

ARTICLES

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1. HAIL MOTHER INDIA

Hail Mother India, divine queen of truth's sacred kingdom! How faithfully you have governed throughout the dim ages. Tender parent of all God-seekers, be they from east or west north or south, accept the profound obeisance of one who has come to your illuminated feet, with a heart full of love and understanding, one who knows you for what you are, sacred soul of spirituality!

Looking deep into your mystical eyes at length, after a long journey, of perhaps countless eons, I bring you my deepest thanks for the torch-bearers you so tenderly nursed against your heart of love and wisdom, Swami Omkar my guru, Swami Rama Tirtha, Swami Vivekananda and all the others who as your emissaries of Light, crossed with painful steps of self-denial and sacrifice, weary stretches of land and water, giving fully of their youth and strength, nay their very heart's blood to build the beautiful invisible bridge of brotherhood and universality that shall arch and span high over all humanity uniting east and west for the great cause-God-consciousness for one and all. To young and democratic America they brought what she lacked and most needs, living sparks from your mighty altar of spirituality. In silent rapture have I witnessed how these subtle, subtle sparks from India's long cherished fires of mysticism fell into many an open heart, working miracles turning death of life, sanctifying, redeeming and purging.

O Mother India! May this love flame borne hither and thither by your holy ones, ignite from heart to heart, from one remote corner of the earth to another the divine conflagration that shall in due time consume all sense of division, creed, racial hatreds and all the various causes that brother has in ignorance inflicted upon brother.

May the creatures of the universe lave with Life, Illumination and Love, be perfectly blent into the one Radiance—The Source—The *Soham* Glory from whence all things manifested and un manifested germinated. Revered Mother India! Again I offer my *pranams* with fervent wish that you may long live to hear what you have so long idealized—the day of the grand chorus of all humanity, chanting with ringing tone the sacred syllable om, awake, aware of its true and hidden meaning and glory at last.

Hail Sacred India

(Peace July 1931)

2. THE UNIVERSAL HOME

*O come to Santi ashram,
 Abode of rest and love,
 To visit, stay or meditate
 And find the peace that's incarnate.
 The gates are wide.
 There's room for all.
 We welcome folks both great and small.
 Come to our gardens full of flowers,
 And tarry in its fragrant bowers.
 High, lovely hills to soothe the eyes
 At Sri Santi Ashram where God abides.
 There wild-birds fill the air with song,
 And learned Sadhus linger long,
 They'll share with you the truths so dear
 That make mere man a saint or seer.
 Then flock to Santi Ashram,
 The universal home.
 Its gates are standing now ajar,
 To friends from near and far.*

My brothers and sisters all over the great wide world, Sri Shanti Ashram is your home and mine. It is a dream that came true. As I behold the quiet beauty of this abode of peace, it seems I stand in some unearthly realm, some place seen in a beautiful dream. Wandering in its lanes, flower faces smile from tree and shrub. When reclining underneath a tree and watching the turquoise sky between a filagree of fruit and leaves I wonder—‘Is this Devachan?’ My back, however presses on the solid earth, and my fingers reach out feeling the cool grass. I arise, leaning against the trunk happily, and know it is lovely but tangible reality. Ah, here, the very dew-drops glinting in the sun, are so many drops of *brahmic* bliss. They seem to saturate one's thirsty soul with wave on wave of liquid peace. Even the carols of the many song-birds seem sweeter in this blessed spot. And here and there the very palm trees raise and droop their fronds in some ecstatic rhythm, as the rose and jasmine scented wind caresses them. All is harmony and peace here. Yet it is not strange that this sweet valley seems fair. For are not dreams that come true always lovely? Such God-inspired dreams are, which give salvation to suffering mankind. Such was that which give salvation to suffering mankind. Such was that which caused the Abode of Peace. Full fourteen years ago

Swamiji Maharaj then a mere stripling, was touched by the illuminating hand of God, and he awoke there with to a great need of humanity. He realized the need of a rest house along 'The Path' for pilgrims who seek God vowed God to build one by His grace. Now Swamiji who dreamed this dream, and all the souls who have wended their way here, partaking of its blessings, send forth the fervent wish, that its holy confines spread as far as, and around about the seven seas, bringing bliss and rest eventually to all the universe. Like incense diffused from an urn, may the aroma of its peace go forth! God grant that this sacred dream be another dream to come true!

(Peace Oct 1931)

3. THE ABODE OF PEACE

Aloft our 'Airy Castle', a palm-thatched pavilion, built high over the earth, on stout poles of peepul wood, a happy pilgrim wafts a tender greeting of peace and bliss. May it go forth to the whole world from this *samadhi* land—India! O what joy to be here! If only the helpless multitudes, caught in the turmoil of city life, could thus find in the holy solitudes of nature, that meeting place' twixt pain and joy—silence! Then, would they uncover the sweetness indescribable that lies hid in their own hearts, like the perfume in an unfolded flower. They too, would hear the voice of the master saying, "My wandering child, come home to thy many mansions! Run not hither and thither after the delusive rainbow bubbles out there in the world: for see how they break and break and break into a slimy nothing within thy clenched fist Ah! Thou wouldst fetter illusion, knowing not that after all, thy feverish ache and yearning is really for these outstretched arms of infinite love. Here is reality, bliss and joy immutable, come. High in the illimitable sapphire, great eagles are soaring, one's soul follows them. O to sail and soar to the highest, like an eagle forever!

From the airy castle, one can see the Ashram nestling like an enchanted village mid dreamy palms, and beautiful fruit trees. One can see only the tip tops of the little white houses that shelter so many tranquil gracious lives, which, in a silent way and all unknown even to the wide are serving humanity, some are brethren of the saffron robe, others are highly evolved souls who wear no outward marks of renunciation, except their lives of very evident purity. Would you like to hear more about them and Santi Ashram? Well then, let us start at the portal, with its symbols of various religions, ingeniously designed. Passing through this entrance we see a road leading right up to the '*mandir*' or

main building. On either side, near this gateway, are the sheds for the kine, and palm-thatched carts, which carry both people and provisions' from the station which is ten miles off. Our tank which awaits completion, comes next, with a well just opposite for watering the cattle. Pumps would so facilitate the labours of our patient water carriers. Who draw at one or another of the three wells, the cool pure waters for the entire Ashram, as the instalment of pumps cannot be afforded at present. A thatched shed with lattice-work sides, serves as a school-room for the little village urchins, who gratis, here learn the three rudimentary R's. Next comes a long building harbouring, the post office, manager's office, dispensary, and our bee-hive, the printing room. This building is the source from whence streams of peace flow out into the world, and into the hearts of so many, in the form of inspirational and devotional literature, in both the Telugu and English tongues. I have told you before, of the beauties and graces of this delightful rest-house along 'The Path', but this little white building is the very heart-beat of Santi Ashram.

When our Swamiji Omkar decided to send his message out to you, accepting a little heap of love offerings, from souls who could conceive his horizons, he bought a second-hand press and accessories. With much reparation then, and to this day, it is kept busy. The press is of antique design, such as Benjamin Franklin or Guttenberg used, requiring one-hundred per cent man power. Here one can glean many a lesson of genuine renunciation, patience, and all the Christian and Vedic virtues combined. On seeing their office for the first time, with its rickety little press, and then beholding the sheaves of literature showered into being, one exclaims—Impossible! Yet lingering about it, was to see how against all odds, the impossible is made fact. Our devoted young printer, gives from early morn till, very often, late at night, his best, often quite unaided even by an assistant, he deciphers weirdly written MSS., sets them to type and stamps out page on page. When all this is done, with the aid of another Brahmacharin, he folds, stiches, and binds them. Each month's Telugu and English "Peace" is an achievement, a battle fought and won such as words beggar description. What wonders a new press would work! Yet the money wherewith to get one is lacking. Therefore to send forth Swamiji's message, "Peace in your own heart, will eventually make world peace, for individual peace paves the way to universal peace." Still demands sacrifice akin to martyrdom. The printing office is adjoined by the post office, granted by the government, because of our heavy outgoing and incoming mails. It is run by our manager whose varied labours, dispatched with a ready smile, are unceasing from dawn till dark.

A long path bordered with ornamental shrubs, unexpected and startling, in their beauty, leads to our “Bo Tree” an ancient and magnificent tree at whose base a circular arrangement of stone benches, with a unique elephant design, afford a place of meditation for Brahmacharins and visitors. Our “*mandir*” or main building, confronts us next, with its lovely gardens before and beside it. This is the meeting place of all religions. Pictures of adored masters, hang on the wall, others sit together in miniature on the altar. At our morning worship, I am sure that Christ, Krishna, Buddha, Zoroaster, Mohamed and Confucius pass through our midst, smiling and well pleased and stretching forth their beautiful hands, in benediction, in this place of tolerant, universal love and brotherhood. Santi Ashram is not a palatial estate; do not expect to find it so. It is a simple little spot, which peace and love have sanctified. Come here seeking peace that you will find, for this is an Abode of Peace, verily.

Opposite our *mandir*, is the dining hall and kitchen, where our cook with his pleasant smile, labours over a hearth, with vessels from the stone and early metal age. His eyes are often rheumy from the smoke of crude fuel. He has other problems, besides getting our meals; for sometimes the cupboard is quite bare and he must forage and improvise food and he does, with wondrous results. India teaches one, the value of money; so little can go such a long way here, shedding so many blessings. It would make you weep for all that is wasted on things that so-called civilization deems necessities, but which are really useless and even harmful creating for ourselves, and the world in general, heavier and heavier chains of delusion till it fairly groans beneath its burden. Like all the great ‘Lonely Ones’ our Swamiji disdains to be commercial. When approached by people or societies who present him with money making schemes, he gives answer with gentle pride, born of conscious goodness ‘I cannot sell my soul. Our Ashram needs funds, but since it is dedicated to God, belonging to His children, He will take care of it, for it was He who called it into existence through this humble instrument.’

Dear readers of ‘Peace’, and all you dear souls, who contacted our Swamiji and received help from his silent life, in spreading the gospel of peace profound, now stand by him in his noble work, by doing your part. Your mite means much, in easing the burdens of the compassionate souls who labour for love; souls’ who need your co-operation not for themselves, but for a suffering world whose note of pain has touched their hearts into unselfish service and sacrifice. Next month’s ‘Peace’, will relate about the work of the Swamis of our Ashram, of our dispensary, and our library, and other activities and personalities of our mission.

May peace abide with all of you until we meet again next month.

Om Tat Sat Om!

4. THE ABODE OF PEACE

Behind the western range of the Totapallis', the after-glow lingered like a lover loathe to say farewell, to our paradise of peace. From a distant retreat, exultant, clear, as the full-throated note of a wild bird; rang Swamiji Omkar's chant, "Om" the ancient and sacred syllable. It vibrated like purple lightening from heart to heart, of all who meditated at this hour. Sitting on the roof of my cave, thrilling to the rhythms that palpitated from the breast, of the divine mother, I was all unaware of the one that came so softly on her little silver circled feet, ever bent on some mission of love. It was our "Mother Ratnam" come to take me to evening worship. This was the eve of a Hindu festival, as well as the birthday of Sri Rama Tirtha of whose memory this ashram is a monument; commemorating a most noble life.

Some of our visitors from Rajahmundry were shooting off fireworks as is customary in Hindustan celebrating the victory of Krishna and his consort over a demon of darkest deeds. The usual quiet was filled with voices, laughter, and the dust with pretty fire. On entering the ashram I was surprised to see it so beautifully decorated for '*bhajana*', or special worship, reminding me of a fifth avenue florist's shop window, yet the flora brighter and more exotic. In a bower of potted plants with lovely mottled leaves of green, yellow, white and rose, glossy as fine Chinese lacquer, two shaggy banana trees, vines and flaming hibiscus stars, was improvised a stage with saffron coloured curtains. The picture of Sri Rama Tirtha in a frame of crimson Sanskrit 'Oms' sat in state, on a bed of oleander, jasmine and musk rose.

The meeting was opened with the sweet and wistful music of our lute-player, while an acolyte lit incense and tapers. Hymns were chanted with the clash of cymbals, ever rising to a pitch of ecstasy, poignant '*bhakti*' dripping like honeyed dew from God-intoxicated eyes. So must the Israelites in the days of David, the sweet psalter of Jerusalem, have made "a joyful noise unto the Lord." Swami Omkar closed with a fitting benediction and after the "*prasadam*" or blessed food, was passed around, the Holy Communion was ended. On wings of joy we then seemed to float, and with a sense of fellowship with the stars as well as with the little glow worm, silently passed to our huts amid rustling palms, exquisite against the clear November sky. On the

following day we all felt the spirit of the great Ram Tirtha as we continued the festivities in his honour, such as '*bhajana*' and feeding and entertaining some of our village poor. Swami Omkarji received personally all visitors. Earnest seekers of truth are ever the special charge and burden of this mild saint. Be it a magnificent maharaja or a ragged ryot, he has a way of looking past the perfect and polished exterior, or that ill-favoured and clad in rags. He sees with eyes of love, only the hungry heart of prodigal divinity, whenever a soul says 'O guru, show me the way to my father's kingdom', he lays aside his busy pen, or comes out of his blissful silence, and patiently, brotherly-kind, leads them into high states of consciousness, step by step according to the age and evolution of the soul.

The beloved Swamiji meditates with some, initiates others into superior wisdom, and teaches all that self-realization, is God-realization. This personal silent work, he deems every whit as important as the giving out, before vast audiences; his startling messages, syllables that awaken many from their lethargy with a thunderbolt of truth. In their hearts begins the stirring of the regenerate man, and the whisperings of the still small voice. O, I know well that those whom Swami Omkar contacts never forget the gentle torch-bearer of "The Order of the Great Companions." Those souls who wear no badge but like the calamus interweave their roots of love, deep under the dark currents of life, enmeshing men in bonds of brotherhood and universal love.

Swami Omkarji's whole life, is as sweet incense on the sacrificial altar of humanity, ascending incessantly to God. Since his boyhood austerities, in the rishi caves, and Himalayan monasteries, he prepared for his mission, of bringing the gospel of peace profound to men. Sometimes it is through spoken words, at other times it is with silence, a cosmic silence, which vibrates at the rate of fire, bringing illumination, and the peace that passeth all understanding to receptive souls. This master of compassion, is supported in his exoteric work, by Swami Rajeswaranandaji, who is the beloved vice-president of the Ashram, taking full charge of its activities, while the president is engaged in esoteric work, or absented at his American Peace centers. He is an illumined author, scholar, and spiritual teacher besides. Often making pilgrimages to the distant retreats of *maharishis* to attain the limits of the illimitable horizon of infinity and truth.

Swami Tatwanandaji is another veritable pillar of strength to the Ashram; being a pundit of great repute, he gives lovingly, time from his devotions and spiritual studies, to teach languages, Hindu lore, correct or translate Mss, and advise Brahmacharins in the simple and austere life that leads one to the highest. He too has suffered persecutions and imprisonment for His sake, in

being a follower of Mahatma Gandhiji in the service of humanity. Many bless the name of Swami Tatwanandaji. Swami Pranavanandaji, whose very name is indicative of divine energy is an ardent exponent of the Sankara philosophy. He takes charge of all the religious functions held in honor of saints and sages, and decorated the worship-hall for *pujas* and *bhajans*. One can often hear his chanting of beautiful Sanskrit slokas. Children cluster around him, while he teaches them songs, or takes them for a stroll into the foot-hills. Spending much time in spiritual study, one finds him with well correlated ideas, which he shares with both inmates and devoted pilgrims.

Thus I could go on enumerating the beautiful souls, who I am privileged to dwell amongst and whose lives are a hand of light pointing heavenward. They beautify the gardens and nurse the fruit-trees teach a village children, or help one another to reach the mutually desired goal, selflessly working together for good, loving the Lord, and thus purchasing the "Pearl of great price." Our library is an important medium for the spreading of universal love and brotherhood. Books on religion, philosophy and health both physical and metaphysical, are loaned to people in this sad land where libraries are rare, or poverty prevents the ownership of books. It is a work indeed worthy of support, dear readers.

When I think of our little dispensary, a sigh escapes my lips, although simple drugs are now given out, we are sadly in need of a resident physician. For thirty rupees or ten dollars a month, we could engage one. O loving brothers and sisters of both India and America, who believe in unity and are imbued with the love of the almighty father of whom we are all children, here from your suffering Indian brothers and sisters comes, a Macedonian shriek of pain, "Come and help us, through your sympathy in the way of love-offerings." I here point out one spot in this vale of tears where you can help us to wipe many an eye, and turn many a groan into a glad smile, by aiding us to get a supply of medical equipment and drugs. Only last night a man came to us in great need, having swallowed poison by mistake, a simple antidote saved this father of five little ones, who with their mother would have starved without him. Yes, people often starve to death in India, by thousands. A few applications of salve can save some babe, the torment of an itching rash, in this hot land. A timely dose of castor oil, bicarbonate of soda or the disinfecting of a wound has saved not only months of pain, but lives of these dear precious kin of ours. They come like trusting children to the Ashram with their dark pledging eyes that reflect a portion of the sorrow that lies at the heart of the world. "Help us" they entreat. Ah! Heed their cry, for it is really He, calling to you dear ones as you read this, you so well-fed, well-groomed, and fragrant with bodily care and comfort. Delay not, to-day join the order of the 'Great Companions.' Like the sweet

calamus, the symbol of friendship, send forth your roots of love and sympathy to entwine with those of our Ashram workers, for the furtherance of peace on earth and good-will to all mankind.

OM! OM !! OM!!!

(Peace Nov & Dec 1931)

5. PRACTICAL HINTS FOR GOD REALIZATION

- Let the first thought on awakening be god-thought. (I am Thine, O Lord! May I serve Thee well this day)
- Discipline yourself to early rising 4 a.m. or the silent hour before sun-rise which is full of helpful spiritual vibrations.
- Be pure within, as without. Cleanse the mouth and bathe, meditating on inner purification as well.
- Spend at least an hour a day in the revitalizing rays of the sun. Drink pure water. (Eight glasses a day). Keep elimination system free.
- In some easy posture, without strain or pain, practise meditation, feeling the Presence of God, or commune with Him in silent prayerfulness, as with a loving Father or Mother or Guru.
- Inhale and exhale peace. Repeat, with deep even breathing, Om or your favourite God-name or *mantram*.
- Merge into silence for a few minutes at first and then longer with persistent practice, day by day.
- Take the presence of your meditation or the consciousness, gained thereby, into your duties and recreations. In other words, be in touch with God always.
- Eat simple nourishing food. Avoid alcohol, stimulants, highly seasoned and animal foods. Avoid all articles of diet which are not food. Eat to live! Do not live to eat! On the control of appetite, the foundation, depends the structure of a spiritual life.
- Set apart and consecrate a sanctum, a room, or part of a room, where you may worship or meditate alone with your creator.
- Any medium that aids devotional attitude may be employed, such as incense, lights, symbols etc., till direct perception is eventually attained.
- Practice charity within and without your home. Set aside a portion or at least a tithe of your income for benevolent purposes.

- Conserve vital force, “Ojas”, by chastity of body and mind. It is one of the first steps towards spiritual union and all higher powers and inspirations.
- Watch every word. Speak, only when necessary, in a mild, modulated and controlled voice. Silence is a secret force.
- To gain self-control and purity of body and mind, fast occasionally, or go on fruit and milk diet.
- Live as economically and naturally as possible and give all surplus to the poor and needy.
- Practice ahimsa and compassion towards man and creatures.
- Be self-reliant in all things.
- Be lenient to the faults of others and severe towards your own.
- Do not waste your own or another’s time. Time and life are precious. They are rungs in the ladder to God-realization, if used as such.
- Keep a spiritual diary. Make it your confessor. Resolve, as you record failings, to progress day by day.
- Let your last thought, as you retire for rest, be a God-thought. Relax, by imagining every limb, organ and portion of your body to be interpenetrated by Divine Light.
- Be true to your own self. Listen to the inner voice for guidance in all things.
- Live in God and help others to live in Him.
- Identify yourself with God and be a spiritual reality. Thus you will conquer body consciousness.
- Remember the goal of your life at all times—God-realization; live, breathe, wake, sleep, walk, eat, and meditate to the end and aim of all existence.

(Peace Sept 1933)

6. A TRUE SERVANT OF GOD

The Song Celestial the Bhagavad Gita tells us how to choose a Guru or Spiritual teacher, the qualifications of whom must be far higher than those of a teacher of the outer sciences and branches or erudition. It also tells how the chela or disciple must behave towards this mahatma or great angelic soul who gives *chelas* the rarest treasure of learning or wisdom, the crest jewel of discrimination, Life, Light and Immortality. “This Guru must be qualified by having realized God—a God man, or angelic being, devoid of all evil passions, possessing inward vision. Such a Guru will attract to himself, those who are

pure in heart and lead them to the shores of the Ocean, of light where filled with the spirit of God they will immerse themselves, and become twice-born.

Om Om Om!

“Know that, by prostrating thy self (to the divinity manifesting in the Guru), by questions, and by service; the wise, those who have realized the truth, will instruct thee in that knowledge.”

— Bhagavad Gita

Many dear pilgrims, aspire to celestial illumination, and are yet trespassers of the common laws of nature, such as pure eating, drinking, hygienic care of the body or “vessel” into which they implore the unspeakable radiance of a majestic God to descend. Even a sage or seer, who still carries a form about with him to serve others with, on this earth, feels all his sensitive nature outraged by the unclean thoughts, words, deeds and vibrations of worldly people, and only goes among them with the greatest sacrifice. How much more terrible for purity itself, to come in contact with such organisms, who set a heap of filthy selfish thoughts and desires to obstruct His way! We must ascend to Him by self-purification, not ask Him, to descend, into our uncleansed temples.

In occult circles one is familiar with the cry, “O! I want a master, a guru, the motive behind the cry is often not pure—it does not think, I want a master to lead me to God for His sake alone—because He is the Universal God.” The motive is tainted to begin with, with a lust for Gods strange to the supreme one. The megalomaniac wants visions and revelations, the bigot wants to cling more tenaciously to his bigotry.

Another lusts for mystery so that he can again startle others with weird revelations. Yet others, crave pleasure thru desired wealth. Others want, powers, to be used for selfish ends. Others still, want to acquire gifts of beauty, talent, health for old sin worn frames, or young sin destroyed ones, or even in the holy guru, basely try to find an earthly lover after the way of generation. O! and when such impure souls dare to approach the feet of such a guru, who is all light, they being enshrouded by their own darkness will neither see, nor hear, and finally betray the guru, Judas-like. Others if they cannot comprehend the light will want to crush and destroy the great soul who bears it, not understanding greatness they will persecute it, deny and insult it. The light shines on, the guru continues to reflect the light of heaven. But the pure in heart are attracted by their like—they too become light and the children of darkness go on gnashing their teeth in the self-inflicted agonies of an impure heart. They

continue their hopeless wanderings, and every new charlatan who claims some method to salvation, which appeal to these poor deluded ones, battens on their wasted dollars and homage like a vulture on its prey. These “masters” and “yogis” ply their nefarious trade under glamorous names and tell tales fantastically gotten up to englamour the poor blind sheep of such a poor blind shepherd. The lure of the exotic, makes ready victims. The false gurus at times boast of miracles, and produce evidence in some manner, even can also we are warned in many a good book even make fire fall from heaven to deceive victims. The greatest earthly miracle, dear truth-seeker, is a changed heart—this is the miracle, a true guru will first of all bend his noble purpose on, in one who seeks his aid with a clean heart, and contrite spirit. The next miracle, will be to help one to purify the heart, so that the perfumed breath of God may freely flow in, and begin the great work of redemption. The aspiring heart will then be filled with love thru countless sacrifices, to this, wisdom will unite itself, and the greatest miracle—the kingdom of heaven will be opened to the now inward man or spiritual being. Then the true guru will rejoice with all the heavenly beings, and grow, even more eloquent in silent joy; for like a loving father, he has taken the child of his spiritual love and care, to the gates of glory, where the Lord with all the celestial beings, waits to perform the most awesome and beautiful ritual of paradise—the marriage, of the redeemed, angelic soul, to the Lord God of the whole Universe.

GLORY! GLORY! GLORY!

By some special grace of God, this way-faring soul, was led to the feet of an angelic being who is all devoid of self, his frail and stately frame is only a white alabaster lamp, holding who seek and love God for Himself alone! He is silent, simple and sweet as a Himalayan mountain violet. When he opens his lips, it is to breathe the perfume of heaven—which is peace on all who come to his feet in sincere devotion of truth. His very presence exudes the essence of all that is holy, serene and heavenly pure. When the disciple is ready; this guru pours out his best spiritual gifts saying, “Drink freely my child.” Yes, the old and the very young, the adolescent and the mature man stand before the, presence itself, as little children all—for it shines out to them thru this guruji, in thinly veiled glory! Alone, save for the company of angels and celestial beings who delight in such messengers of their light he has carried out faithfully since he was of God first called his divine mission. Although for a time he will yet see, meet and help with spoken words, those that come to his feet, his greater work is waiting.

A life of unbroken communion with God is his only desire, for therein he will be and even stronger link between heaven and those who strive for heaven. My deepest gratitude, pranams and love go out to this guru Sri Omkarji who has helped this servant, and so many others to our new life in eternity! My deepest thanks and gratitude go forth too with this heart beat in written words to all my Indian kin, our sympathy unites us forever, though, for a few months we are absent from one another, in the physical form. My spiritual family in America, joins me in expressing infinite gratitude for your loving and innumerable kindnesses to me and wishes you God's richest blessings in never ceasing flow!

*“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, and make
His face to shine upon thee
And be gracious unto thee
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace”*

This is my prayer for each and every one of my dear ones both in India and all over the world! May He make me worthy of even a little of His love and of all your kind words and divine acts of love, and return me soon to your blessed fold, and our spiritual though earthly home, Sri Santi Ashram! To work, and live, and die in Him, ever at the feet of our blessed Gururji who is all light, life and divine love!

All *pranams* to the manifested and unmanifested Sat Guru!

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace April 1934)

7. SRIKRISHNA JAYANTI

The birthday of the great world teacher, Sri Krishna of Brindavan, was celebrated at Sati Ashram, East Godavari, with reverent joy. The high points of Sri Krishan's life and teachings were brought out by brother Jagannatha Acharya in a beautiful manner. After the chanting of various hymns in honour of the lovely soul who shed so much lustre into a dark world, Sri Swami OmkarjiMaharaj gave out his elevating thoughts of Sri Bagavan, very significant for the present day as follows:- Wherever there is Krishna, there is the sacred flute; and wherever the flute is, there is the holy vibration of Aum ceaselessly issuing from it.

It is a great privilege to meet here to celebrate the birthday of Lord Krishna. But how easy it is to busy ourselves with the outer celebrations and how difficult it is to feel the spirit of Krishna! It is a pleasure for me always in repeating that we should identify ourselves with the great soul whose anniversaries we celebrate. If we celebrate Krishna's birthday, we must be Krishna's to assimilate His infinite wisdom. If we celebrate Christ's birthday, we must be Christ's to assimilate His unlimited love. If we celebrate Buddha's birth day, we must assimilate his endless compassion, identifying ourselves with him. This is the only way of celebrating birthdays of holy people. Birthdays of sages can never have their full import and blessing unless we feel and recognize the greatness of such noble souls by emulating them.

Krishna is immortal: hence, He is here now. Where is His flute? It is also here. Where is the sacred vibration of AUM? It is also eminent in us. Krishna is the interpenetrating spirit, pervading and permeating our bodies as well as the universe. Our body is His divine flute. He plays through us—in the stillness of our hearts, when we entirely empty ourselves from all passions and delusions. Look into a flute. It is empty. One can never play through it, if it is clogged up. Our bodies—flutes—are often clogged up with the spiritual debris of the differences of castes, creeds and so many other forms of darkness, too much to allow the Lord to play through us. We must expel from us all forms of anger, evil desires, bitterness, egoism, jealousy, fear, sorrow etc.

In memory of Krishna's birthday, let us empty our bodies and make them pure and void, just like clean flutes, so that we can hear within the song celestial now and here. Krishna's one message to East and West, nay to the whole of humanity, is His immortal song, "GITA." It was Sri Ramakrishana Deva who said that the whole essence of the Gita can be understood and realized by just repeating the word Gita meditatively and continuously. Thereby the word Gita becomes thyaga, renunciation, when repeated ceaselessly—the syllables interchanging. If one is blessed with thyaga—renunciation, of the phenomenal and the changing, what else does he need? His mind dwells no more in darkness, but in light; no more in strife but in harmony; no more in hatred but in love; no more in the unreal but in the real. Thus he considers the wide world his home and all the people in it as his sisters and brothers, and takes joy in loving and serving them without expecting any reward.

Krishna teaches us in Gita from the first chapter to the last to do our duty for the sake of duty, never expecting any reward in any form. But alas, how difficult it is to practice this in our daily lives! For every little thing we do, we

expect a reward, even with interest; hence, there is disappointment, sorrow, misery and suffering in the world.

Attachment to the temporal leads to bondage. Attachment to the infinite-the eternal truth, leads to freedom.

Hence, let us be the emblems of *thyaga*-renunciation—renouncing the weak and low and attaching ourselves to truth, ever fixing our minds on the indwelling presence. Krishna’s message can be heard only. Where the desire for name and fame is annihilated—where reigns universal love and eternal peace, and where we behold nothing but divinity in each and every form and even in the so-called outcastes; for, verily, He is the indweller of every heart and every atom. In commemoration of this sacred day, let us chant now the sacred syllable AUM, through our flutes—bodies—radiating floods of health and strength, rivers of peace and oceans of love towards the whole of creation, is my prayer. *Prasadam* was distributed and a great sense of peace and love and universality—the spirit of Sri Krishna, pervaded.

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Oct. 1934)

8. FASTING FOR SOUL CULTURE

One serene evening when the beauty and wonder of the most high filled my heart with burning devotion, I longed to plunge into His glory and bathe in His sweetness as in a fountain. The pleasant landscape of purple hills against the spreading sunset sky, and the bright Indian birds flashing across it, suddenly grew dim. My fancy turned to a lonely desert somewhere in the distant holy lands. I saw a luminous figure leaning against a huge stone in an attitude of rapt meditation. The graceful figure shinning from inner glory like an alabaster lamp, was Jesus Christ imbuing himself with the Holy Spirit by self-annihilation through a long fast with prayer: “Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he afterwards hungered.” These words came to me with my reverie. I saw too, the Buddha wandering in the forests, fasting and praying for enlightenment. I meditated on how these compassionate ones, prepared themselves for their saviourhood by abstinence from anything but heavenly manna for long periods, “Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” By fasting and prayer these great ones, and all other great ones, have become infused with grace and power. Wisdom and

all-embracing love. If such celestial beings, found need in all their purity, of the sensitizing and attuning themselves to hear the voice of silence; I thought, "O! How much do I, weak and erring mortal, need a period of fasting and prayer." O! thought I, "if like Jesus Christ I could sometime fast for forty days, what spiritual feast that could be!" I had often observed short fasts for health of body and soul, but carried in my heart the yet unfulfilled desire of a long mystical fast for illumination, a fast of forty days.

When I unfolded my thoughts to our beloved Swamiji, he not only encouraged my desire to fast but to my great joy he said that it had been his long cherished ambition also, hence, he would join me, in a fast for two weeks now; and that when the work was not so heavy, we would try to carry out our long fast. What a blessing it is to have the divine boon of so beautiful a guiding star as our Guruji Omkar! As we planned our fast, Swamiji spoke of the great and true Indian rishis of yore of whom it is accounted in the scriptures of India, that they had so transmuted the very cells of their bodies that they could feed on the subtle foods in the light, air and water, and remain well-nourished without partaking of material food: "Those great ones who cease to nourish themselves, those will I nourish."

More and more the mystical fasting rituals, of the great ones, grew clear to me, which at one time had seemed a very dismal and self-immolating process. Looking out in the wonderful serenity of the gathering gloom, so vibrant with His presence, and sibilant with His rhythms my heart breathed a silent prayer. As I breathed the silent prayer, the peace of the most high descended like dew, and the stars came out to tell of His ineffable glory and eternity. Thus the spiritual part of the fast was surrendered to Him. The physical care was also directed intuitively, with a view to purification, making the body temple of divinity, clean thru drinking often, pure cold water, lying on the earth, taking unto oneself its healing and life giving forces bathing in the revitalizing rays of the morning and evening sunshine, aiding elimination by the nature bath in cool water, daily enema, taking short non-fatiguing walks keeping the thoughts centered on the source of life, light and love and forgetting thus entirely even the thought of food, and by keeping busy and active with the usual round of duties as hitherto fore.

The encouragement and example of our revered Swamiji, and the kind co-operation of other Ashram comrades who understood the value and significance of fasting made conditions perfect. There were no anxious faces, or detaining words. Which so often spoil a fast. Day after day passed, and one felt well and strong, with an increasing clarity of mind and joy in being. It was so much easier

to meditate as the body grew subtle with abstinence. One felt so pure and free. When circumstances arose after two weeks of this divine experiment, which required us to attend to urgent work outside of the Ashram, one felt very loathe to break the fast, because one felt that one could have gone on the on, with quickened steps to spiritual heights thru this fasting and praying, for a longer period. For another week fruit juice only was taken, bringing a glow of health and feeling of great energy and renewal. As it was urgent to journey, and the necessary eliminative and other natural aids in a physical and metaphysical way could not be continued; the fast was broken. Tomato juice was taken the first day, and then light cereals, until solid food of a fruitarian nature was resumed which certainly seemed a banquet, and was heartily enjoyed.

The books "Philosophy of Fasting" by E.E. Purinton, and "Return to Nature" by Dr. Just were invaluable aids in making the fast safe, sane, and beneficial; physically, mentally and spiritually. Thus, my dear comrades on the path of light, I have shared briefly my humble experiences at the request of several friends. The best since it is nameless and formless, cannot be expressed in words or sound, but can be the blissful natural experience of all truth seekers who will take time to be holy, that is, to go apart for the required period to a place of great peace such as our Santi Ashram, and spend a time of fasting and prayer, for spiritual attainment and physical and mental well-being, that we may indeed be useful servants of Him who has said thru His word, "Seek ye first His kingdom and His righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you." Also in speaking of fasting and prayer: "When thou prayest, enter into thy inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father whoseeth in secret shall recompense thee. Moreover when ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance for they disfigure their faces, that they may be seen of men to fast. Verily I say unto you, they have received their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face, that thou be not seen of men to fast, but of thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret, shall recompense thee.

As earnest seekers of the kingdom of heaven, who wish to make strides on the path by fast and prayer, may we all remember the above sacred sayings of the word of God thru Jesus Christ, who fasted and prayed for forty days and forty nights and then conquered not only life but death. May we also meditate on the life and sayings of the Buddha and all the great saints and sages who were and are authorities on religion and the inner life, and thus find consolation, company and inspiration when we undertake our fast for illumination.

May peace abide with you, is the humble prayer of your fellow-pilgrim.
Amen! Om!

(Peace Dec. 1934)

9. WORK IN THE VINEYARD **(Fruitful days at Ellore etc.)**

Arriving at Ellore at the request of Brother Anjaneyaulu, for the anniversary celebration of the beautiful temple and *dharmasala* he has built and endowed, the Ashram party was lovingly received. Swamiji was garlanded, and entreated to leave the auto, and ride in a carriage drawn by white horses. The eager throng were very anxiously awaiting his *darshan*, presence. The Hindu people always long, even to behold the face of one of these elect brethren, feeling a state of elevation at the very sight of a sweet and god-imbued presence. It took great persuasion to induce our self-effacing Sri Omkarji, to drive thus publicly thru a main street, accompanied by a band of *bhaktas* and musicians to the waiting assembly of nearly three thousand devotees at the *dharmasala*.

The keen attention of the huge throng of people at the various meetings at Ellore, was very heartening. It showed that the Lord was preparing souls now as never before, to receive the message of peace and self-reliance, when given out from the heart in a simple, direct and unique manner such as Sri Omkarji has. It gives the hope and promise of a future, of peace centers all over the world, where groups will dedicate themselves to the great work spreading the gospel of peace, which they have first realized in their own hearts. The friends in Ellore were very eager to have such a center to work from at an early date. May their prayers be fulfilled in the near future!

From toil-worn downtrodden harijan, the prince of luxury, the inspired word calling to self-reliance, has a wondrously appealing note, beckoning to the hidden divinity in each soul, to express itself. Very briefly the seed thoughts of our Swamiji's talks at the various gatherings arranged for the purpose, are here given. Each one contains the cosmic cry of every Bible and sacred scripture, namely the call of the universal to its own. Truth seekers will find in them food for deep contemplation. May the dear readers of peace now feel very near to the Indweller of their heart of hearts, as did the spell-bound audiences when Swamiji spoke personally, for his prayers and blessings ever go forth in burning love to each one of you, and to the whole world.

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Sept 1935)

10. A THREE THOUSAND MILES ODYSSEY

When Sri Swami Narayanji sent a loving and earnest request to Sri Swami Omkarji that we be present not only for the annual Bhagawan Rama Tirtha celebration, but a sacred conclave in the interest of the entire universal peace cause, we set forth for northern India in our sturdy “Peace Car” leaving in abeyance all other plans and activities which crowded our busy lives thick as lotus flowers on a temple lake, at the time.

There is always a sense of poignancy in leaving our sweet abode for highways and byways of the outer world. The serenity and lovely winter glory of our Arcadia smiled the sweetest of fare-three-wells from quiet field and hill, every leafy bower and fragrant flower face, also redolent of Nam, the atmosphere of the gates of nirvana. Yet as we went forth with the good wishes and blessings of our Ashram and Tuni brethren, our hearts also beat out notes of deep joy. We were happy at the thought of seeing and hearing again our revered and blessed Sri Narayanaji who has ever shone through our lives like a high, pure star of the first magnitude, constant unswerving and true to all the ideals of truth, a holy elder brother indeed.

The Journey was long but very mellow with daily miracles of the abiding presence of the great beloved, so that our days were rich not only with nature’s lavish beauty, at every hand, but priceless spiritual experiences. Passing along lonely, forest roads we saw many forms of wild-life, various kinds of monkeys, elephants, deer, wild cats, foxes, jackals beautiful Indian birds and many other little creatures in superb natural settings. At night we rested in Dak bungalows. Often along the way we refreshed ourselves in cool, radiant waterfalls and fresh flowing rivers. What ecstasy toplunge thus deep, deep into the heart of Mother Nature and find there, half-forgotten singing melodies of peace and utmost harmony. And always the days were made complete by opportunities to sow seeds of peace in some waiting heart as we journeyed on.

We drove into Lucknow on the Feast of Lights—Deepavali. The ancient city was a veritable fairy land, lights along the roof of every palace or hut, lights in door-ways and windows, and then the gay bazar, all the little shops decorated and sparking with light the colour, the street urchins running about with Roman

candles or flaming firebrands and the streets so very noisy with festive throngs in the brightest of holiday attire. The beautiful, dark eastern eyes were also full of light and joy, gazing at sumptuous sweetmeat pyramids, and toy and idol vendor's wares. Coming from silent forest-paths where only stars shone down ever so softly and the only sound was the cry of the lovely peacock, it was very dazzling to plunge into a feast of lights. Lights, lights everywhere, and in our hearts too, softly shining to illumine always one step of the way for us.

Dear Swami Narayanji welcomed us when we arrived at the Sri Rama Tirtha Publication league, folding us completely in his great love. He caused refreshment to be brought, and after an exchange of words with his holiness, and other friends, we were domiciled at the palace of Rajah Sahib Sivagadah where we enjoyed every care and comfort. Our hearts remember with gratitude the tender care of Sri Narayanji and the kindness of Rajah Saheb and the sweet and gentle Rani.

I will not go into details about the lovely celebration the following day where many noble souls gathered in love and joy at the Rama Tirtha League. It would take too long were I to express all we saw, felt and experienced, for the best could only be translated in silence—from all parts of India we gathered under a great red canopy spread over a pavilion. Sri Narayanji presided. Highly philosophic bhakti hymns were chanted, beautiful messages were given, Swamiji and I were also requested to speak, so we poured out whatever drops of nectar God had stowed away in our heart vessels. Sri Omkarji gave out a beautiful message that set waves of Peace and Beauty ebbing and flowing over all our hearts. When souls meet together in Love and Unity, a great Divine downpour of grace is shed on them, and beautiful vibrations are felt by all. So it was that sacred afternoon, and far into the evening, as about us the lights of Deepavali began to glow. A high feast of lights came to every heart, in the assembly, and we finally dispersed still floating as it were, on the immense tide of light of Sri Omkarji's Om chants, and Sri Narayanji's hymns.

Three other public meetings were arranged by kind and earnest friends at the Gita Sat Sanga and Gita School, as well as at Fyzabad. Sri Omkarji's messages brought heaven very close, and the spirit of truth and peace permeated and pervaded the loving hearts of the gathered throng. Sri Narayanji's lucid and fine Hindi translations completed all. Our thanks go out to all our Lucknow friends for their great hospitality. Many rich experiences filled our return journey, and we had opportunities for sowing many a golden peace seed in waiting, eager hearts. While exploring a hot spring in beautiful Bengal, we met two Bengali Barristers

who visited us later in Calcutta, and with whom Swamiji exchanged sacred thoughts of light, love and peace. In Ranchi a kind Jain brother extended great help and kindness offering refreshment, and helping us to set our car in order, for the rest of the journey home. In Calcutta brother Jethananda lavished his love and hospitality upon us in every way, in which brother Lilaram shared with his whole heart too. Wonderful evidences of the intervening, protecting, and ever-abiding love of the master were manifested at every turn. Often and often after each fresh sign of His nearness and love, we would gaze at each other in silent wonder, and tears of ecstasy would overflow from the full heart to the eyes.

After over 3000 miles of sowing seeds of peace, along Indian roads, we came to the Tuni Santi Ashram branch centre where the devoted Apparao family gave us a sweet welcome, and all the little harijan children of our school sang glad hymns. Next day we reached our blessed home of peace again, where brother Massey had safely arrived from England and whom brother Holmes was busily initiating into his new Indian life after he and other dear friends Bros. Mopurappah, Anandarao, Narayanadas Girdhardas, Narasimharao, Sri Ramakrishnaiah, Venkatanarayana, Ross, Sarvarayudu and others had welcomed him at Madras and Samalkot.

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Oct & Nov 1935)

11. I PROMISED MY GOD

I promised my God—the God of all souls, of all religions and nations, never to be aloof, or separate from Him, and never to forget or deny Him, but ever to abide in Him.

I promised my God—the God who is the Sun of Existence to center myself in His love, and to recognize His glory in the manifested world.

I promised my God—the God who is your God also ever shining in your eyes, to keep the flame of His love undying and alive, in every moment of my life.

I promised my God—the God who is Existence, Absolute, Bliss Absolute, and Knowledge Absolute, to assert and manifest, Existence, Knowledge and Bliss in all my life.

I promised my God—the God who is the Universal Heart Throb and who is throbbing in all your hearts, to recognize unity with every heart, in all the kingdoms of life.

I promised my God—the God of all-embracing love, to flood my being as well as the world with infinite and eternal love, that neither changes nor seeks any reward.

I promised my God—the God of all life, beginning from the tiniest creature to the greatest saviour, never to hurt not be hurt by anyone under any trying condition.

I promised my God—the God of sound, the manifested world, who is working in all hands, seeing in all eyes, listening in all ears, thinking in all minds, to love and worship Him in all His manifested forms.

I promised my God—the God of all temples and shrines, in every clime and creed, to worship Him in the temple of my heart first, and then to serve Him in the temple of His universe.

I promised my God—the God of Silence, the Great Void, the unmanifested, to listen to His still small voice, in the stillness of my heart as well as in secret place of the Most High.

I promised my God—the God who is Eternal, who is the only Reality existing from Eternity to Eternity, never to confine Him to a form, time or place but to feel and recognize Him always in all eternity.

I promised my God—the God who is manifesting in you, my dear loving reader of ‘peace’, to love and serve you, knowing that in loving and serving you, I am loving only the One Almighty God!

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Dec 1935)

12. IT IS LIGHT WITHIN AND LIGHT WITHOUT

“It is Light Within and Light without”, is one of our beloved Swami Omkarji’s soul-hymns rising with a crescendo of universal consciousness. It proceeds from his illuminated heart like sweet odours from the golden heart of a lily facing the sun. During these past weeks it has been the privilege of all who have attended or visited his bedside to feel radiating from his presence even silently, a soft irresistible light that carried all who came within it’s influence into a spiritual elevation. Graciously but silently we have had beautiful object—

lessons in how a soul who is immersed in God may transcend the body and manifest with spiritual power that, “It is Light within and Light without.” When Drs.Kini, Dinakar Rao and Mangeswarao carefully consulted and then advised Swamiji to undergo an operation, on an old fracture that had never been properly set after a fall on ice in America some years ago, he smiled happily as if receiving glad tidings. He seemed to feel that the hand of God was in all and that His name was to be glorified through the coming advents. Devotees as after his accident, wrote or came to beg him to heal himself, feeling that he could do so if he willed it being so consecrated and pure a soul. He referred these anxious dear ones to an incident in the life of the blessed Sri Ram Krishna, who when suffering from cancer of the throat and requested by his *bhaktas* to heal himself, gently replied, “O! dear ones how can this mind dwelling on the most high, be brought down to this body, and its ills?” These occult mysteries often baffle finite mind which cannot grasp the working out of divine plan. Yet, the saints in their deep realization carry in their sacred hearts occult secrets, too precious for utterance, and in their knowledge and nearness to God satisfy their less wise inquisitors with a few brief words, or are silent, only letting their light shine forth with a mighty convincing force greater than words.

Outer signs and wonders are no criterion with which to judge sainthood, but the penetrating light that cannot be hid under a bushel, radiating from a soul so as to uplift all receptive hearts that come within its aura, is a sure criterion. On the day of Swamiji’s operation doctors, nurses and attendants marvelled and were touched by his utter peace and joyousness in the face of such an ordeal. And we, who are working closely with him in the cause of peace, and who waited with him, felt like pouring over his head as did St. Magdeline unto Christ, a box of ointment rare.

Even dear brothers Ross and Venkatarao two sturdy veterans of life who had come to watch with me in the hours of anxious waiting could not restrain tears either, being so deeply moved by the sweet and utter surrender of our blessed Guruji to the will of God and the love that was gushing from his heart in a magnetic current, almost tangible. Before the anaesthesia was administered, again in utter tranquillity our Swamiji thanked and blessed us and the kind physicians who stood around him. Like a gentle dropping to sleep was his passing into unconsciousness, almost before the anaesthetic could take effect. The passing again to consciousness later was entirely free from the usual struggle. On finding for a time no pulse the nurse became alarmed and the doctor was summoned, but I did not feel anxious, I felt a joy to think our Guruji was in a state of unspeakable bliss and that there was, “Light within and Light without,” for I had the blessed privilege of witnessing on other occasions, our

Swamiji lost in ecstasy, with pulse waveless and animation suspended. I knew that he should soon awaken, refreshed by the rich flow of nectar of grace. And so it proved to be, for Swamiji soon came back with a smile to this state, and conveyed to us an unspeakable happiness and peace, and his face shone with it. Confined in cast and splint in one fixed position for over two months, he continues not only to express inner peace and joy, but lets his love and light beam, giving comfort and stirring up the spiritual fires in all the hearts that come to seek him out. And they go forth bathed in his love feeling that "It is Light within and Light without." Of such silent service story is told, of an incident in the lovely life of the great mystic St. Francis of Assisi, that walking through the monastery he sought out a young, brother monk and requested him, to go with him into the nearby town and preach. They walked on together, feeling in their hearts His love and light, conversing quietly. After traversing the highways and byways of the busy town, and almost reaching the outskirts, the younger brother wonderingly asked the venerable saint, "Brother Francis, when shall we begin to preach?" Where upon St. Francis smiled wisely, and lovingly laying his arm about his companion and said, "Brother, we have been silently preaching all the while. The people have seen us and have observed our demeanour, thus we have delivered our sermon. It is of no use to go about preaching, my brother unless we preach as we go."

In his deepest silence, lost in *nirvanic* calm the Lord Buddha imparted the wonderful message of salvation to those who had receptive hearts. So our Swamiji also delivers many a voiceless sermon. The circle of devotees who attend at his bedside the silent meditations at eventide, is ever widening, and they on departing with luminous faces, testify gratefully day by day, as to how these silent sermons, begun and ended only with the chanting of Om, bear fruit.

As soon after the operation as he could be slightly raised on pillows, Swamiji also shared his inner light, by writing several inspiring messages, rising out of his rich new experiences. They shall be humbly offered in the peace magazine in a series, namely In the Cast, In the Splint, In the body, In the Soul, Anaesthesia, Perceiving the Highest, New Tenants in The Special Ward, and several beautiful meditations. The soul fully dedicated, even when thus away from the wider activities of service, cannot contain its floods of light but sends it forth into the world in devout and noble thoughts even blessing those who do not know how to bless themselves, by prayer or meditation, and who forget God. This world is indeed benefited by such souls, and it's many silent Buddhas who free from the fever of doing, give of themselves incessantly. For them life is condensed into a glowing heart-flame of divine lovely vibrations unto the ends of the earth, blessing the countless trillions who inhabit this universe. The

sages know that the highest good they can lay on the altar of God, and at the feet of humanity, is to be divine and affirm in life, word and deed that, “it is Light within and Light without.”

May peace and glory be unto those who silently pour themselves out for
humanity!

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace May & June 1936)

13.SILENT NIGHT-- HOLY NIGHT

This is the cool season of falling dews in South India, a copious shower of heavenly nectar that touches everything with God’s Infinite Love. It is almost the solemn hour for the mid-night tryst with the most high, and looking out from my palm thatched panoply, I can already sense His presence in the wonderful white star shine. The night is so still and calm, that one can hear the voiceless Song of Songs rising from the earth, and loosing itself in the rustling of the palm plumes and ragged, banana banners.

Christmas is again at hand, and the winter constellations are shining like great candle lights, to announce the great birthday of Lord Jesus Christ. It is also the significant season of the Winter Solstice, that sacred period of high and holy initiation. Every awakened soul feels the increased outpourings of heavenly grace, calling the Inner Man, to mystic ritual in the heart’s shrine! As the Christmas feast comes again, with chimes of “Silent Night, Holy Night,” the high priest Jesus Christ also comes, to preside, and bids us as he did in his Sermon on the Mount, to build our bridges across the abyss of death, and connect the seen with the wonderful unseen immortal realms—to renew again the ancient search for our hidden divinity. J.F. Newton tells this allegoric story: The lesser Gods, having stolen from man his divinity, met in council to discuss where they should hide it. One suggested that it should be carried to the other side of the earth and buried, but it was pointed out that man is a great wanderer, and that he might find the lost treasure on the other side of the earth. Another proposed that it be dropped into the depths of the sea, but the same fear was expressed—that man in his insatiable curiosity, might dive deep enough, to find it even there. Finally, after a space of silence, the oldest and wisest of the Gods

said: “Hide it in man himself, as that is the last place he will ever think to look for it.” And it was so agreed, all seeing its subtle and wise strategy.

Man wandered over the earth for ages, searching in all places, high and low, far and near, before he thought to look within himself for the divinity he sought. At last, slowly, painfully he began to realize that what he sought was far off, “the pathos of distance, is nearer than the breath he breathes, even in his own heart.” So too Christ Jesus, ever reminds us that this hidden divinity is with us, and bids us look within, he exhorts us, saying that we are not to be prodigals or slaves, lying among the earthly husks, but to rise up as divine heirs of the heavenly kingdom—sons and daughters of a peerless hierarchy of immortality, power and glory.

Conceptions of Lord Jesus Christ, with his messages of boundless love, faith and morality—differ much, due to individual environment, evolution and relativity. Yet, whether this conception embodies all the fundamental Christian dogmas, or whether it is the belief of the reverent scientist, who sees Jesus Christ as a perfectly evolved being. The ideal is ever there, shining like a precious jewel through the 2000 years since his birth and ministry. The ornamentation, more or less, which we put on a casket, never adds or detracts from the intrinsic value of the jewel itself. Thus humanity weaves symbolic *Puranas* and apocryphal fancies, in a frenzy of devotion, about the divine men Buddha, Christ, Confucius, Krishna, Zoroaster and other world teachers, but the fact immutable, namely that they bore living testimony of the “Presence of God,” in their beautiful lives—this is the fact, that really matters. This is the jewel of changeless merit—upheld in the caskets of their pure, wise lives and transmuted bodies.

As sparkling diamonds differ from common glass in their multiple vibrating flashes of spirit-force, so do the incarnation of love, differ from the average mortal, bearing in themselves, in great measure, the unspeakable Light of the Sun of suns, which they come to bear testimony of. Therefore as this holy birthday approaches, let us meditate on the teachings of Christ, as the voice of God. Let us grasp the hidden force of his wonderful words, “The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You.” Let us also in this sacred season, initiate our hearts with his inexhaustible love, that flowed out so freely to bring peace and goodwill to humanity. May His boundless spirit of self-sacrifice inspire our hearts with kindred flames, sending a conflagration of love through the world. And since, lovers of Christ, in East and West; this is the esoteric season of in going cosmic vibrations, let us fill our hearts with inexhaustible energy, a veritable fountain of life—that in due time may flow out again into this world, making roses and

lilies to blossom in dear desert places. Let us vow to also become true sons and daughters of God, just as Christ was a “Son of God” in its truest sense, a fully sanctified man, who was fully initiated into all the lore that high human life could teach, and who passed into the super human divine state, where relation with God is an established and realized fact, where “I and My Father are One”, in indescribable close union. As we fill our hearts with the ideal Christ-Spirit, and like the pealing of a mighty organ the “Venite Adoremus,” seeps through our beings this holy season, let us dedicate ourselves anew to that great vision of master Jesus Christ—namely “Peace—good will on earth!”

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Nov & Dec 1936)

14. AT THE LOTUS FEET OF SRI SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

The beautiful Hindu festival of lights and Sri Rama’s anniversary marks for us the swift cycle of another year. The memory of last year’s happy gathering here at Lucknow, and the boundless friendliness of Sri Swami Narayanji and the elect group gathered about him, often blooms up in my heart like a great golden lotus. Now you are gathered again for a love-feast at the feet of Master Rama Tirtha and my spirit is with you, my beloved spiritual kindred and greets you with a tender greeting of peace.

As we glance into the heart of this world of pain we almost mourn the early demise of the torch-bearer Rama Tirtha for, never were mahatmas of his order so much needed, to proclaim far and wide the message of peace and the wonderful secret of self-realization. However on this auspicious occasion let us fully rejoice at the great work the universal saint Rama has been able to do, a work which goes on with added power from year to year, testifying that Rama with all the forces of the cosmic now at His command, is with us.

“What though men hear not?

Messengers of Heaven

Can but discharge their duty:

And it is—To tell their message.”

So too in the shining footsteps of all the great Companions of humanity, the heaven-sent Punjabi Saint passed through our earthly vale, inscribing his

message of liberation for all beings, on the hearts of men. Sri Swami Narayanji, that staunch and rugged prophet, the Rama Tirtha Publication League, Santi Ashram, Hipperge High School and the Universal Peace Institute of America, bear witness to what can be done by and through the fiery mission of one great soul with God vision. Sitting at His lotus feet let us also strive as never before, to attain the great beatific vision which endues the power that changes the very law of gravitation, giving wings of freedom to earth-bound mankind, so that they rise and fly into the open circle of the Sun of suns.

Ah! how the nerves tingle and the heart palpitates at Saint Rama's clarion call to tear away the concealing veils of little egoism and enter the silent, inner tabernacle of the heart, and in nameless wonder come face to face with divinity! O glory, glory, glory! This is the desire of ages—this is the one great theme that the heaven-sent have cried out in the wilderness of the world, to the hearts of men. And yet we find people feverishly searching without, in quest of the most priceless treasure. Outer search, away from the centre of love and wisdom only leads to ever greater ignorance, delusion and restlessness. The inner quest only leads to peace, poise and power. Instead of travelling to distant and forbidden lands at the top of this world, or plunging into the dangerous astral realms, how much more tranquil, direct and redeeming to merge in the cool, quiet ocean of love. Perfect meditation, or going deep within, is not so easy, but neither are precious pearls gotten by lazily gazing at the ocean or running about splashing on the shore.

Pearls are obtained by diving deep, deep down, by skilfully avoiding sharks and octopuses and other mighty monsters, and in the quiet ocean depths seizing and holding fast, the treasure obtained after effort and patient search. The pearl-fisher too, strips himself of all impeding weights and garments as he fearlessly dives deep down. So too the priceless pearl of love—wisdom or God-realization is only for the valiant. It is for the soul who will forego all worldly impediments and stripped of all, risking life itself, will plunge deep into the ocean of divinity. He must also evade all the astral monsters of *maya* that wish to prey upon him. He must search long, and patiently too, and then seizing upon the pearls of truth, will not only adorn his own heart with them, but share them with the whole world. The *VbivekaChudamani*, crest Jewel of Wisdom and peerless pearls have been found by Sri Rama Tirtha—they are his God-consciousness, ideals and messages, which he shares with us—all so precious.

Ah! That is why we may well write his name in the book of love in our hearts, as an ideal sage. And, to love him as he would be loved, we must imbue his spirit and live his message.

May peace be unto all.

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Nov & Dec 1936)

15. MYSTICAL THOUGHTS

*Sowing Peace seeds long earth's broad roads,
Resting contented in strangest abodes,
Happy to share a crust in a hut,
Joyful to feast in a palace or Mutt,
Sunshine or rain sharp scorn or fame,
In sameness to know Thee and make known Thy Name,*

*In east, north or west or sun-fondled south,
Dropping Peace seeds from head, hand or mouth,
On, let us press the goal ever Truth.
On, to the bosom of our Lord of ruth,
Pause but a moment to cheer a faint heart,
Spread the sweet message that all have a part,
As you go dropping His pearl-precious seeds.
On! And take others to That—Place of Reeds!*

On luminous waves of silence my soul was swept to confines of the Mystic Borderland. Ah! Perfect day, or was it centuries? And then the “silver cord” drew me again the sweet grace of a perfect day, O Lord! Pray, break that subtle binding cord, and set me free to pass the gates of gem starred gold, and roam the sunless, moonless realms where glory lends, its nameless lustre to all forms and things, where bliss like nectar pours incessant rain, into the lovely, lily chalice souls, who wander there in rhythm dance of Om! The Word.

Dying for Him, my loved ones brought me doctors, affirmations, stethoscopes and pills. Alas! Dear hearts, my hurt lies deeper than all earthly aid can cure. I weep for Him, my languished state is such as nothing, but His touch can help or heal—the all beautiful. O sing and sing His soothing name, to me.

The spring time of God's gracious love has filled my heart garden with fragrant thoughts. After a winter so sear and still, warmed by the tiny fire of faith, came sunshine of wonderful love. Now in delirious dancing joy, I would scatter my flowers all over the world, and sing like a bulbul all the day long—God is love, God is life, God is light, and God is everything to me!

One wrought and prayed. God answered, "What do you want my child?" One said, "To be the lowest servant in the order of Melchizedek." God whispered, "Make Thy body clean." One wrought and prayed again. God answering said, "Make Thy mind clean." Again one wrought and prayed. The Holy Ghost then came with sweeping flame. The one that wrought, and prayed was servant made, initiate of priesthood of Melchizedek: They are the immortal ones of God, who are not wed, nor given to wed, and are not of a woman born, but of His spirit fire, reborn. Such is God's grace!

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Jan 1939)

16.SELF—THE FRIEND AND FOE

"Let him raise the self by the SELF and not let the self become depressed; for verily is the SELF the friend of the self, and also the SELF the self's enemy".

- Gita VI:5

"The SELF is the friend of the self of him in whom the self by the SELF is vanquished; but to the unsubdued self the SELF verily becometh hostile as an enemy."

- Gita VI: 6

"The higher Self of him who is SELF controlled and peaceful is uniform in cold and heat, pleasure and pain, as well as in honour and dishonour."

-Gita VI: 7

How practical and inspiring are the sacred words of Lord Sri Krishna in Bhagavad Gita, about the Self. Verily, Self is the friend of him, in whom the desire is cooled and it is the enemy of him in whom the desire is ceaselessly raging, consuming the very life and vitality. How true it is that every man is a 'double', for in every one we find double life. There is the higher self and lower self. The higher self alone is the only Reality and Truth, the lower self is only an

imagination and delusion. When a man identifies himself with the higher self, he expresses the best, the highest, and when he identifies himself with the lower self, he expresses the lowest side of his nature. Identification with the reality or higher self leads one towards perfection or freedom. Then self becomes the friend of one's self.

When one is with spiritual people, the higher self and its noble virtues are prominently expressed. When one happens or changes to move in evil company, the evil propensities raise their heads emitting poison of bitterness, hatred and selfishness. Knowing the fatal effects of the lower self, may every aspirant strive to rise above the double life and shine as the Sun of suns!

May peace be unto all .

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Feb 1939)

17.BLESS US DEAR GOD

If you have someone whom you love and if he is in need of your love and protection, silently repeat: Bless him dear God and guard him evermore. The very repetition will give you joy and will bless your dear one. If you, yourself, are in need of God's blessings and protection, you can repeat silently:

*BLESS ME DEAR GOD
AND
GUARD ME EVERMORE*

You will be surprised to find the strength and inspiration that you will get from the repetition of these sacred and powerful affirmations. If you long to see the welfare of the whole world, if you are a lover of the universe with a universal heart, then you can chant the following *mantram*:

*BLESS THE WHOLE UNIVERSE DEAR GOD.
AND
GUARD ALL THY CHILDREN
IN BOTH EAST AND WEST, ETERNALLY.*

In prayer, the most important thing is faith. And it is most helpful to remember, the sacred words of the blessed Christ on prayer:

“What things so ever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.”

Verily, God has already blessed us all, by ever abiding in the sacred sanctuary of our hearts. He is ever there, awaiting our recognition or awareness. He is ever guarding us for, He is the Mind of our minds, Heart of our hearts, Breath of our breaths, Life of our lives and Soul of our souls. He needs only our recognition or awareness of His sweet presence. May glory be unto God in the highest and peace be unto humanity in His manifested plane of activity! Feeling the presence of God, may we ever repeat with all the strength of our hearts and souls:

*BLESS US ALL DEAR GOD
AND
GUARD US ALL MERCIFUL GOD*

May peace be unto all.

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Feb 1939)

18.THE GLORIOUS QUEST

Chela: Is this Spiral Pathway very steep?

Guru: Aye, God thy rising footsteps keep.

Chela: Winds this ascetic journey long?

Guru: Aye, It is for the Valiant and the strong.

Chela: And “Mount Salvat,” can I reach the top?

Guru: If from dawn till dusk you never stop.

This brief esoteric dialogue between a master of wisdom and an aspirant pupil, epitomizes the fundamental truths, that must be understood by all who would reach the Rosicrucian Templar’s Mount of salvation, the Hindus blissful state of *samadhi*, the Christian’s kingdom of heaven or the Buddhist’s *nirvana*, the eternal source we came from, and to which we all long to return, some consciously and some unconsciously.

The saints and sages who have trodden this mystic way, and who have compassionately left waymarks for their pilgrim followers, have indicated that this ascent is a process of redemption firstly, and later a process of evolution. They have all agreed, though coming to the world in different times and climes, as incarnations and channels of divine wisdom, and restorers of true *dharma*; that the mystic way is a vocation, and that of a whole consecrated life time, or of many successive lives of earnest application and endless striving. The blessed ones have left indications, signs and symbols for their few, real disciples and devotees; and these legacy tokens, hint at the ineffable wonder, rapture and glory, that awaits the successful aspirant, who attains the mount of salvation. The gifted philosophers and world teachers, also warn those who would follow in their shining footsteps, that all selfish aims, pursuits and desires must be relinquished; and thus stripped of all impediments of worldly possessions and interests, the aspirant must go through the ordeals of gradual self-sacrifice, and keep dauntlessly proceeding on the path.

The compassionate Ones, tell us that there are no short cuts and that each pilgrim soul must tread the ascending path in holy solitude, which demands the exercise and unfolding of the faculties of body, mind and soul. It is a strict process of purification, control and aspiration through various modes of discipline, all of which make the strictest *brahmacharya* imperative as the very base or starting point. The Esoteric Doctrine of Attainment is imparted to the faithful, successful aspirant, either with or without the aid of a human mediator or guru. The great work of the true teacher is ever by way of example and precept. His own experience, attainment and realization, when imparted, prepares and guides the worthy *chela*, and sets his feet firmly on the path. The final mysteries of union itself are inviolable, and cannot be transmitted by any human mediator or teacher. The horse, if we may so crass a simile, may be led to the fountain of water by his master but he alone must drink. A great impetus and flash of illumination can be transmitted by an adept or superman to the worthy. The sincere aspirant when crying out for help from the very abyss of his devotion and right desire, will be heard. His teacher or teachers will come to him. Guru hunting, if the moral nature is not purified is useless. The worthy pupil however, has set a lamp in his clean heart, which is visible to and attracts to him, his Guru. "When the *Chela* is ready, the Guru appears." Then begins the wonderful period of enlightenment or spiritual baptism of initiation, and the ascent to the Mount of Salvation.

When we speak of the Guru, we must turn our eyes towards India, our ancient cradle of Wisdom, and metaphysics, almost instinctively. Why? Because in timeless India of *Vedas* more than in any other land, the science of God-hood. God consciousness and God-realization has been the great, fiery vocation of numberless master souls. The fallen condition of humanity, the perversity and ignorance, selfishness and depravity under the enslaving influence of “animal magnetism” and the ever spreading evil of corrupt forms of occultism prevent the Esoteric Doctrine with all its blessings from being propagated freely. Through initiation, that divine experience or series of experiences, a mortal is made splendidly aware of his inherent divinity, through states of deepening spiritual realization. It is brought about, or induced by gradually losing the little ego or self-identity in the vast love of God. The Christian Initiate, Paul speaks of this state as, “Being caught up into Paradise,” where he heard the “unutterable.” Mrs. B. Eddy, Walt Whitman, Balzac, St. John of the Cross, H.P.B. and other Western teachers and saints have spoken thrillingly of secret and marvellous initiations into the Mysteries of nature and the universe. The great eastern teachers or adepts of ancient Biblical and Vedic days, as well as the more modern luminaries, such as Ramakrishna and Rama Tirtha, gave us a treasury of valuable instructions for attainment of the Mount of Salvation. At this summit we may find in the flaming purging fire of truth, the Rosicrucian’s hidden chalice of heavenly nectar.

The Oriental Guru, seldom offers logical proofs of his convictions, but he offers the greatest and most scientific proof of all; by saying. “Try my way, put my conclusions to the rest, by experimenting yourself, and see the outcome in your own life, a state of realisation and Peace Profound.” For aspiring souls who may not have read it, we here present a study on Gurus and their relation to *Chelas*, by Ramachandra Krishna Kamat, in a recent copy of KalyanaKalpataru. “As soon as the Almighty Lord finds that disciples are really craving for a Guru, He sends gurus of varying powers, suitable to the respective capacities, and other merits of the disciples. The disciple must examine his own heart first before he starts examining his Guru. One ought to become a true disciple (Satsishya), before going in search of a true preceptor or Sad Guru. So also he must be humble, charitable, unprejudiced, very alert, and extremely cautious and devout, should be free from selfishness, must have a feeling of great love towards his guru must be steady and inquisitive, must be desirous of knowing the Reality, and must always speak the truth. Such a disciple, according to divine law, is introduced to one of the twelve kinds of Gurus, mentioned below:

1. DHATUVADI GURU: This kind of Guru ensures salvation to his disciples by making them practise various kinds of *Sadhanas*, such as pilgrimages to holy places, observances of religious penances especially of a physical nature.
2. CHANDANA GURU: Just as a sandal tree imparts its own fragrance to other adjoining trees (excepting bamboo trees, plantain trees and the like) even so a Guru of this class liberates his faithful disciple merely by his company, but is powerless to do anything in the case of those who have no faith in him.
3. VICHARA GURU: This kind of Guru, powerful as he is, removes sluggishness of the intellect of his disciple, clarifies his ideas about what is perishable, what is real and what is unreal, what is material and what is immaterial, and opens to him the realm of revelation slowly, but unmistakably by constant appeal to his reason (*Buddhi*) alone.
4. ANUGRAHA GURU: In this case the disciple is blessed by the mere grace of the Guru. The oceanic love of the guru purifies the disciple and the *Atmais* revealed to him without much trouble.
5. PARASA GURU: Just as the mere touch of the Paras (the philosophers stone) transmutes the baser metals into gold, so the mere touch of the hand of the guru reveals divinity to the disciple.
6. KACHCHAPA GURU: In the above instances physical contact of some form was essential, but in the present case the mere glance of the Guru is enough to redeem the disciple. A tortoise (*Kachchapa*) never actually feeds its young ones but is capable of giving nourishment to them by a mere look, similar is the case here.
7. CHANDRA GURU: Whenever the moon rises the *chandrakanta* (moonstone) begins to ooze out. In like manner, the disciples, though living far way, are redeemed by the power of the guru.
8. DARPANA GURU: *Darpana* means a mirror. When one looks into a mirror, one is able to see his face without any difficulty, similarly when one meets the guru face to face, the whole truth behind this universe is unfolded to the disciple instantly.
9. CHAYANIDHI GURU: *Chayanidhi* is a kind of bird. When the shadow of this bird falls upon an individual, he becomes a king; similarly if this kind of a guru overshadows a person, he will attain divine sovereignty.
10. NADANIDHI GURU: *Nadanidhi* is a precious stone which has the peculiar power of transmuting any metal whatsoever into gold the moment its sound happens to reach it. Even so the moment the supplicant cries of the devotee reach the guru he obtains divine knowledge.
11. KRAUNCHAPAKSI GURU: Krauncha is a bird that keeps its young ones on the seashore and goes away for six months in search of food. In its onward journey the bird at times remembers them lying on the shore with the effect

that they get nourishment then and there. Similarly a *Mumukshu* attains salvation in his own place without any effort on his part when the guru remembers him.

12. SURYAKANTA GURU: When sun's rays fall upon cotton, through a sun-stone or sun crystal, it is burned up without any intention on the part of the sun, so in this case an unintentional glance of the guru makes a person *jivanmukta* or liberated soul.

These types of divine teachers are thus described with eastern metaphor and lore. We can hereby learn that when the chela is ready, the master is also ready to impart according to the state, worth and evolution of the aspirant. The unusual disciple meets the more unusual type of guru. A state is finally reached by the discriminating *chela* when the Guru of gurus speaks to his intuition not only through one or more beings, but through every animate and inanimate thing in which at length he beholds the one great guru who pervades and penetrates everything, from tiny electrons to mighty suns.

The higher type of human guru imparts the old, immutable law, with original and unique explanations for the present age. He is usually and unique explanations for the present age. He is usually a founder, and not a follower. Such gifted souls are divinely called, and have only enough ego with which to impart their illuminating initiation to aspirants. They avoid adulation and publicity and do not wish the appellation of guru or other titles of personal glamor. They walk humbly, letting their inner lamp shine in testimony of a righteous life, referring all Glory to the Guru of all gurus—the Eternal One. They are universal by nature, easily adapting themselves to the particular people whom they are called to reside among. They make themselves and their powers as inconspicuous as possible, knowing how people love to idolize personalities, and how they long for the strange rather than seeking the inner purification and truth.

However, the surest guide to a true guru is the chela's own sanctified and thereby illumined heart. Like attracts like, it is the law. The mystic way, is an open cad, but only those few true and valiant hearts who can let go the vanities of worldly concerns and all selfishness, have a true vocation. The mount of salvation gleams for all. May all fellow pilgrims keep the inner gaze fixed upon it! On its summit stands the brimming chalice of heavenly nectar, to drink it, is to have eternal life, light and bliss, the victorious end of the Glorious Quest!

*“Hail to the Man Divine! The conqueror
Of sin and shame and sorrow; no more weak,
Wormlike, and grovelling art thou; no more weak
Wilt thou again bow down to things that wreak
Scourgings end death upon thee; thou dost rise
Triumphant in thy strength; good, pure and wise.”*

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace June, July & Aug 1939)

19.PARAS—THE PHILOSOPHERS’ STONE

When the Caliph Omar conquered Alexandria, he burned in his superstitious fear the famous Alexandrian library, and thus archaeologists and occultists account for the loss of records and manuscripts relating to ancient sciences of many kinds, and among them the priceless secret of the Philosophers’ Stone. In fragmentary archives we find hidden away in various corners of the world, are allusions to this miraculous stone as: a limpid crystal, revealed only to adepts, Masters and Holy men. Finding and possessing it, these divine beings attain sovereign power over all the forces of nature, hold the panacea to heal all the ills of body, mind and soul, and can transmute base metals into purest gold.

The pledge of some of the ancient initiations was: To discover the absolute in the infinite, the indefinite and the finite or learn, The mastery of the sun: to find the immovable foundations of true religious faith, of philosophical truth, and of metallic transmutation, by discovery of the Philosophers’ Stone. Furthermore, these ancient archives mysteriously impart: The Philosophers’ Stone must not be revealed to the profane: It must be kept in concealment and preserved in the most secret receptacle of the laboratory, the key of that place being always kept upon the person of the gifted owner. He possessing this great Arcanum, is truly a son of God, sharing with God, His redemptive work for the fallen world. As we ponder over some of the magical mysteries that come to us, so veiled and vague, from various sources, we can readily realize that they hide religious, philosophical and natural facts. Knowing of the persecutions that ever attended, gifted and unusual beings, and how their wonderful revelations were

received by those before whom they cast their pearls, one can understand how in defence of their treasures and lives, they were forced to initiate only their trusted *chelas*, by secret and divine signs and symbols.

We know too that modern science grew impatient with the hidden and mysterious words and symbols of the ancients, saying: Now reason will be supreme, only materially proven facts will be accepted. And thus science and religion, which are twin rays of the one light exoterically separated for a time, with a period of great loss and darkness for each one. Happily as the new age advances over the debris of the old, these twain are again uniting their beams of light, and we begin to know again the true, secret, of the Philosopher's Stone. Let libraries perish, let Vedas and Bibles be lost, truth lives on! God in His infinite love and wisdom, has found a beautiful receptacle for it, a tabernacle and a shrine—the heart of man, your heart and my heart, and every throbbing human heart. However, like the philosophers' Stone of the magi of old, it is revealed only to the worthy *chela*, who has gone through his purification ordeals with merit, and can be entrusted with powers which he will use for the good of humanity.

What a glorious thing it is to discover the tremendous secret for ourselves! This we may do by setting up a silent laboratory, and inviting our master Alchemist, to personally instruct us how to find the Philosophers' Stone, that wondrous transmuting and healing force—God's consciousness, or the perpetual awareness of God's presence. Even as we but lift up our hearts to God in loving dedication, pledging like the neophytes of old, to serve the Master, the white magic begins to work. The base metals of our lower self begin convulsing in the cauldron of divine love, and the gold of our character begins forming, till our higher self gleams, in radiant purity before our master. Possessing the Philosophers' Stone, we may go forth to aid the forces of good, in the great transmuting and redemptive work. How holy and all- beautiful it is to work, silently and secretly with our master and Lord!

In connection with this subject, I often recall a delightful experience of my early days in India, the land so full of ashrams or laboratories for finding the Philosophers' Stone. While visiting with Sri Omkarji and a chela, on such place of divine science, a remote and lovely hermitage clinging to a Himalayan precipice, we sat together and evening with the white robed brethren in a deodar grove, watching the sunset pouring its glory over the snowy mountains.

A little further off were the clean, sylvan huts of the brethren, who lived in such harmony with nature that she was obedient to many of their commands, and her infinite peace was reflected in their clear, untrimmed faces. Silently we

meditated together for a time lost in a *nirvana* of sheer beauty. Then as the red gold flame of the distant ranges changed into spreading shadows like flowing purple wine, we saw a lonely shepherd boy climbing down to his native valley, as agile as his flock. It seemed as one large ram leaped from rock to rock sparks seemed to flash from his hooves, for perhaps he had been shod. When I asked, wondering what the cause could be, the kind Abbot of the hermitage smiled and began to recite a legend; one of those veiled truths of old; that the simple people of those valleys and mountains, sing during their long winters of six months of the year. It was about Paras, The Philosophers' Stone. The same magical crystal that is hinted about in lore and legend the world over: "Paras! Thou art so mixed with common stones that only the straying sheep may chance to strike thee with her small sharp pointed hoof, so discovering thee! When the shepherd sees the foot of his sheep a gleam, with gold, he says to his comrades, as together. They sit and spin the wool, mixing black with white—O Comrades! Be sure the ancient Paras, truly lives, as proved by the gleam in the sheep's foot."

Thus a poor shepherd here and there, who has a few sheep and a staff and a black blanket for his all, but with a love rich heart and eyes that look up to heaven when in need, owns the proof that it is. Paras! That thou art with us in this world is known, yet countless eyes have roamed over the drifting sea of boulders in vain! No wise man's seeking or longing ever found thy transmuting crystal, not a glimpse of thee had they though lives on lives were spent in search of thee. In vain we look for thee in stones. Thou art in the eyes of the saint, in Simran deep. The divine-made man is Paras, Paras in Harinam, a saint whose touch transmutes all base metals into Gold."

Again we trace in this pastoral song, the high mystical meaning of the Philosophers' Stone. Sri Swami Omkar, Rishi Roerich, Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, Sprits of Flame, "*Agni Yogis*," whose great influence one has witnessed directly, are in possession of this Magic Transmuting Crystal, they have found it in the silent laboratories where they work with the Master, for the evolution of man unto his divine state.

Throughout the world we can trace the touch of their magic crystal, or God-consciousness leaving traces of God's fine gold—culture, peace, light and beauty wherever they go. Would that we had more such divine scientists or white magicians? Would that the demons, mammon and mars, would lose the hold over the men who unconsciously or willingly pervert their genius in the service of black magic, creating more and more instruments for the torment, confusion and perdition of the world!

Would that those hideous altars of black magic, the hidden vivisection dens, were given instead to the study of the simple, benign, inexpensive, and healing powers of Nature. How can any permanent blessing attend the comfort, longevity or health, rung from the unspeakable torture and lives of the innocent sub human beings! No wonder outraged mother nature allows all Her elementals to avenge these innocent victims periodically! What besides cataclysms and world-wars can wipe out such bloody stains on humanity? Thus the wheel of law keeps grinding!

We can all begin today in creating a spiritual laboratory, even in a sacred corner of our own homes, if we are not blessed to reside in a holy Ashram. We can devoutly pledge ourselves to the Master Alchemist, and even today join the forces of White Magic in their Magnum Opus; find and put to use the Philosophers' Stone for the good of all beings.

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Sept, Oct & Nov 1939)

20.HAMSA—THE SACRED SWAN

Has not the image of a lovely, graceful swan floating among water lilies, captured your fancy with its beauty even in early childhood? Whether as a pretty toy one ecstatically sent drifting on some pond, or beheld gaily woven on the nursery rug, or in picture books, this fair swan vision never failed to delight the imagination. Later we were perhaps, charmed by the same picture in paintings, on murals, in the fairy scene of a play or an opera, or when travelling, glimpsed in living beauty on some azure mountain lake. When the keen desire for enlightenment rose like a star on the horizon of one's mind, and one began to search the ancient scriptures and visit Theosophic, Rosecroix or Vedanta groups, one came again face to face with the swan picture. Now however, it appealed not merely to the aesthetic fancy, but became for one, a truth symbol, so holy in its esoteric meanings that mortal tongue can never fully explain it.

This occult meaning of *Hamsa* or Swan which has been chosen as the truth seal, of many schools of eastern wisdom and philosophy, is often accompanied by other beautiful universal symbols, such as the Sun, the Lotus, Seven Rays, the Devanagari Om or *Kundalini* Shakti and the Serpent of Wisdom, the latter swallowing as it forms a complete circle, its own tail. To the aware and

awakened observer, this sacred swan symbol brings a sense of the holy of holies, universality, divine mystery and cool serenity. Many aspiring souls who practise deep meditation have seen a lovely vision of this sacred swan symbol, floating over the still lake of the mind, before they merged into deeper and more pellucid states of consciousness.

In Hindu lessons for the pious laity, it is a fabulous bird in a parable, illustrating perfect discrimination. It is charmingly conceived that this prince of swans, the *Raja Hamsa*, has his abode amid the eternal snows of the region of Lake Manasarovar, near the Hindu Olympus, Mt. Kailas. From antiquity this region of sacred pilgrimage in far Tibet, on the northern slope of the Himalayas, has been associated with divine and mysterious events and prophecies. Here *Raja Hamsa*, the legend relates, floats in beauty on the immense lake, his plumage radiant as gold against the sapphire sky and water. When given milk for his food, he most discriminately knows how to part the milk from the water, for he carries in his golden beak a substance that swiftly forms curds. These only he assimilates, casting away the watery portion. This wise swan loves his abode in the high, pure regions, and only leaves it at the inner cry of a soul yearning devotee, whom he hears and compassionately flies to aid.

One can readily perceive that the silvery tongued saints and sages, when pilgrimaging or abiding at Manasarovar, and meditating ever on liberation and the creative breath or work, and when looking about them, were fired with inspiration at the beauty of the scene. Hence they could not refrain from comparing the lovely creatures swimming on the placid lake, in the shadow of snowy summits, with the liberated soul. One whose mind is calm and pure as Manasarovar, and rests in the high regions of God-conscious love. Such a one whose joy is in calm solitudes, which he leaves only in compassion for the less informed, whom he goes forth to enlighten unto his own *nirvanic* bliss.

A mahatma of this type has attained perfect discrimination. From all experiences, scriptures and teachers, he has assimilated only the food substance of spirit, the essential reality, leaving aside all non-essential matter. The Hamsa or Swan also symbolizes the state of God-consciousness that comes to rest on the calm, intuitive mind of the adept; and for Brahma the Lord, or divine mover over the primordial waters of creation. The deeper meanings associate Hamsa with sacred syllable and *mantram Aum*. The syllable A, being the Swan's right wing, U, its left wing, and M, its tail, while its head is *ardhamatra* or half of the *mantram*. The syllables A...U..M.. also symbolize the three states of consciousness; the waking state of *jagrat*, the dreaming state, *swapna*, and the state of deep and dreamless sleep, *sushupti*. Above all these is still the *turiya*

sate, the last corridor that leads to the Presence. The Sacred Swan is also called by the maharishi's, Kala (black, hidden, of infinite time)...hamsa; is full of symbols within symbols, though in ordinary use, a simple enough work. Esoterically it means, Aham-Sa or I am He. Read in another way, it becomes soham from sah, He and Aham I, or I am He. This mystery denotes the identity of man with the universal, creative breath. The word Kalham-sa, or I am I, can be compared with the Biblical statement... I Am, that I am...describing the absolute, showing that the highest states of human conception, agree and meet at this Apex, this one great unit.

It is vain to delve further with thought or word, into this mystery, which even the Avatars when limited to human speech, name and form, could not fully explain, and referred their highest initiates to Silence or That, itself, for the final or culminating step of their liberation. Knowing and attaining that Presence, everything is known! It is enough for us now to contemplate Hamsa as a symbol of the liberated soul, for only the liberated soul is fit to realize the source, from whence it came, and to which it returns. We are now concerned with the merging of our individual consciousness into the Universal Consciousness, the Great Spirit, breath or soul pervading all nature. May the glorious, symbology from the luminous hearts of the sages guide us to that Glory!

The lotus symbol often accompanying the Swan in the Truth Seal, is also very deep and divine. Strange the seed of the lotus when botanically bisected contains within itself a perfect replica of the mother plant! This emblem therefore shows that all things exist in spiritual or subtle types before their revelation or materialization on this plane. Then too the lotus plant rises up through water, having its roots imbedded in mud. Its flower opens to the sun and air above. The lotus thus has been chosen as a symbol not only of man, but of the whole evolving Cosmos, for both are unfolding in the same way. The root of the lotus imbedded in mud also stands for material life, the long stem rising through the water, represents the Astral travels of the soul, and finally the lovely wide eyed flower on the surface, with its golden heart open to the sun, typifies the liberated soul with his fully opened intuition. The Sun symbol also seen with the Swan and the Lotus, represents the Light of the Universe, and the rays that emanate from its luminous disk represent the Logoi or Seven Celestial Builders of Creation, when Spirit descends into matter, at the cycles of creation. It also means spiritual light or illumination.

The Serpent which holds the Swan seal as in a frame, is the symbol of Wisdom that begins and ends in Divinity, also spirit descending at each cycle into matter and again terminating in Spirit. No wonder the ancient sages said that

meditation on the Hamsa, Soham or the Aum symbol leads the devotee into a state of God-consciousness, for their meaning is so profound and so sacred! In these fateful days when wars and ominous rumours of war, tear the heart of creation with anguish, the wisdom gathered from all the luminous thought of all sages and ages, reminds us that we have, Nirvana, Samadhi and the glorious Kingdom of Heaven to enter into, where finding Eternal Peace and Bliss. We may calmly abide, meditate and minister for the Peace of all beings. May we dwell ever in those regions of God-conscious Love like Hamsa, the Sacred Swan!

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Dec 1939)

21.THE NEXT AVATAR

All anguished creation longs for the appearance of that Celestial Being, Who shall establish a Spiritual Kingdom of Peace, love and light, here on earth; and in doing so, fulfil the prophecies of the ancient Adepts, and Scriptures. Among regenerate Christians, the Kingdom of Heaven ruled by Jesus Christ and perceived within, in silence, by attuning oneself to its high vibrations, is expected to be manifested on earth. The Divine, *Kalki avatar* who shall descend, a living, portion, or ray of Brahma at the close of the *Kali Yuga* (Black or Iron Age) and usher in the *Satyayuga* (Light Age) of spirituality and righteousness, is awaited by twice born Hindus.

Religious Jews still pray and long for their Messiah of promise, who shall bring deliverance and establish Israel in a new Jerusalem; many enlightened, recognize Him in Jesus Christ, and His universal spiritual kingdom. Enlightened Buddhists look for signs of the coming of Maitreya, the next incarnation of Buddha, the Lord of compassion, who shall bring with his auspicious appearance, a golden age, of *Ahimsa* (Non-Violence) and Truth. Parsee mystics of the faith of Zoroaster, await with longing, a new Fire- Philosopher from the realm of the Sun of suns and Light of lights. Muslims of God imbued heart and mind, search the prophecies concerning him and eagerly expect the next prophet or the return of Mohammed to establish Islam in glory.

Mongolian peoples who dwell amid endless-steppes, and lost horizons of the world, look into the future for news of the World Saviour, and whisper among themselves, of portends visions and signs of His coming such as, the Winged Steed or Rider of the Clouds and the Great Sky Dragon. Isolated and slowly evolving races, in the furthestmost corners of the earth, are now hearing the gospel or message of the Prince of Peace and Love, who will come from the great spirit, to bring all who believe in Him, into His kingdom. God-conscious or Universal-Souls, the Seed, Citizens and Forerunners of the Heavenly Kingdom, are filled with joy at all the Signs, of the One Self-Existent Divinity, of many forms and aspects, whose realm they are helping to bring forth on earth, first establishing Peace in their own hearts. War, annihilation and moral decay rush the earth to *Pralaya*, but the glorious Heavenly Kingdom is Eternal! With the New Year let us pledge our full allegiance and life to that Imperishable Kingdom, and our Self-Effulgent Universal Lord!

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Jan, Feb & March 1940)

22. THE DIVINE IDEA

Glory be unto the Divine Idea, or God-Seed Thought, the Aim of all metaphysics, which is so deeply implanted in every human heart! May it bloom up into the Perfect Beauty of the Great Beloved! When the Sun of Wisdom begins with Grace, to beat upon our hidden, third eye, the receptacle of Divine intuition, light penetrates deep into the hearts' sanctuary. And what do we see there? The Divine Idea! The shining wonder of the soul! The flourishing seed, secure and content, planted by the hand of the Guru! And out of this divinely implanted Seed, grows in due time, from the heart of the ripe Chela, a mighty tree, which gives shade and sustenance to the children of men.

In the unquickened individual or Spiritual Embryo the Divine Idea lies dormant, covered with a matrix of egoistic impurities. In spiritual infancy, it is a seedlings, already exuding the innocent joy and a keen desire for Self-expression in talents, gifts and graces, which belong to the Newly Awakened. In the worthy and tested Chela it is in a state of holy efflorescence giving forth the aroma of a blameless life, full of sanctity and gracious virtue. And in the Initiate the Divine Idea has so enlarged and fructified within him, that it will

create Spiritual Life anew, by projecting again the Divine Idea, word of God, and God-Seed Thought far and wide, from mighty branches laden with power and influence. In the great universe as well as in mankind we perceive: “Ever the dim beginning, ever the growth, the rounding of the circle, ever the Summit and the Merge at last;” or the growth and perfection of the Divine Idea. Everything in the microcosm and macrocosm has its beginning, existence and end in that Ineffable Wonder. How it ever amazes and intrigues with its bewildering Unity in Diversity! Everything, everywhere, contains and expresses it!

So also in sacred symbols, rituals and ceremonies, men have glorified the Divine Idea, down through the ages. Some of these acts of worship may seem meaningless and silly to the profane or sensual beings. The initiated however read in them sublime and beautiful meanings. They know that inspired illuminati of old, have given them to men to hold before them the Divine Idea. These High Priests of God, have conceived them in holy ecstasies, to excite sentiments of religious faith and love, and draw the devotees together in bonds of unity. They also keep the Divine Idea of the inseparable oneness with God before the devotee, and his utter dependence on Him. These visible outer signs and symbols, lead naturally to the higher states of motionless, silent, interior acts of adoration.

“Each Eidolon shaped by human faith, remains the shell of the truth eternally divine: and even the shell may contain a ghostly power.” It is deplorable that in these latter days of *Kali Yuga* so little of the high underlying meanings are known or taught by an uninitiated priesthood. Often sublime practises, have been reduced to mere form and convention. Here in spiritual India, we have just celebrated several charming Hindu festivals, with feasting and rejoicing in the home, and visits to various shrines and temples. It is most natural for the human hearts everywhere to turn towards God as the sunflower turns to the sun. The Eidolons which are worshipped, contain the All-pervading Divine Idea: sometimes it is very crudely expressed and sometimes with great art and inspiration.

Among all nations and peoples from times dim and vague, sacrifices or offerings were brought to their conception of God, in token of His supreme power and of man’s utter faith in Him. The ancient Law Givers answered the human instinct for worship of God, by formulating rituals and ceremonies of an impressive nature. Among other offerings in Hindu temples and offering of the coconut or sweet camphor hold a deep meaning, expressive of great soul

culture. The priest or *B Brahmana* of the temple, accepts the whole coconut from the cupped hands of the devotee, and then breaks it on the respective symbol of Divinity. From the cracked shells the liquid flows over the eidolon, and the shells and kernel are cast aside, or given to the worshipper as *Prasad* (blessed food). Now herein we may study the Divine Idea represented in great simplicity and lucidity.

The coconut which is very abundant in India has as you also have perhaps observed, several sheaths or layers, within which are contained the shining, white kernel and nectar. The luminous mind of the ancient priesthood has fastened on this many sheathed fruit, as a splendid symbol of man and his sheaths or *Kosas*, *Annamaya* (Physical), *Pranamaya* (Vital), *Manomaya* (Mental), *Vijnanamaya* (Intellectual), *Anandamaya* (Blissful). These sheaths must also be cast off in the sacrifice of the little-self, having fulfilled their purpose as vessels or receptacles for the remaining Soul or Pure Spirit. Gladly it also bursts forth at last from the shells or sheaths to unite with Godhead. Essence goes to essence, and herein rests the Perfect Expression of the Divine Idea and plan for man.

In Divine-man the pure Spirit or God-Spark within, can no longer be imprisoned in a finite form. It has become so enlarged and fiery with Bhakti or Devotion, that it gushes forth from the Thousand Petaled Lotus Center, to join forever the Lord of the Universe, its Own. On arriving in Bombay several years ago, Sri OmkarSwamiji and other godly friends, took me to a mysterious *Guha* or underground cavern, where an ancient and potent eidolon had again come to light. It was a ponderous monolith, beautifully carved out of solid granite. Its identity was being established by Pundits from all parts of India: but that it had received thought for ages vibrant with the Divine Idea, was felt by any who were at all receptive to such subtle influences.

Here too rituals were in progress and coconuts were being sacrificed; also fragrant camphor, which was burned in brass urns with handles, enabling the priests to wave them before the devotees with melodious prayers. Since then one has seen these lovely ceremonies often performed in household and in temple shrines, throughout India and they never failed to impress deeply the Divine Idea, on all hearts partaking.

In western lands when partaking in the profound and beautiful Eucharist Ceremony, with loved ones, the Divine Idea is so vivid, that Love surges high in one's God-enflamed heart. In beholding the broken Wafer and Red Wine,

and as the tender words of the redeemer Jesus Christ are solemnly uttered, the vision of His Holy Life and Passion, passes poignantly through one's consciousness. When the sacrament is actually intaken, one feels Christ mentally, physically and spiritually imbuing one with His own Divinity, and one is intensely conscious of At-One-Ment. Likewise in the beautiful Hindu and other oriental ceremonies, symbols and rituals, one traces ever with unspeakable ecstasy, the same Divine Idea. It runs like a golden thread through all religions old and new. Oneness with Divinity is the universal theme thought.

“Thou Seething Principle, Thou Well Kept, Latent Germ, Thou Centre,” again Thou art lovingly glorified in the golden, camphor flame of the Hindu *Harathi*, sacrifice! The sweet camphor, white as driven snow, typifies the fully illumined *Bhakta*. Camphor when ignited leaves no residue after its bright, swift flame. How sublime, simple and impressive as a symbol of the liberated soul! In Maha Samadhi, the final ecstasies of the Initiate, all Karma, Sheaths, or principles, the *Kosas* and *Sariras*, are burned up without residue, in one vast flame of love.

The western genius of exoteric science also seeking the Divine Idea—though perhaps unconsciously, succeeded after endless study, expense and patient toil, in exploding the atom, the tiniest particle of matter. And what was seen dancing there in all its minute wonder, but—the divine idea! They called that golden, flame dance of Shakti or Divine Energy, “Energines,” and “a new discovery.” What occult jokes are perpetrated in these “discoveries”! Yet if they serve to bring before sceptical and agnostic man the Divine Idea, at length, amen! Deep meditation with a purified heart, mind and regenerate body, is however the most simple and direct way to arrive at all wisdom! The Bibles and Vedas tell us that: In knowing God intimately, everything will be known. Saints and sages have demonstrated this Truth. The fully ripened disciple is one in whom the Divine Idea has enlarged and fructifies, in whose still heart God himself has gradually bloomed up, into His own Perfect Beauty!

May all beings reach fulfilment of this, The Divine Idea!

Om Sarvam, Khalvidam, Brahman.

(Peace Jan, Feb & March 1940)

23. CHRIST'S LIVING IDEAL

Recently here at Rishi Konda beach, we witnessed a heart-rending scene, a tragedy of haunting memory and an experience that brought vividly to mind Christ's ideal life of loving ministry. It occurred on a bright and clear morning so unportentious looking to the fishermen's weather eye, that they cheerily launched forth on the calm sea, sailing far out in their little, rude boats, white sails unfurled in the light wind. Suddenly we heard a terrific crash and saw a zig-zag flash, darting into the blue ocean. We suddenly felt an unexplainable oppression or foreboding while happily engaged in the garden. We wondered what could be amiss. Soon from the shore towards the fisher hamlet, we heard anguished cries and moaning and the school children and patients who had come to the clinic began crying and rushing to the beach, aware that something ominous had happened.

Did someone drown, did a shark get hold of a man? All kinds of conjectures flashed through the minds of the frightened, hurrying throng, each one afraid that their own father, child, husband or brother had met with disaster. We hurried towards the shore, followed by our Doctor, Compounder, Teacher, and other people. The awful news soon spread about that a thunderbolt had struck two poor fishermen while out in the bay. The people sympathetic through like toil and sufferings, all came rushing from the villages around the crescent-shaped beach, to the scene of sorrow and fear till the white sands were swarming like a bee-hive.

All barges so gay and brave looking at dawn were coming shore-ward with a drooping, sorrowful air, for they were funeral-barges now, accompanying one large boat that was being rowed in advance. From it came cries of deep pain, as two weeping men were seen bending over another sprawling, inert form. Amidst a mass of weeping, screaming women and children the heavy, dead man was born to his sorrowing homestead. Like one soul the whole village men, women and children were expressing their terrible woe. Some of those closely related were beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and the hysterical women were trying to fall into the sea and drown their sorrow in death. Dumb with the shock and pity of the tragedy, we groped through this dark pall of suffering for something to do to console these childlike, broken-hearted people who now began to cling to us crying and pleading, "Mother, Father help us, save him, save him!"

What could we do but mutely wring with God to bless and comfort, still and quiet the hearts of these poor souls! We wended our way to the house of mourning, still hoping that if there was yet a spark of life, and if it be God's will to do so, that the stricken man be restored – a miracle—but then—we thought of Lazarus, and Christ who brought him back from the dead. As we plodded up the slope to the village, we learned that the terrific crash we had heard was a thunderbolt that struck two boats as it went down into the sea-floor. In one boat a father and son were peacefully eating their dinner from one big bowl, the lightening flash struck the elder right through the head. In the adjoining boat bobbing up and down on the waves, it smote another poor fisherman leaving his brother in the same boat unscathed, and carried him down into the mysterious, ocean depths tossing only his bright dhoti-cloth with its burnt holes to float sadly on the surface. It was later brought back by comrades who searched in vain for his corpse, for days, and never found it.

Passing through the milling mass of people at the house of mourning, our little Ashram band soon stood around the prostrate form lying on a rush mat in the poor, clay hovel, its thatched roof so low at the doorway, that we had to stoop low to enter. We tried to comfort the bereaved widow and other relatives who clung to our garments, weeping and supplicating. As we silently prayed, Dr.Pydiyya and Br. Narayanrao examined the victim for signs of life to soothe and frantic family although he was already become stiff and ghastly. As he was turned over a dreadful wound exposing the brain showed, then we silently covered the corpse and asked all assembled to say a prayer covered the corpse and asked all assembled to say a prayer for the soul of the departed. As we sadly went home, the wailing of the poor fisher-people was a pitiful group waiting for the return of the man whom the thunderbolt had dragged into the deep.

As we wended our way to the Ashram after a cleansing dip in the sea, our thoughts retraced the centuries—one thought of Galilee of old, and the ministry of Lord Jesus Christ among just such simple fisher folk who came to Him with their troubles, and whom He never failed to help, for He was so full of soul-force that He had but to stretch out His hand and tempests grew calm, demons fled out of the obsessed, lepers grew clean in body and heart, and the very dead were restored to their mourning loved ones, like Lazarus who had even been dead for several days. Standing there erstwhile, in that humble house of death and sorrow, how one longed to emulate that wonderful saviour and cry to the lightening riven corpse, “Arise, come forth,” and then to see him return to the land of the living and to the fold of his grieving family and friends, to the glory of God.

Jesus Christ too wept and groaned in sorrow with the weeping relatives of his friend Lazarus, but he was so at one with God, so divine that He knew His Heavenly Father would grant him anything he asked of him. Very positively he bade the mourners to roll away the stone from the grave, and lifting up his eyes he said, "Father I thank Thee that Thou heardest me, I know that Thou hearest me always." And in a loud, voice He called, "Lazarus come forth." And he that was dead came forth! But where is that Lord of love and compassion now, with His miracles before the multitude to glorify God, and gain believers for His kingdom of peace? He is indeed still with us in spirit, shining in the stillness of our own purified hearts. In that moment of sorrow and helplessness, in the face of death how one longed to call forth that resurrecting, saving and healing power, and change the scene of mourning to one of rejoicing! Alas our helplessness made us realize more than ever the need of Christ's ideal life of perfect service. He became nearer and dearer to us than ever before, and we began to groan in the spirit and grope for more light and faith.

We pondered:

What should one do to be able to tell the sick to take up their beds and walk? What should one do to raise the dead? What should one do to still the tempests and angry waves? The question, about raising the dead was naturally foremost in ones earnest and soul-searching thoughts. When disciples wondered at His miracles, Christ assured them that they could do even more wonderful things provided they were willing also to pay the great price of leaving all earthly concerns having faith and becoming the manifestations of God. The mortal man cannot raise the dead, but the divine man of son of God can, having the unlimited power of the universe to call upon.

To heal the sick, cast out devils, raise the dead and give illumination to the erring, it is necessary to live just like Jesus Christ in thought, word and deed, and even be prepared like Him to give ones very life for the cause of Truth. Then we too would be able to ask, believe, and thank the heavenly father almost simultaneously, for our answered prayers, fully aware of our complete At-one-ment with Omniscience, Omnipotence and Omnipresence, at all times.

All things are possible, even so-called miracles beyond the comprehension of mortal mind, for those dedicated and sanctified souls who walk in the footprints of Lord Jesus Christ, and other saviours of humanity. May the Holy Christ ideal be the goal and inspiration of our lives, serving those who are in need, distress, sickness and sufferings ever keeping ourselves pure and worthy channels of God's healing love!

May His richest blessing be upon you.

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Oct, Nov & Dec 1940)

24.ANIMAL SACRIFICE

In India a land where mortality is very high and danger rife from many sources, the primitive religion of fear, still holds the suffering masses in its grip. There is still a great deal of animal sacrifice, to propitiate the nature deities. The slaughter and even exploitation of the helpless, dumb, sub-human creatures is a dark and terrible practice for any reason, but worst of all seems to be animal sacrifice in the name of deity.

Here at Rishi Konda we learned that this horrible practice was carried on among the fisher-folk who are very primitive, ignorant and neglected. Their dangerous work and plagues due to squalid poverty, make them seek safety and immunity. The only way they know of, is the way of their ancestors for centuries; the propitiation of the nature deities—whom they imagine as blood thirsty entities, by offering other vicarious victims, animal sacrifices, they hope to escape.

Learning that this animal sacrifice was performed in a little temple near our ashram, Swamiji tom-tomed for an assembly of the village priests and elders, and reasoned with them for many hours and for several days. Patiently he laboured to remove the heavy veil of fear and ignorance from the hearts and minds of these simple children of nature. Having at last awakened the divine in them, they responded, and threw themselves entirely upon Swamiji and the all-powerful God of whom he would tell them more and more about, and who was above all deities. He told them that this God was a gentle God of Love and wanted only their devotion, and if they did kind and good deeds for their family, friends and all beings, He would henceforth help and protect them. If however they continued in animal sacrifice they would cut themselves off from this great God of Love. Finally they gave their solemn promise, and all chanted the name and praise of almighty God, ere departing for their village over the sand dunes.

The God of Love certainly performed a miracle in over-shadowing with His mighty influence the deep-rooted fear of these souls! The great test of their new found faith and resolution, came the day of one of their most important, time-

honoured festivals. On that great Devi day, they came in colourful throngs to their little, palm-thatched temple on the shore. At the Ashram we spent the previous night in deep prayer and communion with divinity, knowing how great an evil was yet to be wrestled with, and what strength was needed.

The village priests dressed in their festive garments and ornaments and with bodies painted with various symbols sat in a circle, the local dancers and musicians were making wild music with drums and cymbals. The meek animals that had been dedicated for sacrifice were brought to the altar, then fearing that these poor people would waver in their resolve, Swamiji, I and other ashram members pressed through the milling, sweet-rank masses to the altar. Then we reassured the priests who were really undergoing a terrific inner-struggle with ancient deep-rooted fear and superstitions, and said, “ Now give up these creatures to the great and powerful God of love, with your blessings and then we will all worship Him together, getting His protection and benediction. A slight, stormy murmur rose from the throng. It seemed in the very *akasha* to a battle was also taking place, between positive and negative forces; the tension in the air caught at ones throat, and heart and made every sensitive cell vibrate with psychical excitement.

Positively, quickly we snatched away the poor little, brown sheep, the suckling pig and the fowl, and the crowd made way silently, respectfully, while we handed them over to friends for safe-keeping. Our hearts were sick and almost paralysed with horror at the fate the creatures barely escaped, as the rituals are inhumane. To give these simple folk something in place of their cruel, bloody ritual, we performed a beautiful and impressive ceremony, lighting a fire, symbol of light, and offering incense, flowers, ghee and a few grains. We had the priests and elders take active part, so that instead of losing face and prestige, they felt and seemed much more important, in performing these more aesthetic rites, which had the admiration and approval of the many great personages who had come to witness their festival. Soon all the ancient evil that was rampant on that place of death and torture, seemed to be cleansed, by great waves of light as the holy name of God rang out to join the praises that the Bengal-breakers sang with us in happy unison.

My own heart was singing that joyous old, childhood pane—

“Ring the bells of heaven, there is Joy to-day

For a soul returning from the wild,

See the Master meets him out upon the way,

Welcoming His weary wandering child.

Glory, Glory how the angels sing, glory glory
How the glad bells ring.”

Light and beauty seemed to pour down in throbbing waves of joy and peace, and utter blessedness! A new light too seemed to steal into the hearts of those priests, elders and the great throng, as the eminent visitors addressed and commended them. Unanimously the fisher folk pledged to never again participate in animal sacrifice. It is indeed a joy to report that another very important festival day came round and our good fisherfolk, true and steadfast to their promise, worshipped the God of love, in a beautiful and elevating fashion. It thrilled our hearts and made them sing with thanksgiving and praise! With God's grace and help we hope to make the lot of these poor people happier and happier. It is friends, a very grave and great responsibility, now that they have thrown themselves on us to trustingly. We need comrades to stand with us in this cause, and invite all good and charitable souls in east and west to help us to bring light and beauty, to this dark and suffering corner of the world, we are in need of dedicated workers to share the burden, and funds with which to work. May God continue to bless and enlighten, guide and protect our fisher folk; and bless the hands extended the world over, in His service of redemption, for not only man, but for the whole of creation which indeed traviaeth for the coming of the Sons of God!

OM! OM!! OM!!!

(Peace Jan, Feb & March 1941)

25.FRIENDSHIP

Unalloyed golden friendship is a rose from celestial gardens. Rejoice, if it has fallen in your path way to light! Seek O heart to be worthy of its divine sweetness! Friendship can be compared with a costly pearl which the hand of a seraph has brought to earth to lay at your feet with his white, snow pure hands. Hail to those thrice blessed mortals whom mutual reverence enfolds like a rose-tinted shell! If it has passed thru the fiery ordeal of purity and selflessness in highest manifestation, then cherish it indeed as a most sacred relic. Sacred and true friendship will brighten your road thru life.... The vale of tears, as the silver floods of moon-light illumine the dark vales under Himalayan crags! O brother, sister I pray you hold fast to it, no matter whether it be your fate to be the greater receiver or donor of its gifts, in material or spiritual wealth! God the

divine witness and mover behind the dazzling curtains of *Maha Maya*, will equalize all... to Whom all is geometrically equal. Cherish friendship as a tender gardener tends his most fragile and rare blooms. O! do not allow the weeds and tares of doubt and meanness to fasten evil roots in thy soul—once given to beauty alone! Erect within thy heart a sanctuary of light to friendship, to which you can flee when the massed evils of life pursue you relentlessly and tear the very dome of the world about your bewildered ears, when the sorrows and burdens of life seek to annihilate you, and you yearn for heart's ease and communion with a warm responsive presence.

Do not sever without a very grave cause, the invisible golden bands of friendship, and beware the curse of the God of Love if it suffers disillusionment and grievous disappointment thru your careless hand! Woo fragrant friendship anew each dawning day that you may carry such a beauteous treasure in your bosom eternally. AUM!

OM! OM!! OM!!!

26.HIGH PRIEST AND KING

A few moons ago in mystical Tibet, where the centuries turn their cycles placidly as the prayer-mills of the Lamaseries, and where life flows to the natural rhythm of Om, Mane, Padme, Hum—the jewel hid in the heart of the lotus—the new grand Lama was sought and found. With all the pomp and colourful ceremony of a culture over forty centuries old, was the little incarnation, a peasant child but full of grace and promise, exalted to throne and sanctuary, in that forbidden city at the roof of the world.

The East it appears, has always had a peculiar intuitive gift for finding and honouring the Monarchs of Divine Science. It was Eastern Magi guided by astrological portends and their own magical pentagram, who celebrated the first Christmas at the manger-cradle of the king of kings and greatest of magi. It was these eastern initiates who came with joyful homage bringing fitting and symbolic gifts to the feet of the Christ child. The blazing constellation made up of an angelic host that hung low over Bethlehem, and other divine and highly auspicious signs, told these devotees that the voice of God had come to earth in the Avatar Incarnation.

Passing strange in its divine mystery, it is an eastern mahatma who once more declares to the fallen world the true spirit or gospel of that king of the Sanctum Regnum. By fearless words, under a fail of biting criticism, and by the example of a transfigured life he resuscitates the dharma of peace, and it reverberates to the world which cries aloud Lord! Lord! But does not follow in thought, word or deed, that Lord of Peace and Love. Many take His name Christ-ians and publish abroad His works and wonders, unworthily. There are so-called wise men who tell us that Christianity is in its death-throes, because of the violence and hatred of the misnamed Christian nations. They say that the teachings of Jesus Christ have failed and are becoming pass'e! Ah! No my friends, it is the old world order that is expiring, it is idolatry in its various eastern and western forms that is becoming extinct.

The gospel in the bible, has now been published in almost 600 tongues, reaching by third angel messengers almost every kindred, nation and people—now it is to be practised to bring into manifestation the Sanctum Regnum. The Essence of the gospel is, One Nation, One God, One Universal Religion and Philosophy. The Great Initiates of past ages have taught the same, and their Magnam Opus was also to Incarnate God in man. Jesus Christ, High Priest and King by Wisdom and Love has left us His transcendental doctrine in the Sermon on the Mount. This doctrine which He proved like a true Monarch of Science by the living example of His victorious life, marks Him as a Messenger above all of Peace.

What matter that the herd does not prize the Pearl of Great Price! Forever was and will be the Saviour of the World recognized and adored by the Magi of intelligence! Forever will He multiply unto His Own, the bread and nectar of life! When they cry out to Him in the dark night of the soul, He will come lovingly over the stormy sea to comfort them. When wandering and lost in the wilderness of doubt and discouragement, He will appear like a good shepherd luminous and transfigured to save His little faithful flock. In silence and meditation His sweet voice will whisper words of peace and loving wisdom to His friends and lovers. His Message of Peace is indeed the message for this evil hour of war and violence; and as the noble eastern sage pronounces it—each word burns in one's heart like a bar of fine and burnished gold. The gospels are nothing but the Eternal Dharma—living duty—protesting against delusions of imaginary right such as war and violence.

Amid decaying institutions and passing empires the Divine Spirit lives and breathes in his children everywhere who have been crucified, dead and resurrected in Him, the Great Initiate of all times. As Christmas approaches

one's heart shrine is filled with a vision of great beauty, one seems to see our High Priest and King as St. John describes Him, standing erect and ministering, in the Luminous Temple of Heaven, a sun-like Center amid the many lights of the golden candelabra. In his hand sparkle the star-seeds of the New Earth, and from his mouth flash words of truth, piercing and clear as a two-edged sword that penetrates hearts in east and west. Tall and vigilant He stands, pouring down His Spirit of Peace and Love. Erect and praying for us He stands awaiting the hour of His Father. Eternally He rules over His Santum Regnum even as the collapsing nations roll amid the husks and make the fair earth a shameful shambles.

Silently so silently, His voice comes to His children through the world Dust and Din—"My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful". "If ye love me keep my commandments." "Resist not evil." "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Spirit comes upon you, and ye shall be my witnesses." O! How few know what Christianity really means! It is not a name or form, merely for outer profession or display. It is a life inwrought with the life of Jesus Christ!

Let us this Christmas-tide who love Christ and claim Him for High Priest and King, not add to the mad screams of imaginary right—the hatred and violence rampant in the world of Mammon and *Maya*, but let our voices be they ever so isolated and small, join only the Angelic Canticle of God's infinite Love and Eternal Peace! Let us be faithful to our Sanctum Regnum, and carry out its divine edicts under the impulse of the Breath of God, with prayers for friend and foe!

OM SANTI SANTI SANTI !