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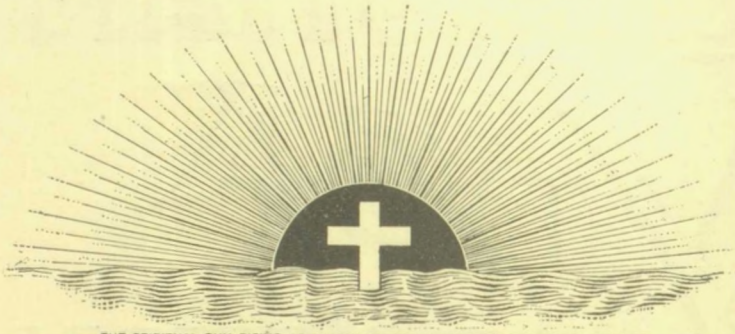
CHRISTIAN YOGA

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.

Mary Elizabeth Jenkins, - *Editor*
Ralph M. deBit, - *Managing Editor*

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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.

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Messenger of Truth

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EDITORIALS

By Mary Elizabeth Jenkins.

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

Love United With Faith. When we have, through long, long chains of experience, chains whose every link seemed fraught with bitterness and sorrow, attained to that Wisdom which is pure Love united with a Faith that is steady and sure as Eternity, then does our unfoldment begin.

Because of these experiences comes a desire for spiritual freedom; a desire for Light and understanding.

As the clouds roll back and disclose the glorious radiance of the rising sun, so veil after veil of darkness and ignorance is rolled back from before our consciousness.

A New Ideal. As the desire for spiritual freedom grows more intense, a new ideal is formed; the thoughts become centralized, and picture after picture of the ideal life, each one more vibrant and vivid than the one preceding, form in the imagination. So impression after impression is made in the consciousness and finally the concept for spiritual knowledge is formed. Then, through contemplation and much meditation, we come at last to the effortless identification of the I—of the Real Self with God.

Realization. Never can we rise into realization through the intellect alone, for mind is simply the activity of the concepts formed in the personal consciousness. As water cannot rise above its source, as the creation cannot evolve beyond the plane of its creator (the creator used in this significance is the personal consciousness in the knowing power of the individual spirit); so with the intellect alone we can never experience the realization of the One Identity—the Identity of the Real Self with God.

Come with me, back of the form of the lily, back of the song of the bird, back of the trees of the forest! Where? Out of the forms of illusion—into the Consciousness of God.

See God Everywhere. We carry our state or condition of consciousness with us always, and the reflection we see everywhere. Life is a mirror in which we see reflected in form-creation all our thoughts, our hopes and our aspirations in the minutest detail. If we carry the Consciousness of the Allness of

God with us all the time, then we finally come to see God everywhere and in everything. Form your basic center in Consciousness—stand firmly in the understanding of the identity of the Self with God. See God everywhere.

God Is Now Here. A man in his despair once said: "God is nowhere." His little girl, sitting near him with slate and pencil, wrote in large letters on the slate: God is now here. "Look, Papa!" Hearing her voice and noting her eagerness he took the slate and read: "God is Now Here." The letters burned themselves into his brain, and the words stood out before him like letters of fire. Through the channel of his grief and despair came the inspiration to enter anew the conquest of Life.

The One Path. There is the ONE Path, but many are the ways leading thereto, and they must vary with the pilgrim.

We each have our own individual place in the universe and our own way of traveling. The owl does not know the eagle's path to the sun, but the same fundamental laws of Life are active in each of us; and so we can inspire and help each other, thus helping ourselves, as we travel toward the sunlight. We reach the Height by helping others—by a Life of Service.

Discrimination. Discrimination is one of the essentials by which we find adjustment, and we shall adjust ourselves to the Light, that is so beautiful to the eyes that see, and soon we shall discern the Way.

Our Viewpoint. So much depends upon our viewpoint! Let us be big and broad, and above all let us be practical. To begin with, life would seem void and meaningless, unless we realize that we are in Essence divine; that we, as individuals, are inseparable parts of God, and that every other form, our neighbor, so to speak, is also in Essence divine, is also an inseparable part of God. With the recognition of our own being and of the law of Universal Unity as well, what splendid possibilities of use open before us!

Use. There is a great principle involved in that little word "use." Every force that is uplifting and constructive is useful, and every activity carries with it either a destructive or a constructive vibration. Why not think, live and act constructively all the time? It is so easy to neglect the common affairs of daily life, when in their accomplishment lies the great secret—that to do the best we know how, the work of today, leads us toward that work which we love and which is ours. To live up to the law of our being, to give to each problem the highest conception of right, leads us finally out of the darkness. Blessed is the one who has found his life's expression in the work that he loves.

So many people live in the anticipation of some wonderful future condition. Eternity is here. There is, in reality, no past or future. So we must make the best and highest use of the present moment for our unfoldment. You know the law. Be positive about it. Feel the power within.

In the Silence. Be calm. The greatest unfoldment is in the silence. The still, quiet strength is the enduring quality.

Knowledge of the finer forces, as we learn in the study of Christian Yoga, gives to man unlimited power, providing of course, that he uses it unselfishly, otherwise he will lose it. Power to overcome pain; power to overcome conditions.

Forever in the Infinite.

Man, even when involved in illusion, even while sojourning in the dark places, and even yet while he is searching for the Light, never, in reality, steps out of the Infinite, never steps out of the Great Light of the Cosmic.

Reception to New Worker.

Quite a brilliant affair was the reception tendered Henry Rosch Vanderbyll by the combined societies of Christian Yoga of the San Francisco Bay District.

The large lecture room of the Oakland Society was filled to the limit of its capacity and then the door leading into the headquarters was opened, thus allowing the overflow to find seats where they could see and hear.

The rooms were beautifully decorated with roses and lilies, which lent to everything a cheerful and cozy air.

A splendid program of music and readings was given by some of the talented members of the Oakland Society, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. This was followed by an address by Mr. Vanderbyll delivered in his own splendid way. The steady, sincere under-current of realization which accompanied his address was felt by all and every word uttered was given the closest attention.

The Rev. Hunter and Chambers, and then Mr. Barker, were called to the platform and their remarks, pertinent to the occasion, were eagerly listened to and elicited much applause.

Refreshments were served by the ladies; good cheer and good fellowship was radiated everywhere and all availed themselves of the opportunity of welcoming Mr. Vanderbyll.

WELCOME!

There are milestones in the march of progress of an organization as in the life of an individual. A new milestone has recently been passed by Christian Yoga. This marks the dedication of the lives of two more strong men to the cause of Truth. Henry Rosch Vanderbyll has already arrived in California after a highly successful stay in Oregon where he concluded a splendid series of lectures. The work around the Bay cities is in such a condition that it had become imperative that we have more help to carry on the work in an efficient manner. We are glad to welcome our brother as one sent by the Great Cosmic Law to supply the need.

Honus Tupper has left Spokane to take up the work in Seattle. We rejoice at the splendid type of men being drawn to the movement. Mr. Tupper is a great student of life and humanity and has the great advantage of several years of experience upon the public platform which gives him great ability to express his realization. We welcome our brother into the work and know that with the unselfish spirit he manifests his harvest in the Master's work will be a great one.

GEORGE E. CHAMBERS.

PLAIN TALK ON SUPERMAN.

By A. K. Mozumdar.

Shorthand report of a lesson talk given by A. K. Mozumdar before one of his classes, April 12, 1914.

Once a hermit was disgusted with the instability of the love and the sentiment of the world, and decided to adopt a baby girl and raise her free from the contamination of the world. He selected a girl showing all signs of promise of great future, and took her to the hermitage.

The girl grew into womanhood.

She used to play among the beauties of Nature. She had no other companion but her father hermit. One day the girl asked her father, "Father, how is it that young birds play together? What do they call it? Young birds are happy, many a time I see a pair of birds." Father said, "My dear girl, it is better that you should not know." "But, Father," the girl said, "I like to play in the same manner with my kind. I feel a longing for something I cannot describe." Hermit answered, "Why, my girl, I am here, you can play with me." "No, father, you are old, but when I see Nature's world—the birds—they are of the same age. I want to play with some one of my own age." Father said, "Why, you can play with the flowers"—the hermitage was located in a beautiful garden. She said, "Yes, father, even these flowers seem to be friendly to one another; they seem to be like little children, and I want to be like them; I want to play with some one and be happy. I feel a void right here in my heart, a longing for something I cannot describe." Hermit was very much enraged. Hermit said, "Do you know that if you desire for human companionship a curse shall befall you." "Father, that makes no difference; I want my kind. Father, what do you call that impulse, that feeling for some one?" Hermit said, "That is called love." "Love! That is beautiful! That is grand! I want to love." And hermit was very much puzzled and was unable to explain how that girl who was raised in a loneliness and seclusion could desire for companionship. Nobody said to her a single word about it, yet that girl instinctively felt that void, that longing for love.

Scientists, materialistic scientists, tell us that love is an inherited faculty—that is, the impression of the love has been transmitted from our parents to us. How? Through the medium of protoplasm. Protoplasm receives the impressions from our habits and thoughts and through it we transmit our nature to our children. Psychologists give a counter argument. They carried out a series of experiments, and I told you last Sunday night about some of those experiments. For example, the man who lost his identity from receiving an injury to his brain was put into a hypnotic sleep and he was made to narrate his past.

The materialists maintain that the very fact that man lost his memory or identity by receiving an injury to his brain shows the brain is the seat of the faculties, memory, love, sentiment, everything. But psychologists prove that the brain has nothing to do with the memory; if it were so then when that man was put into a hypnotic sleep he could not remember his past, because that memory faculty, that brain center, was injured. But independent of that faculty or brain center that man was able to narrate his past. Therefore, the psychologists came to this conclusion: That memory is located in the subliminal depths of the subconscious—something that is called the subconscious, unexplainable something. Some people call it the soul.

Well, another fact that the psychologists proved was that by giving suggestion or impression on the soul an injured brain center could be repaired. Materialists are unable to find the reason, the cause, unable to explain how an injured brain can be repaired by giving sub conscious impression, or suggestive impression. The psychologists prove that we do not inherit anything due to the protoplasmic impressions transmitted to us by our parents. All the facul-

ties we possess are in the subliminal depths of the subconscious, or in the soul. Soul is an independent factor. Soul is no part of the physical organism, because if it were a part, with the disintegration of the physical organism soul would have disintegrated. But we know that soul can function independent of this physical organism.

My dear friends, I know you think that I am trying to compel you to accept this theory. No, I am simply offering you a suggestion. A child is born with certain faculty; child from birth seems to possess certain talent. How that child comes by that talent? Do you say parent transmits it? How? Because a talent is not a part of the physical organism—it is not the quality of the physical organism. It has been proved by psychologists that in order to possess a talent or instinct, a man should acquire it somewhere.

What is instinct? Instinct is a second nature formed by prenatal impressions. That is not my definition—scientists tell us that instinct is a second nature formed by prenatal impressions. How? Our soul stands independent of this organism. Our soul can manifest these faculties independent of this body. And if it is due to prenatal impressions where did we get the impressions in order to form an imprint, and when? Then question comes, did we exist before this incarnation?

Now, think of it, my dear friends, it is a vital question. You may be sentimental and carried away by your pet theories and ideas, but that will not solve the problem. Think of it—I do not want you to accept anything—I am simply offering a suggestion. You train a child in a certain line and the child manifests that quality. You teach a young girl to play on the piano, in time the girl becomes proficient in piano playing; in time piano playing becomes second nature, instinct, as it were. Many factory girls are talking and working at the same time, automatically—instinct. By education, by continual impressions instinct is formed. What is talent? Talent is nothing but instinct, and instinct is nothing but talent. Do you see?

If a man can swim very well, you say he has a talent for swimming; if a man can play well you say he has a talent; if a man can speak well, we call him a talented speaker. A little duck hatches out from egg, it can swim right away. Little children manifest certain faculties, talents without being taught—you watch them. Have you ever studied children? I know our tendency to study many big books in order to gain knowledge along this line, but study mankind; study beings, animals, may be insects, bugs for that matter, and learn something, the great Divine Wisdom you can learn from observation.

Now, my dear friends, let me ask you; if faculties are located in the subliminal depth of the subconscious, or in the soul, tell me how a little child can possess a talent for certain things from birth? Where did he acquire that talent? You say He did not learn here in this plane. I had to learn English —I don't say I have learned very much, but I can jabber some. Now, I had to impress myself constantly with English in order to learn to speak, no matter how brokenly. Do you see in this life by working we learn. But without learning anything I manifest certain talent, faculty, mechanical talent or something—where did I acquire that talent? Now tell me.

According to the theory based on the psychological experiments man should have existed before

this incarnation in order to have certain talents, or instincts, and by preconceived impressions he was drawn to such environment as corresponded to his nature, to such parentage or parents as could afford him a suitable environment. It is the only logical conclusion we can ever arrive at. Or else we cannot explain this phenomenon.

The materialistic theory that we receive all our faculties by inheritance direct from the parents through protoplasmic impressions is untenable. And you know that. That theory has been broken into pieces long ago. Now the modern psychology, the new psychology, is bordering on the metaphysics, coming nearer to the metaphysics.

Do you know, one day a question came to my mind: What happens to us after death? Where goes our memory? Like that man who lost his identity, our memory remains with us even after death. As that man who lost his identity could not objectively remember or manifest his past so it happens with many of us. In soul is memory. Soul keeps record of every impression you receive. Then by becoming en rapport with a disincarnate spirit, through subjective impression or suggestion, you can revive his memory, or bring his memory to the surface, as it were, for the time being. If you carry out a few experiments you will know it is so. You may not consciously think a matter, but by becoming en rapport with you I may get that thing from you, because we, as we are today, are nothing but the sum total of impressions which we are constantly receiving. Every day we are new beings in this plane, because every day the sum total of our impressions varies, but that does not explain many other things.

One question remains unsolved, especially one question, many others, but one vital question. That is, if by impression we manifest ourselves, our being, what is it that is receiving these impressions? In order to explain the phenomenon of talent, we go back to our previous existence right in this plane, or in similar plane. Then the question comes, what is that which receives the first impression? Do you see my point? There must be some first impression somewhere, do you see, on something. What is that something? That is the question.

Name of this something is Super-man, man above this plane of manifestation, or illusion, God-man, man who is a vital part of the universal Essence, God, man, who is a creator forever. Do you see? Now, the question comes how that Super-man, or God in Essence, acts? In order to find that out we have to come back to our Christian Yoga fundamental principle—that is, that which is self-evident. You cannot deny your own existence, because we exist before we can deny ourselves; therefore, we are conscious beings.

Consciousness must be the nature of that which exists forever. That is our spirit, because that is the final; that is Essence. Essence cannot evolve any quality which it does not possess, because it is final. If it had consciousness it would manifest consciousness; or if it does manifest consciousness today it had that consciousness forever. Do you see?

Then, by this act of consciousness it is creating, God as a part, not God as a Whole, never! You cannot imagine God as an entity, a human being, limited. No, you think on and on, God is still there, Essence. You cannot put your God into human plane. You think, you plan, but God, Who is All-in-All, omniscient, omnipresent, unlimited, can have no limited idea;

therefore, He cannot create any limited form. Unlimited, omniscient Consciousness cannot create anything limited. If you do not like it you may not accept it—it is a fact, a truth.

Truth is unpleasant, very unpleasant, because it breaks our fondest dreams of the past, our childhood days' conception of the rainbow. But truth, no matter how unpleasant it may be, yet it makes a man free. Creator you are, not as a personality, but that which creates personality, that YOU, is the creator. In Essence you are One because nothing can differentiate Essence. You cannot divide water by water—so you cannot divide Essence. Therefore, in the last analysis in our creation we find One Essence is the Creator, and all that you see is nothing but the reflection of your individual consciousness.

So is this personality all reflection, every bit of it, brain, bodies, all you see, nothing but reflection, your own quality manifesting. You change this reflection by voluntary or involuntary impression, this body will manifest another quality, this body may pass through the solid wall. Manifest a little higher quality this minute, you see this body will change.

We have discovered the law that the individual consciousness adopts the same method in evolving the organism as it does in repairing an organ, that is, by impression.

I have proved this: that you can create a new faculty, a new brain center. Yes, you can! Who says we have already created all the faculties that we can? No, not yet. We are creating. If you think upon one thing for five or six hours a matrix will be formed and you act almost automatically. When I desire to write something, I have the idea but I cannot write as fluently as I wish, and I, therefore, keep on thinking, I keep on dwelling upon that idea two or three days until matrix is formed; then my pen runs as fast as my hand can carry it. Do you see? Now, I am not talking about myself, just giving you the benefit of my experiments. You can carry out these experiments yourselves.

You put yourself into certain thought; keep that thought in your mind until it almost automatically recurs to you; then you manifest its quality without effort. Now think of the idea, how many of you holding to one thought, one idea, may be money-making, may be beautifying the body, may be for health, or some particular thing, how many brain centers have remained uncreated. The brain centers are nothing but a reflection of qualities with which you impress yourself, your own Self, which psychologists, not being able to give any name, have called the subconscious, or the soul. It is Self that creates all things in this created plane.

Go deeper into things. Don't call yourself as personality God. Some people, not understanding the philosophy, say we are God. We are not, as personalities, not in this idea of flesh, not in this idea of limitation. But that which is conceiving the idea of limitation, that Knower, that Creator, is God in Essence. It is your very being. Do you see?

When you know this, then you are on the road to Freedom. Do you know what a vital part you play in this Cosmos? Your prayer is answered because you know. What is prayer? Who is praying? "I" in my deluded concept of life praying to my Self, which is God in essence. It is a beautiful idea. Do you see?

Just come little nearer to this idea. Now realize! Realize! First, ask this question: Who am I?

Who am I? In this world of consciousness, who am I? And then, That which is asking the question, not as a Whole, but part, is That which all of you are seeking. It makes no difference part or Whole, because once you know the true nature of the part you know the true nature of the Whole, because in the plane of consciousness there is no differentiation, my friends. Do you see? There is no differentiation.

Jesus knew this truth; therefore, he said "I and My Father are One." Krishna knew it; he said, "I Am without beginning or end." And all the great masters said the same thing. Now, my friends, why not you and I? I can assure you that it is not my daring presumption when I say that "I and my Father are one." I have a right to say it. It is my divine heritage, because I know this: without ME, God cannot exist, Absolute God cannot exist, because in this world of All-God if I exist at all I am part of Him, and without a single part Whole will be no longer Whole. It shall be broken.

What a mighty thought, that God cannot exist without ME! I Am a necessary part of the Whole. Do you see? Then, in the highest plane of Consciousness, where I lose sight of this space, lose sight of time, I find nothing but consciousness. And you my friends do not then exist in my vision, as you know yourselves in this concept life, because I do not see any line of demarcation between any two persons. I find nothing but Consciousness in that plane of Consciousness, nothing exists but Consciousness. Even I do not know myself as I do today, this moment. You do not know me then and I do not know you, as persons. If you know yourself upon that plane I do not know you from my personal plane.

It is altogether different, my friends; there is no form, no sex, there is no creed nor color. Sublime! Grand! Plane of Consciousness, vast omniscient ocean! There is no end whatever. You keep on and on, and you find no end. On and on you go, still that Consciousness. You cannot move anywhere, you cannot go anywhere, because it is a world of Consciousness. There is no space. Space exists to us because of the fact we are living in the deluded concept of life, because we see a void between different individuals —that which you call space, filling all which exists, one great unbroken Consciousness.

His name is I AM. And who am I? I am also I Am, my little I Am merging, as it were, or becoming conscious, as it were with the great vast omniscient I AM. Merging, becoming One, it is One! Only I am becoming conscious. Then I forget all lines; then I do not feel to talk. After becoming I Am I find rest. I have no desire or passion.

This blissful state of consciousness is the Christ state of Consciousness. Little glimpses which I have of this Consciousness make me feel happy, grand. When I come down to this earth-plane of Consciousness, I carry a memory. Only from the memory plane can I speak of That. In this plane of Consciousness, earth-plane, concept life, we have language, we have expression; then I speak. But when I speak half is lost, but another half is understood by those souls who have come in touch with this Consciousness.

"Hold there! Where runnest thou?
Know heaven is in thee;
Seeketh thou for God elsewhere,
His face thou'st never see."
—Johann Scheffler.

PRINCIPAL POINTS IN CHRISTIAN YOGA.

By Ralph M. deBit.

Christian Yoga does not deny anything of which man is conscious, nor does it affirm anything of which he may not be conscious.

Again the time has come when a demand has been created for a comprehensive elucidation of the principal points in the Christian Yoga School of Philosophy and Metaphysics.

The first principal point published on the cover-page of this Magazine is, "No affirmations and denials in the form of fixed statements," and this will be the first principal point treated in this series of articles.

Among the so-called New-Thought, Christian Science, and other progressive religions, a system has been developed whereby they affirm in the manner of fixed statements for things and conditions they desire to manifest, and a denial of those things and conditions which they are at present conscious of and which they desire to overcome, or eliminate from manifestation.

We in Christian Yoga have realized that the system of affirming or denying to obtain specific results is very defective. Why it is defective, and why Christian Yoga uses a simpler and more scientific method to arrive at the same results sought, will now be fully explained.

To intelligently understand this study of affirmation and denial, we must first carefully consider two fundamental principles governing our relative existence.

First: We manifest the quality and nature of that with which we associate ourselves.

Second: All relative manifestation is caused by the reaction of an attributed value that we give to things and conditions.

Let us now consider them separately; a little observation in everyday life shows us that we are influenced and directly affected by whatever thing or condition to which we give recognition.

If we positively refuse to mentally harbor melancholy and unpleasant thoughts, we can prevent sadness and worry. This is manifesting the quality of that with which we associate ourselves. Again it is exemplified in the friends and companionships that we seek and cultivate. The pure and good man or woman at first acquaintanceship will be shocked and their sensibilities injured in contact with vice; but, a continuation of such association will result in their condoning that which at first was horrifying. You all know the little verse:

"Vice is a monster, of so frightful a mien,
To be repulsed is but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
First pity, then endure, and then embrace."

So much for the first principle.

In the consideration of the second principle as herein set forth, we find that for every attribute that we contribute to things and conditions around us, there is an impression indelibly left upon our consciousness.

When we penetrate deeper into the realms of metaphysics, the overwhelming fact is discovered that we, as body and mind, are nothing more or less than the reflection of these impressions which have been conceived by the activity of the Conscious Self. These impressions find lodgement in that Consciousness by our own attributed valuations and contributions to the things and conditions around us.

For example, a woman acquaintance had formed a concept that a telegram was always associated with a death in the family or some

sad news. One day, while her husband was absent, a messenger boy opened the front gate and walked to the house with a message in his hand. This friend of ours, catching sight of the messenger, suddenly went into hysterics and collapsed in a dead faint. It required the immediate attendance of several physicians to save her life, and after being sufficiently revived, she was informed that a mining investment in the West had proved miraculous and that she was a wealthy woman. The message had conveyed this message to her. It was not the message that affected the woman, but it was her contribution or her valuation of the message that affected her.

So we shall find by close analysis that every thing and condition of our every day lives amount to the same thing.

We cannot affirm for something which we are not, or for something or condition which we do not now possess, without becoming conscious of what we are, or of what we are now in the possession.

The reaction upon our consciousness, and the corresponding impression indelibly left there from affirming for something that we are not or have not now, is our present weakness and limitation.

To affirm for something that we do not realize at the present time, is a confession and acknowledgement of our present weakness. This repeated impression and constant association with our weakness and limitation will cause us to manifest more of those qualities, instead of the object of our desires.

To become more painfully conscious of our present short-comings is to manifest more of those characteristics; and we find that the subtle suggestion derived from affirming is of our present condition of lack, thereby defeating the very ends we are desirous of obtaining.

It is quite impossible to deny a thing or condition without giving it some recognition. To deny a thing is to affirm its existence. Whether it exists in reality or as an illusion is not the question. We give it a recognition in the act of denying. What we are conscious of is real to us while we are conscious of it, whether that thing is conditional or eternal. And to deny a thing or condition is an act or state of being conscious of it during the process of denial. If it did not exist, as our denial is implying, we would not have the consciousness of it to deny it. So in order to deny we are giving it recognition, and this recognition being in the form of associating ourselves with it, or receiving an impression from it, we can easily see that we are coming under the operation of the two laws heretofore set forth, and the result is, we are perpetuating the very thing and condition we are so desirous to eliminate.

We will admit that affirmations and denials will bring results in some cases, and cures are effected by them; these cases are the exception and not the rule, for to obtain results by the employment of affirmations and denials, there is required on the part of one so denying or affirming, great faith or deep concentration; faith sufficient to carry the consciousness over, and superior to the impression and suggestion set up by the affirmation or denial. There must be trained concentration of mind that will enable the consciousness to steadily hold to the condition sought through the affirmation and denial; and because of such concentration upon the condition sought, the consciousness will not give recognition to the suggestion and impression received from giving recognition to or associating with the condition of limitation.

If our object be to manifest some condition or thing that we are not at present conscious of, let us set about our task with the minimum of impediment and obstacle, and in this, Christian Yoga shows us the way.

Ignore completely your present condition that you are desirous of overcoming. Neither directly nor indirectly associate with, give yourself the suggestion of, or the impression regarding the thing or condition which you wish to eliminate. To avoid the reaction of these suggestions and impressions, neither affirm nor deny. With the marvelous instrument and faculty of imagination, realize by concentration and meditation that the desired quality is being manifested through you by the great "I Am," which is the Christian Yoga ideal.

We know that those first stepping out upon the path of spiritual unfoldment, have not faith sufficient to gain this result, nor have they developed the necessary concentration of mind. What we are seeking is an easy, simple and natural system whereby all, regardless of their prior acquired abilities, can demonstrate the simple laws of Life. And in this respect Christian Yoga has found the solution, eliminating all affirmations and denials, practicing the doctrine of non-resistance taught by the Master Jesus, and following the natural course into that realization which is and always has been our heritage and birth-right.

SPREADING THE WORK.

By Henry Rosch Vanderbyll.

There are many things in this world which we know to be true, but when we are asked to explain WHY something is true, words very often fail us. Several decades ago, Edgar Allan Poe stated that the Heart Divine of Universe was our own. He argued that everybody Knew that it must be so. He did not give a logical explanation of his statement. He realized the Truth, he knew it intuitively, but he did not know how to crystallize it into human words and symbols. So there are many of us who KNOW the Truth and are allowed to penetrate the misty veil of Illusion, but cannot explain to others WHY the Truth is Truth.

I believe that Christian Yoga is the most perfect expression of the One Great Truth. It explains to us the Why and Wherefore of everything. It is founded on a solid rock which nothing can rend into fragments. It is based on the very principle that evolves all principles, religions and philosophies—the "I AM Consciousness." There is nothing beyond the "I AM Consciousness" upon which a philosophy could be based. The foundation of Christian Yoga is the ultimate, the creator.

Christian Yoga, having such a foundation, I was not surprised to witness the great enthusiasm of teachers and students of the various societies in Washington, Oregon and California. Searching souls have at last found something which nothing can possibly take away from them. They have a weapon against the arguments of any philosophy or religion. They realize better than ever before what Life really means, what the goal is, and by what means one should endeavor to reach that goal. They have become fearless and unselfish and are therefore endowed with powers that are apparently superhuman. They are bound to succeed in their enterprises, and the teachers cannot very well help building up a mighty organization

in the United States. Three years ago, A. K. Mozumdar founded Christian Yoga in a small room in Spokane. Today the Spokane society enjoys a regularly crowded hall with an average audience of 150. The Portland Society needs larger quarters, and the California Societies are growing fast. Our Brother Tupper has opened a Christian Yoga Hall in Seattle, and I myself came to California to take up the work.

In two years from today, my friends, Christian Yoga will not only be spread over the United States and Canada, but even across the Atlantic. Do not marvel, do not think this an idle boast. Christian Yoga is needed. It has come in response to the demand of humanity. Very little do people realize that they themselves have called it into being. What or who can prevent that which is needed from reaching the heart of humanity?

AT THE MASTER'S COMMAND.

(By A. K. Mozumdar.)

CHAPTER VII.

An Englishman.

"Alec, I intend to send you on a mission," said Din Dayal.

Alexander stared at him with a frightened look. For a full minute he kept his mouth and eyes wide open, and then he said, in an uncertain tone, "Me?" as though there were some mistake somewhere.

Din Dayal replied, "Yes, you—why not?"

His withered, sunken face wore an odd expression of worry. The word "mission" sounded to him like a danger signal or an invitation to some unnecessary trouble which was not at all to his liking. During his stay in the barracks he used to associate the word "mission" with that of an expedition. It meant to him an excuse for seeking unknown danger or carrying war into an enemy's country.

Din Dayal, divining his thought, said kindly:

"There is no cause for apprehension, my friend; you have simply to go to the English gentleman who came to the mission yesterday and tell him that I want to see him at the servants' quarters."

Alexander did not know whether to take it as a joke or in earnest.

"You mean to say that Englishman will come here to see you? I haven't seen an Englishman yet who isn't self-important and angry-looking all the time. I believe you are either making fun of me or you want me to get a few kicks and cuffs."

Din Dayal replied:

"As for getting kicks and cuffs, there is no danger; I can assure you he is very harmless, that is to say, a gentleman. A gentleman is always a gentleman no matter where he is born and raised. There are many gentlemen in England yet, and you will be surprised to see that they are as human as any well-bred Hindus. Now you had better go before it gets too late."

Alexander, greatly impressed by the earnestness of Din Dayal, left the room with great reluctance. In a few minutes he returned with the English gentleman, while his face was beaming with pride. And Din Dayal, as he welcomed the tall well built stranger, introduced himself.

When they were comfortably seated he explained the reason why he desired an interview with him and then he requested the gentleman to join their order of Universal Brotherhood. The gentleman readily took to the idea of universal brotherhood, but he politely informed Din Dayal that he did not believe in the antique piece of humanity, or rather the mythological old gentleman called God.

Din Dayal replied encouragingly:

"That makes no difference. I am sure that you will find the real God in yourself and in humanity at large, the God who is self-evident and whom you cannot deny."

At that instant there came a rap at the door. Din Dayal invited the person outside to enter, and a young boy apparently thirteen or fourteen years old came in and closed the door behind him. The newcomer looked nervously and wildly all about the room and then his large brilliant eyes fell upon the Englishman. He exclaimed in trembling voice:

"Who is that? An English spy! It is for me! I have been trapped." Then, laughing jeeringly, "you think you can get me alive, not much! You'll die if

you lay your hand on me." He then pointed an automatic pistol at the Englishman.

The Englishman, in a calm, unconcerned manner surveyed the young boy leisurely from head to foot. It was certainly a serious affair, a matter of life and death, yet he appeared as cool as though it were all fun. Then he smiled sympathetically, and in a friendly way, said:

"There is no hurry, my chap; it doesn't take very long to finish the job when one uses a pistol. Before you do anything desperate I should like to tell you that I am not a British spy; I am English to be sure, but my vocation is a very peaceful one. I am a traveler. Does my explanation satisfy you?"

The young boy did not know whether to believe him or not. He looked to others for confirmation. Din Dayal assured him it was so. Then he lowered the pistol, but kept his hand on the trigger as a precaution against any unexpected emergency.

The Englishman eyed him amusedly for a moment; then jovially said:

"You may give me that pistol and feel comfortably safe. If we intended to do you any harm, we could easily have disarmed you by this time, do you see?"

The young boy looked nervously from one to the other, yet undecided what to do. Then Din Dayal arose and, approaching him, put his right hand on his shoulder affectionately and said kindly:

"My young friend, you must be under a very nervous strain; just be calm and peaceful; you are among friends, and safe. Tell me what I can do for you."

Then he looked sympathetically at him with his head bent to one side. Something came over the boy; the feeling of injured pride welled up in him and he wept without restraint. Din Dayal drew him nearer to his breast and held him there for a few minutes. When the first outburst of the boy's pent-up feelings had abated, he lifted his handsome young face, with its bright olive complexion, and looked into it affectionately. There were dark rings around the large brown eyes; his pinched face spoke of hardship, toil and anxiety. Boys of his age would hardly leave home and parental care. His noble brow and finely shaped nose and mouth showed he was a High Caste Hindu and his delicately formed hands indicated that he was not a child of want and poverty.

Din Dayal asked kindly:

"How old are you, my boy? You seem to be very young."

The boy answered, with a sigh:

"I am not quite sixteen, sir."

Again Din Dayal asked:

"How did you find this place—I mean how do you happen to be here?"

The boy replied:

"For the last two days I have been hiding in Villa Bhawani Charan. Monsieur Bhawani Charan told me to come here tonight. I have been followed by government detectives for the last two months. I have been moving from place to place, hiding in the day time and traveling at night. During all this time I have lived almost entirely on wild fruits and I have not slept more than an hour at a time, but tonight I can endure it no longer; I have reached the limit of my strength. They are closing in upon me. If I cannot escape from the detectives tonight, I have decided to end my life after I have killed one or two of these black scoundrels.

Din Dayal drew him to a seat and sat down beside him.

The Englishman asked in a concerned tone:

"What is your offence, may I ask?"

The boy replied indifferently, "That is a long story, and moreover I do not expect any sympathy from an Englishman anyway. The bloodthirsty Englishmen have crushed our pride and honor and made us beggars in the streets, and are not yet satisfied. See what they have done to our India today, once one of the richest countries in the world! Unaesthetic and greedy Englishmen, not being able to appreciate the architectural beauty of the wonderful edifices, have taken all the precious stones away from them. My God! How long, how long shall we suffer this injustice!"

The Englishman answered, in a matter of fact tone:

"I hope, not very long."

The boy looked at the Englishman in amazement, and said:

"You — an Englishman — sympathize with us down-trodden Hindus!"

Again the Englishman answered in a matter of fact tone:

"I am a human being first before I am an Englishman. I have never known any reason why geography should change human nature. A nation is formed by the people, but the people are constantly moving from one part of the world to another. A Frenchman is thus turned into an Englishman, an Englishman into an American; so it goes. Now, your story, young chap!"

"Very well, I will tell you everything. You are the first Englishman I have ever taken to. You must be very different from any other Englishman I ever saw."

The Englishman remarked: "No, it isn't that. There are many such as I at home, only they do not have the opportunity to study the condition of India at

first hand. What they hear at second hand they believe. They have no idea how immense India is, and the description of one part of the country does not fit another part at all. I have never yet read a book on India which summed up all the Hindu characteristics in a nut shell. The Hindus of one part of the country are as different from those of another part as the German from the Italian. India is the only country which fails to give us a definite characteristic type of humanity, so we foreigners are naturally puzzled when we meet so much diversity in one country. However, I can tell you this: by this time I know something about India. I do not think the average Englishman at home knows how poor Hindus are. Yet this people are compelled to pay 60 per cent. of their income as taxes to the British government. Over $300,000,000 the British Government takes from India every year. Half the population of the country does not have one decent meal a day. During the famine, which is supposed to be caused by drought, many shiploads of corn and grain are exported from the country. Am I not right, my boy?"

The boy nodded assent. Then, the Englishman, smiling quizzically, said:

"Now, please proceed with your story."

The young boy recommenced:

"I was born in the northeast of Bengal, of the Bose family, at the village of B——. We are of the Bengal nobility. However, that does not concern the main part of the story. Two years ago my eldest brother, J— Bose, formed a secret society called 'Sons of India.' The purpose of the society was to defend the honor of Hindu women from the insults of white foreigners. White foreigners as a rule do not know the difference between High Caste and Low Caste women and sometimes, entering the woman's compartment of the train insult them; taking advantage of the absence of the men. My brother determined to teach them a lesson by establishing a reign of terror. That is, by taking the lives of those who are guilty of such misdemeanor.

"One night he was sent on a dangerous mission. The government detectives tracked him and informed his prospective victim beforehand about the plot on his life. While my brother was looking for his victim he was attacked by twenty Europeans and Eurasians, and they killed him. His body was never recovered. A native detective who was in sympathy with my brother's movement told my father all about it, but his mouth was shut by the government. The British Government hides cases like this in order to prevent the outburst of race prejudice.

"However, the detectives soon involved my second eldest brother in a bomb-making case. My father, going to defend him, took part of the blame on his shoulders. He was consequently thrown into a solitary cell in the prison and was publicly insulted before his servants and neighbors by the local police authorities. Since no evidence was found against him, the case was soon dismissed and my father was released from the prison. But my proud father could not endure this disgrace and soon after died broken hearted.

"On his death bed my father called us near him and said: 'Death is better than disgrace.' Before he expired my second eldest brother swore vengeance against his enemies and soon after he disappeared, none knew where. They say he is gone after the English Police Commissioner who took leave of absence immediately after this incident and went to England via Japan and America. Evidently my brother was on the wrong track if he followed him by the Suez Canal, but we believe he was killed by some secret agents of the government."

The Englishman interrupted him, saying:

"I do not think the government encourages such despicable murder as this. I believe you natives are always in the habit of blaming the government for everything."

But the young boy was determined to convince him that the British Government used foul means to remove a dangerous person, and afterwards laid the blame upon the native secret societies. Then he again continued his story:

"After my father's death, I came to Calcutta to study, and entered the Scottish Free Mission College. At the students' mess where I was living I had a roommate. He belonged to a secret society. He was soon involved in a bomb-making case and became a fugitive from justice. Then they came after me. I was arrested and thrown into prison. In vain I pleaded my innocence. However, through the intervention of a wealthy friend of my deceased father, I was released on bail, but I jumped the bail and left Calcutta. Now, I am wanted by the government. If I am taken back they will either hang me or transport me for life to Andaman."

The Englishman puckered his lips and whistled to express his conception of the seriousness of the matter. Then he began to study the situation, at the same time drumming his fingers abstractedly on the arm of the shabby chair in which he was sitting. After a few minutes his face beamed with the light of a solution

of the problem, and, looking at the young boy, he said in a concerned tone:

"The only thing I see that you can do is to leave the country, but you cannot go through Bombay—that port is crowded with British spies. Let me see—I have it—Kurrachee! That is the only port not likely to be so carefully guarded since no passenger steamers direct from Europe stop there. You will have to go to Persia first. From Persia you can easily find a boat for Europe. Now, young chap, to what definite place do you intend going?"

"The United States of America," replied the boy, "the land where the oppressed and down-trodden find shelter. To America! the land of the brave and the free, the hope of the hopeless. Do you know that America has always been my ideal country? Nothing like America and Americans! Even the very name lends strength to my feeble body. I am for America."

Again the Englishman puckered his lips and whistled, this time more in a humorous vein than as if sensing danger; then said:

"I believe ignorance is certainly bliss. It is so in your case anyway. Yes, the United States was once the land where the oppressed and down-trodden found shelter, but that is now past history. Today it is the land of grafters and swindlers. If you should ever reach that shore, the blessed immigration authorities will take the first opportunity to deport you, and not only that, they will feel proud to deliver you into the hands of the British Government as a token of humble service rendered to a great power. And, young chap, it will not be very long before your dead body will be dangling in a hangman's noose."

"I will appeal to the people of the United States. It is the country of the people. I will tell them that I am innocent of any crime and how I have suffered. They will certainly listen to my appeal. They will not forget how they once suffered at the hand of the British Government before their Declaration of Independence."

The Englishman laughed heartily just for a minute; then studiedly said:

"Young chap, you are fit to be the author of a second Arabian Nights Entertainment. You have a fine imagination! Aladdin's lamp can perform miracles only in imagination. It is as impotent as a lamp of clay in this matter of fact world. The people of America may be all right, but the government is rotten. The liberal democratic principle upon which that government was once based has been shamefully trampled upon by a few crafty statesmen and financiers, but the people at large are living in a blissful ignorance of the real state of affairs. I wonder whether they have forgotten their own proud national ideal. As an Asiatic you can not expect any justice from very many judges in that country. They turn and twist the laws to suit their fancy and personal interest. Even many state executives and statesman unscrupulously sell their offices to big interests. In order to cover their shameful deeds they play the role of patriot in the name of progressiveness and urge the people to legislate against the foreigners.

"Maybe a generation or two ago, many of their parents emigrated to that country with a bundle of rags on their backs, having been allured by the liberal democratic ideals, but today they have forgotten their trust which American democracy has given them, to furnish shelter to the poor and oppressed.

"I believe if the 'Bronze lady'—I mean the Statue of Liberty, should crumble down, the American people of this type would be ashamed to rebuild it. This statue stands as a beacon light from the American shore to those who are oppressed and down-trodden under the heels of tyranny. The flag which once stood for equality and justice to all has been shamefully disgraced by these undemocratic statesmen and politicians.

"Think of the idea! America has thousands of acres of idle, uncultivated land. It has an area which can populate four times as many people as it now has, yet they are legislating against many foreigners. In my humble opinion, this world is for the free use of mankind. We live here for awhile and then we die. As far as our children are concerned, they may be natives of another land and belong to another nation. Modern invention has brought the people of the whole world in close touch with each other; they are constantly changing their places of habitation. In my opinion to hold any land from free use of mankind is the worst possible crime. In the days of absolute monarchy the monarch used to claim all the land in an empire. We think now that it is a direct violation of the property rights of human beings at large, but if a group of people exercise the same prerogative, what are we to think of their action? The ideal of the American democracy has been shamefully abused. Young chap, if you will listen to me, you had better keep out of the United States of America. It is not the place for you or any one in your plight."

But the boy replied to him with a show of feeling:

"What! You Englishman criticize the government of the United States of

America? What about your English government?"

"It is worse than rotten," the Englishman replied in a level tone. "I was so tired and sick of the whole farcial management of the British Government at home that I left England to find a rest somewhere else. One thing about the British Government, though—it doesn't claim to be a free democratic government, nor does it raise a Statue of Liberty for the oppressed and down-trodden. But the case of the United States is different. Its ideal was great. It was the only country which once appealed to me on account of its broad democracy.

"Do you know that some of the people over there have become so demoralized that while abroad they are ashamed to call themselves Americans? We find their brave patriotic men only in their magazine stories. When it comes down to the real fact, you will find not very many of them really proud of their country. When any nation lowers its national ideals, its people are ashamed to be called its citizens. Many Americans are anxious to be the first cousins of Englishmen. That is a thing no Englishman will ever consent to. He is too proud for that."

The boy thought the Englishman was taking advantage of the absence of any Americans and, therefore, he said:

"Fortunately, there is no American present here. He would have made you pay heavily for that remark."

"I do not care how many Americans are here. I have a right to express my own opinion. Young chap, perhaps you do not know that an Englishman may be stubborn, but he is never a coward. I will tell you something funny that happened the other day at a Dak Bungalow, in an out of the way place. I met a Yankee chap who was hunting around that neighborhood. He was passing for an Englishman just to get a little more prestige and privilege. He was very much surprised to see me there and took pains to tell me how the matter stood. When I told him that it was not fair for him to assume the name of an Englishman, he had the audacity to tell me that Americans were the cousins of the English, because many Englishmen and women settled in their country in the early days. I told him that with King Canute and William the Conqueror many Danish and French people came to England to settle. Today not a single Englishman calls the Danish or French his cousins. Then I told him that in the national sense he was an American first, and in the general sense he was a human being and cousin to all humanity. However, I do not see any use in arguing about it. I am simply giving my honest opinion. If, in spite of all this, you go to the United States without heeding my warning you will have trouble sure."

"I do not agree with you," retorted the boy. "I know that America is the country of the people, and that the laboring people of that country are very enlightened. I will tell them that I am one of them; that I have come to work and start my life from the very bottom."

The Englishman somewhat lost patience. He didn't speak for a few minutes. Then he remarked slowly in a vexed tone:

"Do as you please; you will have to learn by experience like many of us. Warning does no good to the unsophisticated young mind. So far as the laboring people of America are concerned, they are all right if they had a little more common sense. They are guided like a pack of sheep by a few foggy-headed labor leaders who are more interested in keeping their jobs, which generally bring them good salaries, than they are in protecting the rights of the laboring people. They are as cunning and tyrannical as any capitalist boss. If the laboring people of America had common sense they would have overthrown these foggy-headed leaders and struck for universal labor union."

Din Dayal, who had thus far listened silently to their conversation, interrupted the Englishman:

"My dear friend, you do not seem to recognize the signs of the times. Once a nation is born with an ideal, that ideal is not to be broken so easily or to remain under the rule of tyranny in any form. The United States of America was born with an ideal if emancipation for the human race, though that ideal was at first only vaguely realized by the founders of the sovereign power. It is becoming more and more decided every day. As before dawn is the darkest hour of the night, so it is with America. A mighty young generation is coming forward; many servants of the light are already working for that great day."

The Englishman replied:

"That is true, but before that time comes this young man will be deported and probably hanged. What are you going to do about that? Therefore, I advise him to go to Paris, the safest place for an oppressed and down-trodden people irrespective of creed, color or race."

At that moment they heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming toward the mission. The Englishman jumped up from his shabby old chair and went near the window to peer out. In the dark he saw a few mounted men stop at the main mis-

sion bungalow. This looked dangerous for the boy. He scowled.

"What's the matter?" asked the boy nervously.

The Englishman turned sharply to him and with rare presence of mind, said:

"Well, it is nothing very much yet. You just sit down comfortably and tell me all about your future plans."

He still remained standing at the window while the boy sat down and tried hard to maintain the semblance of calmness and began to incoherently narrate his future plans. The Englishman was furtively looking through the window at the mission bungalow. He saw somebody come to the veranda with a lantern in his hand. He recognized the person immediately. It was Rev. Beecher. In the light of the lantern he saw mounted men, several of them, who appeared to be military police. He knew now definitely what they were after. Yet he gave no sign of emotion or signal of danger, to create a disturbance in the mind of the boy.

Then he saw them dismount and tie the reins of thier horses to the posts of the veranda, and follow Rev. Beecher toward the servants' quarters. He thought it was useless to keep the boy any longer in ignorance, yet he did not want to see unnecessary blood shed which would occur in case the boy was captured.

He calmly approached the boy with deliberate steps and, holding both of his hands firmly, he said, in measured tones:

"I must tell you something very unpleasant: they are after you, young fellow, they are coming this way."

"Let me go, you blooming Englishman!" cried the boy excitedly. "It is all on account of your slow stupid brain that I am still here; I could have escaped long ago."

The Englishman answered in a level tone, while still holding the boy's hands:

"Now, don't get so excited; keep your head cool. You will yet come out all right."

The boy struggled to get free in order to make a dash toward the door, and said:

"You infernal slow Englishman, let me go; if you will just let me alone, I shall know how to manage my own affairs."

But not being able to get away from the firm grip of the Englishman, he became infuriated.

"I see everything now clearly. You have betrayed me. I will shoot any one who comes near me."

"For heaven's sake don't shoot!" said the Englishman apprehensively. "Most likely you will not hit any one; it will simply give you away, and it is already too late for you to make a dash. If they cannot catch you they will shoot you dead. Now, just be calm. I have a plan. It will save you. Now, be quick! Get under that bed! Give your pistol to me. It is safe in my hand."

He pushed the boy under the bed. Then, turning toward the domestics of the mission, he said in an imperative tone:

"I want all of you to keep your mouths shut. You know I am no church member, though as a rule I do not tell any lie either, but tonight I am going to tell a lie to save one innocent life. But, gentlemen, it depends upon your silence. I am going to play my card and gamble with a life. Let me win first, then you may accuse me of all the villanies in the world—call me blackguard, scoundrel, anything you please—but not until then."

At that moment the door was suddenly thrown open; the Englishman quickly walked to the threshold, and, with nerves of steel planted himself firmly with feigned astonishment in his face. The police inspector stepped forward from the dark into the stream of light coming from the room, and, in a cool authoritative tone, he demanded admittance into the cottage. The Englishman saw his tanned face covered with black bushy beard and at once recognized him as an Eurasian. He replied, in unconcerned tone, "Mr. Inspector, if it isn't too much to ask I should like to know what is your business here."

"My business is to search for a fugitive from justice; a dangerous culprit is wanted bv the British Government. We have been informed by our detective agency that he has taken shelter in this mission," replied the inspector.

The Englishman slyly looked back and saw that the foolish boy's head was out from under the bed and that he was nervously waiting to vindicate himself. He motioned him by the hand behind his back to cover his head under the quilt. Then he calmly said to the inspector:

"There must be some mistake; there is no culprit in this room, because since the early part of the evening I have been here."

The suspicious inspector looked questioningly into his eyes and determined to pass through. The Englishman protested:

"You can't go in—not that I care very much—but it would be a direct insult to me. Do you dare to disbelieve the word of an Englishman? If you insult me by forcing your way past me, I will not only break your nose, but I will see that you do not remain very long in the service."

This was a strong argument to dissaude any number of native inspectors

from taking any rash course. The inspector still stared at the Englishman suspiciously for awhile and then, finding no signs of relaxation in his facial muscles, he left the place, giving a formal salute, saying:

"Sir, you will be responsible for this act of yours."

"Very well," replied the Englishman, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Soon after that they all heard the sound of horses' hoofs receding toward the city until at last it died out in the stillness of the night.

The Englishman went to the boy and dragged him from under the bed; then clamly said:

"Now, young chap, not a minute's delay; off you go! Make a dash for Kurachee by the 12:30 train."

Still the boy did not move; his face wore an expression of trouble.

"What is the matter?" asked the Englishman "I am penniless," he answered miserably.

"Well, I almost forgot that; here are three hundred pounds. Now be off with yourself."

The boy's tender heart was touched and he was overcome by this generosity. With tear-dimmed eyes, he asked:

"What will you do? You have, perhaps, given all your money to me."

"Never mind; I will soon get some somehow. But remember, in three months' time I meet you in Paris."

"Meet me in Paris?" exclaimed the boy in surprise.

"Yes, to send you to your promised land, America."

"You! An Englishman!" cried the boy.

But almost before he could finish his sentence, the Englishman by a motion of his hand stopped him.

"Yes, I am an Englishman by birth, but 'the world is my home and to do good is my religion.'"

(To be continued.)

MYSTERIOUS BEING.

By Jessie M. deBit.

Oh, mysterious elements within each living thing, unseen and unheard! Where do you get your power and force to make all things come to life? How can you speak to us out of all the inaminate things, and yet never show your face? Whence comes the music that is in each sound of nature? In the babble of the brook, in the song of the bird, in the hum of the eagle's wing, in the buzz of the insect, and in the slow quiet tread of the animal; even in the voice of man! And it is all harmonious and always in tune, each with the other. Wherewith comes the rhythm to harmonize all these?

As I listen to the rustle of the wind in the trees, I seem to find you there; then standing beside the babbling brook I seem to hear your voice more clearly; and, then again, I listen to the singing of birds and you seem to speak to me through the notes of the song. Even in the chirping of the cricket and the croaking of the frogs, I find your voice, and then from afar off I listen to the bray of a donkey and it is you again speaking to me.

My little ones come to me with their books, and with questions in their eyes, and again I only see you. You Great mysterious Being! Who are you and What are you? Will we ever be able to fathom your mysterious nature? Will man ever be able to reach you?

I know men think they have seen you and found you, but it was like catching a bird and holding it in the hand for just a second. You think you have him fast, then he is gone, and then again the chase is renewed.

Men think they have found you, you Mysterious Being, but it is only for a moment, yet having once glimpsed you they will never cease to chase after you until they have found you. I wonder if we ever will find you and know what you are! You Great Mysterious Being, seen and yet unseen.

VITAL QUESTIONS.

By Rev. Geo. E. Chambers.

(NOTE:—The author is conducting a class in the study of the basic truths of the Christian Yoga Philosophy and as many of the students are desirous of obtaining a permanent record of the most important points, he has arranged to publish them in the form of questions and answers. He will be pleased to answer any questions by mail providing they are clearly stated and legibly written. Address all questions to the author to Alameda, Calif.)

(Continued from last month.)

Ques.—Is that why this is called a life of illusion?

Ans.—Yes. It is a life of illusion because it is based upon the concept that we are separated from God or the Great Infinite Life. This concept is false.

Ques.—How does it happen since we are spirit that we have arrived at our present understanding of our existence?

Ans.—We have become conscious of this by a gradual evolution.

Ques.—But since we are Spirit what is it that is evolving?

Ans.—Spirit cannot evolve, for it is already perfect. It is the concept that is evolving and the various forms are indicative of the stage of the concept.

Ques.—Then the man that we know is not the real man, but is the concept he holds regarding himself?

Ans.—Yes. The form is not the man. Form is merely the objectification of concept. Sometimes we hear the statement that thoughts are things. It is also true that things are thoughts. A thing is not a thing in itself. It has an existence conditional upon a certain state of consciousness. The manner in which we see a thing is determined by the development of our seeing power. As the power of seeing changes, we see the same thing in a changed significance. What we really see when we see form, is the reflection of the quality held in our own concept.

Ques.—Then it is true that matter does not exist?

Ans.—It is true that matter does not exist in the Absolute sense or as Reality. But it nevertheless has an existence conditionally. That which we are conscious of exists to us whether it is real or unreal in the Absolute sense. All form is limitation. All limitation is due to the concept of isolation or separation. This concept is an illusory one, for the only limitation is that which the past consciousness itself creates when it holds the concept that "I am this." Freedom from limitation in every form is to be gained by again becoming conscious of the fact that "I and my Father are one." When we regain this consciousness, illusion is eliminated from our experience, we consciously realize that in God we live, move and have our being.

May the blessings of the Master rest with you and guide you into the light of realization—PEACE.

The design submitted by J. F. Newman, jeweler, has been adopted by our Society as its official emblem. They are to be made in the form of a button or brooch at the following prices:

20 year gold filled $3.00
10-K solid gold $4.25
14-K solid gold $5.00

The cross is white rising out of a deep green sea, with the sky deep blue.

They may be obtained through the offices of J. F. Newman, 11 John St., New York, 31 N. State St., Chicago,, or 681 Market St. San Francisco.

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 May 1 the thought for this month will be:

The Father which is my own Real Being is: "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want."

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; May W. 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, Calif., Mr. Milton A. Lee, 173 Hartford St. Christian Yoga Philosophy and Metaphysical Classes, every Wednesday, 8 p. m. Lecture Sunday, 8 p. m. at Native Son's Bldg., Cor. Geary and Mason Sts. Monterey Hall, sixth floor, conducted by Henry R. Vanderbyll.

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. deBit.

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, Wednesday, 2:05 p.m. Lecture Sunday, 11 a. m. Tuesday, 8 p. m. Conducted by Rev. George E. Chambers.

Portland, Oregon, 311 Central Bldg. 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.

Vallejo, Calif. Literature and information, Mrs. Frances Babcock, 803 Capitol St.

Everett, Wash. Eva E. Francis, teacher. Meetings conducted at 3325 Rockefeller Ave.

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

Seattle, Washington. William Honus Tupper, teacher. Room A-1 Buena Vista Apts, 163 Boyalston Ave.

San Jose, Calif. Literature and information, Mrs. Fred Otis, Congress Hotel, Congress Springs, Tel. Farmer 61.

HEALING.

Specially trained healers, in the daily meditation services held at the Headquarters, will take any patients among your friends who are suffering from any kind of maladies and will give absent treatments. There is no fixed charge, but free-will offerings will be thankfully received. Please state the case, fully, in your first letter, addressing same to Christian Yoga, P. O. Box 355, Oakland, Cal.

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.

EXCHANGES

AQUARIUS—Hilding D. Emberg, editor and publisher, Sherrill, New York. 50c a year.

BROTHERHOOD—J. Bruce Wallace, editor, Letchworth, England.

BIBLE REVIEW—H. E. Butler, editor, Applegate, Cal. $1.50 a year. With Christian Yoga Monthly, $2.00.

NAUTILUS—Elizabeth Towne, editor, Holyoke, Mass. $1.50 a year. With Christian Yoga Monthly, $2.00.

NOW—Henry Harrison Brown, editor, 589 Haight St., San Francisco, Cal. $1.00 a year.

POWER—Charles Edgar Prather, editor, Denver, Colo. $1.00 a year.

REASON—Rev. B. F. Austin, editor, Los Angeles, Cal. $1.00 a year.

THE HEALER—Veni Cooper-Mathieson, editor, Perth, Australia. 3s a year.

THE EPOCH—Mrs. Lilly L. Allen, editor, Ilfracombe, England. $1.00 a year.

THE KALPAKA—Dr. T. R. Sanjivi, editor, Tinnevelly, South India. $1.00 a year.

THE INITIATES—Dr. R. Swinburne Clymer, editor, Allentown, Pa. $1.00 a year.

THE TRUTH—Rev. A. C. Grier, editor, Spokane, Wash. $1.00 a year.

UNITY—Published by Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo. $1.00 a year.

WASHINGTON NEWS LETTER—Oliver C. Sabin, Jr., editor, Washington, D. C. $1.00 a year.

WORLD'S ADVANCE THOUGHT—Lucy A. Mallory, editor, Portland, Ore. $1.00 a year.