

Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati

Aum

Secrets
of Sama Yoga

An elaborate treatise on the Yoga
of Vedic Seers



ASSA
Editions

Editor's Notes

By means of a simple explanation, clear, precise and meticulous, Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati reveals to us the *Secrets of Sama Yoga*.

In the heart of the knowledge of Yoga, of *Upanishads*, of *Gita*, of gnostic balance, of psychic devotion, all is analyzed and explained, from the physical functioning of the human body to its spiritual functioning.

The various plans of the conscience, the synthesis of spiritual yoga and material science and the approach of this spiritual socialism make *Secrets of Sama Yoga* an important book for spiritual researchers.

Thank you Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati for having transmitted to us *Secrets of Sama Yoga*. With the energy of Shuddha Shakti!

Christian Piaget



Song of Unity

*Unite. Unite, Unite, Oh Souls
Unite and play your roles
Unite in mind, unite in heart
Unite in whole, unite in part
Like words and tunes and sense in song
Let East and West unite and live long
Trees are many; the grove is one
Branches are many; tree is one
Shores are many; sea is one
Limbs are many; body is one
Bodies are many; self is one
Stars are many; sky is one
Flowers are many; honey is one
Pages are many; book is one
Thoughts are many; thinker is one
Tastes are many; taster is one
Actors are many; the drama is one
Nations are many; the world is one
Religions are many; Truth is one
The wise are many; Wisdom is one
Beings are many; breath is one
Classes are many; college is one
Find out this One behind the many
Then life shall enjoy peaceful harmony*

Peace Anthem

*Peace for all, peace for all
For all the countries peace
Joy for all, joy for all
For all the nations joy
A rosy morning peace
A smiling summer joy (Peace for all)*

*All for each and each for all
This is the golden rule
Life and Light and Love for all
For all that live our love (Peace for all)
Work and food and clothes for all
Equal status for all
Health and home and school for all
A happy world for all (Peace for all)*

*No idle rich, no more beggars
All are equal workers
No more tears, no more fears
The heart is full of cheers (Peace for all)*

*For he or she or it or rest
This collective life is best
This Universal Life is best
North or South, or East or West (Peace for all)*

*Peace for plants and birds and beasts
For hills and streams and woods*

Peace for all, peace for all

Immortal Peace for All

Presentation of Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati

11th May 1897 – 7th March 1990

The wise one to the cosmic age

Although more than 90 years old, in his school in the south of India, *Kavi Yogi Maharishi* (great divine visionary, wise poet), Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati worked like a young man of twenty. When he was asked his age, he answered: "My age is Courage!" The Yogi wrote several hundred works in English, French, Tamil, Hindi, Telugu and Sanskrit; five thousand songs, and fifteen hundred poems in French. The magnum opus of the man conscious of the presence of God in him, *Bharata Shakti*, (in 50,000 verses) described his ideal: only One Humanity living in communion with only One God in a transformed world! *Bharata Shakti* is a monumental and unique work. The Yogi depicts the essence of all the religions, of all the prophets and saints, all the approaches of yoga and all the cultures on an allegorical fabric. It is a book for any age which all spiritual researchers and all nations should read and meditate on. His commitment is summarized in his book celebrating his life, *Pilgrim Soul*. The three poems mentioned in the opening express perfectly his ideal. His mantra, *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum*, nourishes our souls and guides our steps toward the inner joy *Ananda*. It means: The light of Grace and power of the pure supreme Almighty bless us of peace, happiness and prosperity! Let the beauty and greatness of soul of Dr. Bharati Shuddhananda bloom and scent the entire Earth of its divine message and his spiritual and unifying benefactor!

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1. Riddle of existence

Life is an immortal stream of progressive consciousness. It struggles onward through ups and downs of destiny to fulfil itself in a mystic Something. From cradle to grave, its wayward course is led by a latent Force. A river floods through hills and rills and changing levels to pour itself into the ocean. It is emptied by the earth, but is replenished by heaven. Men, animals and plants use it daily; rains and springs fill it again. Through plains and plateaux, through fields and meadows, through cities and hamlets it sweeps on singing "I'm Aum." Even so runs the stream of Life through the thick and thin of embodied limitations to pour itself into an Infinite Bliss. The past is its source, the present its course and the future its goal. The soul-force is its resource. The womb is not its origin nor the tomb its destiny. Its body ripens and rots; but Something that lives in it as Life, goes on throbbing 'right, left' to the march of existence.

That Something is beyond birth and death, beyond cradle and grave. The embodied being acts on the stage of life as a mumbling baby, crawling child, playful urchin, studious boy, robust youth, cheerful lover, fond husband, responsible father, busy worker, care-worn grandfather, bedridden invalid, dying man – dead body. Is this the drama of life? Crawling upon four, standing upon two, leaning upon three, where does man go, carried by four? Does he go? Does he come? Does he die? Is he born? Who comes and goes and acts upon the stage of existence? What if he does not act? Who makes him act? Who is he? Who carries

this mortal burden while alive which requires four to lift when it drops dead on the dust of times? Who is this stranger in the body that comes from the unknown and passes into oblivion? Look at that worn-out chair. A carpenter fashioned it out of wood; that wood was a green tree; the tree took root in the soil; it put forth foliage, branches, flowers, fruits and seeds. Once it bristled with green and golden beauty. Seasons cherished it. Winter fed it, summer dried it, spring adorned it colourful and autumn plucked out its beauty. A storm pulled it down one day. An axe hewed it to pieces; a carpenter polished it. Part of it became fuel; part of it furniture. The furniture adorned rich chambers. The rich became poor one day. The furniture uncared for and white-ant-eaten crumbled again into dust. Is this the history of a tree's existence? Who smiled green and gold in the tree? Who sprouted with vernal colours from the seed? What was the mission of a tree? Who led its growth from seed to fruit? Today a fruit tastes and smells sweet. Two days after, it rots and smells foul. Is this the destiny of a fruit? No. The tree puts forth fruit; the fruit contains seeds. The seeds perpetuate the family of trees. The mission of a tree is to go on giving green shade, fragrant flowers, sweet fruit and the mission of the fruit is to attract people to taste it and sow its seed and perpetuate its race. The tree becomes immortal in the seeds. The mission of a river is to feed plants and lives until it reaches the ocean and becomes the Ocean-Self. Even so, the mission of human life is to find the Divine Self which is the source, course and resource of existence. Self-finding, Self-consciousness, Self-identification and Self-existent Bliss, Self-transcendence and Self-expansion are steps to the integral

fulfilment of the human in the immortal Divine. This higher aim of life is achieved by Yoga.

Man stands puzzled before the sphinx of existence. The sky extends like a vast question-mark above him. His psychology is stunned before his ecology. An infinite deep envelops the earth which homes him. This mortal globe is an atom spinning amidst millions of stellar bodies. Who is man breathing on this atom? Why is he here? And how? He is playing with sandcastles on the vast sea-shore of infinite existence. Is he satisfied with this play? Is he satisfied with castles, mansions, grand edifices, proud luxuries, lavishing wealth, marble halls, ball-rooms, air conditioned chambers, cocktail bars, lounges, well-panelled libraries, platform applaudings and paper fame-names? Not a bit. In the examination hall of life, every man has his questions to answer, failing which he has to sit for a re-examination. None can occupy the hall before the ring-in and after the ring-out. The embodied life is limited. King or beggar, everyone is caught into the labyrinth of life and everyone seeks freedom and bliss. Riddle after riddle confronts man here. But a lightning of hope flashes even amidst the gathering clouds of dark despair.



2. The Pilgrim Soul

Shuddhananda Bharati was born poor; he knew the pinch of poverty. But his poor home was full of peace. The family lived a healthy life by honest labour and simple fare. But Shuddhananda Bharati wanted to live in a rich house. His uncle was very rich and well placed in public life. He had no child. He wanted to adopt Shuddhananda Bharati as his son. Shuddhananda Bharati lived one year under the uncle's endearment. The uncle fed him well, clothed him in silk and lace; promised him all worldly luxuries. But Shuddhananda Bharati felt the atmosphere of the rich home, poor in peace, health and contentment. The members rolled in luxury, indolence, selfish bickerings and litigation. Shuddhananda Bharati could not continue his wonted meditations in that mansion. He sought peace in the temple corner. The rich uncle tempted him with gold and silver treasures. The boy spurned them, telling him, "I am not your son; I am the son of God." "Then go away to your God" said the offended uncle, "let me see how He feeds you today." Shuddhananda Bharati immediately fled to the temple and took utter refuge at the feet of the Pure Almighty Grace. He blossomed into a seer-poet by the Grace of the Almighty. Singing the glory of the Divine gave him peace and bliss. His poems became popular. Popularity induced the jealousy of a few bookworms. They conspired secretly, stole his poems and burnt them. Some changed the words here and there and passed them as their own. The young poet was disappointed. Art had rivals and rivals vengeance. Shuddhananda Bharati studied and passed examinations; he was a scholar in Tamil,

English, French, Hindi, Telegu, etc; with all these qualifications he could not find a decent job for living. He trained himself as a teacher; he became a science teacher. The school, like family, was a cockpit of rival teachers. He became a scoutmaster; he spent all his earnings for the poor students. But he wanted his students to be servants of India. His patriotism was discountenanced by the school authorities. He boldly joined the front rank of Non-co-operators and kicked off slavish servanthip. Mahatma Gandhi blessed him and gave him a task. Shuddhananda Bharati organised national schools and rural reconstruction work, edited journals, commanded platforms, won encomiums in the press and laurels in the political fight; he spent his money and energy in public benefactions. Politics was a field of party quarrels. Two leaders put together made cold weather. Politics was not the solution to the problems of India. So he renounced all and steeped himself in silent meditation in mountain caves. Great sages like Ramana Maharshi, Sri Aurobindo and Jnana Siddha and Sai Baba encouraged his yogic experiments. Full twenty-five years he remained in dynamic silence steeped in meditation and in recording inspired poems and thoughts. In profound spiritual silence, he found the gnostic equilibrium which held life in tune with the soul and the soul in tune with the Divine. The deeper in he went, the deeper he plunged into the soul, the more peaceful and blissful he became. The more he surrendered to the inner Divine, the easier the riddles of life were unriddled. The mysteries of I, world and God were unravelled. Mind melted into the psychic heart and heart into to the pure Spirit and that merged into an ineffable immaculate featureless Bliss-consciousness, and

Shuddhananda Bharati dissolved his ego-self into that All-Self. His introspective vision became cosmic vision. Expressions were coined in the golden treasury of inspiration. Life breathed divinity. The name and form and personal attributes yielded to inner identity with the nameless and formless, the Ever-Free and the Pure. In short, Shuddhananda Bharati the personality lived in tune with the Impersonal Power and all that he did was fulfilled by that Power. This is Yoga, this is Life Divine. Do you want to live such a life? Then come; the secrets of such a life in pure Sama Yoga with the Divine are unfolded in this volume.

Napoleon had Moliere and Corneille in his pocket – one comedy and the other tragedy. He knew that life was a comi-tragic parody. He made conquest after conquest and admired his sword, which heaped in the battlefield bleeding heads. He invaded Moscow to shed more human blood. On the way, he met the great German poet Goethe. Napoleon saluted the poet. The author of *Faust* listened to his self-glorifying exploits which had the refrain “I conquered that land. I shall conquer this land.” The wise Goethe put him one laconic question, “Have you conquered your mind?” This made the hero introspective for a moment. The poet continued, “O man of the sword, you are living like a blood-thirsty tiger. Compassion is the keynote of a real man. Act for the good of others, so that the world can live free from fear, poverty and ignorance. Be Man.” This word was a turning point in the soldier’s life. Napoleon returned to Paris with the shame of defeat from Moscow and devoted his attention to education and national culture. As a prisoner on Saint Helena, he reflected on himself, often sitting on the sea

shore. He used to remark "I have lived like a child playing with pebbles and bubbles before the infinite deep of existence. I have lived ignorant of my Self." He tried to remember God while he was operated for an internal ulcer. He used to demand, "who can cure my mental ulcer which remembers the sword above the Word of God." Poor famous hero, he died with the word, "Epée" (sword). Mind is man. Life is what mind thinks. A balanced mind commands a balanced life. Life is perturbed when the inner balance is dislocated. Mind going astray becomes complicated. Mind in-gathered maintains inner equilibrium and restores peace and paves the way to the smooth progress of the soul towards Godhood.



3. Man in the World

The phenomenal world is subject to time, space and causality. Everything here is swept away by the fatal flood of time. The human ambition tries to possess this and that. But this hope fails today and that tomorrow. The sweets of today become bitter tomorrow. Friends desert and props fail. Every day men speak of unity and harmony. Nobody wants discord and negative emotions of egoism, envy and wars. But every day man is caught by the vital devil, Satan, who betrays him into the hands of bloody war in some form or other. His politics is a prattle of tongues and rattle of weapons and battle for powers.

During his tour in Japan and the countries of Europe, Shuddhananda Bharati saw people living in shadows of fear, the dread of hydrogen bombs. In Berlin, he saw the palaces of Kaiser and Hitler in horrible ruins. The Kaiser Palace of the day before yesterday is the Stalin Park of today where children play games and people hold open-air meetings. The owl hoots out a warning from Hitler's ruins to the present warmongers. But the vital ego, the mental ignorance, the likes and dislikes in the divided intellect, the subconscious passions and the lurking ambitions come up and lead him again to mass destruction in the battle of nations. Napoleon, Kaiser, Hitler or Mussolini are simply names and forms of vital ambition. They have disappeared into the eddying current of headlong Time, leaving behind them the ash-hills and ruins of their ambitious firework. But is ambition dead with them? The beast in man is not yet tamed.

Man is a mean between God and animal. He is a regenerating animal and the would-be God. His life is a tug-of-war of dualities. The satanic forces drag him to lower levels. Vital passion, envy, egotism, vanity, hatred and a number of evil forces assail him and pull down his better qualities. These evil forces are personified in religions as Satan, Iblis, Ahrimau, and their form is mental-vital-egoism. Man cannot be peaceful nor allow others to be so, as long as he is a slave to these devilish qualities.

Impartial Nature has given man a brain to think and a heart to feel. She gave him endless material resources and scientific energies for life expansion. The brain and the heart can put natural energies to sublime uses. The intellect teaches man mathematics, physics, chemistry, physiology, botany, zoology and enables him to build up time-and-space conquering machines. Nature reveals to him hidden treasures in mines – coal, iron, gold, silver, copper, tin, aluminium petrol, etc. Man can easily solve creature problems with these gifts of Nature and utilise his life in spiritual progress. He can divinise life and heavenise earth if he knows how to live. But man misuses the gifts of Nature for selfish aggrandisement, ambitious competition and pernicious warfare. He has rendered earthly life a bloody hell. The deadly weapons of war are the products of lower vital desire to possess the earth for oneself. Ambition plays the terrible game of war. No moralistic endeavour, no religious propaganda, no armed duel, no treaty, no peace conference can end this frightful scene of armament race and war craze. There is tact behind a military pact. The Atlantic and the Pacific pacts were swept away by the restless waves!

Even if the scientists and commanders disappear by another atomic war, even then, the dragons' teeth of vital egoism shall produce war-mongers who will work out the evil to the last drop of their blood.

History has seen the Greek physical culture, the Roman oligarchy, Napoleonic bravadoes, American democracy, the French Republic and Russian communism. Nationalism, socialism and communism are the three fundamental political creeds; one is the intensity of the other. All want to establish a common Welfare State for humanity. But politics today has rendered the life of humanity an armageddon of brute forces. War is a definite sign of the old barbarity in man. Simple muscular force has been replaced by armed force, and armed force by atomic force. Wild animals kill for their hunger with teeth and nail; ancient man killed with sharp stones, then bows and arrows, then gun, then cannon and then man developed science; the modern scientific man kills the world with horrible scientific weapons for which he wastes most of the people's money. Prying politics, suspicious international relations, commercial competition, scientific pragmatism, intellectual vanity, vital egoism – all these have conspired to make this cosmos a chaos of fears and tears. Science measures heights to throw flying bombs and depths to lay cunning mines. The Satan that got behind Christ, has come forward with diabolic weapons to shatter all the hopes of a Kingdom of Heaven upon this earth. He tempts the Faust in man, from evil to evil, sin to sin, selfishness to selfishness and war to war. Mind is muddled, the vital is heated by egoism, the heart is poisoned by hatred; life is deluded by ambition – and that is the time

opportune for Satan to appear with war demons and make the world a hell of murderous forces. War is a vital Frankenstein. Thoughts and impulses plan war from the mind, before it is waged in field and air. War cannot be stopped unless the crazy craving is stopped in the mind. Man must transform from within.

Even religion has failed to transform mankind. The prophet of each religion lives a truth and leaves it to posterity in word or deed. After his death, his word becomes a creed and fanatics build a sectarian fort of separative egoism and divide further the already divided humanity. Personality cults have stifled freedom of meditation. *A* is the god in Ashram *A*, *B* is the god in Ashram *B*, and *C* in Ashram *C*. *A* will not see *B* and *B* will not see *C*. Spiritual egoisms raise opposing camps and conflicts. If there are a thousand pontifical camps, poor humanity is torn into a thousand opposing sects. Most often, Pure Almighty God is eclipsed by limited personalities and cock-and-bull stories are spun around their mystified cacodoxies. We see in religious circles fanatic dogmatism, I-and-mine walls, ringed forts of separative egoism, ceremonial pomp, blood prints of persecution, cunning and forced conversions, oppressive crusades, pious exploitations, threatening interdictions, pitiful martyrdoms, a myriad of commercial Dharsans, amulets, talismans, humorous tickets of expiation, internal feuds and external wars. Religion also serves political domination. Man kills man in the name of saviours. The disciples of the same saviour murder one another. Every religion preaches universal love and compassion. But one runs into passion when it comes in contact with the other. Saviours like Shankara and Dayananda were poisoned to death.

Christ was crucified. Many saints die of vile diseases. Some die of dire disease after claiming immortality for their body. The promised Kingdom of Heaven is far off; only a hell of thick-walled 'isms' is in sight. One religion monopolising heaven for itself, curses another as a heretic fit for hell. God is forgotten, the Soul is gone. Truth is killed; only self-aggrandising propaganda lives upon ceremonial exploitations. There is more churchianity than Christianity. Religion has failed in its attempt to unite and universalise men and find a way for their collective existence.

We must transcend politics and religion today and go beyond the divided mentality to find a solution for human problems. The pilgrim soul must reach the psychic temple in the heart, enter the sanctum of peace in the Pure Self which is the Divine in man. Life must become an efflorescence of Self-Consciousness. Man must live in tune with the Divine. There is a truth in man, a cosmic consciousness which can harmonise life in the universe and make collective existence a universal communion with the Divine. No caste, no sect, no religious or colour barrier! All can live such a life – a Yogic life. There shall be one Government of Spiritual Socialism for one transformed humanity. The whole world can become a Yoga Samaj united in the cosmic vision of One God, One Humanity and One Spiritual Existence. This is Sama Yoga.

The pilgrim soul finds peace and bliss only in Yoga with the Supreme Divine in the Self-Sanctum. We are going to unravel the secrets of this Sama Yoga, Yoga of collective living of humanity in communion with the Self-Divine.



4. All life is Yoga

The first secret of Yoga is to know that life itself is a Yoga. Yoga has hitherto been mystified and kept private and secret by interested Yogins. The word Yoga has been misconceived. During my tour in Europe, some friends asked me to walk on water and fly in the sky and show miracles to prove my Yoga. I had to explain to them that Yoga is not table-tilting nor miracle mongering. Many suppose asanas as Yoga proper. By standing upon the head one cannot become a Yogin, nor by remaining buried for a day underground. Some expect Yogins to read the future and change destiny. Some show their palm or their horoscope and expect Yogins to predict their fortunes. But Yoga is neither palmistry, astrology nor fortune-telling. Some imagine themselves Yogins by drawing water through the nostril or anus, or by rolling the abdomen. Still others suppose Yoga to be breath-control. Many do not go beyond breath and body while thinking of Yoga. Some are afraid of Yogins for they may curse them and do them evil by incantations. There are many who are suspicious of Yoga and fear it; for they are haunted by mountain caves and forest solitude, orange robes and ascetic bareness while thinking of Yoga. None need be afraid of these things; our Yoga admits neither ascetic refusal nor pragmatic denial. None need leave home and seek forest resorts. All can remain conveniently at home and make each home a Yoga Samaj. The living life here can be made Yoga or Pure Life in communion with the Divine. For what we seek by Yoga is not in hills and forests. It is within us, nearer to us than our breath. Let us understand exactly what we mean by

Yoga. Ours is Sama Yoga, a Yoga for all. In the book *Yoga for All*, the Yoga for health and energy has been fully dealt with. Let us hence ascend to higher psychic planes.

Yoga is a psychic Science, an accurate method of perfect living in tune with the Divine in us. There is no magic or mystery in it. People think so because some men in the name of Yoga do peculiar things. Yoga is not life-immolation nor hatred of existence. It is fullness and fulfilment of the human life in Life Divine. Man, woman, aged and infant can rise up to the divine fullness of life; they can imparadise existence. The Divine Self is in all; the Divine in 'this' is the same as in 'that'. The universe is a temple of Divine Omnipresence. Life is a manifestation of the Divine Consciousness. We are, for the Divine is in us; we live, for the Divine is our life. We move, for the Divine enables us to move. We are moving temples of the Divine. To live is to live in the Divine Consciousness. To live is to live in the Divine, for the Divine – a centre of His energy, a dynamic expression of His will, a heart of His heart, a mind of His mind, an image of His beauty, a ray of His splendour and an instrument of His purpose in humanity. He is the All, and All in all. All are one in Him and He is the One in all. He has become all that is. He is the Man in men, the Soul of humanity, the Self in beings. He is the Universal Self. To live in union and communion with Him in the Self and in the human aggregate is Yoga. Perfect surrender of the separative individual to the Cosmic Divine and God-like life as God's instrument is Yoga. We are dust without Divine Trust. The universe of existence is an embrace of His consciousness. To be aware of that is Yoga. To see that One in the Many and live in the awareness of Cosmic Unity and

concomity is Yoga. God is the beloved of our soul. He is the fountain of delight. He who forgets Him in the Self, lives in a hell of pain, misery and death. He who remembers Him in everything enjoys a heaven of delight. To live in the delight of the Beloved of Existence is Yoga. To know Him in the Self, to love Him in the heart and to work as His instrument, to raise the edifice of life upon the strong foundation of Divine Consciousness is Yoga. God is the highest purity and bliss. Yoga is to enjoy that height of bliss by purity, unity and divinity of life.

This Sama Yoga is nobody's monopoly; all aspirants can come, the path is clear, the door is open, the dawn is in sight. How long are we to sleep in ignorant darkness? How long are we to struggle with doubt and despair? Let us kick off these hostile forces of pessimism and come forward with hope. Pure Bliss calls us from within, to a new life of immortal delight. Faith, love, aspiration, concentration, consecration, conscious surrender and pure receptivity – these are the offerings necessary to attain Divine Bliss. Everything good shall follow when we follow the path of this Sama Yoga. We can live in tune with the Divine as conscious children of one Spiritual Communion. Our life shall be an efflux of the Divine Spirit. Our earth shall be a heaven of peace where all wars shall cease and nations shall walk like angels of God. This was the flaming aspiration of ages of human existence. This was the fond vision of sages and seer-poets.

Ordinary man lives in egoistic consciousness; he must live in Divine Consciousness. His mind is a twilight of obscurity, his life is full of wanton, pain and suffering, his body

is subject to disease and death. His intellect must be illumined, his mind must feel the peace and bliss of the Pure Spirit. His life must breathe in immortal freedom of the Divine Self. Man must be divinised, world heavenised, existence transformed into Pure Bliss and the individual must be universalised by cosmic consciousness. This is the greatest triumph of human evolution. This is Spiritual Socialism and this is Sama Yoga.

Verily, this Yoga is meant not only for individual salvation but for the collective salvation of the universe of beings. Our life is a universal self-expression of the Pure Almighty One. Every soul is a spark of the Divine Blaze. By inner oneness every soul becomes one with humanity. By awakening the inner light, the soul becomes one with all, in cosmic consciousness. This is achieved by Sama Yoga, collective soulful life.

Yoga is greater than tapasya, higher than knowledge, mightier than work, sweeter than love. Yoga is not life extinction; it is life-distinction in spiritual fulfilment. It is divine richness of life; it is pure life in the Pure Divine. To live in tune with the Infinite Divine is the law of existence; it is self-duty Swadharma. To live in the ignorance of the divided mentality is unnatural life; it is kudharma or paradharma, wrong movement. The Yogi is not a dry ascetic. An ascetic is not the acme of human perfection. Yoga is not running away from life and society, regarding existence as a doleful dream and jugglery of illusion. It is not self-immersion, immolation nor extinction. It is self-possession, self-expression and self-expansion and self-transcendence. It is something sublime, far beyond religious

moralism and infra-moral materialism. It is supra-moral spiritual life. The world of humanity is torn by the formalities of castes, creeds, sectarian rituals, ceremonies, class and race prejudices. These are born of the divided mentality. Yoga lifts the human vision to the pinnacle of cosmic vision where it unites with the Infinite Self in all and rejects aught that divides man from man and man from the Divine. The progressive sadhana, or effort, of this Sama Yoga breaks the shackles of ego mentality and selfish divisions until it broadens itself pure and free, to embrace the boundless universal Divine.

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Editions ASSA
Grand'Rue 180
1454 L'Auberson – Suisse
Téléphone : +41 (0) 24 454 47 07
Télécopie : +41 (0) 24 454 47 77
Email : info@editions-assa.ch
Web : www.editions-assa.ch
