who are earnestly seeking and searching after knowledge and the deeper things of TRUTH.

The Tapestry Weavers

I.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.
Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care,
The while their fingers deftly move, their eyes are fastened there.
They tell this curious thing besides of the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.
It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork, that his marvelous skill is learned.
Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.
Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.

II.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving ever, till the mystic web is done.
Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate—
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.
But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath to fear,
Only let him look clear into heaven, the Perfect Pattern is there.
If he keeps the face of the Savior forever and always in sight
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving sure to be right.
And when the work is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall say unto him "Well done!"
And the white-winged Angels of Heaven, to bear him thence shall come down;
And God shall give him gold for his hire—not coin—but a glowing crown.

—Anson G. Chester, M. D.

AT THE MASTER'S COMMAND.
(By A. K. Mozumdar.)
CHAPTER THREE.
Monsieur Bhawani Charan.

One night, not long after the incident related in the preceding chapter, Alcyon was returning home from the city. The night was very dark, and except for the myriad stars shining brilliant in the heavens it would indeed be difficult to distinguish one's path. Alcyon, deeply absorbed in thought, was not noticing the pedestrians who were passing him, when suddenly, as he was nearing the American mission, he came in contact with a quickly moving human form. The force of the sudden shock almost threw him to the ground, but the stranger, with rare presence of mind, reached out and seized him just in time to save him from falling, and at the same time uttered an apology in a very concerned tone.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Monsieur, just an accident, just an accident! Did it hurt Monsieur?" To make light of the matter, Alcyon answered graciously:

"No, no, not at all."

From his brief and laconic answer and the quiet contemplative manner in which it was said, the stranger discovered that the other man was not communicative. This fact awakened his curiosity and he determined to draw him out in conversation, and, if possible learn more about him. Therefore he remarked in a friendly manner:

"I am glad Monsieur is not hurt." Then looking at him quizzically,

"Monsieur must be a thinker, or rather, I should say, a philosopher. I judge from the manner in which Monsieur was walking. May I have the pleasure of knowing Monsieur's name?" Alcyon answered politely but brightly as before:

"My name is Alcyon."

"It is a good name, though I must admit it sounds rather strange for a Hindu. Pardon me, Monsieur, for this liberty—I did not mean to be impolite. Monsieur may be interested to know my name? My name is Bhawani Charan; in this neighborhood they call me Monsieur Bhawani." Then extending his hand: "I am pleased to make your acquaintance."

They shook hands, and in the darkness were not able to distinguish each others' features, but, as hand clasped hand, each knew that he had met in the other a good man. To Alcyon, through his sensory nerves, the sympathetic pressure of Bhawani Charan's hand conveyed a soulful message of good will, and Bhawani Charan, that expert student of human nature felt intuitively that he had already won Alcyon's friendship. Being inwardly pleased, he continued:

"May I ask Monsieur's address?"

Casting aside his usual reserve, Alcyon answered in a jovial manner:

"Most assuredly. I live at the American mission."

Bhawani Charan remarked sympathetically: "O, I see; Monsieur must have been out for a night walk?" Then, thinking that it was not customary for people in general to take night walks, he said by way of explanation; "I myself am in the habit of taking a night walk, just to be alone with myself. Does it seem to Monsieur rather strange?"

"Not at all," replied Alcyon, "I also occasionally go out to take a midnight stroll; the air is so cool and bracing. But tonight I went out on an errand."

"Then Monsieur knows something about the message of night? When the whole world is hushed in sweet slumber, I occasionally go out to enjoy the grandeur and beauty of God's creation. I am then able to feel the throbbing pulse of majestic nature, which never ceases to beat. Above and below, and all around me, filling the eternal stillness of night there exists nothing but the ever wakeful infinite Spirit. Then my soul cries out:

"Bhawani Charan! Bhawani Charan! be still, and bow down your head with reverence, it is God. Ah, let the world think what it may, Bhawani Charan knows that it is the universal God before whom he bows. My dear friend, if you can only be still you will hear a voice, constantly rising from the throbbing heart of nature and saying: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Monsieur Alcyon, that is the voice of the Master-spirit, calling the weary and heavy laden humanity. This call is going on and on throughout all eternity, and yet how few there are who hear it." Bhawani Charan concluded his remark with a soft cadence in an abstracted manner, as though his ears caught the sound of that mysterious voice.

Alcyon could not quite comprehend all

that he said, but it touched a sympathetic cord in his heart. He thought:

"This man is somewhat like myself, trying to find response from the soul of things. I am not the only one who loves to be out in the slumbering beauty of night to hear the music of the forest in the rustle of the trees, to watch the lovelit eyes of the distant stars and to feel the soft caress of the cool gentle breeze. This man like myself feels the fascination of the Indian nights. I should like to know more about him."

As if reading his thought literally, Bhawani Charan said: "I am sure you would like to know more about me."

Alcyon replied with a boyish frankness:

"I can assure you, Mr. Bhawani Charan, you are a very interesting person. I would like to become better acquainted with you. I am very sorry we cannot see each other distinctly in the dark, but I hope to meet you soon again. By the way, what is your address?"

"My address is Villa Bhawani Charan, eastern part of the city. It is not a very hard place to find. Here is my card. I should be glad to have you call on me any evening this week at eight o'clock. That is the time I am at home to evening callers. But I must leave you now, my friend, I have an important engagement tonight at eleven. It is about that time now, I presume. I must hurry. Good night; Au revoir." And with a final gesture of his hand he turned and walked swiftly away.

Alcyon stood for a while watching his departing form until the dusky outline had vanished in the gloom of the night. Then he started on his way to the American mission, thinking about Bhawani Charan.

As he walked he mused: "Bhawani Charan is a queer sort of fellow. His whole nature seems to breathe mystery. His talk is enigmatic but very interesting. It is a rare pleasure to meet a sincere man like that now-a-days. In spite of his eccentric manner I like him."

That night after he had retired the thought of Bhawani Charan lingered long in his mind. He was happy in the anticipation of meeting him again. When his eyes at last closed in slumber the last thought was of Bhawani Charan. He slept soundly and happily. Many people doubt that we can sleep happily, because sleep is supposed to be a state of oblivion, yet after a sound sleep we often declare that we have enjoyed it immensely, and there must be something within us which never sleeps; else, how can we say that we enjoy our sleep. However, the next morning Alcyon woke up with a happy feeling. His first thought was of Bhawani Charan, and that he was going to meet him soon.

"Why not tonight?" he thought. "Yes, tonight I will call on him. It will be so interesting to see each other in the light and talk over last night's incident. We shall certainly have a good laugh."

For the first time Alcyon felt really happy in the anticipation of meeting some one outside of his narrow circle of acquaintances. It meant a great deal to him. He felt as though he were about to be ushered into a new life, a life of independence and youthful adventure. Something whispered in his soul:

"Alcyon, you are a man now, the world is full of adventures and events, and in this world I suppose there are many odd, mysterious persons like Bhawani Charan. This life is yours, Alcyon and you have the right to enjoy it." A maddening joy swept through his heart, intoxicating his whole being. He felt that this wide world was inviting him to life-long happy experiences. Mystery and adventure are two companions, always fascinating to youth. It is the call of the unknown that often blinds his reason and makes him daring and optimistic. Old age observes caution, but youth defies it. Old age sees through the spectacles of many morbid experiences, but youth looks out on life with naked eyes in the freshness and exuberance of young life. One uses the weapon of prudence, and the other uses God's eternal gift, optimism. Both have their strong points, only with this difference, that old age looks backward and youth looks forward. The man who can always look forward will enjoy perennial youth. When the warm blood of youth courses through our veins, then we are able to hear the mysterious voice of the Future, and then it is impossible for us to see the dark side of life. Then this whole world appears before us as a vast playground of adventure and romance. Alcyon continued his musings:

"Bhawani Charan, Bhawani Charan, you are a wonderful man. You possess a mysterious power to bring new life to a person. You know the secret but I do not. You have fired my soul by a subtle touch of your mysterious power. What you said about your night's experience, I could not quite comprehend, but your words were charged with some kind of magnetism; there was a subtle power in them. This power has made a strange impression on me. You communicated to me a message of sympathy which made me feel that this world might be full of men and women like yourself, and myself, and I belonged to

that world. It seems to me that I have just started to live a new life. A life of ecstasy and joy. If you ask me why, perhaps I shall be unable to give you a definite answer. I believe you have conjured my soul with your maddening freedom. Bhawani Charan, I love it; I love this new sense of freedom."

Alcyon left his bed whistling a church tune. Church tunes were the only tunes he knew. At that time modern music had not yet invaded India. However, after dressing himself, he came out to the eastern veranda, and as he stood facing the rising sun, the whole earth seemed to spread out before his mental vision, flooded with a new life and light. He took a deep breath, and throwing his extended arms backward he inhaled the pure fresh air of the spring morning.

"Glorious!" He exclaimed, almost in a whisper. That day everybody in the Mission noticed the unusual happiness of Alcyon. His usually grave demeanor was lightened by an occasional smile which flickered at the corners of his mouth. It gave rise to all kinds of speculation among the members of the Beacher family. At the breakfast table, Miss Huntington ventured the remark to Miss Beacher in a loud whisper, so loud that everyone in the room could hear it:

"Alcyon must be in love; some girl in the city, I presume."

Of course Alcyon overheard it, but he simply smiled amusedly. This only confirmed the suspicion of the girls more strongly. Miss Beacher's lips showed a faint nervous quiver, but so faint that only a critical observer could detect it. Then she, too, entered into the jollity of the other members. That evening Alcyon finished his work earlier than usual, and about half past seven he started for the city.

Just about eight o'clock he reached the door of Villa Bhawani Charan, and as he rang the bell, his heart began to beat in nervous expectation. A peculiar feeling of timidity came over him, but he did not have to wait long. Soon the big front door swung open and he was ushered in. In the glaring light from many chandeliers he did not at first recognize the person who opened the door for him, but as soon as his eyes became accustomed to the light he mechanically turned to him. An exclamation escaped his lips:

"Why, Rostum! My goodness, man! How do you happen to be here?" Rostum mumbled with a grin on his face:

"Me stay here, me cook."

"I see. Well, why did you run away from the Mission? Why didn't you leave like a man? I was so angry that night that I could have wrung your neck."

"Hem! Me leave like a man, you wring my neck. Me leave like a good Christian, my neck is alright," Rostum gave his conclusive reason. It sounded so funny to Alcyon that he came near laughing outright.

At that moment Bhawani Charan stepped gracefully forward, and, smilingly extending his hand, said in true, oriental fashion:

"Welcome Monsieur to Villa Bhawani Charan. Your humble servant is at your command."

Alcyon bowed slightly over the clasped hand in true oriental fashion and returned the compliment with equal politeness.

"The pleasure is all mine, I assure you. I consider it a rare privilege to be in such company."

Then they seated themselves on the nearest sofa. Taking cursory glances around the drawing room, Alcyon noticed that it was furnished very gorgeously, from the most valuable oriental rugs to expensive ivory chairs. Everything in the room indicated the refined taste and expensive habits of its owner, yet, seeing Bhawani Charan in the street no one would imagine him to be any more than a plain simple man, such as one might meet anywhere and any time in the country. To Alcyon he now appeared to be a man fifty years old, of medium height and build. His clean-shaven full face looked very much like an educated catholic priest with a kind fatherly expression. His manner was free, and his disposition jovial, but in his large, dark brown eyes, there was always a merry twinkle, showing a fondness for humour. His fair face was slightly florid, and though he had scant hair above his high forehead he was far from being bald. On his temples his hair was iron gray. He might pass for a business man, priest, minister or a scholar; in fact almost anything which requires the exercise of mental faculties. Alcyon looking back, saw Rostum standing as if to await the pleasure of his master. Bhawani Charan at the same time turned and said smilingly:

"Monsieur Rostum, please be seated. Perhaps you have already the pleasure of knowing Monsieur Alcyon."

It almost took Alcyon's breath away. He thought: "When did Rostum, the cook, become Monsieur? Not only that, he was invited to sit with them, which was an unheard of thing in India for both master and servant to do. Sup-

pressing his astonishment, Alcyon said:

"Yes, I know Rostum, the cook. He was in our Mission. I am very sorry to say that Rostum did not play fair with us."

"Why, what did he do?" Monsieur Bhawani Charan asked with feigned astonishment.

"He ran away from the Mission," replied Alcyon, "without telling us."

"That is too bad. But Monsieur Rostum told me that he informed you of his intention of leaving your place, but you would not let him go. That is why he did the next best thing. I believe, Monsieur Rostum is an honest Mohammedan. I have never caught him telling a deliberate lie."

"But that is only one side of the story. On his promise to stay longer with us, we took extra pains to teach him to cook many foreign dishes. He should not have left us as he did, at least not without giving us a good substitute," Alcyon spoke with some warmth.

"If Monsieur Alcyon has no objection, I would like to hoist the flag of truce. I myself will find a substitute for Monsieur Rostum. Will that please you, Monsieur?"

"Yes, I shall be glad to have some one who is half way competent and will mind his work. We are having a hard time at our Mission for want of a cook. But I don't particularly care to have any one from the military barracks, for as a rule servants in the barracks are demoralized by the brutal treatment of the English soldiers. If they are not dead from kicks and cuffs they can never again be honest with white men. They do not know that there are white men, and white men. No, Monsieur, I will not have anyone from the military barracks."

"Yet Monsieur, these misused children of God deserve our sympathy. They say a little kind word goes a long way, and I do sincerely believe it is true. Monsieur Rostum once used to work at the military barracks, but today he is as good a man as you can meet anywhere. I can tell you this from my positive knowledge about him. I have known him for eight years."

Alcyon exclaimed with surprise: "Eight years!"

"Yes, Bon Ami, it is about eight years. He is one of my trusted friends, and I respect him. Now Monsieur, let me see whom I can send you. It is rather difficult to decide right now. Yes, I remember one. The man I have in mind is a splendid cook. In fact he is efficient in almost everything. His name is Din Dayal, that is, we, here in India, call him by that name, but he is a kind of globe trotter, and he is here, there and everywhere. Today he may be in Bombay, and a few days later one may meet him in Rome. He has sent us a mental message, that he will be here tonight in our circle of Universal Brotherhood."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bhawani Charan, did you say he had sent you a mental message?"

"Yes, monsieur, a mental message. That is nothing very extraordinary. From time immemorial it has been customary with Hindu sages to send messages via wireless. Do not misunderstand me, monsieur, by Hindu sages I do not mean the religious mendicants who are swarming the country, and the kind one meets by the hundred every day; but I mean the enlightened ones among the highly cultured, better class Hindus. However, Din Dayal will be here at nine o'clock sharp, and, as I have already begun to feel his thought current, I am sure he is not very far from here. Before Din Dayal arrives, I will send for Mme. Bhawani Charan to meet Monsieur Alcyon. Monsieur Rostum, will you please ask Mme. Bhawani Charan to come to the parlor?" Rostum bowed politely and left the room. Bhawani Charan continued: "Will Monsieur join with us in our great work?"

"With the greatest pleasure," replied Alcyon, "but I am ignorant of the nature of the work. May I know who else is in this work?"

"Not very many tonight. My wife, myself, my sister-in-law, Din Dayal, yourself and Monsieur Rostum."

With great surprise Alcyon exclaimed: "Monsieur Rostum! Do I hear you correctly? What kind of great work is this?"

"It is really a great work. When Monsieur shall have become acquainted with it, Monsieur will then know it is the greatest work of all works in this world. All the nations of the world are represented in this work, irrespective of creed, color, race or nationality, and none are requested to give up their respective religious faith. Though Monsieur Rostum is a good Mohammedan, he is one of the strong supporters of this great movement. We have men and women representing Zulu land, North and South America, Japan, China, Australia and from all the countries of Europe, so, as you see, it is a world-wide movement. Even the Sahara Desert and polar regions are represented, in fact we have encircled the whole globe. Our circle of Universal Brotherhood has already exerted a most powerful and silent in-

fluence in shaping the destiny of the world. Monsieur Alcyon, it is truly a great work and the future of this movement——"

He was interrupted by the appearance of Mme. Bhawani Charan, who came in with her maiden sister, Mlle. La Ponte. Mme. Bhawani Charan was tall, slender and graceful, a semi-blonde, beautiful and vivacious like typical fashionable Parisians, and her manner was very pleasing, and unreserved like her husband's. Her sister, who was much younger, only about twenty-five years old, was an entirely different type of woman. She was of medium height, plump and graceful and very reserved in manner. But for her milky white complexion she might pass for a beautiful oriental girl of Shiraj or the Caucasian mountains. Underneath her reserved manner there was a subtle suggestion of a hidden fire and intensity of a southern clime.

Both the women were very beautifully gowned in the latest Parisian styles, and their presence filled the air with the delightful perfume of the freshly bloomed lilac and violet. As they came in Bhawani Charan and Alcyon arose. The latter was given an introduction to the ladies, and after the usual shaking of hands and complimentary remarks they all sat down. Mme. Bhawani Charan's refined and flattering words regarding India and the people of India pleased Alcyon very much. It was not exactly what she said, but the manner in which she said it, that made him feel friendly toward her. He too in return said many complimentary things about the French people, and while they were thus engaged in conversation Mlle. La Ponte was wistfully looking at Alcyon. It made him very self-conscious. There was something in those eyes which had the power both to challenge and to invite, and in her glance there was an intense hidden fire which had the suggestion of coaxing, caressing, begging and lashing in merciless selfishness. To Alcyon, the expression of her eyes, while very beautiful, was almost elementally brutal. There was a peculiar blending of like and dislike in his feeling toward her, yet she was intensely fascinating to him in her wild elemental daring. Just for a moment Alcyon's mind reverted to the Mission bungalow, and in his mental vision he saw the calm unabashed glance of Miss Beacher. In that glance there was no intensity, partiality or consciousness of action; it was natural and calm like the placid waters of an inter-mountain lake. But the fiery passionate glance of this daughter of France was like a turbulent sea, that held one at its mercy. And Alcyon, the dreamer of the ideal world, thought: "I did not know before that women are so different from each other; there must be a vast difference among them, yet they must all be good, noble and pure-minded. Women as a class are very interesting, in fact indispensable. My mother was a woman, so Mrs. Hume is a woman, and—and—Miss Beacher is also a woman, though she is a little bit proud and haughty. I like them all equally, and I think I should not be afraid of any one of them." At that moment the door bell rang, and at the same time the clock on the wall struck nine. Bhawani Charan exclaimed:

"There comes Din Dayal."

The front door was thrown open, and gracefully bowing, Rostum ushered in the new comer. All arose and welcomed Din Dayal with a salute in Oriental fashion. Alcyon noticed that the newcomer was tall and slender, his well chiselled face was clean shaven, and he was robed somewhat like an ancient Jewish priest. The expression of his face seemed very familiar to Alcyon, but he was unable to place him, yet he thought with the beard he would look more natural. Din Dayal returned the salutation with a kindly word to each member of the family. Then turning to Alcyon, he asked with a pleasing manner:

"Who is this good friend? Whom have I had the pleasure of addressing?"

"Your servant's name is Alcyon."

"Alcyon? That is good; I like you and your name. Hereafter may we consider ourselves good friends,—I should say comrades?" The word comrade sent a thrill through Alcyon; it was as though it were used as an acknowledgment of his efficiency to do some great work. That word comrade drew him most powerfully to the speaker. He felt an overpowering influence of love and fellowship, and it aroused in him a deep respect for the man. With bowed head he answered:

"Your humble servant considers it a great honor."

Din Dayal's face was illumined with a broad generous smile, and he simply nodded his head approvingly. Then looking at the clock, he said:

"It is growing rather late. We had better begin. Bhawani Charan, please explain to our young friend the nature of this work."

Bidding Rostum to be seated and looking at Alcyon thoughtfully, Bhawani Charan commenced:

"My dear young friend, I scarcely know how to begin. The relative im-

portance of the work is so stupendous that I feel myself unworthy even to mention it, yet as a servant of the Master's cause, I must serve at the Master's bidding. The purpose of this great work is to establish a world-wide fraternity, both in letter and spirit. Monsieur Alcyon, do you realize what this means?" He paused a moment, as if to check a deep emotion which was roused by the thought. Nodding his head thoughtfully he continued softly: "Do you know what it means? It means to bring the Kingdom of God on earth for all humanity. Can you conceive of the vastness of the project? Before our conquest, our march, the triumphant march of Alexander, Ceasar, Hannibal and Napoleon sinks into insignificance; those mighty conquerors conquered for themselves, to satisfy their own vanity; but we are conquering for the whole of humanity. Their empires have vanished, their glory has tarnished, and they have perished in their selfishness and greed; but we shall live forever in the spirit of the Christ love. With drawn swords, through the gory field, over the maimed and mangled bodies of the innocent and helpless, amidst the heart-rending wails of orphans and widows, they marched their mighty legions for more plunder and carnage. What did they gain, what did they take with them and what did they leave behind? Nothing, absolutely nothing. They shed much innocent blood, not for any great cause or justice, but simply to satisfy their brutal ambition. We too are marching, but we are marching with the weapons of love and good will. We are giving lives up, but only to bring cheer and comfort, a smile to the parched lips of those who are oppressed and downtrodden, and our victory is a victory for all humanity, and our joy is the joy of the angels. It is we who are maintaining the equilibrium of this earth, by sending our silent inspirational thoughts to many able men and women of the world, who are consciously—and many unconsciously—fighting the battle of human rights and liberty. It is we, the servants of humanity, who are controlling the thought-world of this planet for justice and righteousness. Monsieur Alcyon, be not deceived by the outward appearance of things. Those statesmen and politicians, who are gaining notoriety by stimulating race prejudice and hate in the minds of the people, are but the last guards of the fast vanishing spirit of selfishness. The servants of the Light are coming to the front with their pledge of the brotherhood of man, and they are gradually coming to occupy some of the foremost places in the affairs of the nations. At the back of all these world-wide movements of today stands this silent work as a regulating force. We are sending forth the thought currents from all parts of this globe."

Alcyon, listening very intently, was carried away by the word picture of Bhawani Charan. It stirred the very depth of his soul and in the highest state of exaltation, he cried out with wild enthusiasm:

"Humanity, humanity. I have found it. It is the service to humanity. Bhawani Charan take me to this work. I pledge my honor to be faithful. I fear neither death nor life; I can serve the cause like a man. Tell me how to begin, how to do it."

Bhawani Charan was well pleased with his manly declaration. He also discovered that the fire of the Rajput, the spirit of renunciation was still burning in Alcyon's bosom. Foreign education and association had not yet hardened his soul into living for himself alone. Bhawani Charan said, with a generous smile:

"It is very easy. First we mentally grasp the whole of earth as a unit, and then we realize a condition for it in the same manner as we realize for an individual. In order to realize a condition we take a theme for our meditation. We continue chanting the word: 'Om.'"

"What is Om?" interrupted Alcyon, "and what does it mean?"

"It means a great deal, my friend. We use this word in a creative significance. Though, during our meditation upon a theme we chant it, we do not take any notice of it. We use it as a fence around our mental activity upon a theme. When our mind runs away from the main subject during meditation, the first thing we do is to be conscious of the sound and meaning of Om. Since it is being used in the sense of a creative sound, the very thought upon that quality centers our mind upon the subject. Like humming a tune during the work, it has the value of keeping our mental activity always upon one point. It has also a very soothing influence over one who chants it with the right understanding."

Alcyon asked in exaltation: "Bhawani Charan, what is our theme tonight?"

Bhawani Charan arose from his seat, and lifting his right hand in the air he replied with his full sonorous voice:

"Tonight, our theme is, the earth is radiating love and good will to the whole Universe. And from tonight, Monsieur Alcyon, you are in the Master's service."

REALITY AND ILLUSION.

An Introduction to Christian Yoga, the New Revelation.

By Rev. Jesse Montague Hunter.

A new light has come into the world. The age of beliefs is passing. Knowledge is the demand of the time. At last God has been discovered, and may be as definitely and certainly known to any man as his own existence. Is this not a new revelation? Read on, if you are a truth-seeker, and decide for yourself.

Did you ever question your own existence? Not likely. And yet, it is possible. Well, if you ever did such a thing, you might easily have settled the question by asking yourself, "who doubts?" "I do." "Then I existed before I doubted." In short, the being of each person is self-evident to his own consciousness.

Now, the being of God is just as certain as that. In fact, it **is** that. Any being cannot be less than a part of ALL BEING, and God can be neither more nor less than ALL. If God is less than All, then there is something beyond Him, something to which He is not God. But, unless He is God of all, He is not God at all. To say that He may be more than All, is an absurdity. Since, therefore, God **is** ALL, man cannot be less than a part of Him; and self-consciousness is therefore consciousness of God in part. Again, we say, your own being is no more certain than the being of God.

Do you say that this is a queer conception of God which splits Him up, so to speak, into countless parts? We will admit at once that this idea of God is far removed from the current presentations of the God-concept. At the same time we would modestly suggest that the theologians have been trying for thousands of years to prove their hypothesis, and today there are more thinking people unconvinced, if not avowed atheists, than ever before in the history of the world.

Have patience, therefore, and suspend judgment until the case is fully before you, if you would **know** God, and commune with Him —"face to face." There are many illusions in this world; in fact, there is but one thing that is absolutely beyond the possibility of being an illusion, and that is our own being. We could not even be in illusion if we did not exist. This truth is never-changing, it is absolute, it is reality—it is "the Rock of Ages." Its implications are truth absolute: any seeming reality inconsistent with these implications is strong illusion. I AM THAT I AM.

That he is a part of God, then, no man can rationally dispute. Does it follow from this conception that God is "split up into parts?" Truly, there cannot be a whole without parts, but may there not be parts without any separation? For instance, the equator divides the earth's surface into its northern and southern part—but, is there any separation? any line, even, in reality? Just so, that we are parts of God is certain, though the idea of separateness may be as imaginary as the equator.

And this is the truth; for we have already proved that God is ALL. If God is All that there is, then there is nothing to separate between the parts. There is nothing but God to come between the parts of God, therefore they are all one in God. We cannot even fall back on the idea of space, as coming between the parts, for if space has any reality, that reality must

also be God, and hence could not separate the parts of God from one another.

Now, if there is no separation in reality, individuality must be one of the illusions of this life. The part has conceived of itself as a thing apart, and this conception is so pronounced that it has all the semblance of reality. The things and conditions of our dreams seem real while they last. If **this** life is a dream, its seeming reality to us, the dreamers, is no argument for its absolute reality.

But, let us remind ourselves, however unreal the dream, the dreamer is absolutely real. And even in our dreams, when the suspicion enters in that we are dreaming, we are very near the reality of our waking hours. So, even now, if we the dreamers have begun to dream that "life is but a sleeping and a forgetting," we cannot be far from the waking. It must have been some such conception as this which inspired the Psalmist to sing,

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

Not that we shall **become** like Him; we **are** like Him. We are part of Him, and therefore of His very substance. We do not realize it, that is all. When we come into the realization of the transporting truth about ourselves, then we shall have become fully awake, and then we shall find ourselves in His likeness.

In the meantime, we must play our parts on the great stage of illusion. The play, of course, seems real to us, for we are both players and spectators. Whether we shall play, or no, is not for us to decide: we must play. Our only discretion is as to what the play shall be. We can make it drama, farce or tragedy, as we choose. And this is where the importance of knowing the truth comes in. So many are making of life a tragedy or a farce. The truth will save us from this.

Not that there is any tragedy or farce in reality. But, so long as the thing seems real to us, we suffer or rejoice just as though it were absolute reality. This new revelation does not ignore or deny life in illusion, as have many who have glimpsed the truth, but teaches the way to travel along the path of progress while avoiding the pains and aches and limitations incident to the traveler who blindly feels his way. To the enlightened soul, "His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace." We would have it so for all.

A BROADER VISION.

By Ralph M. deBit.

Every individual in the course of his ongoing, comes to a place where the Light seems to shine but dimly, and the path of unfoldment seems veiled and obscure. It is then, after perhaps years of patient effort, that we feel the uplift of a great power or force. Some think this the presence of spirit friends who have but lately passed out; some call it spirit forces; and there are others who call it spirit control. But when the clouds of ignorance and superstition have rolled back and the individual has awakened somewhat to the Light of Truth, it dawns in the consciousness that this is no ordinary spirit force. It is the great force of the Cosmos, manifesting through our Elder Brothers—the Masters of Truth—

some of them living on the other side and some of them on this side of the river, called death.

The great illumined Souls are conscious on all planes of Consciousness below their own. To them there is in reality only one world—the immortal, indestructible Consciousness. Ordinary man being only conscious of that Consciousness in varying significances, perceives the world in different degrees of manifestation; that is, they see and reason from different planes of unfoldment. In reality all planes of unfoldment, all worlds, are within man; they are but the reproduction of his own consciousness of the Cosmic Consciousness.

As the consciousness of the individual transcends the world of the physical, it glimpses a **broader vision** of the Cosmic Consciousness; it gives recognition to the higher stages of existence. A little reasoning will perhaps make this clearer to you. Now, if a man can see only two miles with just his physical eyes, it does not prove that there is nothing beyond his range of vision. If his vision becomes clearer and increases, and he is enabled to see four miles, it does not mean that he has developed a new sight; it simply means that his vision has expanded. All that he could see before he can see now, only because of the extended vision, he sees in different significance. With the broader vision the general panoramic effect of the former vision has changed. It is like pushing the fence of our farm a little farther back, thus giving a new effect to the same old land.

It is only our limited vision or concept that differentiates the spirit world from that of the material world. In the spirit world we find practically the same conditions existing as we have right here in the material world, because the consciousness of the individual changes very little in passing. There are spirit worlds within spirit worlds, just as there are spirit worlds within this material world, but all this is due to the different states or stages of the individual consciousness.

There are those, living in the lower conditions of spiritual consciousness, who on account of their limited vision cannot see those who have passed into the spirit world, even when those who have passed are yet manifesting a physical condition of consciousness. Conditions exist where two souls functioning in physical form are vibrating in different planes of consciousness; the one vibrating in the lower plane cannot understand or realize the one vibrating in the higher plane, though by help of imagination one can sometimes partially understand the one in higher plane.

It is well for all students of Truth to remember that physical death alone does not give the sight of the spirit world, as physical birth does not give the sight for the physical world. That sight is a point grasped in the evolution of the individual; it is the result of a gradual development out of the long chain of experiences which urges a man on and on in his unfoldment.

The earth bound soul is one that has become attached to the things and conditions of this material, physical world, and such a one cannot easily break away from the idea that it is necessary to have physical eyes and ears to see and hear. That is why they spend their time in total blindness and deafness for a long period, dreaming or thinking of the life they have lived while on earth; sometimes, if the soul is very gross,

they are in complete stupor condition.

The spirit world, like this world, is not a location, but is a state or condition of the consciousness of the individual; therefore many advanced souls are living right here among us in this world, as well as in the spirit world. Some of them have the physical bodies, familiar to the physical consciousness, and there are others who have passed on to higher states of Consciousness and are continuing their work there. For, verily, a man is not as he seems—just flesh and blood—but he is his consciousness. The consciousness manifests the body that one uses, in form and quality, and it also manifests different qualities of his sense organs.

The culminating point of all the senses is the knowing power, and this knowing power is the personal consciousness. This is man as he finds himself—his own personal consciousness. When this consciousness expands, or conceives more of the Self as identical with God, the knowing power of the individual enlarges. Even the mentality, or intellectual faculty is determined by the quality of our personal consciousness. That is why we not only become as we think but we think as we are; that is, our thoughts take the same character and quality that our personal consciousness is.

To be, or to live, is to manifest a certain state of consciousness, and there may be thousands of others besides ourselves manifesting and functioning in that same state of consciousness. Therefore, every moment, by virtue of our being, we come into rapport with many souls, and the reason we are not conscious of it is simply because we do not give recognition to it. To us, things exist according to the recognition we give to them. If we should not give recognition to this material world it would not exist to us. If we are not aware of the fact that our friends are sitting near us, then we do not know of their presence. So, all the happiness and joy, all the sorrow and pain exists to us, that is, is all reality to us only as long as we give recognition to those conditions. When we constantly imagine that a spirit is near us, we feel its presence. It is no more imaginary spirit than the pain we feel in our hand on account of abscess. Then you will say, in reality pain does not exist. Yes, dear reader, we do not exist as we think ourselves; so in this relative plane everything exists as we think it to be. It may not exist to others, but it certainly exists to us. On this relative plane everything exists as we think it to be. It may not exist to others, but as long as we are conscious of it, it is very real to us.

A spirit never controls anyone in the sense generally believed by many students of the occult. By holding certain qualities of thought in his consciousness, a medium forms a concept, or changes the one he has previously formed, and becomes that concept, or, in other words, through the subtle law of telepathy he manifests or reflects that concept. Now, if, in that concept, he firmly believes that a spirit of certain quality is controlling him, he is simply giving recognition to one of the numerous spirits—embodied or disembodied—who is functioning in the same plane or condition of consciousness as he himself is functioning. By giving it conscious recognition he forms a strong rapport condition, and this affects his own consciousness; that is, by forming a rapport condition between his own consciousness and another individual, embodied or disembodied, the medium

is enabled to manifest his own consciousness in much stronger degree.

Our physical body always gives response to every condition our consciousness undergoes. The spirit never controls our physical body but in the manner above explained, by the subtle law of telepathy, it does control our consciousness.

As we may develop our astral sight by constantly dwelling on the thought that we can see without physical eyes—thus changing the concept—so we may develop mediumistic powers by constantly and consciously imagining ourselves communing with a spirit with certain quality. When by the thought we become that quality we become mediumistic or come under the control of certain spirits. The born mediums are few; they have developed their power sometime or somewhere.

THE MUSE OF A SOUL.

By Rev. George E. Chambers.

There is one thing that all students of truth should remember, there are no bargain sales in the economy of nature. There are no marked down prices on her counter, for we receive in just proportion to the price we pay. The law of compensation is irrevocably true, we can not get something for nothing. If we are seeking the benefits of the spiritual life with its constant peace and contentment we must be prepared to pay the price by giving up that which ties us down to the material. To the degree we lose our belief in the personality we find our real Self. Master Jesus said "He that loses his life for my sake shall find it." When we become conscious of what that statement means we get the vision of the greater life. If man is his concept, or is just what he believes himself to be, then this present existence is only a conditional existence. So we see when we are willing to give up our lesser self we find a greater. We replace a transitory illusion with that which is eternal. The old idea that we have to sacrifice something no longer holds good when we see what the word sacrifice means. There is no sacrifice in nature, for we can not call it sacrifice when we receive the equivalent, or greater value than we give up. It may be sacrifice in other people's estimation, for they cannot understand what a man's realization is. The Zulu and Basutus of African jungle exchange their diamonds and skins for what to us appear to be worthless beads and playthings. But it is all a matter of relative values, the values being of our making, when we catch the vision of the greater life we do not sacrifice when we give up our smaller life, although in the eyes of the people who have not the vision the price is too great. The relative values change, the eternal immortal Consciousness remain constant forever.

SERMONETTES.

He who is great when he falls is great in his prostration, and is no more an object of contempt then when men tread on the ruins of sacred buildings, which men of piety venerate no less than if they stood.—Seneca.

"Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best."—Robert Collyer.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Realizing the power of concerted thought, and the seeming lack for material aid, or prosperity, among so many, the Society of Christian Yoga has decided to hold for fifteen minutes daily, at noon (12 M.) a thought for prosperity.

Beginning January 1 the thought for this month will be:

I greet each day gladly and joyfully, with a consciousness of abounding good on every side, flowing into my life to meet every need.

Any one needing prosperity, we ask to just hold this thought with us for one month, and watch results.

Alameda, Calif. Tucker Hall, Park and Santa Clara Aves. Rev. Geo. E. Chambers, pastor; Rev. May Barker, assistant pastor. Every Wednesday, 3 p. m. Sunday services, 8 p. m.

All magazine correspondence and subscriptions, general information and society correspondence address Corresponding Secretary, Christian Yoga, Postoffice Box 355, Oakland, Cal.

Columbus, Ohio. Literature and inquires at Mrs. Edith Varian, 7 E. Town street.

Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. J. M. Garrett, 1389 E. 105th street.

San Francisco, 560 Waller St. Circle of Silent Demand, Wednesday, 8 p. m. and Friday, 2:30 p. m., at 560 Waller St. Sunday, 11 a. m., 222 Van Ness Ave. Lecture Sunday, 8 p. m. at 222 Van Ness Ave. Conducted by Rev. Jesse M. Hunter.

Oakland, Calif. Christian Yoga Hall, 587 15th St. Circle of Silent Demand, Sunday, 11 a. m., Wednesday, 8 p. m. and Friday, 2:30 p. m. Lecture Sunday, 8 p. m. Conducted by Ralph M. deFit and Zachary T. Barker.

Spokane, Wash., 611 W. Third Ave. Circle of Silent Demand, Sunday, 11 a. m. Wednesday, 8 p. m. Friday 2:30 p. m. Lecture Sunday, 8 p. m. Conducted by A. K. Mozumdar and Rev. Mattie Grupp.

Berkeley, Calif., Room 15, Wright Bldg., Center and Shattuck Ave. Meditation hour, Thursday, 10 a. m. Lecture Sunday, 11 a. m. Tuesday, 8 p. m. Conducted by Rev. George E. Chambers.

Portland, Oregon, 171 Eleventh St., bet. Morrison and Yamhill Sts. Circle of Silent Demand, Sunday 11 a. m. Wednesday, 8 p. m. Friday, 2:30 p. m. Other classes by announcement. Frank O. Garrison, Pastor. Miss E. Anna McKinney, assistant.

Napa, Calif., Mrs. Emma Wilson, teacher. Literature and information.

Long Beach, Calif. Christian Yoga Headquarters, 720 American Ave. Lessons and classes conducted by Mrs. E. S. Whyte and Florence A. Irvine.

Buffalo, N. Y., 585 Prospect Ave. Mrs. Emma Knight, leader.

San Jose, Calif. Meetings held Thursday, 8 p. m. Conducted by Gertrude C. Piutti. Literature and information, Mrs. Fred Otis, Congress Hotel, Congress Springs, Tel. Farmer 61.

Friends: We are now pleased to announce that a photograph of our beloved Elder Brother and Teacher, A. K. Mozumdar, Head and Founder of Christian Yoga, will be mailed post paid for $1.00 to any who may desire it. Address Post Office Box 355, Oakland, Calif.

If you have not already done so, send in your subscription. The subscription price is $1.00 (one dollar) a year. Sent to any three people for $2.50. Remember your friends who are hungry for Truth; send them a copy.