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June 1936.

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A Land that No One Knows

By Sheikh Iftekhar Rasool.

I am on a weary voyage, through a sea of bitter tears,
On a ship of disillusion, shattered hopes and wasted years;
With an aching heart for company, and a bitterness that grows,
And I'm always, always seeking for a land that no one knows.

A land where I could find content, where visions can't intrude
Of faces that are dead and gone, no reminiscent mood,
Where the past is never heard of with its sorrows and its woes
Where the present reigns with love and faith—a land that no one knows.

A land where minds are tranquil, where memories have no place,
No bitterness to brood upon, no heartaches to efface;
Where nights are full of dreamless sleep, the day just comes and goes,
A land that's named 'Forgetfulness' — a land that no one knows,

The Sri Chitralayam State Gallery of His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore received as a gift one of Professor de Roerich's recent paintings, called Fiery Thoughts.

The painting represents a Rishi on the heights of the Himalayas praying for the saving of humanity in the face of approaching clouds. The painting is imbued with magnificent purple and violet colours, which are so characteristic for the great artist. Fiery thoughts fly off into space in form of gold-winged birds. The depths of the valleys are covered with heavy clouds, but in the distance radiate majestically the snow clad peaks of the Himalayas which Roerich loves and admires so much.

The inexhaustible Himalayan aspects are depicted in many paintings of the Master. The Press recently announced the tribute of the President of the Academia Sinica in Nanking to professor de Roerich for his painting Himalayas, which now adorns the walls of the Chinese Academy of Science. Indeed, the seat of the Himalayas is forever linked with the resplendent art of Roerich and Dr James H. Cousins rightly acclaimed Roerich as Himalayan in Soul.

ROERICH DONATES ANOTHER PAINTING TO INDIA.

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"Journey's End......."

( Lines suggested by a photograph taken on the eve of parting. )

Though sadness glistens in your lustrous eye
And downward curves the lovely cupid's bow
Of your now joyless, lifeless lips, although
"My soul resoponds to your scarce stifled sigh
And sympathetically hears your cry
Unuttered, and reechoes all your woe...
Though we both grieve and grieving, even grow
Despondent, desperate and long to die...
Yet may we just descrie a distant dawn
Which dimly heralds brighter better days
That glamorously light life's gloom long-drawn
With iridescent vitalising rays,
When we shall meet on our familiar lawn
And fold us loved in loving arms always.

Robertson College,
Jubbulpore.

—Anonymous.

What India Needs?

By Gobind Bihari Lal, U. S. A.
Science Editor, Hearst Newspapers.

For us Indians what is essentially new and worth while, in my humble belief, is: All of Modern Science, invention and technical skill; All of Fine Arts and such new arts as motion pictures, television and so on; All that builds up the Physique of the Indian People—outdoor games, hunting, athletics, arts of self defence and offence from boxing and jujutsu to shooting, military tactics and that sort of thing; All that unites Indians and guides them to attain Political Freedom, solidarity and efficiency. That is, ALL TO MAKE INDIA a great politico economically independant, scientifically efficient and artistically inspired and competent nation.

The Predestined Mountain

(Diary Leaves)

by H. E. Prof. Nicholas Roerich.

A certain peasant from Shansi was feeling very unhappy. From his father he had inherited a plot of land which was entirely unfertile. Most of it consisted of such a stony hill, that even unpretentious sheep could not find any grass on it. It is true, the grandfather used to say that exactly this plot was exceptionally good, but ‘who can trust the old man, who believed in many queer stories.’ If the earth would indeed be good, the family of the peasant from Shansi would not now be in complete poverty. And yet the landlord was by no means a lazy fellow and applied all his labour to procure for his family at least a little comfort. But these cursed stones! This naked stony mountain! How could it bring any one living! ‘There is nothing to bite off a stone’,—thus the poor peasant complained and dreamt to get rid of this miserable place.

Once the peasant was visited by a relative and the latter went to see the ill-fated hill. Amidst the chips of stones something glittered like silver. He took a piece and had it analysed. Further exploration showed that the so called cursed hill was nothing but a mountain of silver and represented a fabulous fortune.

Thus precisely the very spot which the whole family considered the source of all misfortune turned out to be the hidden treasure trove of huge wealth. Often people regard as their ill-luck precisely that what will bring to them the highest success and fortune.”

Do not think that I told you a parable of the time of Confucius. The above episode has just taken place in Shansi. This story will once more remind many people how untimely and erroneous was their judgment. How often people not only tear the most useful connecting threads, but even with all their strength reject the fortune which is already knocking at their very door.

Some of the readers of the above story of the silver mountain will perhaps take it
What Price Universal Brotherhood?

By Jean Graham Low

Editor, "Freelance Journal," Canada.

Bigotry, ignorance and intolerance are the three greatest obstacles which stand between mankind and his desire for a universal brotherhood.

Amicably understanding of the views and religious differences of others, gained only when a broad knowledge is enjoyed of the philosophy and psychology of life and practised upon all fellowmen, irrespective of color, race, or creed, will educate and give a new outlook to those who throw aside bigoted ideas, and open the heart wide enough to understand and love all. What presumption it is, for one sect or creed, to set itself up as a model, for its fellows to pattern themselves by. After all, taking all creeds into consideration, have we any concrete proof that any one of them is the one and only truth? We believe, because we have been taught from our Bible, our Koran, our Talmud, and laws from these have been handed down to us that we might follow in their precepts as our forbears had done. Why should we imagine that we are so smug in our own little sphere, in our own particular form of worship, that we are the only ones who will see God, and all others are predestined to suffer eternal damnation?

Why should one caste, group, or sect take it upon themselves to make over the mistakes of others, when their very uncharitableness of outlook and unforgiving bigotry is the very pinnacle of imperfection and required to be cleansed from their own doors?

We, of the so called superior race, stand aloof, and haughtily disdain the state of affairs of other nations, their religion, their mode of living. Are we then so perfect, that amongst our own kindred there are no "heathen" who would benefit by the example of universal brotherhood, if we but practised it, and did not only preach it? Have we not our own social castes and outcasts, which would benefit all mankind, if they were united.

Universal brotherhood will never be achieved, because no man will sedulously lay aside his own pet beliefs even though he knows by doing so, he will benefit all mankind. If only the whole world could unite, and cast aside separate dogmas, cast aside praying to "intermediaries" cast aside ceremonies by which they claim sinners will be redeemed, or their sins be absolved, where penance is demanded, where men and women are forbidden to marry because they hold not to the same belief. If all the world would worship one God and not withdraw into groups and sects that picked out certain parts of the Holy Word which suited them, but embraced whole a little sphere, in our own particular form of worship, that we are the only ones who will see God, and all others are predestined to suffer eternal damnation?

Verily there are many predestined mountains, of copper and silver and gold. Not without reason do the fairy tales of all times and nations narrate about the copper, silver and golden kingdoms and even the diamond kingdom. And the beneficent Queen Miriam, Saint Mira and the glorious host of those who lead, they know these kingdoms and help the hero to find what is predestined for him. They teach him not to be content with little, but to ascend untiringly, to the most difficult, to the Highest and the most Beautiful. Miriam—what a beautiful name. And the same fairytales know Helen the Beautiful-wise and knowing the Future.

Verily, not only in fairy-tales are waiting the predestined mountains!