

# CHRISTIAN YOGA MONTHLY

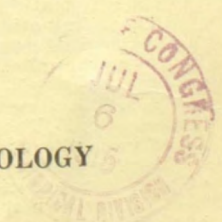
EDITORIALS  
AT THE MASTER'S COMMAND  
KEY TO LIFE OF JESUS.  
LIVING WITH GOD.  
THE HIGHER LOVE.  
PRINCIPAL POINTS IN CHRIS-  
TIAN YOGA.  
ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

PHILOSOPHY

SPIRITUAL HEALING

METAPHYSICS

PSYCHOLOGY



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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, }  
Ralph M. deBit, } - Editors

All articles, poems and items in this magazine are written especially for CHRISTIAN YOGA MONTHLY, unless otherwise indicated. Other publications are welcome to quote from our columns provided credit is given CHRISTIAN YOGA MONTHLY.

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No affirmations or denials in the form of fixed statements.

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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.

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All manifestation is by reflection.

Christian  
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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.

**The Greater Love.** The one who cannot get beyond himself, his own selfish pleasures, his own exaltation and interests, must of necessity be petty, personal, and at once marks his own limitations.

The one who devotes his life to the upliftment of humanity, to a life of service, puts himself beyond limitation. By his great love for all humanity he allies himself on the side of the Greater Love, and this more than all else gives to him tremendous power. It gives to him greater powers of expression. All the powers everywhere seem to come forth and give a great soul of this kind means and material whereby to accomplish his purposes; whereby the greater truths of life may reach the minds and hearts of all with whom he may come in contact to influence them, to mold them, and thus move them along toward a definite line of action.

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**Helpfulness and Love for Humanity.** Truly the greatest and noblest thing a man can do for God is to be kind to some of His other children. We are all children of the same Father, and

therefore, all brothers and sisters. In all the ways of life we shall find there is nothing of greater importance or more to be sought after than this great principle of love and helpfulness for humanity.

Let us listen to the words of the Master Teacher; let us endeavor to follow in his footsteps. A follower of the "Christ!" He healed the sick, clothed the naked, bound up the broken hearted, encouraged the weak, and sustained the faltering. He taught the people to live clean and pure lives. He taught them the noblest object of desire—Love for all humanity, and the upliftment of all humanity.

The Great Master Teacher gave His whole life in this way. He went about doing good.

Such is the life of the true Christian Yogi—a life of service.

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**Finding the Kingdom.** Sometimes it is our privilege to meet with a rare soul, one with great power and great inspiration, and we wonder at his great power and his inspiration, but when we look again, and look deeply, we shall find it is living the life that brings the power. Not merely saying, yes, I believe in it,

or, yes, I believe it is right, but living the Christ life. Such an one has found and entered the Kingdom.

\* \* \* \* \*

**"If Thine Eye Be Single."** "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light." The great truth conveyed in this message by the Master, if fully understood and realized, would teach man his true relation with Divinity, and the secret of success and joy in life. He who would recognize both evil and good in nature can never have the eye single. He is endeavoring to guard against evil at one moment, and perhaps at the same time seeking aid from the good for protection.

When he comes into the grasp and the realization of a higher philosophy, he will know that he need have no fear of poverty and lack in any line of endeavor. "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." To realize this he cannot recognize the existence of an evil entity and prepare to erect barriers between that imaginary force and himself.

The promise that the whole body shall be filled with light, that the whole being shall dwell forever in light and joy is only for him whose eye remains single, whose whole being is centered toward the good, whose goal is the identity of the Self with God.

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**Unity with the Whole.** If one should find himself in the midst of undesirable conditions or surroundings, conditions and surroundings that are of no value to him in his higher unfoldment, he has the remedy always within his grasp when he realizes his own identity. When he understands and realizes his own existence, and makes his unity with the Whole, then he alone is Master.

**Our Ideal.** Earnest, sincere desire, sincere aspiration for higher and better conditions, accompanied by rightly directed effort and activity will eventually bring about the fullest realization of one's highest ideals. Each and every one can make for himself ever higher and higher conditions, by realizing an ever higher and higher ideal in life. All things are in the hands of him who knows they are there. The one who knows, so neutralizes and transmutes the very obstacles that would bar his way that they fall prostrate before him, and in turn aid him on his way. Such an one is like the bird who uses the contrary wind that would thwart his flight, as the very agency upon which he ascends higher and still higher, till finally in triumph, he reaches the goal of his ambition.

An ideal steadily held in the consciousness, never at any time lost sight of, never lowered, never deviating or turning aside, never forgetting that whatever one may gain at the expense of another will by a law equally subtle, equally powerful, be turned to ashes, this with persistence accomplishes all.

\* \* \* \* \*

**God IS.** When we come into a knowledge of our true nature, a knowledge of the true Self, when we come to a conscious grasp and realization of the fact that we are an inseparable part of, and at one with, the great Infinite Whole, it is then that we lack for nothing, that all things are ours; we have entered the kingdom. We have nothing to do with the past, we have nothing to do with the future, for the Whole of life is in the ever present to-day. We will live in the **eternal now**. Then we will realize **God IS**.

“Who so  
Loseth  
His Life.”

Take up your life and lose it in the love and service of the service of the Father's other children. Fill it with a love for service, and when this shall have been done, your life is complete. Do, and feel forever the thrill of the Life Universal, and thus find yourself in the full realization of splendors such as the world has not dreamed.

#### SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

In Christian Yoga we are really and truly soldiers; soldiers of the cross. Our enemy is the ignorance, superstition and illusions of the soul; and our battleground is where spirit meets with them. We neither give nor ask for quarter from this enemy, for, “He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own; for he is a liar, and the father of it.” The cause for which we are fighting is the rightful home (Christ-consciousness) of the Spirit-self. Our standard is, “I and my Father are One.” Our standard bearers have been such as Krishna, Buddha and Master

Jesus. The great bugle call to arms, which causes our blood to run rich and free, tingling in every atom of our being, is: “LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD FOLLOW THOU ME!” Metaphorically we spring to our feet, click our heels, salute and stand at attention. Which implies, Master, here I am ready to obey thy slightest order, I am free, Master, to carry out thy desires, over seas and to the utter-most parts of the earth I will instantly go to carry out thy instructions. There is absolutely nothing that I fear, Master, in thy name; life or death, heights or depths, principalities or powers; all are surrendered for thy work and thy Cause. Starvation, hardships and death on thy field of battle is sweet to us as honey to the taste. Master I have no ties that will ever stand between Thee and me; no not even a mental reservation or a personal desire for name or fame even on thy field of battle.

I pledge allegiance to our flag and the country universal for which it stands, one brotherhood indivisible, with liberty, freedom and justice for all.

Ralph M. deBit.

#### THE KEY TO THE LIFE OF JESUS.

By A. K. Mozumdar.

(Sunday, May 10, 1914—Taken in Shorthand.)

In order to understand the life of the Master Jesus it is necessary for us to understand the spirit of the Orient. The Orient is the old or ancient seat of civilization. Every civilization has its highest ideal. At first, in the early stages of growth that ideal is not so well defined, but as the civilization progresses, it finally reaches the very apex, and then forms an ideal which cannot be surpassed by anything—the highest ideal.

So the ideal of the Orient is very high and at the same time is an ideal peculiar to its people. It is the complete renunciation of the personality to the great Self, Essence, the Final, God—complete self-abandonment, as it were. That ideal was exemplified in the life of

Jesus of Nazareth. There were many other masters who also came to realize that Supreme Self, to the utter forgetfulness of their own personalities.

Some people think that an ideal so high and spiritual is rather detrimental to the growth of a material civilization, subversive of the inventive genius of this age, because the civilization of this age is based on self-aggrandizement, self love, and self pleasure. Therefore, these people imagine that the introduction of the oriental ideal, which is so lofty and so noble, is to invite a certain destruction to this civilization. They claim that everything will stand still; that people will not have any incentive whatever to go on because the ideal of the Orient

is the entire abandonment of self to the recognition of the oneness of All. But if we go a little deeper into the study of this ideal we find that it is not so destructive as it at first appears—I mean destructive to modern civilization. It does not at all hinder the progress of the material concept of life.

In the distant past there were men, mighty men and women, who upheld that great ideal of life, and also contributed something in the nature of material things, or material creation. They contributed something because they recognized the community interest. In those times every individual was a free moral agent. Every individual recognized that one Essence, and every individual tried his best to make his life a natural expression of that Essence. He always gave the best he had. In the community life there were no binding rules or regulations, but the simple recognition of the oneness of All made these mighty men and women contribute their best offering to the world. Therefore, we find today remarkable edifices in India and all over the Orient, unsurpassed in architectural beauty. If you go over there you will be astonished to see those buildings. Perhaps, you will not believe that these wonderful edifices were erected by mighty men who did not recognize their personalities, who lived for one ideal, who tried to realize that ideal in every individual in the community. Do you see?

So, the oriental ideal is not subversive of the inventive genius of this particular age. I believe that the contribution of this modern civilization is great, but yet, when I take into consideration the waste of energy, the thought comes to my mind that if the Western people could but realize that one all-permeating Essence, that final Something, they would conserve energy, they would do more wonderful works than they have ever done.

Then, naturally, you will ask, "If the spirit of the Orient is so great why are the oriental people today suffering, why have they so degenerated, in our sense of the term?" My friends, the ideal is one thing, and the living up to that ideal is another. If the people cannot uphold that ideal it is the fault of the people, but, nevertheless, this ideal of the Orient found full expression in Jesus of Nazareth and other great masters. The Orient has produced many masters, dear friends, because of this spirit of renunciation, complete renunciation of personality to the one great universal Self.

Unless you enter into this spirit you will not know what it is to be fearless,

what it is to be free, free from all the bondage of limitation. Many people fear; they fear to go to another place, to listen to a speaker of any other religious denomination—I know many of us do, though we have been studying advanced thought. We are supposed to know better, but we conceive of a limitation, as though our realization could be nullified, as though some other doctrinal teaching could wipe out our realization. No! my dear friends, it is ours. Once we find our God, nothing can take away, nothing can wipe out that realization, because we know our God, because we know that we exist, because in our existence we find God. God is the Essence, the very essence of our being.

As I told you last Sunday evening, we cannot add even a little bit of consciousness to That which Is. Do you see? You cannot add, because That which is, IS; that is Final; that is called God. Know that "I Am God," and you will be free from fear, free from narrow limitation. You fear what will come tomorrow! Tomorrow! dear friends—listen to me—there is no tomorrow in the world of All-God. In the sense of Eternal Existence there is no tomorrow; it is always Now, forever NOW.

Knowing this, knowing this truth, yet we worry! What does it mean? It means that we really do not know; we have not yet found the Truth. That is why we fear. We fear that my little boy may go wrong; that my little boy needs my special direction in a certain matter; my little girl should be trained thus and so. Yet we say we have found God! We have found the Truth! Then why do we not trust God if we have found God? If we have found God why do we not trust ourselves completely to God? And trust all our loved ones to Him?

That is the Force, that is the moral Force which Jesus of Nazareth commanded. That is the moral Force that every one of us is able to command. It is not outward ways and means that give us this realization. Never! It is the Inner Life—the inner realization. It is living in the Spirit Divine. Some people try their best, doing this and that, and seeking different ways and means, to attain to a certain result, to achieve a certain result—then fail. Why?

The reason is right here—within you—within your attitude of consciousness. When you are calm and confident, when you know that nothing will be able to wipe out your existence, when you know that that which is law of your being, that automatic action, that knowing power within you, is regulating your life, is manifesting this particular form,

and that that Something which is back of all that you see is All, that whatever you see is nothing but your reflection, then you cannot fail; then you are above any sense of loss which begets fear.

The other day I was sitting and trying to realize my Father, my heavenly Father, and the thought came to my mind, or rather a vision; I saw this: I saw that in this illusory concept of life, Essence, in its action, is undefiled. It is simply acting on and on—only that action is not so clear on account of our personal concept of life. If that personal concept could be removed for the time being, that life would shine of its own accord. So, giving our personal concept of life to our Father—glorious thought—we let the Father act through us. Yet, you see how we worry about things; about how things are going to come to pass!

If we have not faith, let us just be still! Let us retire within ourselves! Let us realize! I do not come before you just to give a talk or even just to please you—I do not care for that. But if I have a little light I desire to share it with my brothers and sisters, then I go the same way as my predecessors. I care not for glory; I care not for name; or fame; I care nothing for temple or church, because I know "This universe is the temple of God, and I Am in this temple." I am here to live my life in this glorious realization.

You say, "What has that to do with the life of Jesus of Nazareth?" Indeed, dear friends, it has much to do. It is the very spirit of the Orient! It is the spirit of Renunciation! Renunciation of everything of this illusory life, everything! By giving up this mortal concept we find the Real Life.

Why should I care about what you may be thinking of me? If I am not happy, if I am not satisfied here (within myself) your opinion can make no difference. Why should I care?—I may leave Spokane tomorrow. You may call me a religious leader, or you may call me a scoundrel—few of you may come to hear me, or many, why should I care? Your opinion of me cannot make me more than what I am, more than what I realize. The greatest sermon we can ever preach is in living the life, in squaring ourselves with our Self—not squaring ourselves with other people, or with other people's concept. Nothing but God is permanent, and everything in this world is transitory. That is the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth. Nothing permanent! Everything transitory! Jesus of Nazareth knew it; he knew that this illusory life is transitory.

You are lovers today; tomorrow you

part. Today you are friends; tomorrow you are at daggers drawn. But when you have realized that Final, when you are firm and secure in that Self, heavenly Father, then nothing can ever part you; nothing can separate two persons in that consciousness. There is no separation in Reality. All that we see with our physical senses—our physical concept—can only exist in our imagination after all—love, hate, friendship, enmity, joy, sorrow—all these conditions in this illusory plane are imagination, but in this particular stage they appear real, although in reality they are passing, they are transitory.

The Reality, dear friends, the real significance of all that you see, you will never realize until you come to touch That, that Self which you are. That which you are, for you will never be more or less. Remember you will never be more or less than that which you are in reality—only your knowledge of Self in this concept life can change. In this illusory life your knowledge about things changes. You are simply knowing yourself in higher significance, in greater significance, that is all; but you are knowing your Self.

Some people think that we keep on progressing, and that there is no stop. I say this, or rather I ask this: If that be the case, then where is the beginning of this progress? That which has beginning must have an end. The thing that is going on and on can never have any beginning, but without a beginning there cannot be progress. Our concept life is progressing. Therefore, it has a beginning. But there is Something within us which has no beginning, that is without beginning and without end. It is That which IS. It is not progressing; it cannot be more or less than what it is. Some people think God can be more or less. If God is All-in-All, the sum total of final Essence, there cannot be anything else but God. We, our Self, our real Self, cannot be more or less. We are not going on and on toward the ever-receding Goal. We are in this illusory concept life, thinking, imagining progress, because this progress means regaining our consciousness of the Reality. That is all. We are going back to our Father's home, in our consciousness, from our illusory concept of life; we are going back to the realization of Self, to that state of consciousness which we call Christ.

Jesus of Nazareth had the realization of the oneness of All through renunciation. It is the spirit of the Orient, the renunciation of personality. We must learn to renounce personality. Profit? We do not profit by

anything of this world: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose (sight of) his soul"—Self? Nothing! See that. Yet, it is strange, that here in this Christian world, where we talk so much about our knowledge of Jesus of Nazareth, we can be so easily swayed by personal pride and prejudice, we discriminate between wealth and poverty.

We read from the text. We want people to follow us; we want people to be religious, yet we manifest so little of human kindness, we express so little of brotherly love to our fellow human beings irrespective of race, color or creed. We talk about salvation, yet we are afraid to come in touch with those who are lowly and poor.

Jesus of Nazareth brought with him this spirit of love, this spirit of equality. I know and understand something of this spirit of Jesus of Nazareth because I have witnessed it in the battle field of my own consciousness. If you wish to manifest this Christ spirit you must renounce the personality, yes, even in this country. Truth will never come from our attachment to transitory things, but it does come from living the life according to the light of our realization—That is all. Just in the degree that we live by being true to our real Self, so do we manifest the Truth. If you fail to see this, you are far from the Truth.

Now, dear friends, I am not judging any one. Master Jesus said: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." I am endeavoring to explain to you, and have you understand the Master's spirit; I desire to forever hold before you the Master's spirit. So we go on, so we tell people to be religious, tell them how to be spiritual; but without our love for humanity, how can we be religious? I myself cannot understand how one can be spiritual when that one is swayed by pride and prejudice.

Yet in this America, one of the foremost countries of the world, we notice race prejudice even in church organizations—these people are colored; those are white. Think of it! They wish to teach universal brotherhood; they wish to spread this spirit of Jesus of Nazareth to other lands, yet they never really reach the spirit of that great Master. It pains me very much—not that I care, not a bit; I have nothing to lose, but everything to gain! Every day I am gaining; every moment I am gaining, by following in the footsteps of Jesus of Nazareth, by complete renunciation of every form of material concept. For name, fame, glory I care nothing. Ah! and I should care, pray for me that my heavenly Father may forgive me.

But I do not like to see innocent people become hypocrites by teaching them to believe one way and live another. I had much rather associate with an out-and-out criminal than with a hypocrite. Hypocrisy is the worst possible sin; it is the sin against the Holy Ghost. Therefore, it is never forgiven, and we are compelled to pay the price for it. I have great respect for all forms of religion. People must have freedom to worship God in any manner they may choose. If they are sincere I have no quarrel with them. But when I see the Christian churches harbor race prejudice, I say to myself, what a mockery it all is! What a travesty on intelligence! that they should use the name of Jesus, yet abandon his spirit.

Many Christian churches seem to me like show houses, and I ask myself, where do they worship? There we do not find the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth; there we do not find the great universal love for humanity at large. Jesus of Nazareth used to mingle with the common people, irrespective of race, color, or creed; he used to love them, lead them from glory to glory in the eternal consciousness of one God. The other day I told a gentleman that if Jesus of Nazareth should come here and should desire to gain admittance to a church, I think you would not let him in. If he wished perhaps to come to this country, I think you would refuse him entrance because he was an Asiatic, because he was from the Orient.

Modern Christianity has failed miserably to raise the people from the dead level of personality. It has failed to bring men and women nearer to Jesus, to that Cosmic Spirit, the Spirit which does not recognize creed, color or condition, because in that plane nothing exists but consciousness, nothing exists but God. Where is language in that plane? The other day I was thinking, where is the language in that plane of consciousness? I do not see any language to express my experience. I do not see any sex; I do not see any animal creation. I see nothing but one vast ocean of consciousness. In that consciousness there is no space, all is One. That which you call space is of the same substance as your Self. Do you not see? The very same thing, one vast omniscient Ocean of Consciousness.

Jesus of Nazareth came to bring that spirit to the world, to bring peace, to establish the kingdom of God right here in the earthly concept of life, through brotherly love, through the recognition of one universal Life. When I see so much prejudice and lack of brotherly love within the four walls of a church I



think, well it is better for me to stand out of doors in the open air where all races, colors, creeds can be accommodated, and say, like my holy ancestors, "This universe is the temple of God and I am in this temple."

What shall I do with the external temple? Nothing there without the spirit of brotherly love. If my inner temple is not broad enough to take all, I am not following the great Master, Jesus of Nazareth, I am not following the spirit of the Orient; I am simply a hypocrite. Now, don't take me for a model man; I have my battle to fight. I want you to pray for me; I want your help—I may tell you sometime why, because I know myself, I know. Therefore, I do not stand here as a teacher, as a prophet. Never! As a humble servant; I can wash your feet as a humble servant. You may call me anything, but do not call me a teacher—I am not ready to accept it. I know what it means to be a teacher.

Do you know that people see everything from the outside? You cannot see very clearly from the outside. Come into the spirit of the Master and realize with him the one universal brotherhood. Though we, momentarily, may have glimpses of realization, yet we are far from the realization of Jesus. In a spiritual sense just a little thing means a great deal; just a little attitude may mean thousands of years difference. When satan, or personality, comes and tempts me and tells me to enjoy the world at the cost of my fellow human beings, to win the name and fame which the world offers, I remember Jesus of Nazareth, because I am trying to follow in His footsteps.

My dear friends, I know it is easy to fall in the way of the world; it is easy to yield to the material concept of life, but this yielding is a serious thing. It means the taking away of the Inner Light. When the Inner Light is gone it is living death. "What shall I profit if I gain the whole world and lose sight of that which gives me contentment, which brings me happiness?"

People follow religion for two reasons: One through fear and one for happiness. Fear comes that I may lose something, I must pray to some outside power to protect my interest. Then there is a great desire for happiness; I must be happy; I must above all find that contentment within myself. I must know within myself that "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." I know it! Dear friends, I do not say I believe, but I know; though I may not permanently live in the realization, I know something about it. "The Lord is my shepherd, I

shall not want." I know that my heavenly Father can give me all I need, all that I need in this world. I know that I can always get it. But why should I desire for more than I need? Why should I stake my faith and realization on desiring more than I need? Seeing God face to face, I cannot ask Him to give me a handful of dust you call gold or diamond.

When you know that you exist in God forever and God is All-in-All, you do not care for anything else; you surrender yourself and let the law take care of you. You demand things, you cry, and pray, "Father, fulfill my desire, Father give me my desired object." You must not insist on a demand for things, because you may not know the real value of the things you desire. If you keep on desiring for a thing long enough you may get it, but after all it may not bring you happiness. Therefore, you must trust in God's selection for you. Let Him bring what is good for you. Then you will be happy.

You may say that my talk is not giving you any encouragement. You are living on the desire plane; you are living on the desire plane; you want your desires fulfilled, and you want me to tell you some process by which you can demonstrate your desired object. Yes, my friends, you can demonstrate anything you desire: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Do you know you will find everything? But if you desire for any one thing continually you are likely to be in bondage. People condemn the man who hoards up wealth, but I am sorry for him. That man is not happy—you do not know—that man is in bondage. In bondage no man can be happy. By continual thinking of one thing that man has formed a matrix which he cannot so easily break. He is the slave of his own habit. Do not condemn him, he is receiving worst punishment—self-condemnation. By being a slave to anything we obtain nothing.

You say what then shall we do? Who will direct us? The Lord, the law of your being, will direct you. Trust in God, He will direct you. Yes, friends, believe me, as I talk to you, the Lord talks to us. Yes, the Lord will talk to you in the same manner because the very essence of your being is God. When you know your real Self you know your Father. In the significance that you know your Father, your Father acts. That is the way God talks to us. God has been talking all through these ages; yet, "Having ears they hear not." God is talking, calling us. The Father is calling us.

What you call misery and misfortune are but our friends. You just rebel against the law of your being by your willful desires of the flesh concept and the law tries to bring you back, and adjust the condition within you. You call this adjustment pain or misery, yet you fail to see the loving act of the law, you fail to see how God, the divine law of your being is trying to bring you back. God is trying to bring you, through so-called misfortune, to the path of peace—not that God brings misfortune—but you digress from the law and God tries to bring you back.

The key to the life of Jesus of Nazareth is this understanding of the law of life. I have seen it in my vision. Now, don't call me to task tomorrow if I fail to live according to this light, but come and talk to me and help me to regain this glorious vision. I tell you, dear friends, my soul cries out for freedom every day. There was a time when I wanted something of this world, but I know now what all this means—burden! burden on my shoulders! Name, or fame, demands a price which I am not ready to pay, calls for something which I am not willing to surrender; I cannot part with it.

Jesus of Nazareth used to go away from the people. I can see now how it is, because one is so likely to forget himself, so likely to lose that Light, that Reality, through constant association with the worldly concept of the people, concepts which make unrealities real. People worry for their families, their children, for their friends, for their relations. Do you see? When the Light is gone on account of the continual pressure from the world, then the soul cries out that eternal prayer, "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" That eternal prayer rises from every soul, but the people do not know it.

If something of a material nature is taken away, they consider it a great loss. Some people always think the Lord is testing them. That is nothing—when you have the Light, you can stand anything. What are all these things but illusion? What is death? What is disease? Nothing but illusion. Come to that place, come to that consciousness where death will never come and poverty will never see you—even at the eleventh hour the Almighty's hand will come to save you. The greatest demonstration we can make is not in gaining our desired object, but in maintaining the right attitude, by conquering that sense of lack. Then everything follows us in spite of ourselves.

I have suffered much and gained much. Because of this knowledge every ex-

perience has proved a blessing. Ah, my friends, I am thankful that the Master's spirit has shown me the way—glorious demonstration. I honestly tell you, dear friends, if you should desire to know of the life of Jesus of Nazareth, live the life and you shall know. By preaching, listening, or by talking, you never can get that freedom—the privilege to know the Master's inner life. I must be honest with you—sometimes I grow tired of talking, just talking! Dear friends, if I have a little Light, even that, I desire to share with you. I want you to preach the greatest sermon by living the life, by inner radiation. It is yours to do. It makes no difference in what name. If you do not want to call it Christian Yoga call it something else. Even from the little cottage in which you may be living, you can radiate this beautiful Light; you can send out your life message to the world—not so much by sending thought, as by living the life. You can live in a consciousness, so illumined, that you cover the whole universe, because you are part of that great Consciousness. You are existing in that great Consciousness; in fact, you are that Consciousness.

There is no break in that Essence, my dear friends, I know—not that I am speaking from intellectual knowledge, but I know there is no break, no beginning or end in that Consciousness. You are not the Absolute Whole, but that which is known is Omniscient and All, and that which you know is the same as you are in essence. There is no break.

Jesus of Nazareth gave us the Light: "I and my Father are one." What that poor lowly man said I wish people would get it, truly get it, friends. I do not care whether you are a Christian or a heathen, I want to see every one of my brothers and sisters get it, live it just as much as they get it. Why do they fear? Why do they worry? Nothing to fear, nothing to worry about. Just believe; give yourself completely up to God. Do not take any thought for yourself, because "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Now, hear the Master's voice coming through the ages, long before Jesus of Nazareth ever was born in this concept life, because this is the eternal Truth, because it is the voice of the Master Spirit, it is the voice of the Christ, it is the voice of the unity with the consciousness of All. Do you see? The Consciousness—That which is Final—we cannot go beyond It, we cannot. I wish I could talk—no, I cannot from my personal plane, when I come down to my personal plane I cannot talk. Let the

Master Spirit talk. I know He is talking because I am voicing forth that eternal Truth, "I and my Father are one." It is the Master who is speaking, not me. It is that Consciousness. It is that universal Truth speaking in this language, not in words so much as in spirit. It is the language of Spirit which is understood by those who have

entered into the illumined field of Consciousness through the lighted way. Let this Spirit of Unity speak, silently, without uttering any words, let It speak; let Life speak; let Consciousness speak, then you will know what Jesus meant when He said: "I and My Father are one."

### LIVING WITH GOD.

By Frank O. Garrison.

There is a matter of which we talk a great deal and which seems very important to many of us. It is this, that there being but One Power, our power must be a part of that One Power. In other words, whatever power we may have has its source in that One Power. This, while true, is realized to most of us only as an intellectual deduction and we speak of it much as one would say, "My house," or "My coat." The real value of any concept is its potency to change us into its quality. That change being brought about, or manifested, by association with the quality in meditation, it would follow that the more we associate with that higher quality in our daily lives, the greater effect will that quality have upon us to change our lives. To most people, to meditate means to sit quietly in the contemplation of some thing or quality. However, it should be clear to everyone that our daily lives manifest the state of our consciousness and that life is to us the quality of which we are conscious. It is not necessary that we always "sit still," or take some certain posture, or do some certain thing in order to meditate. We can meditate in every act of our lives and do so by a very simple and direct method: Give to every act the significance of **God Acting**; and let every act mean to us a service to God, that is, to the ALL. If we happen to be living the life of a

store clerk, let every customer we serve mean to us an opportunity to serve God, and the spirit of our service will react upon us and change us into that quality. This thought or conscious attitude of mind can be carried into every manner of service, from the scrubbing of a floor to the ruling of a nation, and it will in every instance bring each one serving in this significance nearer to the realization of the essential Oneness. We shall then live always in the consciousness of the Presence of God and more and more externalize that quality to others. It is the daily life that tests our internal quality, or that quality which we are.

The daily life should be made the means of realizing more and more of the God Consciousness, it should bring us into conscious touch with all there is, and whatever we see or whatever comes to us should bring the significance of an act of God. We shall in this way come to the constant sense of the Loving Presence with which in reality we are ONE.

Dream lofty dreams, and as you dream, so shall you become. The greatest achievement was at first and for a time a dream. The oak sleeps in the acorn; the bird waits in the egg; and in the highest vision of the soul a waking angel stirs. Dreams are the seedlings of realities.

—James Allen.

## The Higher Love

OF ONE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS.

By H. Rosch Vanderbyll.  
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I.

Ah! surely I was never born  
A slave of Time and numbered years;  
Nor ever could my heart be torn  
By stinging Pain and flowing tears.  
Ah! surely I was never born  
Thy mortal love and mortal mate;  
Nor shall thy name the crown adorn  
Of all my life and happy Fate.  
Ah! surely I was never born  
To love thee less beyond my death  
When in that land of dreams forlorn  
OUR Soul shall be THY Spirit's breath!

II.



Sublime this world, sublime the whole,  
When realized in Wisdom's Light!  
Sublime the sunbeams that console  
A shadowed heart within the night!  
Speak not thy words of fond regret,  
Lisp not a sad: "'t Can never be;"  
For thou and I in silence met  
To meet for ever—thou in me!  
Know not thy lips shall never mine  
Caress in world-forgetting bliss;  
Expression is but mist divine  
Arising from the Spirit's kiss.

III.

Hast ever walked the floor of night  
When all was dead in slumber kept;  
And star-worlds whispered in their flight,  
And audibly the roses slept?  
No doubt thy being's beauty veiled  
The scene with charm ineffable;  
And deep into the All-ness trailed  
The mist of thine Invisible.  
For truly is this world a dream  
Within the portals of our Soul:  
As THOU art, thus the world would seem,  
And Beauty sees a beauteous Whole.  
't Is not WITHOUT that all things are,  
Apart from Me the world is not!  
I am all this, and e'en the star  
From deep WITHIN her radiance got.  
WithIN me wafts the Spirit-beam,  
WithIN me lips of THAT arise;  
WithIN all Beauty reigns supreme—  
WithOUT are thou and paradise!

IV.

Fair Beauty's qualities are thine  
As unplayed music in the lute;  
Thy Soul, in tremor touches mine—  
Behold thy shadow—lovely, mute  
Idea, ultimate, sublime,  
Within my higher Self art thou;  
Ah! truly mine beyond all Time  
As whiteness to eternal snow!  
My very own! Come follow me  
Through visions of a worldly dream;  
Till thou and I that follow ME  
Are One with HIM, the ONLY DREAM.


**AT THE MASTER'S COMMAND.**


(By A. K. Mozumdar.)

Chapter VIII.

In the Heart of the Orient.

It was early dawn of Autumn. The grayish darkness of the fast vanishing night was still hanging over the earth. The tropical birds had not yet awakened with their sweet morning melodies. Except for a few farmers, there were not very many people on the country roads. Two women were bathing at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna near Alahabad, as it was the usual hour for the high caste Hindu women to take their daily baths in the holy rivers.

Not far from them a man, standing in the water, breast-high, was leisurely rubbing his wet body with the palms of his hands while singing inspiringly a song of his own composition:

"Sing that same old song OM.  
Brahmaputra,

Sindh, Godabari,  
Normuda, Kaberi,  
On the banks of the five holy rivers,  
The same old song OM,  
In the dawn, in the twilight,  
Sing the same old song OM.

"India of Veda, Vedanta, has gone;  
Her holy Rishis sing no more that song.  
Her warrior and Brahman,  
The mighty Aryan children,  
Her illumined daughters and sons,

Sing no more that song OM.  
"Wake up that note that has slept so long,  
Let the past with its masters and sages return,  
Sleep no more, oh, children of Hindustan.

Sing that same old song OM."

The song was sung with a sad, appealing note which was distinctly Oriental. Without the local coloring and some knowledge of the past history of India, it would be almost impossible for any one to fully appreciate the song. The departed glory of Hindu Aryan civilization will always be remembered by the high caste Hindu with a mixture of sadness and pride. As the song floated out on the still autumn air with all its pathos, its charm was wafted to the chance listener and each succeeding cadence, with its wealth of ancient memories grew more melodious.

On the same side of the confluence, under a big banyan tree, a young man was lying asleep. From his long robe of

brick-color one would take him to be a Sanyasin, that is, an ascetic. As the song floated on, it awoke him from his sleep. Dreamily he opened his eyes with a sense of pleasure, and, supporting his body on his elbow, raised his head and peered in the direction from which the song seemed to be coming. He remained in that position for some time, then presently rose to his feet and walked toward the singer.

On his way, he encountered the two women, the early bathers, who, seeing a stranger before them, pulled their veils down over their faces, as is customary with high caste Hindu women in some parts of India. This custom was introduced during the Mohammedan rule and is still in vogue in those parts of India where that rule prevailed. The young man stepped back to save them from unnecessary embarrassment and stood at some distance in an undecided attitude. The two women hurriedly left the water, hastening toward the neighboring village, and the young man, without any deliberate intention, watched their receding forms.

In the meantime the singer had finished his song. He plunged his head in the water three times, in the name of the holy rivers, at the same time closing his ears with his finger tips, then coming to the bank, stood for a few seconds behind the young man who was still watching the departing women. Seeing him thus absorbed, the singer spoke:

"Salute to thee, O, holy Sanyasin! It is certainly my good fortune to meet thee at this early hour; it is, verily, an auspicious dawn for me."

The young man turned back with a startled look and stammered an apology:

"I—I—am not a Sanyasin; yet I do not know what to call myself. I have no aim, no ambition in life. As a matter of convenience I have worn this robe. I am not only not a Sanyasin, but I am a much hated native Christian."

"And thy name is Alcyon," completed the stranger.

Alcyon looked at the stranger in surprise. With his eyes and mouth open, he gazed at the speaker meaninglessly for a full minute. When he came back to himself he saw the stranger's attitude unchanged and his venerable face without any signs of emotion.

In the same polite, kindly tone, his companion said slowly:

"And thou didst leave the American Mission at Mirut two months ago, and since then thou hast had many unpleasant experiences. Thy proud soul has rebelled many times against the faith thou professest to believe, but, Master Alcyon, thou art an Oriental and the Orient has come to claim thee. That is why thou wearest the robe of Sanyasin, the mark of renunciation, in spite of thyself. Even though thou hast not known its value, thou hast not worn that robe in vain. There is a cause for everything; thine own has come to claim thee. Thou knowest not it is all of thine own making. Master Alcyon, thou art the creator of thy fate. Thy fate has called thee away to know more of the Reality. It is fate—thou must accept its decree without looking backward. In vain thou lookest backward, because backward thou canst not go. No! thou art not yet ready for ascetic life. Thou hast yet to travel a long road through the valley of human pleasure and pain, by the rocky mountains of personality. Thy soul is great; it desires freedom, yet thou art not above human love. Thou must know human love before thou canst pass through the gate of renunciation, and the human love has already come to thee. Thou hast loved."

"I have loved! Whom, and when? I—I—do not know what you mean," Alcyon stammered in surprise.

But his companion replied:

"No, thou wert not conscious of this love until thou didst leave Mirut. Since then a face, a fair face, has appeared many times in thy mental vision. Thou hast striven in vain to shake it off, sometimes in despair, and sometimes in pretended anger, but the fate is inexorable. Thou brave warrior! thou hast forgotten the tapestry thou didst weave in ages gone by, and the chain which thou didst once forge binds thee now. Behind this birth and death there is a deeper mystery which the average people do not know, or have not the desire to know. Whom fate has decreed us to meet, we must meet, though thousands of miles may lie between us. The wise only can create a new fate, while the average run of life drifts on like a reed in the current of cause and effect.

"Yes, thou hast loved! Why dost thou struggle against that for which thine own soul is still craving? By struggling thou makest the bonds still stronger. Knowest thou not the old saying: 'Thine own is the hand that holds the rope that drags thee on?'"

Alcyon was not listening any more;

his mind was absorbed in his own thought. He had now come to know that in spite of groveling poverty, of wrecks and ruins, in spite of the degeneration of the masses, Mother India still had left to her a few of her mighty men and women. They are like the shadows of her glorious past haunting the ancient playgrounds of the holy Rishis. These mighty men and women are not limited by the concept of race, color, creed, though they are striving to revive the ancient holy order of White Brotherhood in India.

"Master Alcyon," the voice of his companion rang in his ears, and he awakened from his reverie and looked at his companion like one in a trance. His companion continued in his well modulated voice: "Thou art my guest today. The ruler of the day is already rising. We should soon depart, but first, go and bathe thyself in the holy rivers, where many of thy ancestors have bathed, and then follow me."

Alcyon mechanically followed the injunction of his companion. He went to the water and plunged in. A sense of peace and purity came over him. His mind was filled with the idea of holiness, not so much from any special virtue of the water as from the old associations of his holy ancestors. He seemed to have traveled thousands of years backward in his spirit from the modern Christianity of the Occident to the pagan customs of the Orient. The same simple superstitious faith of the hoary-headed Orient gripped his soul firmly. He felt a queer sensation as of being watched by his holy ancestors from the invisible world. In his mental ears he seemed to have heard a long forgotten celestial song:

"I am holy! I am holy! My spirit is eternal Brahm."

The Jordan and the Ganges appeared to him in the same significance, and Christ and Krishna manifested to him the one Consciousness. So bathed the Oriental sages in the holy rivers of the Orient, so bathed Jesus of Nazareth. "If bathing in a holy river is a pagan custom, in what significance did Jesus bathe in the Jordan?" Alcyon asked himself. "Was it because the custom of the Orient demanded it, or because there is a deeper meaning in so-called physical ablution?"

Though he did not find a clear answer to that question, it was certain that that morning he felt the nearness of the ancient spirit of the Orient. His soul cried out, "Orient, Orient! Thou bleeding Orient! Thou art still great, with thy prophets, sages and saviors of the past, thou art still great!" It was the first

time in his life he had seen such a new vision of the Orient, the home of the masters and the sages, and also the home of Jesus of Nazareth. Just for the moment he forgot the time, place, and his surroundings. His spirit was lifted up in an unaccountable manner and he came to dwell in the world of gods. His companion, who was wistfully watching him, thought:

"At last, at last, the charm of the Orient has fallen over him; his wandering soul has been called to halt by an unseen Power. This experience will last long in his memory."

Just for the time being, Alcyon forgot that he was a Christian and was supposed to be above all heathenish customs. In some mysterious way he seemed to have heard the call of his blood. He, therefore, did something which no Christian would do—with his hands outstretched toward the rising sun, he dreamily chanted:

"I am holy! I am holy! My spirit is eternal Brahm."

"Ah, what a sense of peace for an outcast to return to the sacred custom of the land," he thought. At the same time his companion's voice called him:

"Master Alcyon, come, let us go. Thou art blessed."

Alcyon came from the water and dreamily followed his companion. Silently, they walked together, each being absorbed in his own thought, neither looking to the right nor to the left. Had they looked, they would have noticed that the passing villagers were saluting them, bringing their closed palms to their foreheads. When they had almost reached a humble home, his companion turned to Alcyon and said pleasantly:

"Master Alcyon, I have not yet had the opportunity to tell thee my name. My name is Ram Nath Trivedi."

Ram Nath Trivedi was a well-known character in that part of the country. Everybody knew him as an uncommon man, a liberated soul, and a friend of the poor and needy. Though he lived in the world he was non-attached. He was above all race, color, creed. Alcyon was familiar with that household name, though he never dreamed of associating his companion with Ram Nath Trivedi. Trivedi means master of the three Vedas, the very ancient scriptures of the Aryan Hindus. Among Brahmans Ram Nath Trivedi socially occupied a very high rank, though he himself attached very little importance to his social prestige. This venerable looking Brahman commanded the respect of all classes of people, including the Mohammedans and the Christians. There was something in

his appearance which expressed the inner purity and spiritual light. He looked more like an ancient seer than many modern Brahmans.

Alcyon, hearing his companion's name, felt more humble than ever. That this Brahman of the highest rank, supposedly the king of Hindu society, should invite an outcast native Christian to his home, was almost unthinkable to Alcyon. Even the shadow of an outcast is considered unholy by the Brahman of all ranks. But this man was different from any Brahman Alcyon had ever met in his life.

In the meantime they reached their destination. Alcyon hesitated to enter the house, but Ram Nath Trivedi noticing his embarrassment put his arm around his shoulders and walked with him into the cottage. Then he accorded him the formal welcome. After bidding him wait, he went for some dry clothes for him.

Alcyon noticed four little cottages comprised this home. They were located on four sides of the court. The cottage which Alcyon had entered was the parlor and consisted of only one room. Besides the entrance there was another door leading into the inner court, from which door one could easily see the entrances to the other three houses. Opposite the parlor was the family chapel. As he was waiting for the return of Ram Nath he saw the same two women whom he had met half an hour ago on the river bank. They were just coming out of the chapel. In the chapel, high caste Hindu women offer their prayer before they resume their daily work. Their prayers are simple and unselfish; they pray for light and purity of heart, and not for any worldly things. They also pray for their loved ones, that they may walk in the path of light.

Alcyon did not know—the custom varies according to the character of the Hindus—he did not know there are two classes of High Caste Hindus, because he had been taught by the native Christians as well as the foreign missionaries to look upon them in only one way, that is, they were all degenerated heathens. At present there are two classes of high caste Hindus in India, one enlightened and the other degenerated; one follows the traditional path of devotion, the other the way of the faithless. A degenerated Hindu shows neither culture nor purity of heart. He has neither self respect nor good manners. To him money and good living are everything, no matter how he makes that living; but to an enlightened Hindu everything is

honor and principle. He had rather face death than disgrace himself and his sacred traditions. When a white man is degenerated he is called white trash, but when a high caste Hindu is degenerated there is no name for him.

Foreign tourists who hurry through the crowded cities of the country form their opinion of the Hindus from what they see. Out of a population of three hundred millions they do not have a chance to see even two millions of people. They do not realize that millions of people live in their country homes where, according to their traditions and social ranks, they maintain their dignity and ancient customs. In hospitality and kindness Hindus cannot be surpassed by any nation. In spite of the groveling poverty and chronic famine, Hindus do not fail to show their hospitality to a stranger.

Though the overcrowded city life has the tendency to degenerate a Hindu, all city Hindus are not necessarily degenerated, but among the heterogeneous city populace it is hard to distinguish a high caste Hindu from any one else, because a city Hindu loses somewhat that soft spiritual expression which generally singles out a Hindu from any other race.

As Alcyon was watching the women who were coming out of the family chapel, Ram Nath returned with dry clothes and bade Alcyon make himself at home. He soon retired to the chapel, and a few minutes later Alcyon heard him chanting Vedic hymns in his sweet melodious voice. It produced a peculiar dreamy sensation over him. He seemed to be standing before the early camp fire of the Aryans where these Vedic hymns were composed. It was more than seven thousand years ago. He saw in his mental vision his Aryan forefathers, the first settlers in India on the banks of the Indus. Then he saw men, women and children at early dawn singing the hymns of the Sam Veda in front of a big sacrificial fire. These hymns were prayers. The handful of Aryan settlers were praying to the one eternal God by different attributes, Varuna, Indra and Agni. They were praying for protection from the black demons of lower desires and passions and also from the aboriginal natives of ancient India who surrounded their settlement. He seemed to have heard once again the old voices:

"Oh, Varuna; Oh, Indra; Oh, Agni! Come and protect thy Aryan children."

"Alcyon! Alcyon!" he seemed to hear a mysterious voice calling, or did he imagine it. Then the voice continued: "Alcyon, sing the old song OM. Hark! Alcyon, thy holy ancestors are calling

thee to light their long-extinguished camp fire again. Let that fire blaze forth from the heart of the Orient and light the world. Let the children of Hindustan burn their lower desires and passions in this fire and be purified. Let them learn the spirit of renunciation. From the five sacred rivers let the prayer of the soul rise to the throne of the Almighty. This strife and struggle, greed and selfishness of the modern life can never bring happiness. Let the children of God know they are meant to live each for the other.

"Come, Alcyon, come! Do not waste your life running after a mirage. Right here within thyself thou hast thy God. Be still, and know! Enjoy the celestial bliss and peace."

At noon Alcyon was called to dinner. The high caste Hindus of the old school, as a rule, do not take any breakfast. At dinner time Ram Nath introduced his daughter Lasmi Devi to Alcyon. Lasmi Devi took very little notice of Alcyon. She looked far away from him with a dreamlike expression in her eyes. She was a beautiful girl, but it was the delicate beauty of the ethereal type, the beauty that might wither at any moment from a breath of the carnal world. Alcyon noticed that her face, though extremely feminine, was highly intellectual in expression. Ram Nath remarked:

Lasmi Devi is an extraordinary child. It seems as though she were a liberated soul by birth. She is well versed in Vedas and Vedanta. Her whole nature breathes nothing but divine mystery."

While her father was talking Lasmi Devi was not listening. Her soul was far away somewhere in holy communion with God. After awhile she breathed heavily and her eyes wore an expression of seeing surrounding objects. Presently she turned to Alcyon and said in a soft, melodious voice:

"O, great One! thou goest back to thy foreign friends tonight. Thou shalt meet them this very day. Thy soul is in tune with another's. She is drawing thee and thou art drawing her by the invisible power of soul. I know thou canst not resist this attraction."

Alcyon remarked:

"No, I shall not go back to them. They do not understand me and I do not understand them. And, moreover, I am not wanted by them."

Lasmi Devi insisted:

"Yes, thou wilt go. There is an inner understanding. She is coming in the pretense of change of climate, but in reality in the hope of meeting thee. Her soul knows that she will meet thee. Woman always searches for her lost one by her soul. Thy friend knows that she



will meet thee, though she does not know where, or how. She is today sensing thy nearness and thou shalt see her this very day."

She then arose and slowly left that place.

Ram Nath remarked:

"Lasmi Devi is extremely clairvoyant and clairaudient. She is a child of the dream world. She always lives there in celestial bliss."

After a moment's silence, Ram Nath recommenced:

"How few of this world know about the Reality, and how few care to know about it! Slaves to their own sense desires, men and women of the world are crying for happiness and peace. Can this sense world, this playground of shadowy creations give them any happiness? No, never. Knowing this, yet they are asleep. Will they ever wake up to find that their very being is the Reality, the Fountain-head of all happiness? Will they know that behind every action their immortal Self is the actor?"

"Ah! if they had known this, men and women of the world would have met each other as a god meets a god, and they would have turned every home into a sacred shrine and every inmate into an angel. When the husband and wife will find Divinity in each other; when, in their every caress and kiss, they will come nearer to God, realizing that they are not flesh and blood, but immortal Spirit, then they will cease to be sense men and women, then they will be free from the lure of the passion world. When the parents will learn to see divine Spirit in their children and respect their Divinity from the very initial state, there will be no need of any religious and moral training.

"By respecting our fellowmen and women as Divine we help them to realize their own Divinity. If the whole world will turn to this illumined way, all sorrows, suffering and death will cease at once, and the people will come to live in Paradise, the consciousness of All-God. People feel our divine influence in the degree we realize Divinity in them.

"This is the wisdom once taught by the holy Rishis of the Orient; and this is the wisdom Jesus came to teach; and this is the wisdom which we are striving to revive.

"Master Alcyon, I have no more to say to you. My message has been delivered," and thus he brought his discourse to a close.

Toward evening Alcyon was strolling along the bank of the confluence and trying to realize the wonderful experience he had that day. He was walking

on and on—he did not know or care where he was going. That day he was moving in the very heart of the mystic Orient and breathing the vitalizing spiritual atmosphere of gods. His soul was serene, free from anxiety. In this calmness and freedom, he felt the cosmic spirit of the Nazarene. "This way," he thought, "Jesus of Nazareth moved from place to place in perfect freedom and taught the Divine Wisdom to the common populace. He mingled freely with them, he ate with them, slept with them, and showed them the way to the kingdom of God, which no man since that time has been able to show."

His musing was interrupted by the noise of many village children. He looked about him and saw the children were playing with elephants which were tied to some trees, and not far from them were a number of tents pitched by some white foreigners. As he advanced a few steps nearer to the tents he came face to face with Miss Beacher. She looked at him in surprise, yet she was hesitating to speak to him. She thought she might be mistaken. This man bore a great resemblance to Alcyon, yet seemed not exactly the same. In the first place, she never had seen Alcyon in Oriental priestly robe; in the second place, she never had seen him look so shabby and careworn. They continued to gaze at each other, each in expectation that the other would speak first and break the tension. In the meantime Miss Huntington joined her with Rev. Beacher and a tall Englishman. It took but a second for Rev. Beacher to recognize Alcyon.

"Why, it is Alcyon!" he said; "Alcyon, my boy, what has happened to you? You look so different and—and—you are dressed like a pagan priest. Come into the tent and tell me all about yourself," and Rev. Beacher clasped his hand warmly.

Alcyon replied:

"Thank you very much, I cannot go in. I must return to the home of Ram Nath before dark."

Miss Beacher felt wounded and offended that he did not even say a single word of greeting to her, yet she knew it was not the time for her to defend her pride—he might go away for good. Therefore, she said with an outward smile:

"Alcyon, you cannot go back; you must come along with us. We all miss you."

For the first time Alcyon felt a peculiar thrill from the subtle feminine influence. He did not trust himself to speak, because he was not sure whether he could say the right thing. Miss Beacher thought he did not care to come

back with them, so she again begged him to come, and Rev. Beacher also joined with her in urging him to come. Alcyon simply said:

"I cannot come; it is impossible."

"Impossible? What do you mean,"

Rev. Beacher asked?

Alcyon replied:

"Our ways are different. We will never understand each other."

Rev. Beacher asked:

"Why so, Alcyon, are you a backslider? Have you given up the Christ?"

Alcyon replied:

"No, but I am going to give the Master's words to the people in the same manner as the Master Jesus himself gave them twenty centuries ago. Unless you can make the people feel and understand that you are one of them and with them, you will never be able to touch their souls. Rev. Beacher, I cannot go with you and conform to your ways. The Orient has called me, I heard her call this morning when I was bathing in the

holy rivers. Our ways are different. We must part."

Then Miss Beacher did the unexpected thing; she approached very near to Alcyon and taking his hand, held it firmly, saying:

"Alcyon, we cannot let you go. You can preach the gospel in any way you may like best, but we cannot let you go. Rev. and Mrs. Hume miss you very much—they are almost broken-hearted since your going away. You must not be so ungrateful to them; you know they have done so much for you, and they still love you as their own boy. Now, say you are coming with us, won't you? Please!"

Alcyon remained silent. He was trying to keep back the tears which were threatening to fill his eyes. Then every body joined Miss Beacher in insisting on his coming. He could no longer resist their request. With a sigh he whispered:

"Yes! I will go."

(To be continued.)

## PRINCIPAL POINTS IN CHRISTIAN YOGA.

By Ralph M. deBit.

### Elimination of Polar Opposites.

When such statements are made as, "The Oneness of Life," "Unity of All," and "The Allness of Good—God," beginners on the path of spiritual unfoldment almost invariably ask the question—"From whence come evil, disease, and the apparent degradation around them." This is a great paradox to them, and they feel the understanding of the Truth to be far away. The statement that there is no evil and that these things do not exist, is not sufficient to satisfy the hunger of the enquiring soul for light and wisdom. We therefore must be prepared to solve the riddle and reconcile the paradoxes of unity in the midst of seeming diversity, and how out of Oneness manifoldness appears to exist.

The problem must necessarily be approached from two widely divergent angles of vision. One from the Absolute side of the shield and the other from the relative side.

The latter we shall consider first, for to the vast majority this relative world of phenomena appears very real. It is this phenomenal universe appearing to our consciousness as a reality that causes us to see good and bad in a world of All-God. If we could "read our titles clear," if our vision of the Truth was clear we could not ask the question, "Whence comes evil?" For then there would be no evil, but being immersed in a condition where the appearance deceives us and hypnotizes us to the extent that we labor under the delusion that this marvelously diversified appearance is a reality, we see duality, and then good and evil appears. With a little study regarding this world of appearance we can see that it is in reality the same in kind but different in degree; that is, the immediate cause of this relative world is personal-consciousness (personal-consciousness being supported by Cosmic-Consciousness) and the seeming

diversity is different degrees of realized ideas held in the personal-consciousness. Study this great explanation of Christian Yoga, meditate upon these fundamental statements of Truth, until you can see the sameness; we mean by this, that all appearances are concepts, and the manifold appearance merely a difference in degree of the realizing of these concepts.

Why do we call some things bad and others good? The things that you call bad today, yesterday (some ten thousand years ago when you were a cave-man) you possibly called good, because in that yesterday your highest understanding of things and conditions you called good; but, owing to your better understanding of to-day, due to the ten thousand years of gradual evolution into the higher concepts, you condemn those same qualities that you were conscious of in the past and to-day you designate them as bad. Are not both concepts, and are not both the same in kind but different in degree?

A closer inspection and study of this relative problem will reveal to your spiritual vision this fact: That the real underlying substratum of this relative world of appearances, is CONSCIOUSNESS; but, different degrees of realization of that Consciousness on the part of individuals, who are inseparable parts of the Whole-Consciousness, of that One, reflect the different concepts. So from this higher plane, we can also see that it is the same in kind—Consciousness (Spirit), but a difference in the degree of realization.

If we were able to retain in objective memory a continuous recollection of this evolutionary period from lower concepts into the higher, this difference in degree would appear clear to us. It is

through a merciful provision of the law that the subjective memory of all the past evolutionary periods cannot come into our full objective grasp, until such times as we can fully see and realize that it is all the play of shadow, no more, no less. Who, still believing this concept-life to be a reality would desire to see themselves as having manifested all the ferocious animal propensities existing in the lower evolutionary scale? Now if we can stand in the light of this evolutionary law through a long continuous series of existences, lives, we can give the true relative value to all that appears; that is, we can understand all things to be just conditions, neither good nor bad. The quality of the manifested condition is due to the particular point in the evolutionary scale on which a personal-consciousness may be vibrating, or conscious.

As students and devotees of the Truth, we should endeavor through realization to stand separate and apart from the race thought and conventional ideas, in order to give the true relative value to these manifested conditions. We shall then see with clearer vision and understanding that there is nothing really good or bad, that all are conditions of consciousness obtaining at different points in the scale of evolution from sense of separation from God, to unity with Him. All in appearance are concepts, all are conditions. Owing to our present higher condition of consciousness to-day, we are prone to condemn as bad, conditions that we ourselves have manifested in the past, the relative position of the two conditions being so striking and the contrast appearing so pronounced, we condemn as bad that which existed yesterday as a realized fact in ourselves, and which to-day may exist in another who is

manifesting the same plane of consciousness that we manifested yesterday.

From the study of polar opposites in this relative plane, we see that they are not opposites, that there are no opposites. All is the same in kind, but different in degree.

The conclusion reached through the study of Christian Yoga metaphysics is that all of this relative world is a dream state of the "I AM CONSCIOUSNESS." Good and bad, vice and virtue, are merely the different dreams we are dreaming in the delusion of our belief that the dream is not a dream, but a reality. We may call one dream bad and another good, in reality they are not opposites, they are still the same in kind with merely a difference in degree. Through all concepts, through all dreams, and through all conditions of consciousness we notice that

there is a Power, Knower, Dreamer or Life. This is the One and Indivisible Whole, and in the aggregation of all Its parts It is the Absolute. While the part may know the dream, the Absolute never does; It eternally knows Itself without variance of changing, because It is ALL; there is nothing else beside.

If we could thus glimpse the Absolute in Its Absolute unchangeableness, there would never be a question as from whence comes evil, because there is nothing but God. From the Absolute side of the shield there can be nothing to argue about, no one to argue, or anyone to argue with; so, from this standpoint, the elimination of polar opposites is consummated in the realization of this self-evident Truth: The Absolute is All, It is One and Indivisible; nothing else exists but THAT.

### ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

By Rev. Geo. E. Chambers

Did you ever climb a very high mountain? Down below everything seemed in such a state of turmoil; the blowing of whistles, the roar of traffic, the hum of machinery and the incessant movements of the throngs hurrying in all directions bent on errands of their own. The narrow streets were fronted with walls of steel and brick. You were forced to look straight up in order to see the sky. You were hemmed in on all sides and your limitation was borne in upon you by every move you made. Then came the gradual rise of the foothills. The roar of the traffic was still faintly audible though subdued by the distance, but you felt that you were getting away from the stress and turmoil of life. Your mind expanded with the

thought that you were leaving the realm of small dimensions behind. The sky is now visible without craning your neck. Smoke no longer dims the beauty of the day. You feel that you are getting nearer to the heart of things. Intuitively you recognize the fact that the natural is good, that this is more as things were meant to be.

Away there in the distance you catch a glimpse of the peak you are striving to reach. Grand in its solitude, its summit appears as though resting in a region apart from this world. Its outlines, dimmed by distance, seen to blend in perfect harmony with the blue of the sky and the fleecy clouds that drift slowly along.

What could better symbolize the great experience of the soul where

it comes into that state of consciousness where it recognizes the unity of all life than the term "He went up into a mountain." In our sacred literature we read that the great prophets, leaders and seers went up into a mountain or went up into the higher concept of life. On the height of their spiritual consciousness the barriers of race, color and creed were wiped out. Divisions of personality became non-existent and in this consciousness of the Divine plan they spoke with authority that I and my father are one.

Down in the personal plane, where we live the life of I, Me and Mine, we find ourselves surrounded on every hand by limitations. Our perspective of life prevents us from seeing the great underlying scheme of unity. But as we dwell with the thought that the only existence is God and that our life is one with God, we rise above the limited conceptions of our existence. Immortality becomes a reality in the realization that I and my father are one. How grand! How wonderful to know that a troubled, tired old world can free itself from the continual stress and strain by such simple means.

To dwell on the mountain top in the higher consciousness is to experience the world of All-God. Well might Peter have exclaimed: "Lord, it is good for us to be here, let us build three tabernacles," let us make this our abiding place. The soul longs for the peace and bliss of the higher consciousness. In the world of all-God only harmony, peace and bliss exists. To translate life into this language of All-God is to realize the condition of the Kingdom of Heaven. Heaven is within you, hell is within you. In the planes of the higher consciousness, reached on the mountain top of your meditation all is unity, harmony, peace

and love. Down in the lower concept of life, where personality reigns, where jealousy, anger and passion are the normal conditions the hell of discord exists. Having once stood on this mountain top the soul sees the illusion of the barriers of color, race and creed. He becomes the free soul, a Universal.

Freed from the bondage of ignorance he watches the race as a whole evolving. One age becomes but a page in the book of life and history is but the turning back of the pages of the same story. He marks how the events of history have not been mere happenings, but every step has been the means of bringing humanity a little nearer to the ultimate realization of the unity of all life in the one omnipresent God. Time, space and limitations may exist to the soul in the lower consciousness but the path to the mountain top clears the vision. Arise and get thee hence for this is not thy resting place.

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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
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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 June 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.

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.
- EXPRESSION—Mrs. Alma Gillen, editor, \$1.50 per year.
- 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, Tinnevely, 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.

