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## CHILD-KRISHNA

T. L. VASWANI

In the long ago, He came rending Maya's veil. History salutes Him as *avatar*, so filled was He with the Divine life, the life of Love. Judged by all accounts in ancient books, He was a child of wondrous grace and beauty. He was mischievous the critics say! Was He? Krishna the child sang and moved with freedom, the joy, the spontaneity of a child. Krishna's critics mistake the very meaning of child-life, Krishna was filled with joy. In His heart was the Song of Life. And so as He went from hamlet to hamlet, playing on his magic Flute, he ravished the hearts of gopis and peasants of men and women and children who would often leave their work to listen to the song. He came close to common men. He did not snuff the paths of common life. He mingled with the great mass—the peasants, the shepherds, the humble village-folk. He came close to Life and loved the cow and loved the bird and loved the dove and the deer. This wondrous child loved to visit the Forest, again and again. He answered to magic of the midnight moon and set up a dance of joy on moonlit nights. He realised fellowship with the mystical brotherhood of the sun and the moon and the stars, the stream, the wood, the animals, the birds in the air. And wherever He went and whatever He did, He sang the song of Life.

How many, in our midst, trust *life*? How often we think we know when we only echo other men's opinions! No wonder we become conventional, and even vulgar in our actions. Krishna the child moved in the world Beautiful,—the world of

wonder and romance and idealism and love. And I regard the *Janmashmi* as a call to us to accept the Cult of the Child. Child Krishna asks us to be as little children if we would be re-born in the Kingdom of Krishna. He asks us to trust not theories and systems and speculations but Life, the One life that flows into all.

When the Babe was born in the long ago many came,—the ancient records say,—from many parts to glimpse His beauty and lay their gifts at His feet. What gifts may we offer him on the *Janmashmi* day? We live in an agitated age, an age of conflict and restlessness and anguish such as, perhaps, the world never experienced in any other period of human history. We live in an age of travail and pain—an age when the old wisdom is vanishing and men are losing the Vision Divine. What gifts may we offer Him on the day that commemorates His Birth? Let us recall the text in the Gita which tells us that the Lord accepts even a leaf, a little flower, if only offered in the spirit of *bhakti*, devotion. A little flower, of the heart's desire to bear witness to Him in the struggle of these days:—let this be our gift to the Lord. For this desire is wisdom. It is the desire of Love, the desire of serving India and Humanity,—no matter how small our station, how obscure our lot in life. This desire, disdainng wealth and honours and all the golden bubbles of the world, will link us with the lowly and the weak. "Friend of the poor",—if Krishna called in the Scriptures. This, then, is true Krishna-worship,—love and service of the poor, not rites and ceremonies and offerings to prosperous priests. Piteous is the world's need today. The Nations hate and fight, as seldom before, in man's history; there are men and women in many parts who wait for a refreshing message as dry grass waits for rain. Nations need the Krishna-message. Who will give it if not India? Then must you, young men purify your lives with a new love for the child, a new faith in the Kingdom of Krishna, a new reverence for the poor!

# A STUDY OF SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S 'The Light of Asia'

W. GEORGE WHEELER

"For now the hour is come when I should quit  
This golden prison, where my heart lives caged,  
To find the truth; which henceforth I will seek,  
For all men's sake, until the truth be found".

—*The Light of Asia, Book the Fourth*

We consider 'The Light of Asia' a priceless gem in literary production; it is the charmingly told story of the great Lord Buddha who came again, after thousands of years, to bless the world. He is permitted unusual advantage, even to selecting the place of his birth, coming as the son of an Eastern king; his mighty destiny revealed to Queen Maya in dream; he, passing beyond shortly after his birth. He was named Prince Siddartha, best known to the world as 'Gautama, prince of India, founder of Buddhism'

The gifted poet deals sympathetically with the wonderful religion, and the glorious personality whose transcendent worth casts a golden splendour over all the ages. At eight years of age the little prince surprised and sometimes surpassed his teachers, revealed a heart of pity and compassion for all suffering creatures, an intense love of animals, with insight, strength of character, reverential love, combined with noble sports.

'In speech

Right gentle, yet so wise; princely of mien,  
Yet softly mannered; modest, deferent,  
And tender hearted, though of fearless blood;  
No bolder horseman in the youthful band".

Herein is an interesting comparison with the childhood of the Christ, best known on earth as Jesus of Nazareth. In "Hafed, prince of Persia", mediumistic literature, we read, "The holy child Jesus wandered alone in the sacred inner temple; he

proved clever beyond all other children, at six years old had gained some knowledge of ancient languages; listened with deep attention to the history of Egypt; conversing with the aged priests on the Unseen World.

There is a delightful story related in Arnold's poem respecting prince Siddartha's practical compassion. His cousin brings down the leading bird in a flock of wild swans passing over the royal garden, its wing is injured. Siddartha.

    Took the bird

Tenderly up, rested it in his lap...  
 And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright,  
 Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,  
 Caressed it into peace with light kind palms  
 As soft as plantain leaves an hour unrolled;  
 And while the left hand held, the right hand drew  
 The cruel steel forth from the wound, and laid  
 Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart".

The bird is claimed by Siddartha's cousin, but the young prince refuses to give it up, feeling it his own until healed and set free by right of pity. The judgment of the wise men fails and the point is settled by an unknown priest, who says, "the slayer spoils and wastes, the cherisher sustains." The prince, therefore, on healing the bird gladly sets it free. Thus he commenced his life of mercy and love, and "so vast a pity filled him, such wide love for living things, such passion to heal pain, that by their stress his princely spirit passed to ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint of sense and self, the boy attained.

'The Light of Asia' is a biographical study, but it is in some sense a nature Poem.

"And all the jungle laughed with resting songs,  
 And all the thickets rustled with small life  
 Of lizard, bee, beetle and creeping things  
 Pleased at the spring-time. In the mango-sprays  
 The sun birds flashed; alone at his green forge  
 Toiled the loud copper-smith; bee eaters hawked,  
 Chasing the Purple butterflies'

This passionate love of nature is perceivable in most great poets and writers, teachers and philosophers, it was doubtless greatly represented in Gautama, prince of

India and in Jesus of Nazareth, both of whom wrote their ideas on the soul of the ages. Those who worship at the literary shrine of the beautiful should treasure this great poem in their hearts. The poet now presents in the life of this remarkable prince the ideas of Evolution and reincarnation, from the finest specimen of the lower creature up to the idealistic type in man. Lord Buddha, to use the name best known in Spirit Land, revealed fine character faculties in his lower incarnations as well as in the higher. When, ages previous to his princely coming on earth, he dwelt a lordly beast in the forest there was something which revealed in him a type higher and stronger than the ordinary. As a Brahmin he had not hesitated to give his earthly life a sacrifice. Much more as a prince of India, with exceptional possibilities, he would give all to ennoble and save humanity; himself, as it were, a sacrifice on the altar of the Gods.

As a prince of India he, then known as Siddhartha, was considered of far too dreamy and spiritualistic a disposition, too brimming over with philanthropic and humanitarian ideas. He perceived it needed some mystic force, some mighty spirit power, some wonderful thought and life influence to save the world. He was prepared to give both. His royal father would hide all ugly forms of existence from his view; the miseries of humanity he would not reveal. The prince he would have grow up largely unconscious of pain, and death. He would have him enjoy his kingdom. It had been foretold to him by the dream specialists that one of two things awaited his princely son. Thus the king thinks it over:

"This boy, more dear to me than mine heart's blood,  
 Shall be of universal dominance,  
 Trampling the neck of all his enemies,  
 A king of kings—and this is in my heart ;—  
 Or he shall tread the sad and lowly path  
 Of self-denial and of pious pains  
 Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost  
 Worth keeping; and to this his wistful eyes  
 Do still incline amid my palaces".

This prince refuses to tread his realm with closed eyes; he perceives the fearful evils arising from competition and greed,

from wretched homes and painful forms of disease, from ugly forms of existence and fear of death.

The king's ministers offer their views to the king as to the prince's condition of mind, and the leading statesman suggests Love as panacea for his supposed mental ills. Thus at a great festival the loveliest maidens in the realm are made to pass before him, to each of whom he presents a prize. After all the presentations have been made there comes a maiden of exalted birth, young and beautiful, by name Yasodhara. The youthful prince is roused by her charm and grace.

" Therewith he loosed  
The Emerald necklet from his throat, and clasped  
Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist;  
And their eyes mixed and from the look sprang love "

It would appear that the young prince and the lovely maiden had met long ages before in previous earth-lives. For instance, it came to him that once in the earlier reincarnations he had been a hunter's son and when playing with forest girls and acting as umpire in their sports he had presented the one he loved with "a tame fawn and his heart's love." That one was the Yasodhara of the present.

This marvellous philosophy of the individual soul passing through a series of existences, sometimes vast and always extended, has been presented by the mystic psychic teachers of the East, and is part of the great Buddhistic philosophy. There is, in truth, no evolutionary theory to compare with it, and the facts and ideas presented by world-famed scientists will not stand comparison, the latter being limited to evolution on the material plane. The ideas of ordinary Christian theologians as to a future state, deduced from the complicated mysticism of the many books of the Bible, which cannot be rightly linked up together as popularly supposed, fall to pieces before the gigantic framework of soul-evolution. Those who have read Sienett's 'Esoteric Buddhism' will, in some measure, realise this. In the writer's opinion, the philosophic side, the hereafter side of the soul's state, is the weakest spot in connection with Christianity. Through spiritualistic mediumship we learn that Jesus Christ when on earth was conscious of previous existences

Yasodhara was of a noble house and the alliance was considered by the king a very desirable one; it was necessary, however 'that the prince' make good his skill in martial arts against all suitors who should challenge it'. It seemed incredible, considering the peculiarly dreamy type of mind, that this condition could be complied with, but Siddartha rose to the occasion and was victor over all who challenged him. The marriage proved an extremely happy one for they tenderly loved; yet the prince could not long live on love and joy, for he would start in his dreams, crying, 'My world! I hear! I come!' When waking his eyes suggested 'an awful pity, and his visage like a Gods'.

It is night in the prince's palace of art, and the princess has given birth to a child. Yasodhara has a dream full of mystery in which she realises the coming separation from her beloved; she is distressed and her husband comforts her. He knows that his time has come, and that he must choose between greatness and the way of good; he must seek love and light for all. This is true for all higher souls; they have a life beyond the ordinary, a divine mission. It has come to him that he is to be a world-saviour. His love however, remains true.

" Comfort thee, dear, " he said, " if comfort lives  
In changeless love! for though thy dreams may be  
Shadows of things to come, and though the gods  
Are shaken in their seats, and though the world  
Stands nigh, perchance, to know some way of help,  
Yet whatsoever fall to thee and me  
Be sure I loved and love Yasodhara'.

He sacrifices all. The holy books say, there were scenes in the higher realm as he departed to fulfil his mission, 'celestial music thrilled the air from hosts on hosts of shining ones, bright souls watched his departure. He goes out into the night riding his beautiful white horse, and accompanied by his charioteer. Then toward morning he transforms himself into a beggar prince, and goes alone to the mountains a penniless wanderer for study, for thought, for spiritual manifestation. He becomes, known as the holy man of the hills. He touches the divine realms of spiritual experience are opened up to him; he becomes

the founder of a philosophic religion that would tend to save mankind. The same high ethical ideas, presented in his character and life, as were perceivable and presented in Jesus of Nazareth were revealed. There is the same self-sacrifice and self-denial.

As this great soul, best known as Gautama, prince of India, founder of Buddhism, passes to the place of divine revelation, his spirit is perfectly purified from all selfish desire. Here the poet makes all nature to participate and it is indeed very fine.

"The forest boughs

Bent down to shade him; from the river sighed  
Cool wafts of wind laden with lotus scents  
Breathed by the water gods. Large wondering eyes  
Of woodland creatures—panther, bear and deer—  
At peace that eve, gazed on his face benign  
From cave and thicket. From its cold cleft wound  
The mottled deadly snake, dancing its hood  
In honour of our Lord; bright butterflies  
Fluttered their vans, azure and green and gold,  
To be his fan-bearers; the fierce kite dropped  
Its prey and screamed; the striped palm squirrel raced  
From stem to stem to see; the weaver bird  
Chirped from its swinging nest; the lizard ran;  
The koil sang her hymn; the doves flocked round;  
Even the creeping things were ware and glad".



# DREAM CONSCIOUSNESS.

A. P. MUKHERJI.

An article on this subject appeared in the April *Kalpaka* which, while all right from a metaphysical point of view, was too short to emphasize the spiritual and psychic points of view. Metaphysics can be bought in the shape of literature but true spiritual knowledge is acquired only through the soul and the unfoldment thereof. The writer has lived with and was trained by an Indian Yogi of wonderful knowledge and power, a gentleman of thorough western education and yet whose spiritual powers are of "mathematical accuracy" and whose holiness is as great as his spiritual power. It is therefore natural that what we say or write on occult matters has some spiritual significance for which we do not claim any personal credit.

Dream consciousness relates us to the psychic and spiritual departments of our lives. While the waking consciousness affects this department to some extent, it is our conviction that in its pristine condition it is very far removed from the waking consciousness. Dream consciousness in the majority of cases can be described as being of a "low psychic nature", while in the case of certain souls which have consciously or unconsciously reached the borders of psychic unfoldment and perception, it is of "a slightly elevated nature" although still greatly confused. It is when the soul is actually progressive on the yoga-path that this consciousness attains a continuous spiritual attitude and enlightenment and becomes, as it were, the key to the gates of knowledge. We could say more but we are not allowed to do so. Suffice it to say that the student of Practical Yoga must not neglect this phase of his consciousness but should ever watch it and study it, not in a superstitious way but in the spirit of an investigator.

We believe normal progression. Those who try to mould their dream consciousness by means of auto-suggestions and self-Hypnotism may succeed to some extent, but we are not in favour of this practice except in the case of exceptionally intelligent students. Those who are in earnest should begin

at the bottom, aiming at a purification of their normal waking consciousness which will automatically react on the dream-condition. It might also be borne in mind that the *last thought* held in the mind before going to sleep is a strong factor in the determination of the dream-state. Some perseverance is necessary in gaining an appreciable control in this direction. Those who pay heed to this advice might reap far-reaching benefit later on. A strong impulse has to be imparted to the spiritual self within us before it wakes up and "takes possession of us". We do not mean this in a hysterical sense or in an unbalanced state, but a current of thought must be generated which shall stick to us at all times. Then things will change for us. A great deal of introspection is necessary. We do not advise anyone to become "dreamers" but to study and train the dream consciousness spiritually so that it becomes an active and fruitful phase of our lives. What the majority of us do is to let things drift, and hence we remain in the dark.

We would emphasize the Dream consciousness is at first "psychic" and later on 'Spiritual' in character. What a good hypnotist may do for you, you can do for yourself, but this is only for the consideration of advanced students. All the same, we are not in favour of Hypnotism in general. The Dream State is no doubt a sub-conscious state but it can also rise to super-consciousness and that is what should be our object. Our lives are governed by psychic influences and the sooner we understand them the better. The beginning and end of this knowledge is in Dream Consciousness. Our brains and bodies must become psychic and spiritual, our whole being has to be transformed, before we can appreciate the merits of occult study. We have no sympathy with those who cry "how?" because the methods are being published to the world broad-cast, yet we feel for the persevering student who finds books and writings short of the mark after he has tried everything. We have to make the start, instead of taking it for granted that "we know the thing".

# THE LUCK GODS

(A narrative founded on fact)

ARTHUR L. DELISLE, PH. D.

I have just received an epistle from my Celestial friend, Su-ho-Sin, dated from Harbin, Manchuria. We still maintain a desultory correspondence, though our farewells in person were said more than twenty years ago. Su-ho-Sin's letters are always a peculiar medley of the scholarly, the commercial, and the merely gossip; that is to say, they are thoroughly Chinese and human. The gentle reader may peruse the missive for himself. Here it is:

"Honourable Sir,

May the spirits of Confucius and all the venerated sages abide with you and direct you in all your ways. Bright star of the North, you must never think that because you are English and so far from China, you may cease to love her. For China is as a beautiful woman, whom, having looked into her eyes, a man can never forget. And you, of all men, have looked deeply ..... How is business with you? As to that last transaction, I am sending a draft on London—your share of the profits. I have already disposed of the whole consignment of *K'oliang* except one load.....It is now spring in Harbin. The sun illuminates the Sungari, and there are many junks on the river. From my office-window I hear the chant of the boatmen as they load their craft and haul their brown sails against the wind. . . Illustrious son of a beautiful mother! have you yet found happiness? Or is it still to you a mirage—a thing that loses shape and reality as you approach it—I have much money and many estates in different provinces——yet am I happy? I wonder! .....And that Circassian woman—you remember—who bartered her soul for the LUCK GODS—is she happy? Again, I wonder! write soon to your unworthy servant,

Su-ho-Sin".

It was during the construction of the Great Manchurian or, as it is officially designated, the Eastern China Railway. I was engaged at the time on work on the south-eastern portion of the line directed from headquarters at Han-Tao. At Han-Tao were the offices, building material, implements, supplies, provision stores, repairing shops, locomotive sheds,

all the accumulated miscellany of structural and human material attendant upon so great an enterprise. And conscientious engineer though I was, I must confess that human material had always a greater attraction to me than the other, even if it happened to be no one more elevated than the demure little daughter of the keeper of the inn at the sign of the "Virtuous Father" half-way up the street called "Cracked Leather."

From Han-Tao I was sent out to take charge of tunnel-boring operations at a station called Tai-Ma-Kou. It was then a remote spot, a congeries of squat, wooden buildings, but already bustling with the activity of mule-drawn equipages, and genial Chinamen. Tai-Ma-Kou lay in a valley, with high granite cliffs reaching up and around it. A great primeval cedar forest seemed like an army-corps marching directly down into its back yard, and patches of cedar, left growing here and there in the town itself, made one feel that the dark forest was already encroaching upon the town, stealing over it as it were with silent progress. It was with a real sense of comfort that I used to wake up every morning to the vision of the main forces of the army still no further advanced than the back yard aforesaid.

My quarters in Tai-Ma-Kou was a long timber structure that began suddenly at one end, continued and ended just as abruptly. There was no architectural pretension about it, not the least decorative wrinkle in its wooden face. It was as frankly utilitarian as a fence. The building was destined for the accomodation of through passengers. In the meantime it served very modestly as an hotel, where engineers and contractors, coming in from the line, were put up until they had completed their official business. A large hall at one end served as a restaurant; here the men of all grades employed in the construction of the railway met at meals and in the evening for recreation and amusement.

One day I was sitting in the dining hall, waiting to be served. Serving, with an Oriental cook in the kitchen, was always a leisurely and protracted affair. Su-li was obviously more taken up with his huge pile of provisions than

with the preparation of my dinner. Until his wind should be exhausted it was idle for me to hope to direct his enthusiasm to the inferior business for which he had been hired. To kill time and my temper, I was looking over an old number of the *Novoje Vremja*. It was with only half an eye that presently I saw a young Chinaman enter the hall and steal towards me. I looked up inquiringly. He was clean-shaven, clad from head to foot in blue silk, and wore velvet slippers. Evidently a well-to-do Chinese merchant. A soft bland smile, starting stealthily near his nose and spreading sympathetically to his mouth, cheeks, and eyes, rippled over his face. He carried an apparently heavy package wrapped in silk, which he was trying his best to conceal under his loose robe. I returned his smile; he bowed.

'Honorab!e Sir!—Then he hesitated. 'I am Li-Tai, a merchant from the south country. I have heard you have the honorable curiosity to purchase very beautiful Chinese antique. May your parents grow venerable with many years of blessings. Honorab!e Sir, have you the desire to inspect my wares? His bow was almost a curtsy, while the bland smile spread to his ears and dug itself deeper into his face.

I bowed in turn, but with less precipitation.

Mr. Li-Tai, I am very glad to see you. You are right. My curiosity is very great, but my purchasing ability is very modest.

A faint shadow of disappointment touched his face.

'But this package is very beautiful Chinese antique', he insisted, 'very beautiful Chinese antique'. Then he looked cautiously about him, smiled with his blandest effort, and half whispered, 'I have come into possession of it through honorable transaction with very rich mandarin—very beautiful Chinese antique—nine statuettes—luck-bringing gods—bring fame and riches to honorable person who possesses them—much fame—great riches?

'What you say, Li-Tai, is very interesting—But if your statuettes really have the power you ascribe to them to make their owner famous and rich, why is it then that you, such a sensible and sagacious gentleman are so anxious to get rid of them

Li-Tai had evidently come prepared for such an argument. He rubbed his hands graciously and bowed with increased enthusiasm.

'Ah, Honorable Sir, it is a very proper question. And Li-Tai shall give you a very proper answer. I am a modest man. I do not desire fame—'

'Nor riches?'

'Nor riches?'

I laughed sceptically. But Li-Tai was not disheartened.

'Honorable Sir, will you give me the honorable permission to show you the statuettes—not in here—but in your private room?'

'Why not in here?'

He fidgeted.

'Honorable Sir—very beautiful 'Mandarin antique—not proper for vulgar persons to observe'.

Oh, all right, come along."

I led the way up to my room. Li-Tai pattered after me at a respectful distance. Once inside, his long fingers began to work deftly over the silk wrapping. I was fascinated by the claw-like precision with which they clutched and agitated the stuff, unfolding and smoothing it. Finally, from the largest roll of wrapping, he produced a fantastically carved stone pedestal. Then he unwrapped the colored figures and set them up, in three rows. Li-Tai backed away a few paces, waved both hands at once toward the gods, inclined his body at a difficult angle, and like a good stage-manager watched the effect upon me, his audience.

The pedestal represented a mass of grey cirro-cumulus clouds floating in an azure firmament. On the crests of the clouds stood the gods, dressed in garments which were folded gracefully about their forms. The figures were colored, white grey, and blue blending with the original red-brown of the stone. The carving had been manipulated with the greatest skill, cunningly exhibiting every subtle variation of face and dress. There were nine images six of men and three of women. The largest, occupying the center represented a white-haired

patriarch of venerable and benevolent appearance. It was so marvellously carved that I could easily make out the tiny wrinkles of his old face, the waves of his white beard, and the delicate contour of his hands and fingers. On the right of the patriarch stood a hideous hunchback, his face seamed with the agony of great suffering. On the other side, a satyr-like figure crouched in a peculiarly malevolent attitude grinning sardonically. Behind the chief figure were three grey robed men of varying ages. These, however, were not quite so admirably finished. The highest plane was occupied by three women, of great charm and loveliness. The gentle contours of their chins and necks, half hidden by veils, the soft curves of their tiny lips, the finely turned yet typically flat Mongolian noses, the peculiar slant of the eyes, the delicate lines of forehead and hair were all exquisitely done and almost sentient, as if their maker had blown upon them with the very breath of life.

In my admiration of the figures I had quite forgotten Li-Tai, but that shrewd merchant had never taken his eyes off me for a single moment. What he saw on my face was evidently much to his satisfaction; he kept rubbing his hand and nodding vigorously.

'Li-Tai,' I asked suddenly, 'Where did you get them from?'

His eyes grew small and his voice held a note of exasperated deception.

'Honorable Sir, there is only one way to get them—through honorable transaction with mandarin'—

'Well, Li-Tai, I've taken a fancy to them. Name your price?'

He smiled affectionately, and pondered a bit, as if the idea of a price had never entered his head till I had suggested it. Finally he sighed, evidently in announcement of the fact that he had made up his mind.

"Honourable Sir, shall I charge you forty roubles for them?"

"Don't break your heart doing it, Li-Tai. If you really want my opinion, I'd advise you NOT to charge forty roubles, because I haven't the slightest intention of paying them."

"But, Honorable Sir, are not the gods worth twenty roubles for their BEAUTY?" He looked anxious.

"Twenty—yes—but not forty."

"And twenty roubles for the GOOD LUCK they'll bring you?"

"Li-Tai," I demanded, "do I look crazy?"

He stared at me doubtfully.

"Honorable Sir—I don't know—." Then with mild surprise, "Perhaps you don't believe in the gods?"

"Well, Li-Tai, I won't say that. All I do say is that the gods may not take a liking to me—they may not work. Besides, I may lose them, or somebody may steal them from me, before any of that good luck is passed down to me. And for all this uncertainty you want me to pay twenty roubles more than the gods are worth? No, Sir, I'll pay you twenty roubles for the beauty of the statuettes, nothing for the fame and riches!"

Li-Tai's voice trembled.

"Honorable Sir—"

"Sorry, Li-Tai, I like them very much, but that's all I'll pay"

"Honorable Sir—"

"Good-by, Li-Tai."

"Honorable Sir, are you willing to pay twenty roubles for the good luck—?"

"No!" I thundered.

"And—nothing—for—the—beauty?"

I suppressed the desire to laugh outright. I understood it for what it was, an anxious desire to make a sale without "losing face."

I counted out the money. Li-Tai took it with a radiant smile.

"Honorable Sir, may your parents grow venerable with many days of blessings, and may the gods of good luck bring you much fame and riches—Good bye!"

Good-bye Li-Tai!"

He bowed obsequiously, rubbed his hands, and shuffled out of the room.



THE REST OF THE DAY I was occupied with preparing my reports for the office. Not till late at night did I return home. My statuettes were on the table just as I had left them in the afternoon. In the light of the single candle they assumed an extraordinary animation and a weird beauty. As I slowly moved the candle from one position to another, the appearance of the figures seemed constantly to change, the shadows cast by the folds of their garments shifting with the light. The small, almond eyes of the women seemed to twinkle and smile; a disagreeable grin spread over the face of the satyr; while the kindly face of the old man glowed with inextinguishable benevolence.

Finally, I ceased my contemplation of them and set about making my preparations for the next day. The evening before, I had received ten thousand roubles in paper currency with which to pay the wages of my staff. In the meantime the money, until properly disposed of, was a burden on my mind.

The door of my room was fastened with a loose iron catch of the most primitive kind. The house itself stood aloof from the other buildings, on the very edge of the great forest. Before lying down to sleep, therefore, I hid my bag between the mattress and pillows, with my revolver conveniently at hand. I lay down on my bed only partly undressed, matches, candle and watch on a chair at my side. On the outskirts of a vast forest, lodged in a queer wooden hut, with a pile of banknotes, under my head,—the situation was hardly one to encourage sound sleep or pleasant dreams.

Throughout the day my mind had been surcharged with engrossing mathematical problems and abstruse engineering calculations. Now I found it difficult to fall asleep. For a long while my brain reeled with tunnel measurements, cubic content of rock, contract paragraphs, and the like. Finally, when I did doze off, it was to dream of the gods of luck.

On a fallen tree-trunk at the entrance to the forest sat the old man, gazing up into the blue heavens with his

serene, imperturbable smile of kindness. At his feet squatted the mocking satyr, grinning with fierce satisfaction as he reached out with his long, thin fingers and raked in myriads of glittering golden coins. The others were dancing hand in hand round the old man on a path strewn with blue and green rouble notes. The three slant-eyed moon-faced beauties mingled in this bewildering phantasmagoria. Suddenly the vision seemed to merge into the figure of the satyr alone. His face grew larger and larger, mocking and malicious. It seemed to be creeping toward me out of the chaos of my dream. At the same time his swarthy arm moved slowly forward, bit by bit, till the hand almost touched me. With the dread of impending calamity upon me, I cried out in my sleep and seized the satyr by the wrist. There was a great outburst of baffled fury, then I felt the impact of a heavy body hurling itself upon me. Now I was wide awake, alert and vigorous. I strained furiously against the crushing weight of the intruder. Above all, I held on to his wrist and fought to break his clasp upon the bag, tawny knife that had nearly been the death of me. Above the violence of our struggle, came the sound of a greater tumult. A storm had broken in the valley and was lashing the forest with its million whips of wind and rain. Over and over again the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled against the granite cliffs. With a sudden twist I managed to reach my hand under the pillow. In the same fraction of time I seized my revolver and fired. For a moment the result was uncertain. Then the weight seemed to lift reluctantly from my body. There was an unsteady shuffling of slippered feet. A great flash of lightning lit up the room. I saw the face of the intruder, mocking, malicious. Across his left cheek was a streak of blood.

"Li-Tai!" I exclaimed.

But he was gone

\* \* \* \* \*

The storm continued to rage all night and most of the following day. Toward the second night it began to abate a little. Its fury, however, was not quite spent, except that

the lightning and thunder had grown fittul and seemed to be withdrawing from the scene of action. The rain and wind, however, continued with furious blasts to beat down upon the forest and the wooden huts of Tai-Ma-Kou. The trees scughed and moaned under the lashing, like a strong man bound and helpless writhing beneath the lash of his enemy. Daylight dawned grey and dreary and had little to recommend it above the somewhat intenser darkness of night.

The work in the tunnel was at a stand-still. Most of the day I lounged about in the hall. Then I withdrew to my room, and busied myself with some belated correspondence. About an hour later there was a knock on my door.

'Come in!' I called.

The door opened, and my visitors entered, a man and a woman. The man was of military appearance, slightly above the average in height. At first sight he seemed of rather fragile physique, but further observation hinted at great strength and vigor obscured by a veil of refinement. I surmised that he was a Russian officer. He addressed me in very good English.

'I hope, Mr. Howard that we are not intruding,' said he. 'I am the new captain of the Sotnia of Cossacks guarding the line. My name is Alexis Dimitrieff. And this is my wife.'

I bowed.

The woman was young, dark, and of a pronounced beauty, suggestive of Circassian blood. Her eyes were merry and her tongue vivacious. She too, spoke English, but less easily than her husband.

'You see, Mr. Howard' she said, 'we have heard so much about your record for furious achievement—This is a very slow part of the world—And you are so thoroughly English that we regard you as a great curiosity—' Her laugh was pleasant to hear.

'And you ventured out in this storm?' I asked, 'just to catch sight of a plain, ordinary hard-working Britisher?'

The captain nodded emphatically.

"Exactly—Don't you consider it a great inducement for us?"

It wasn't long before we were chatting and laughing together like old friends. The captain particularly struck me as a man of charm, culture and good sense. As for Madam Dimitrieff her good points were written all over her pretty face. Still, there was something indefinable about her that disconcerted me, something that I couldn't make out at the time. Finally they rose to go. I bowed to Madam and shook hands with the captain.

'Well, Mr. Howard' he said, 'we mustn't keep an Englishman from his duty. I do hope you'll drop in on us some day very soon. You're the only man I know here with whom I can talk about so many different things without feeling that I'm talking nonsense—you'll come, I hope.'

I promised.

A few days after the Dimitrieffs had called on me, I had another visitor, Su-Ho-Sin, an old acquaintance of mine. He was a wealthy Chinese contractor, but unlike the usual run of business men, he was also a profound scholar of Chinese literature and an antiquary. Altogether he was a grave and impressive gentleman.

"Su-ho-sin" I cried, "what favourable wind has blown you here? And just in time for tea."

"Ah, my very good friend Mr. Howard, I have come for BUSINESS, BUSINESS, BUSINESS—I shall want your advice about it—but let's not talk about it till we have to—What's that over there in the corner?"

He had already caught sight of the statuettes. The windows, heavily draped as a protection from the blinding rays of the sun, suffused everything with a mellow half light. From behind the curtain off one of the northern windows, a strong shaft of light streamed in upon the figures making them seem bathed in peculiar shades, and producing a strikingly beautiful ensemble. Su-ho-sin surveyed the group with the eye of a connoisseur giving due attention to each separate object. Then he turned to me.

My very good friend Mr. Howard, may I ask where you bought these images?'

I told him how I came to possess them.

'And do you know what they mean?'

'Well, Su-ho-sin, not much except that they're supposed to bring me extraordinary luck. But, as you see, I'm a long way yet from being a millionaire'. I laughed.

Su-ho-sin smiled enigmatically, stirred his tea with portentous gravity, toyed reflectively with his cigarette, and, thus prepared, proceeded in a monotone:

'My very good friend, according to our ancient lore all material success results from the harmonious tuning of the dispositions of the heart to one's circumstances. For instance, he who sets for his goal the attainment of riches and worldly prosperity must bring the most conflicting sentiments of the human heart into harmony with his environment. This is by no means easy, since generally we follow only the particular good or evil we are prone to, and with difficulty strike out into new paths of either virtue or vice.

May I ask which of the images has taken your fancy most?'

'Well, I guess that mild old man—and also those exquisitely chiselled women'.

Su-ho-sin nodded approval and continued his explanation.

'Each of these images is a symbol of one of the cardinal virtues or vices, the whole series of which is necessary, since it is the operation of first the one and then the other that helps one most speedily up the ordinarily unscalable heights to immense wealth. That benovolent-looking old gentleman represents Honour and forms the centerpiece of the group—the key stone, one of the arch, as it were—while those charming little women are the symbols respectively of GENEROSITY, FIDELITY, and SYMPATHY. Along that line the individual is rightly directed. But, he added with solemn emphasis "it must ever be borne in mind that he who would command great material success must a times certainly take the other five gods to his bosom. That sly redhaired fellow is DECEIT'

that hunchbacked rascal, is HYPOCRISY; the remainder are CRUELTY, SELFISHNESS, and INGRATITUDE. Whoever, as opportunity offers burns the fragrant incense at the shrine of EACH of these virtues AND vices will surely reap his coveted reward."

In the course of the following months I spent considerable time in the society of the Dimitrieffs. Numerous visits had been exchanged and my friendship with the captain had been firmly established. Then, one day to my great amazement, Madam Dimitrieff, unescorted by her husband, entered my room. A mischievous smile played about her lips.

"Ah, my friend, I know you are surprised to see me here—You see, it's these queer statuettes of yours—Ever since I first saw them I have been unable to get them off my mind—" She laughed awkwardly.

"The luck gods?" I asked politely.

"Why—yes—Is that what you call them?—Ever since I first saw them here, they've been getting more and more into my head—I even dream of them—It's very disturbing, I assure you—They're such queer things!" There was a curious look in her eyes as she stared at them. Then she turned abruptly to me: "Mr. Howard, do you know what they mean?"

I told her all I had heard from Su-ho-sin.

She listened with extraordinary attention. Her lips moved with excitement. Then she suddenly drew closer to me.

"Mr. Howard, will you sell them to me?"

"Why,—my dear Madam—I—I hardly intended—"

"Please—please—oh—dear friend—You don't know what it means to me—You don't believe in the luck gods—But I do—To become very, very rich quickly and at any cost. Please, please!"

I shook my head in refusal.

A dry sob broke in her throat.

"You will not let them come to me?—Then I must come to them—AND TO YOU—BODY—AND SOUL—" She clung to me and continued sobbing hysterically.

I cried out sternly in protest.

"Madam! What's happened to your good sense? Brace up? If that's how the statuettes affect you, Lord save you, woman, they're yours for nothing, and welcome!"

She turned pale with joy.

"Oh—thank you!—THANK YOU:—THANK YOU?—"

I took the images down from the pedestal, and bundled them up in their silken wrappings.

"Here they are! Take them, Madam—But before you go, let me remind you now and for the future that I am your husband's loyal friend—and that you are HIS WIFE!" I bowed her out. She left me with a torrent of thanks still pouring from her lips.

Time sped uneventfully. Nothing worthy of record disturbed the ordinary drab routine of our toilsome days. The Dimitrieffs had been assigned to another post in the province.

One fine day, about half a year later, the captain strolled into my room, with a bundle under his arm.

Why, Dimitrieff; I exclaimed "Captain; you're a sight for sore eyes;—How are you?"

We shook hands cordially.

The captain looked haggard, surprisingly aged.

"What 's the matter, old man? Been ill?"

He shook his head.

"No—it's something else—something else—Here, I've brought back your gods—" He quickly untied the parcel and set the images side by side on the table. "By the way," he continued, "do you notice whether any are missing?"

I scrutinized them carefully.

"Yes—three of them HYPOCRISY—SELFISHNESS and INGRATITUDE."

"Exactly—HYPOCRISY,—SELFISHNESS, and INGRATITUDE—they're missing—And", he added bitterly, "so is my wife."

I was amazed. It seemed such an incredible thing

"Why, captain!—that's terrible — I am so sorry to hear it —"

"Yes my friend, it is terrible — She was always dragging those three beastly figures about with her wherever she went — And then one night she ran away with a Chinaman, a very rich merchant — HYPOCRISY, — SELFISHNESS — and INGRATITUDE — yes — she was a clever woman — she knew which of the gods to take along — They brought her the good luck she was after — Besides, she was very considerate — She left me the other gods. — What are they? — HONOR FIDELITY, SYMPATHY — His voice trembled with emotion.

We sat silent for a while. Then a suspicion flashed through my mind.

"Captain," I asked, "this Chinaman — Do you happen to know his name?"

He pondered a moment.

"Why, yes," he answered. I remember it well enough — Li — Tai — Li — Tai —"



# HALF HOURS WITH VALMIKI

T. V. KRISHNASWAMI RAO.

The firmness of purpose with which the captive Sita made the ruthless Ravana understand by her looks, the iron resolution that had stamped on her features, and the indomitable spirit that was apparent in her scornful smile eventually forced upon him the conviction that he beheld in her a woman of dauntless energy, inflexible determination and inexhaustible perseverance.

'Thrinam Antha-atthi Kriyva prathyava cha Suchismitha'.

'(Sita) maintaining her usual smile laid a piece of grass on the ground (before the advancing Ravana) and (with her eyes turned towards it) spoke to him thus.'

Maintaining her usual smile

1. She pitied him, for his one great weakness that hopelessly marred the brightness of the many brilliant qualities he possessed.

2. She doubted if a woman-stealer like him would ever think of facing the enemy in the open field.

3. She laughed at his ignorance of the eternal law of nature 'They that sow wickedness reap the same.'

'Laid a piece of grass.'

1. To offer a seat to guest is the primary duty of a host's attention; and Sita unable to procure a finished mat offers him a single blade of grass to sit on, requesting him to accept the will for the deed.

2. She thought that he would leave her alone, if she paid him the courtesy of a subject to the sovereign and offered him a seat accordingly.

3. She created a partition between her persecutor and herself by throwing a piece of grass before the advancing Ravana.

4. Being forbidden by religious laws to have any direct conversation with a stranger, she began to address him looking at the blade of grass.

5. She wanted to create an impression in his mind that the inanimate stuff on the ground could be more easily converted into a human being endowed with human intelligence than the thick-headed monster standing in front of her.

6. She seemed to tell Ravana that he had forfeited his claim to the realm of human beings, and as such he had like an animal to live upon grass alone in future.

7. She warned him that, even like a piece of grass, he would fall an easy prey to the fury of the elements.

8. She made him understand that all his riches and powers were but a trash to her.

9. She appeared to tell Ravana that the grass piece at least possessed better qualities, inasmuch it had no such thing as jealousy, anger, etc.

10. She asked him to acknowledge his defeat at the hands of the arch-wrestler Rama by 'biting the grass'.

11. She reminded him of the presence of the All-powerful even in the tiny grass piece, who would not hesitate to make his appearance there from in the same way as he came out from a stone pillar in the form of a Man-lion (Narasimha) and rescued the younger Prahlada from his tormentor Hiranyakasipu.

12. She swore upon the grass that Rama would surely take away his life for all his misdeeds.

13. She threatened to reduce him by a curse to a blade of grass.

14. She warned him that she would blunge the grass bit in his eyes, even as Mahavishnu pierced the eyes of Sukracharya when he offered resistance to him in his dealings with Mahabali.

15. She gave him to understand that Rama was able to pierce the eyes of a demon (Kakasura) with an ordinary piece of grass and it would not be long before he used the very same weapon even in his case.

16. She seemed to infuse the fire of chastity into the little thing the potency of which could in a moment burn all the seven worlds.

17. She appeared to say that she would cut him down into so many pieces like the one on the ground.

18. She made him understand that she considered her life as trash where her honour was concerned.

19. She exhorted him to remember the use of grass as an essential material in the making of a hut, for ere long his kingdom was going to be reduced to ashes by Rama, with no trace of any dwelling place at all.

20. She expected that, by her determination not to look at him, he could understand her mind and leave her alone.



# GLIMPSES OF SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S SPIRITUAL GREATNESS

A. SRINIVASACHARI, B. A.,

*(Continued from the last issue)*

Let us try to obtain another glimpse of the Great messenger of Light from the side of his priceless teachings, the truths he discovered and the principles which his life demonstrated. The three essentials of his gospel that stand out as having paramount importance for mankind in modern times, according to his disciples, are the three eternal truths of Vedic religion:—(1) Religion is one; (2) Religion is realisation; (3) Religion is incompatible with lust and mammon. In these days when antagonisms arising from economical, national, cultural, racial, social and religious prejudices are sought to be bridged over by the cultivation of the broad feeling of the one underlying humanity in the midst of diverse types, the idea of one religion and one God is the indispensable precondition of the realisation of the brotherhood of man and is the only panacea for the wild excesses of interhuman animosities which are poisoning the atmosphere of modern life everywhere. It should be noted that this idea of a unity of religion in and through a variety of creeds is given out to the world not on the authority of personal experience and of practical demonstration. From this it follows that in the light of this saving truth there is no need either for the process of mutilation of different religions and faiths for the purpose of liberalising them or for the process of manufacturing a universal religion at the expense of serious intellectual efforts. Again, the supersensuous truth of religion is neither a mere subject for intellectual verification nor a mere object for sentimental enjoyment, but a transcendental truth capable of verification—a truth that symbols enable us to vaguely outline in the mind in the early stages of spiritual practice

and to vividly picture and feel and perceive with the reality of sense-perception at advanced stages, and then to lead on higher and higher to the plane of reality beyond all symbolism and outward expression. Further, is not the deed for the third truth that religion is compatible only with renunciation, imperative in modern times when even spiritual activities are secularised with the cry of practicality on the lips, and when an insidious subtle deep-rooted fondness for sense-enjoyments is tightening its hold on us and driving us to the impossible task of reconciling Yoga and bhoga, renunciation and enjoyment? Poets may toll the death-knell of the old spirit of renunciation and sing and dream of the glories of realising God in and through nature; politicians may be masquerading as saints in a garb of unselfish service or Karma Yoga, hiding the soul of materialism within; scientists and occultists may work wonders and astound us by their marvellous achievements in the domains of physical and super-physical matter; but a Ramakrishna would only compare them to vultures soaring high in the skies only, with their eyes all along turned on a piece of a dead carrion beneath. For in his ears ever rings the immortal dictum of the seer of the Upanishads:—'Neither through work nor through progeny nor through wealth, but through renunciation alone can permanent peace and blessedness be attained'. Was he alive to the pressing need of the modern times for disinterested service on behalf of fellow-men for the alleviation of the miseries of the world, for engaging in works 'for the good of the many, for the welfare of the many'? Was he devoid of love for the Great Orphan—the suffering humanity? Did he preach and represent only 'a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed that never sallies out and seeks out her adversary'? Emphatically no. He preached a new gospel of work, which he hinted in one of his inspired utterances to his chief disciple, Swami Vivekananda: 'Kindness to all creatures! Fie upon thee! An insect, vile and insignificant, how canst thou show mercy to God's creatures! who art thou to show mercy? No, no, it can't be mercy. Rather serve them as Siva (God)'. He thus revived the philosophy of work as worship, and under his inspiration

and through the instrumentality of Swami Vivekananda were brought into existence Seva-Ashramas or homes of service, where Brahmacharies and Sanyasins are daily engaged actively in feeding the poor, relieving the sick and enlightening the ignorant. 'At the dawn of a new era in which women are destined to play a great part in the regeneration of the world at large, he preached that the Divine Mother of the world lives in all female forms and worshipping the divinity in the women is the key to freedom and bliss, while to look upon them as objects of enjoyment, to worship them for the sake of youth and beauty is the greatest dishonour to true womanhood and the surest way to spiritual ruin'. He represented and preached a harmonious blending of the utmost possibilities of the various methods of worshipping God and attaining union with him through knowledge, devotion, work, worship, meditation, repeating and chanting his name and so on. He spoke of God with form and without form and reconciled the two truths. His life was a living demonstration of the fact that Hinduism is alive—'neither dead, nor dying nor even dangerously ill', as is supposed by some. In him 'all the threads of Indian spiritual experience were gathered together in the weaving of a national pattern, old and yet new, all-inclusive in its universality, and at the same time distinctly peculiar in a new individualism—the realised ideal of eclectic Hinduism'. His life was a clarion call to the spiritual scheme of life to which India's national existence stands pledged by some mysterious destiny. There was a type of spiritual imperialism in which was no savour of separatistic nationalism.

No study of Sri Ramakrishna would be complete without the study of the dynamic personality of Swami Vivekananda; for the latter is but the counterpart of the former. They are but the obverse and the reverse of the same coin. 'While Sri Ramakrishna's life was an eclectic perfection of all that was old in the sphere of spirituality, Swami Vivekananda represented all that was new in the thought-world of India'. In both together the old was modernised and the modern was nationalised until the two fused into one. As guru and disciple they were one, and the life of the one is the expression and

explanation of the other. As biographers write, Sri Ramakrishna, the teacher, Vivekananda, the preacher—Sri Ramakrishna, the man of insight, Vivekananda, the prophet of the insight; these two were as one; through them both shines the effulgence of the spirit; and the life of the one is incomplete without the life of the other". The one was the lightning, and the other the thunder accompanying it—both the manifestations of the same eclectic force of spirituality. The one was the soul, the other the body. The one appealed more to the orient, and the other to the occident. The one was the mellowed sweetness of Bhakti *without* and the blazing fire of Jnanam *within*; the other was the roaring fire of Jnanam (wisdom) *without* and the ripe sweetness of Bhakti (devotion) *within*. Sri Ramakrishna said to Vivekananda, 'In you is Shiva, in me is Shakti, and Shiva and Shakti are one' Again he uttered, 'Swami Vivekananda, is the Nara Rishi incarnate' and Vivekananda was convinced that Ramakrishna was Narayana incarnate; and the scriptures say, 'The same Lord appeared as the dual personalities of Nara and Narayana on earth to exhibit the eternal relationship of guru and disciple". Sister Nivedita, 'the great interpreter of a great life', writes finely, "Often it appears to me in studying all these lives, that there has been with us a soul named Ramakrishna-Vivekananda and that in the penumbra of his being appear many forms, some of which are with us still, and of none of whom it could be said with entire truth that here ends, in relation to him, the sphere of those others or that there begins his own."

Let us now pass on to the period of his spiritual ministry. When the flower blooms, the bees come of themselves, said Sri Ramakrishna—a saying that was exemplified in his life. He prayed earnestly for the arrival of souls of high spirituality in order that existence might become possible for him by communion with them and by their presence. His disciples were too numerous to mention and included Keshab Chunder Sen, Pandit Vidyasagar, Pratap Mozumdar and other brilliant men of the day. He divided his disciples into two classes—inner and outer. The inner disciples were those who were pure from their very birth, who moved intimately with

him, were prepared to live or die for him, who laid down for his cause learning, wealth, fame, enjoyment and personal salvation—the brave and old Sanyasis who carried his message far and wide and consecrated the extraordinary energies of body, mind and soul for the mission of the twin personalities, Ramakrishna and Vivekananda. He recognised these disciples at first sight and their innate purity shining through their physical frames would hurl him on to the lofty heights of Samadhi. The characteristics of each, the slumbering potentialities locked up within their personalities even without their knowledge he would hit off at once, and one look from him was enough to forge a bond that defied death and all considerations. He was conscious of his mission throughout his life on earth and knew who were born to help him in fulfilling his purpose and often therefore stood waiting for them. The immeasurable longing for the presence of some of his disciples, his unbearable anguish at their separation were a mystery and a phenomenon which could be explained only by a divine soul-attraction born of a past relation. Of these, Swami Vivekananda was the foremost and the master's relation with him was unique and characterised by even a deep reverence, not to say infinite love. All the Sanyasi disciples of Sri Ramakrishna and even a few householder disciples towered high above the ordinary run of saints in spirituality; but Swami Vivekananda towered above them all. Suffice it to say that 'we of the present generation of humanity are in the radiance of a great sun of spiritual glory, composed of the mutual illumination of the Master and His disciples'. Of that sun, Swami Vivekananda was a thousand rays and there are many others' "He was that perfect orb of spirituality which presented to the circumscribed vision of every religious aspirant that approached him just one luminous facet of divinity". The manner in which he taught his disciples was also unique. He never asked any one to believe without proof; he suited his prescriptions like a wise doctor of souls to the particular diseases with which their souls were afflicted. He would burn to ashes all the intellectual doubts of his disciples and impart the highest visions of truth by one touch. His one watchword in the battlefield of our struggle for perfection is "realisation through renunciation."

He never uttered idle words but spoke to the soul direct. He would boldly encourage a critical attitude on the part of his disciples. The sceptical Noree (Swami Vivekananda) fought his master tooth and nail for 6 years which transformed a crushing defeat on his part into a complete and glorious triumph on the master's side and a thorough understanding of the master by him. Wonderful manifestations of supernatural power were often in evidence during this period. Consistently with the declaration of the Srutis that a knower of Brahman becomes omniscient, infinite stores of knowledge which were a marvel even to his educated disciples were open to him because he had the key of intuition with which to unlock all portals. Once Sri Ramakrishna said to his disciples that the Mother showed to him their imperfections and the obstacles in their paths of spirituality. He would ascertain the strong past tendencies of those who came to him by examining their forms and features and the shape of their eyes and ears, and by feeling the hand and feet. He often cleared the swirling doubts which arise just when they were about to be expressed. He would anticipate questions and answer them. Once when one of his disciples was hungry he took some sweet-meats and drank some water himself, to the bitter disappointment of his disciple and said, "Oh! How relieved I am! I am satisfied". But strange to say, that satisfaction did away with the disciple's hunger. Swami Adhvananda, Nag Mahasaya, and Gurish Chandra Ghosh—were typical instances; but instances may be multiple. Suffice it to say that Swami Vivekananda declared that if Ramakrishna liked he could raise from the dust hundreds of Vivekanandas and even greater men. I would conclude with the words of Swami Vivekananda:— "O! that power which at the very first impulse has roused distant echoes from all the four quarters of the globe, conceive in your mind the manifestation in its fulness and discarding all idle misgivings, weaknesses and the jealousies characteristic of enslaved peoples, come and help in the turning of the wheel of this new dispensation." "Let those who run, read," as the saying goes, and with Swami Vivekananda, let us say:

"Move on, Oh Lord, Thy resistless paths  
Till Thy high noon o'erspread the world,  
Till every land reflect Thy light,  
Till men and women, with uplifted heads,  
Behold their shackles broken, and  
Know, in springing joy, their life renewed!"



# THE TEXT BOOK OF LIFE

## A Manual for Aspirants to Spirit Communication

*Written under the guidance of Spirit Teachers*

EFFA E. DANELSON.

There are different ideas of silence and how to enter it, therefore an explanation of what is meant by it in our text book is necessary to give the student a clear understanding of our interpretation. We have coined the expression "listening silence". The following example will convey to you the idea we want you to have concerning the silence and the lessons which follow in "part two" will enlighten you on this important subject. When you wish to telephone, you put yourself in accord with the law governing that operation, first by sitting down before the phone, then taking down the receiver and placing it to your ear. By doing this you have signified your willingness to listen; the moment you have put the instrument to your ear you have come into a listening silence; in other words, you have become attentive. You are never mistaken in hearing the voice; you might not always have a clear connection and even with a clear connection you are not always sure you are listening to the right party or you do not hear distinctly what is being said; but one thing you are sure of, you heard a voice. With patience and perseverance you will develop your sight, hearing, or whatever power you may possess, just the same as diligent study will perfect you in music, art or profession, so this will make you proficient in silence. Or again watching for some one you place yourself, in the position where you can see the gate or path the person is most likely to come, and wait; your presence there or your watching does not bring the person, the person comes of their own volition. Your being there, watching for them enables you to see them when they come within the range of your vision.

The greater the knowledge you have of this important question of Life the better you are fitted to cope with all conditions connected with Life. The development of your psychic

powers will give you service equal to that of a telescope placed before your eyes when looking at the stars. We teach you of the silence but you must hold within your very life this silence; always listening that no discordant note be proclaimed. The morning and the evening is the best time to wait upon yourself; lay aside all thoughts that have not given you joy and comfort during the day when retiring and enter into communion with yourself and ask the question, have I made the best use, possible of my time today, selecting the best for future reference? Upon arising, hold the thought that will serve your purpose best during the day. If in silent thought you voice the wish for good to all humanity, you will find no day too long or cloud so dark that the sun of knowledge cannot dispel. Keep faith with yourself is our instruction to you.

The purpose of the silence is to charge the human atmosphere about you thus making it a reflector. The brain mirror is like a great light and by its rays thoughts are projected into the inner chamber of the intellectual mind; the mental mind is like a cylinder bringing forth expressions through the voice, face and gestures. The divisions and sub-divisions of the physical brain are like a great terminal in a large city with its many trains unloading the people, baggage and freight.

Expansion is the law we teach. Learn to expand by learning to express. The first step in expansion is the elimination of fear. The knowledge of this law gives you full control of your life. We only desire to help you, not to do the things which can only be done by yourself. Realize the law in the small issues of life; analyze them to find greater ones. Sight is yours; using it, is the only way to develop it. *Sight and hearing is understanding.*

To go into the Silence does not mean just keeping still. It means to be silent in thought. This is creative, and masters the physical vibrations to the extent that they become subservient, or in other words, reaching a state of realization that in full consciousness and in a natural state of activity you can determine all sides of every question that may arise. To see the spirit of a thing is to realize the cause and the effect as well. Seeing the goal gives strength to faith in the promise; but seeing

which is only another word for realization, gives you full knowledge of both the goal and the way. When you possess this sight you have the controlling power within yourself. To cast off a thought which no longer serves you, for one that will not only serve you but preserve you, is advancement. Realizing your relation to the universe is a silence which not only feeds but teaches.

No one can teach you the silence without your co-operation to follow the instruction given. It is governed by that immutable law holding you apart from all but yourself; once this realization is yours the perfect life has begun. Knowledge is power; wisdom will come to those who have found silence through such realization. You cannot spend one moment in the listening silence without being benefitted. This silence need not be interfered with by any mental or physical activities. The mental brain comes into conscious expression and through recognizing this expression you gain a greater range of vision. When listening you must realize you are listening for something; a voice, a touch, a face, perhaps a perfume, song or breath. Always bear in mind that to hear, to see, to feel or sense a person that may be near is a development one degree beyond the physical sight.

A child may see a long distance but only discerns that which is in reach of its hands; when it grows older it sees the things which it has learned to comprehend by the use of its senses. Mind development is not necessarily mental; mental development is not necessarily intellectual but intellectual development may or may not be sight. The mastering of all senses which in reality are only various expressions of one sense means realization of Life in ALL its dimensions even before birth and after death. Living in this silence you draw unto yourselves those who love you and those who can teach you, not only concerning life after death, but life before death, also giving you strength and courage. Your life is full of promise; no harvest can be greater than the one you gather if you will be diligent in your search for wisdom. Always remember to listen when in doubt, and record the response daily.

No conflict can be greater than you if you free your minds from mystery, and ask for knowledge. Understanding means awakening to the full life; be keen to possess all powers that Life holds for you. Grasp the thought, be self-reliant and use whatever gift is yours; only through the use of the pearl can you keep its luster. The plant life is nourished from without but the power to grow is from within cultivate then the root of your desire and let it be fed from the expression of others. To cultivate it is to strive always, putting forth as the tree; it is not discouraged when its leaves fall; it renews its day through the falling leaves and again, the falling of the leaves bespeaks new growth. Grow then, that at each step a leaf may fall and at every stride the loose leaves drop but at the base the supply is waiting to be used. Call to the minds of the universe and drink from the fountain of ALL Life. When you are in the silence release the thought desiring more knowledge, stronger growth, greater opportunities and unlimited power of expression. Ask for the things you NEED, then watch and make note of their fulfilment. Each life is a world of opportunities; strengthen yourself then—and hope. If you want to become perfect in your work make it your task; repeat it until you become master of it.

You are asking questions about life after Death. Demonstration is the only method. We teach you that you must receive and be able to express before knowledge in anything can be established in you. There is a part of your brain which records these messages and allows you to give expression but it must be brought into action by you. Intensified sight and hearing is the result of uncovering this part of your now unused brain. No one can bring this into service for you. We can interest you in the things we have learned but unless you can grasp our meaning our words are lost. Those who are dead can attract your attention in the same manner and by the same law, but if you do not recognise their signalling their efforts are lost. Bear in mind at all times you must accept the help offered as you are receiving station. Entry must be made in the book of your life; then the record bears witness for you.

You are at the beginning of your new life; the days that are gone are not wasted but are only the stem, so to speak holding the flower of your life. Gather a new life now. A waken to the call within you and know that it is the director of your life speaking through you. Rise again, make a new mage and kin dle anew the fire in your soul for the day is yet in the beginning. The dew of the morning can only feed the glower; the torrents wash away the driftwood. Adown the stream of life there are many hidden brooks to feed you as you journey on. Gather then the strength for this hour of your life; go on weaving the pattern. Out of the pattern of life, flowing into your life, the power will come to guide you each day.

Watch for the face of the loved one to appear; listen for the voice; the glory of life will then fall over you as a mantle. Your eyes are touched even now with the blessed sight; your finger tips give life; seek them to perfect your powers and the overflowing bowl will be your portion in life. Weary not; the morning hour is still yours; hold lightly the shuttle and the thread will run smoothly; the result will be the perfect life. A little weaving each day in the things of life brings you to the completeness of one garment, then of another until you realize the mission of your life is like the rose, to bloom and leave your message as you guide.

The voices that you hear are guiding you, the hand you feel is giving strength; the cup that has been dashed aside and brcken held a bitter draught; the happiness you craved for lies over new and broader paths. You are at the turning point of the way, let the curtain drop shutting out all of yesterday.

Behold 'To-day' aflame with light;

The passing cloud is made more bright.

Be resolute, unyielding, it is the way. The hand that guides you has prepared for you the golden goblet filled to overflow with the nectar of life.

Victory in strife brings Peace in its wake and the wail of woe grows fainter and farther; dying its flame lights the ky giving promise of the perfect day on the morrow. Awake

then I look and behold the new dawn! We will help you; we will give you strength; we will guide you over the hill top and you will find your way into the fertile valley beyond.

The rose is the queen of the garden because it has outgrown the thorn; sigh not but rejoice; the sunshine in your life is dulled only because of the brighter light. Wait; fret not, for all things will come to pass in your lives before the day is done. Your hopes and your joys are one, for as joy cometh hope is renewed. Be not idle; be daily at your task that at nightfall you may be rewarded. Time holds the treasure you are waiting for.

It is not faith alone it is building power you need which is created by your success or destroyed by your failure; act with wisdom; do not classify success as failure; it may be a stepping stone. Hope should ever be stronger than faith. To unfold your power of discernment should be your duty

Each one of you is as a reed in the wind, beaten this way and that grow daily in strength by withstanding the buffeting gale. Your silent wish is as a mighty torrent rushing through the land washing away the treacherous sand. Your hand shall be strong, for your faith shall be unbroken. Your wish also is like the flower and the sparkling dew on the blade of grass. Awaken, for your wish is greater than you knew. Have no fear; no labour is in vain and as you wish, so are you in your heart; and as your heart is, so will your life be. Therefore, wish well that your footprints may be a guide to the weary traveller in life.

Wish for knowledge; for the fulfilment of that wish brings you only power but peace through triumph. Hold fast! The feasting hour is now. Behold the field of ripened grain! The fruits of your wishing hour; Let your song of life be-live, because I live, all men live also.

# STUDIES IN PSYCHOLOGY

PROF. IVI

## The Kingdom

Many struggle and fight, thinking, 'I am going to fight this thing'. You do not have to fight a minute. To get rid of a cancer you do not need to fight anything. All you need to do is to let loose of yourself. Every time man depends upon this kingdom within he finds the work is already done for him. He does not have to do anything at all. All he has to do is to allow that power that fills him to have freedom of action.

The value of recognition of this kingdom: When man forsakes all else and trusts entirely to the kingdom within him, manifest in his physical organism, he will then have laid hold of the only true and efficacious power. He will have laid hold of the only power he has. This is the one point we try so hard to teach to those who care and we say to them this power is within you. You must do this thing not because it is your duty to do it. Duty is a stronger master than anything else and very unteachable. You must not do it because somebody asks you to or to make them happy.

Anything that requires being done, requires power to do it. There has to be power there which becomes an active force. When you do the thing you will reach down into your soul and say 'I do this because I can' and then do it for that reason and that only. Then you have related yourself to the rule of the kingdom. This is the only reason any human being should have for doing anything, because he can do it, and whenever you feel that you are in touch with infinite power, with omnipotence, then you will not know of anything you cannot do.

Sometimes we pass judgment on what the result of such doing will be and cripple ourselves and also obstruct the rule

of the kingdom in its action, cripple God's power in action. If he can grasp the thought that he has within him a separate principle, separate from the God, but united with Him, he becomes again a part of that Infinite Life which nothing can overcome.

The value of the recognition of this life principle within, to the one who has once realized it, is worth more than anything. One hour of conscious existence in this particular state of feeling is worth forty years of struggle to attain it. It is worth everything.

You will find that the man who is not afraid is the one who either consciously or unconsciously trusts his self within, and whether he trusts it knowing it is the kingdom of God that rules him makes no difference. The question is whether he trusts himself or not.

That self within is the kingdom of God. Then we might say that the man who trusts himself absolutely is trusting God, because there is no other power to use but God's power.

Ease, pleasure and happiness manifest in us when we recognise this kingdom and allow its law perfect freedom in our lives.

Now we have the method of coming into this kingdom. The first is belief in its existence.

The man who comes into the consciousness that this law of being is equal to all, he demands of it, must demand everything of it in order to feel that it is equal to his demands. This is one way he can do it. He must make this demand of it. He makes this demand of the law by relying upon it, by trusting it, just as he uses the perfect faculties of the mind.

Another method of entering the kingdom is the recognition of the indwelling spiritual power. Recognition is just a step farther than belief. Recognition is the first inkling of the existence of the thing which we believe. The next thing is the realisation of the greatness of our own possessions.



Prayer is the key which unlocks to us the door to the sacred precincts of the inner self and gives us free recourse to all its treasures. Prayer is the indirect or expressed desire of the human soul to know all of itself and to feel all that it is capable of feeling. In fact, it is the exercise of the soul in its effort to return to its Source of being. It is the first thing that man does and is generally the last thing.

The power that rules the world rules us and when we become conscious of this ruling force we become its executive. Man is either controlled by the law harmoniously or else is a part of the law, acting with it. Man becomes a part of the law the moment he knows the law. Then he is no longer under the law he is the law.

To know this and to feel and trust the kingdom within is to be what we call master of self.

# APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY

DR. JOHN T. MILLER

## LESSON NINE

### The Perfecting Powers

1. Construction. 2. Ideality. 3. Sublimity. 4. Imitation  
5. Mirthfulness 6. Agreeableness. These powers indicate love  
of, and talent for, the fine arts, invention, construction and  
planning.

**Construction**, the making instinct, gives ability to invent  
and construct in mechanism, literature and art. When too  
strong it causes a mania for impractical inventions. A deficiency  
is shown in lack of ability to plan or construct. To cultivate  
observe and study machinery and inventions; try your hand in  
using tools; apply yourself to the best literature, note the  
construction of sentences; and visit art galleries with a view to  
gaining a better understanding of the mechanics of art.  
Manual training in the modern school develops this power. To  
restrain, force your mind to the study of nature and give your-  
self more to the exercise of the other powers.

**Ideality** gives a clear perception of the beautiful in thought,  
feeling and action as well as in art and nature. When too  
strong it manifests in over-ornamentation, fustianousness and  
ultra-refinement. When deficient in this power one is  
unimaginative, prosaic and altogether too utilitarian. To cul-  
tivate, study the fine arts, seek refined society and avoid all  
disgusting habits of thought, speech and action. To restrain,  
emphasize the practical and useful powers. Children who are  
overimaginative should not be mentally fed upon fairy tales.  
**Sublimity** is the power which responds to the grand, sublime,  
romantic and infinite phases of nature; the towering mountain,  
rolling cloud, the rushing wind and storm, and the roaring  
waterfall all appeal strongly to this power of the mind. To  
cultivate, study the marvelous works and workings of creation.  
When very strong this power causes unconscious exaggeration.  
To restrain, make your description of things more modest;  
avoid the use of superlative adjectives.

**Imitation, the power to copy and mimic** This is strong in successful actors. Excessive development manifests in a desire to copy everything, clothing, manners, ideas and expressions, in fact to become mere echos of others. Deficiency in this power makes it difficult for one to "follow the fashion" and tends toward originality which may appear to some as eccentricity. To cultivate, make a special effort to do things as you see others doing them when you know that their way is better than your own. To restrain, originate and carry out your own ideas.

**Mirthfulness: Keen perception and appreciation of wit and humor.** This power is very strong in all humorists. When it is excessive it leads to clownishness, levity and abusive caricaturing of others. When deficient it is almost impossible for the person to see a joke. To cultivate, read the works of "Mark Twain" and other humorists; read anecdotes and wholesome jokes and repeat them to others. To restrain, cease hunting for something to make fun of; make life more real and earnest.

**Agreeableness: Suavity, affability, politeness, ability to please and entertain.** An excessive development causes affectation and flattery. Deficiency causes bluntness and lack of courtesy. To cultivate, try to feel friendly toward all and be pleasant as possible in your relationships with your fellow-beings. To restrain is seldom necessary but try to be sincere and reasonable in speech and action. Palaverers make very little impression upon sensible people; their exaggerations repel.

The Perfecting powers combined with the intellect have changed the hut to the modern palace; the tallow dip to the electric light; ox-cart to the lightning express; the canoe to the ocean steamer and the aeroplane; the flail to the combined harvester; the primitive messenger to the telephone and the wireless telegraph. All these show the wonderful development of human brain which has placed man at the head of all created beings and makes him master of his destiny.

# TRIPURA RAHASYA

## Or A Practical Study in Consciousness

V. R. SUBRAMANIAM

### CHAPTER X. (continued)

On hearing what his beloved wife thus said Hemachuda of pure heart realized the nature of the plenic Self, he was everywhere purged of all delusion and by attaining gradually Purna Samavesha (perfect union) he became and owed with an unchangeable mind and lived the world enjoying in the company of Hemalekha and others.

He ruled his country prosperously, conquered his foes in battle, studied the shastrs and taught them, amassed wealth, performed important sacrifices as Ashwamedha and Rajasuya and lived on earth as a Jivanmukta (liberated in life, for twenty thousand years.

Hearing that his son Hemachuda had attained Jivanmukthood, Muktachuda the king and Manichuda his brother thought between themselves as follows: "How is it that Hemachuda is not what he was formerly? He does not highly exult over pleasure and neither is he greatly grieved at pain. Does he not loom impartially at both loss and gain, foes and friends? What is the cause? Like an actor on the stage he conducts all affairs of the state. Always he looks like one intoxicated by drink. Always he does his business like one who is absent-minded." Thinking thus, they privately sent for Hemachuda on a certain day and asked, "what is the reason that you are thus?" Then he told them his condition one after another. Both father and brother were then instructed by Hemachuda and both reading the Supreme Truth became Jivanmuktas. Afterwards the ministers and others learnt from the king the true nature of the trend of the world and by inquiring into the nature of their Self became enlightened by understanding what was essentially to be known.

In this manner, gradually in that city all people from boys to shepherds became enlightened by imparting instructions to

one another. Men and women, young and old, servants and maids knew what was to be known and all lost their identity with their gross bodies. In that city not one had either desire, or anger or greed. Even the young and the old began to control their passions. Nevertheless, they kept up these emotions for the mere formality of carrying on the activities of the world. Mothers caressed their young ones with words pregnant with lofty truth, servants served their masters using likewise terms of high metaphysics. Thus they conducted themselves in that city. In the theatres the actors lectured on the Supreme state while acting, the musicians sang songs full of wisdom and the buffoons caricatured and ridiculed the actions of the worldly minded. The pandits taught Shastras to their disciples with illustrations suited to their making a proper enquiry into the truth.

Thus in that city, men, women, servants, maids, actors, tramps, labourers, warriors, ministers, artisans, courtesans and all others became knowers of what was essentially to be known and were doing their actions by the mere impulse of their former tendencies. Without thinking of the past whether it was good or bad, and without any thought of future pleasure or pain, all people conducted their activities in the present, like one angry and like one intoxicated. To such a city there came Sanaka and other Rishis and named it the famous Vidyanagar. For, in that city even the parrots kept in cages were singing as follows:

“Chitirupam swamatmanam bhajadhvam chetyavarjitam  
Nasti chetyam chiteranyat darpana pratibimbavat  
Chitischetyam chitiraham chitissarvam characharam  
Yatassarvam chitimanubhati satu swatantrah  
Atschitim janassarve bhasimim sarvasamshrayam  
Bhajadhvam bhrantimutsrija chitimatra swadrishtayah”.

“Your self is of the form of consciousness. Turn to it discarding sense objects. Objects have no existence apart from consciousness, like reflections in a mirror. The objects are consciousness. I am consciousness. All moveable and immoveable are consciousness. For everything is illuminated by consciousness. But she shines of herself independently.

Therefore ye men! abandon your illusion, take refuge in the illuminating and all-supporting consciousness by steadily looking at it alone".

That city wherein even birds were singing thus, exists even to this day as the renowned Vidyanagar. In this manner in former times, there, instructed by Hemaloka, Hemachuda became enlightened and a Jivanmukta and all others including even women and children became knowers of the high and-low wisdom.

Therefore association with the virtuous alone is the prime cause of all felicity. Consequently he who is desirous of felicity shall associate himself with the virtuous and the holy.

**Thus ends The Tenth Chapter of Hemachuda's  
Story in Tripura Rahasya or A Practical  
Study in Consciousness.**

## OVERSEAS NOTES

### ASTAR

The forecast of new and startling developments in psychic matters is now much in evidence, some of the leading London press giving frequent and prominent publicity to psychic happenings under circumstances demanding careful attention. For a considerable time past the prophesies of Joanna Southcott and her sealed box of scripts, the opening of which by 24 bishops of the established church is being publicly called for and claiming importance as to the contents at what is considered a critical period of the empire's history. The London DAILY NEWS in particular at time of writing these notes is featuring this topic interviewed leaders of the Southcottian movement, and addressed special letters to a number of the bishops with a view to inciting them to some definite action. In this connection the old Jewish cabalistic system of interpretation has been applied to the words 'Joanna Southcott's Box', the alphabetical letters being numbered serially—A1, B2, C3, to Z26—and the total numerical value of the words being 256, other words having a like total numerical value were found in 'Direct opening of the Box', 'R. J. Fox's Mission Work'. This was but one of a number of experimental workings to test the cabalistic system of interpretation, a very curious connection or relationship being found between our alphabet and the numerals in every instance. It is interesting to note that Mrs. R. J. Fox member of the Society of Friends and an earnest biblical scholar, as well as of a psychic temperament, has been for some few years past actively working at the mystery surrounding the life and work of Joanna Southcott.

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Psychically directed scripts are occupying considerable attention both in England and U. S. A. as shewn by the numerous publications dealing with such productions. The more striking examples of the scripts are to be found in these

of the Rev. W. Stainton-Moses, M. A. (Oxon), Rev. G. Vale Owen, Mrs. Rachel, J. Fox, Otto T. Simon (messages from his wife Anne Simon), Hester Travers Smith, J.S.M. Ward B.A. Elsa Barker, and among the latest that from 'Oscar Wild'. These scripts are perhaps not of so much evidential value, as regards their origin, as for the intrinsic value of the messages conveyed and judged from a literary and intellectual standpoint. In the vast expanses of the spirit spheres with their ever increasing numbers of living souls there must of necessity be great varieties of experiences, accounting for the different aspects and modes of expression found in messages and communications received from such sources. There is, however, a consensus as regards many essential characteristics of spirit life to be found on a careful and impartial perusal of the descriptions coming through the scripts and other methods of spirit intercommunion; and notwithstanding variations in detail, much supplementary information enables the students to gain a rational conception of the wider outlook on life and its continuity apart from the earth body's environment. As might be expected some spirits are from their training and experience more successful in transmitting communications more or less free of serious defects. This latter is noticeable in the Glastonbury Abbey script, as published in 'The Gate of Remembrance' and further promised by Mr. Fredk Bligh Bond F. R. I. B. A., in the Quarterly Transactions of The British College of Psychic Science, London.

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