

"JIM" { THE MOST CAPTIVATING ROMANCE OF INDIA } BY BABA BHARATI

Volume I
No. 1

The

October
1906

LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read

715
167

Contents

	Page.
TO THE WORD.....	1
INDIA.—Elsa Barker	1
TO LOVERS OF GOD.....	2
THE WORLD'S OUTLOOK.— Editor	3
THE JOURNEY OF THE THOUGHT.—Rose Anthon... ..	11
YESTERDAY AND TODAY.— Rose Anthon	12
SAYINGS OF KRISHNA.....	13
MESSAGE OF THE EAST.— W. W. Atkinson.....	14
JIM.—Baba Bharati	15
MYSTIC ROSE.—F. Adams... ..	19
THE HINDOO RELIGION.— A. B. Adams	20
THE BABA IN THE WEST... ..	22
INDIA AWAKES	26
THE REAL REAL LIFE.....	27
THE SINGER AND HIS TEACHER	31
UNCHRISTIAN CHRISTIAN- ITY	34

EDITED BY BABA BHARATI

Published Monthly at the Krishna Home

730 WEST SIXTEENTH STREET

Los Angeles, Cal.

PER YEAR \$1.00

PRICE TEN CENTS

3 MONTHS 25c.

IT PAYS TO BUY OF THE BIG HOUSE

BARTLETT MUSIC CO.,

231-233-235 BROADWAY
Opposite City Hall

BL 1270
A2E3

TO THE READERS

This magazine is the only publication of its kind in existence. Its extraordinary uniqueness is in its quality of reading matter. Its thoughts and sentiments, its expositions of spiritual truths, its inspired rhapsodies are from the highest sources of the Spiritual realm. Really illuminated souls from and in India are, and will be some of its contributors. The kind and degree of that illumination the perusal of this number will show, and those who have real spiritual hunger will find in its contents the greatest treasure of their life, the most practical guide for their soul's path to its goal. This magazine is not a business scheme. It is a practical Spiritual Mission.

The magazine will be replete every month with the richest reading, and if every subscriber will send two or more subscriptions from friends, it will benefit a wider circle of souls.

We will receive subscriptions for one year, or for three months for trial. When a reader has read the first three issues of the magazine and has had ample opportunity to judge whether it is really as valuable as it now claims to be, can send a whole year's subscription from January, 1907, which will be One Dollar. Non-subscribers wishing to subscribe will please fill the coupon attached to this number and send it to the Manager, "Light of India," 730 West 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal., with One Dollar or 25 cents in money order, check or stamps. Foreign subscriptions, 4s 6d; for India, yearly, 4; 6 mo., Rs. 2-8.

MANAGER.

COMBINATION SUBSCRIPTIONS.

LIGHT OF INDIA for one year and "Stories of India" by Rose Anthon, \$1.50.

LIGHT OF INDIA for three months and "Stories of India," \$1.00.

LIGHT OF INDIA for one year and "Krishna" by Bábá Bharati, \$2.25; paper bound, \$2.00.

LIGHT OF INDIA for three months and "Krishna" by Bábá Bharati, \$1.75; paper bound, \$1.25.

Agent in India: S. N. Mookerjee & Co., 12 Sakrapara Lane, Calcutta, India.

Stories of India

Moral, Mystical, Spiritual and Romantic



A Wonder in Thought, Style and Diction

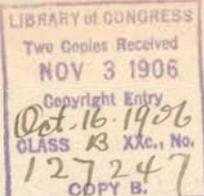
By Rose Reinhardt Anthon

PRICE ONE DOLLAR

'Stories of India' has the universal note that appeals to all races and climes and endures the tooth of time."—*Current Literature*.

A peculiar circumstance connected with Miss Anthon's writing of the Hindu tales (some of which she is soon to publish) is the fact that from the bald, main points of a story furnished her by her Oriental teacher, often told by him only by way of illustration to an entire class of students, she rounds out the finished tale with facts which have not been given in the telling, but which are actually found in the originals, printed only in Hindustani or Sanskrit in which languages Miss Anthon is not versed. . . . Like the oracles of old, Miss Anthon appears to literally 'read the light;' and like those of old, too, many of her effusions have proven prophesies. Among those who have been rapt witnesses of the extemporaneous production by her of thoughts of surpassing beauty and power, which, at their conception, flowed from her lips in a rapid stream of words, are many noted personages."—*Los Angeles Times*.

To be had of The Krishna Home, 730 W. 16th street, Los Angeles, Cal.; C. C. Parker, 246 S. Broadway, and the Metaphysical Library, 611 Grant Building, Los Angeles, Cal.; Brentano's, New York; Old Corner Book Store, 27-29 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.; S. N. Mookerjee & Co., 12 Sakrapara Lane, Calcutta, India.



The Light of India

VOL. 1.

OCTOBER 1906

NO. 1.

TO THE WORD.

O WORD of world-embracing power! O WORD that holdest in thy limitless bounds universes without number!

O WORD, creative in thy sound-vibrating potency even as the One who is the kernel which thou as shell enclosest, permeated by the force which is the world's expansion!

O WORD, prophetic of a Changeless State where Permanence reigns and Excellence hath sway.

O WORD from which the spheres have heard the Chant whose Harmony they, with resistless persistence, still strive to reiterate!

O WORD, inhabited by Love's Own Creator, do thou come unto us with thy Sound and thy Fire, thy Peace and thy Love, and make alive the dead words by the Fire of thy Life, the dead chant with the Harmony of thy Sound, the dead faith with the Spirit of thy Peace, and the dead prophesy with the Wonder of thy Love!

Om! Hari! Om!
Shanti! Shanti! Shanti!

INDIA.

BY ELSA BARKER.

With love unutterable in her deep eyes,
On mysteries of immemorial days
She meditates, and the world's feverish ways
No more disturb her than a swarm of flies
Disturbs the flow of the Ganges. All that dies—
Gilded ephemera, the hour's displays—
Her wisdom disregards. With steady gaze
Fixed on eternity, she prophesies:

The Lord will come, Isvara will return,
The irresistible supreme of Love,
With purifying joy for hearts that yearn,
And freedom from oppressors. So above
The patient dark, the eyes of India burn
And God shall verify the vision thereof.

TO LOVERS OF GOD.

All lovers of God we greet with the blessings of our soul-consciousness, which is God-consciousness. All creatures of God are His lovers, conscious or unconscious, animate or inanimate-looking. There is no atheist in the world—the word is a mistake and a misnomer. The whole universe is pervaded by one Universal Soul and every atom thereof, manifest or unmanifest, organized or unorganized, with senses open or closed, is consciously or unconsciously, searching the Without to sense that soul which is Within—the Universal Soul that is the Essence of God. Herein is the mistake—searching in the Without for that which is Within. Herein is the riddle, solved for matter-benighted man by messages and messengers of God, from time to time—pointing to the path which will take him out of the woods. Some man takes to the path, the path that leads to the Within. But the other man, wishing to be his own guide, likes to walk the bypaths which wind into a labyrinth within the woods, which do not lead to the subterranean passage which dives into the Within.

Yet all are searching for that which they have lost, searching for that unbroken, unalloyed happiness, chasing material phantoms of the Reality which is the source and substance of their being—Love. Yes, most of us are searching for objects of love, for objects to love, objects which will permanently and absolutely satisfy our innate love-longing.

Here is the key. That longing of love springs from the love that is within us. That love, of which it is the longing—ever-present and ever-unsatisfied—is unmistakably within us. All our dissatisfaction with objects of love we find outside of life, points to the fact that these objects do not meet the requirements of the standard in the source of that longing. It is the love within, of which is the longing, that rejects these outer objects one by one because they do not satisfy its demand—they are too imperfect to suit the Perfect Love which demands a perfect object.

That perfect object of that Perfect Love is within Itself, is Itself. This Perfect Love that is within us is God, and all who are searching for the true object of that Love, in whatever way or by whatever means, are lovers of God, conscious or unconscious lovers of God. Hence, when we greet all lovers of God, we greet all men; nay, we greet all God's creatures; nay, we greet all atoms of His creation who are unconsciously struggling from within to sense the object of the Love that they sense not, yet whose instinct is operating within them.

The object of this publication will be, first, to reveal the scientific laws and workings of the universe within and without the more or less sense-open atoms called mankind, and to show them the practical methods of diving into the source of those laws—LOVE—the God within.

In offering them our blessings, we also humbly beg their blessings, and pray for the blessings of the God within and without us to be able to serve Him and His love-hungry ones rightly and effectively.

I am the One and All, the All in One, whom noises confuse not, nor disturb, for above the roaring of the thunder-claps, above the booming of the rising waves, the first faint wail of the new-born infant I hear and smile at its coming.—From "Krishna," by Bábá Bharati.

—From "Krishna," by Bábá Bharati.

THE WORLD'S SPIRITUAL OUTLOOK.

Even under the strong torrent of materialism that is now sweeping over the consciousness of the average man, there is perceptible an under-current of a genuine spiritual hunger, spiritual appetite, asserting itself day by day. To those deep-thinking people who have kept feeling the spiritual pulse of the world during this last decade or two, the truth of this statement is apparent. They are rejoicing to find that weak pulse gaining strength more and more as months and years are rolling by. They are being further cheered by the disappearance of foreboding phases, followed by the appearance of hopeful symptoms in the health of human consciousness the world over.

All intelligent minds in the West, where the rule of materialism has gained its full sway, are asking themselves and others, are studying the thoughts of all kinds and schools of thinkers, to know the meaning, end and goal of life. Even hard-headed material scientists, whose matter-fed brains dwell on physical facts alone, are trying with might and main, with the help of the light within them—which is really darkness—to find out the source of life, for two reasons. One is, because they are finding out that the general mind is getting daily dissatisfied with the conclusions of material science, inasmuch as they fail to supply something to feed some unknown craving within their inner consciousness the trend of which is toward something which scientists have denounced as speculative at best.

The second reason is, these scientists themselves are becoming dissatisfied with the inadequacy of proof as to matter alone being the source and energy of life. Hence they are endeavoring to probe through their latest discoveries to get at something which may satisfy their minds as well as those of their patrons. But the probe is made of too gross a material to be at all fitted for sensing the source of life in its subtlest realm. No wonder they are meeting a dead wall in every direction.

"CHURCHIANITY."

And while scientists are pursuing their fruitless search for something by which to keep their adherents, most of them have turned their attention to all the "-isms," "-sophies" and "-ologies," and sciences, called Christian and mental, and to their offsprings, called Mental and Spiritual Healing, all of which have been sprung upon the science-weary and church-weary seekers of Truth by scrupulous and unscrupulous venders of what has been termed "New Thought." But these new cults are not only the legitimate children of benighted science and conceited "Churchianity," but have done good service, many of them, in supplying some sort of spiritual food to the hungry minds. They have served and are serving as stepping-stones to the heights of real spirituality which science cannot know, because of its owl-eyes which can only see in darkness, and which the church cannot give, because *it has not* to give, having sold it all for material gain.

And yet the church, in spite of the dying embers in its altar, has kept human souls in the West from being killed by the frost and snows of absolute materiality. Souls that are near the altar receive some warmth from even the thick ash-covered, smouldering fire of the faith and character of Jesus of Nazareth; and those souls that are far from the fire, because of their want of faith in its existence, have sustained themselves by absorbing the warmth from those near the fire by pressing themselves close to their side. In plainer English, the vibrations of church-worship, though feeble and getting feebler every day, are still sustaining the soul of the Western man and are keeping the Western lands above the waters.

People of the Western world who are possessed with a healthy and

intelligent mentality are between two fires—between the rank materialism of modern science and the soulless Christianity of the churches encased in the narrow beliefs and bigotry born of spiritual ignorance. They do not know what to do to satisfy their inner craving—the craving which they feel has its roots somewhere back of the mind—the craving which is becoming keener and keener every day. They have tried, many of them, almost all the new-fangled cults dished up with savory smell to satisfy that appetite, and have left them and are leaving them, after a while, more hungry than before. They have even tried Christian Science and come out of it with the same feeling, with the feeling of that hunger gnawing at their heart, with the additional experience of chill—the chill of a cold semblance of love for God and a colder philosophy and science.

THEOSOPHY.

Meanwhile, the translations into European languages of religious thoughts and philosophies of the Orient, mainly of the Hindoos, are multiplying and being read by Western peoples blessed with genuine, healthy, spiritual aspirations which include an unprejudiced mind. The Theosophical Society has helped them much by explaining the doctrines of Hindoo religion and philosophy. That student and friend of the Western world, Madame Blavatsky, did great service to it by founding the Society, while its President-Co-Founder, Colonel Olcott, with his eloquent energy is another benefactor of Western spiritual thought. But even a greater leader of the Theosophic propaganda is Mrs. Annie Besant, whose wonderful earnestness of spirit joined to a keen spiritual hunger, a genius in facility of expression and eloquence, has contributed more to the outer world's enlightenment in regard to the Parent Spiritual Wisdom. But the bane of all spiritual missions led by the West is in their material spirit and cast-iron modes of organization, and the Theosophical Society is just now suffering from the results of this evil. Besides, the conceit inborn in the Western mind and often inseparable from a highly spiritual consciousness is another factor in preventing the Theosophical movement from being a greater spiritual force than it is today. But, all the same, the Theosophical Society is doing a great work by clearing the ground more and more daily for workers whose strength and inspiration are drawn from the inmost recess of Nature, whose spirit of organization is the spirit of Nature herself, and whose mission, carried out by the agency of Nature's inner laws and forces, will fulfill itself by filling human minds, upon which they will work, with the light of a spirituality which will radiate around them and create a thorough transformation of their former individuality.

LESSONS OF THE LAST WAR.

There are evidences all over the world of the awakening of the spiritual conscience within man, especially of an awakening of the Western conscience in regard to the main ideas of life and social institutions of the Orient. Most intelligent Western minds are trying to answer the question which has arisen within them, whether the ethical precepts and rules of life of the Orientals are not superior to those of the West—a question which has been more or less satisfactorily answered by the object-lessons derived from the Russo-Japanese War. This last war, with its unbroken succession of victories of the little Orientals over giant Westerners, has made most open-eyed and open-minded people in the West face and accept the irresistible conclusion that the spirit-illuminated brain and body, which the Easterners possess, are any day more than a match for the bravery born a beef-fed brain, a matter-fed mind and a rum-fed spirit, and that it is the superior intelligence of Togo, Oyama, Yamagata, Oku, Nodzu, Nogi, and Kuroki and the ideal morale and contempt for death of the soldiers

which have been the chief factors in bringing about the unheard-of successes to the Japanese arms. Since the war has been closed, cultured Western minds are brooding upon the many morals drawn from Japanese bravery, intelligence, conduct and character. The Japanese examples of what has been conceitedly called "Christian" morality and "Christian" conscience have supplied subjects for discussion in newspapers and periodicals, especially in liberal-minded America. In another part will be found extracts from an article in the August *North American Review* from the pen of a Christian minister who boldly calls the "Christian" civilization of the West an un-Christian civilization, and ably proves the un-Christianity of it by the light of the demonstrations of Japanese conscience and individuality. The article shows unmistakable evidence of even the dogmatic Christian conscience awaking to a sense of real Christianity, to real, healthy spirituality. It is by far the most convincing sign of better times at hand for the spiritual consciousness of the world, for modern Christianity, with its hide-bound, conceited, dogmatic conscience, is one of the worst bars to the world's spiritual advancement.

SHINTOISM EXPLAINED.

Japan's greatest profit derived from her unbroken chain of brilliant victories over Russia is the lesson which her best thinking men and leaders have laid to their hearts—that her good fortune all through the last half century, culminating in the extraordinary issues of the war, has been due to the renaissance in the spiritual consciousness of her people. It is the reincarnation of Shintoism in the consciousness of the Japanese people that has made them all so very morally strong. Moral strength born of spiritual consciousness is the greatest strength in the world. The Shinto religion is mainly ancestor-worship, and as such has been denounced by so-called Christians woefully ignorant of the inner laws of Nature and the mysterious laws of devotion. If they knew those laws they would find out that, by worshipping our forefathers, our consciousness absorbs the best attributes of their consciousness, for in worshipping anyone we worship his good attributes. Worship is loving concentration and loving concentration is a very powerful concentration. Whatever the mind concentrates upon, it absorbs, absorbs the essence and the attributes of its object. And a loving concentration absorbs more of that essence and those attributes. The Shintoist knows his ancestors to be gods; whatever they might have been in character and conduct while living, to a Shintoist they are gods when gone out of the body, and, therefore, must possess god-like virtues. If you worship even an imposter as a saint, thinking he is made up of saintly attributes, your mind absorbs, through that worship, his saintliness which alone it thinks of. For, as we have said, we absorb the quality of whatever we think of deeply. The beneficent results of Shinto worship, therefore, ought to be apparent to all except narrow, dogmatic Christians who are obsessed by the letters of their dogmas. Besides, ancestor-worship keeps our consciousness linked with the past by its being connected with the consciousness of the people of past generations whose consciousness represented their times.

Thus, the revival of Shintoism in Japan has not only enriched the consciousness of her people spiritually, but has also rebuilt their character on a solid moral foundation. The cold spirit of the Buddhistic doctrines of renunciation only weakly appealed to their intellect. Hence, Buddhism cannot be a religion of the masses. Hence, Buddhism has failed to be the sole religion of any nation, ancient or modern. But Shintoism appeals strongly to both the mind and the heart of both the classes and the masses. Besides, the practical goal of Shintoism is the same as that

of Buddhism, Hindooism or Christianity. By worshipping your ancestors, you absorb from their consciousness their worship of their ancestors and thereby you reach the consciousness of the primal people of creation and, through them, you reach the creative principles of God, and through the creative principles, the divine essence out of which they have sprung. Thus, consciously or unconsciously, through ancestor-worship you are in connection and contact with God. Thus, Shintoism has proved a good and acceptable complement of Buddhism in Japan. It has co-ordinated the languishing attributes of the Japanese character and galvanized them into energy.

JAPAN AND CHRISTIANITY.

The claim put forward by Christian missions in Japan that it is by the absorption of the spirit of Christianity, through mission preachings, that the people of Japan have exhibited throughout the war such exemplary qualities and character, is the most ridiculous pretention the world ever heard of. The subsidiary pretention that Japan, therefore, is ripe for wholesale conversion to Christianity is a piece of humor over which the Japanese are splitting their sides. Togo's message to the Emperor, after the smashing of the Russian fleet in the Sea of Japan, saying that that wonderful feat was due to the qualities and blessings of his Majesty's ancestors, and the Emperor's subsequent visit to the Temple of Ise to worship those ancestors were enough counter-evidence to falsify these unblushing missionary pretentions. But Christian missionaries in the East know how to work upon the conceit and credulity of their patrons at home to get their "easy" or hard-earned dollars to live in Eastern climes comfortably, much more comfortably even than most of their patrons.

As a matter of fact, Japan has been much more confirmed in her conviction of the benefits of Orientalism after the war than before. A healthy and enduring reaction in favor of old religion, old ethics and old ways of life, at least in spirit if not in outer aspects, has set in in Japan after a short period of craze for Western ideas and ideals. Her leaders and classes may still, for purposes of business and diplomacy, wear the habiliments of Western civilization, but the spirit of old Nippon has ascendancy within their reincarnated consciousness, a spirit whose potentialities are the hope of all Asia. That spirit is the spirit of her spiritual awakening and is destined to successfully guide her political wisdom and firmly re-establish her social and domestic ideals in conformity with the spirit of the past. She has already offered to Christianity many examples of her *real* Christian qualities and more will be forthcoming.

IN CHINA.

The spiritual awakening in China is crudely emphasized by the epithet "foreign devils," which the Chinese use against Western interlopers. Europeans may not like it, may resent it and, under that resentment, may think that the Chinese are a bad-hearted people, may see in it the narrowness of their mind and vision, forgetting that they themselves call the Chinese "heathens." But, in fact, it is a clear symptom of the assertion of their old national spirit, the spirit of their old venerated ethics and religion. European aggression in China, an aggression as wanton as it is unjustifiable, has, no doubt, hastened the reaction of that spirit, but it is primarily due to the impulse of the universal spiritual awakening within Nature. What Shintoism has done for Japan, Confucianism has been doing for China. Confucianism includes ancestor-worship also and reverence for superiors. These two sentiments are great sources of strength of the Chinese character, inasmuch as worship and reverence are in themselves divine qualities. Reverence, when cultivated to perfection, fills the

heart of the cultivator with a divine spirit, whatever or whoever may be the object of that reverence. For reverence is the expression of the divine spirit in man. Moreover, the recent feats of ancestor-worshipping Japan have already given the greatest impetus to the spirit of ancestor-worship in China, an impetus which will lead to a greater spiritual awakening than it is already manifesting. The outside world has so little information about the inner life of the Chinese people, the information received through Christian missionary sources being colored by the jaundiced eyes and minds of the informants. Besides, the Christian missionaries in the East betray such witlessness in understanding Eastern manners, customs, ceremonies and practices—not to speak of grasping the spirit of the East which their inherent conceit does not allow them any chance to do—that their opinion about the Chinese ought to be taken as absolutely worthless. The opinions of lay Europeans and Americans of more or less unprejudiced mind are to a certain extent reliable. These tell us now and again, through the press, of a greater awakening of the national spirit in China. Now, national spirit in the East is the spirit of national consciousness, and the spirit of national consciousness of the Eastern peoples means religious consciousness, for the sheet-anchor of Eastern consciousness is religion. So the Chinese national awakening means the awakening of the spiritual consciousness of the Chinese people.

MOHAMMEDANISM.

Even faint evidences are perceptible of the awakening of spiritual consciousness in the Mohammedan world, especially in the East. Many cults have sprung up during the last few decades, cults whose spirit and tenets are borrowed from Hindooism and Christianity, cults whose influence is slowly reforming the fanaticism of Islam and is destined, in the near future, to create a revolutionary change for good. Besides, the lessons of Japan's victory over Russia have imposed a salutary check upon the sneaking ambition of Islam, an ambition founded on no other ground than its fanatical spirit, the ambition of some day spreading its sway more widely in the East.

The aggressive spirit of Mohammedanism to the outer world is open and sincere; hence, it is liable to reformation. But the aggressive spirit of modern Christianity, subtle and covered by insincere and conceited meekness, is harder to deal with by peoples outside the pale of so-called Christendom. The Mohammedan peoples, besides, have an Eastern conscience in which the benign instincts of the main Eastern religions have found way and some day will assert their influence and purify the aggressive outer phases. The Mohammedan religion, with all its crude and violent ethics, has not been commercialized. Therein is its best hope of some day absorbing the influx of real spirituality from a more powerful system of transcendental thought. Modern Christianity only needs to know Jesus Christ, only needs to understand the spirit of its Founder's teachings to drop its conceit, insincerity and subtle aggressiveness.

HINDOOISM AND BUDDHISM.

The hope of these two reformations is in the most powerful upheaval of the spirit of the Hindoo religion, the first flush of which is already visible. India is the heart of the earth, the Hindoo religion the soul of all religions. This need not strike as an aggressive statement to other religionists or, for that matter, even non-religionists. An unprejudiced study of the daily life of the Hindoo people will bear out the truth of this statement. Religion is, even in these degenerate days of rank materialism, the "chief business of life," "the very breath of their being," as Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall of the Theological Seminary of New York

said the other day to the students of the Columbia University on his return from his trip and sojourn in India.

Unlike the rest of modern mankind, the Hindoos are still living in the spirit of the past ages, in some respects and phases of life, in the spirit of remote antiquity. Neither the sophistry of Buddhism nor the aggressive imperialism of Mohammedanism, nor the matter-wedded blandishments of "muscular" Christianity has been able to make the least abiding impression upon the world-old spiritual consciousness of the Hindoo people. Buddhism has been entirely driven out of the land after a sway of seven centuries from the advent of Buddha. Mohammedism, which evoked no regard whatever except that of righteous hatred, and which made converts by Imperial force, is now existing in the country entirely isolated from the atmosphere of Hindoo consciousness. Christianity won a few converts in the beginning, more by the seductive glamor of the free agnostic ways of life in which it was badly encased than by the utterly incompetent presentation of the genuinely holy teachings of its Founder. Buddhism had a long sway because Buddhism, in its scientific construction and the main secondary principles of its philosophy, is so very akin to Hindooism; because its laws, morals and spiritual truths are all borrowed from the Vedas, though some of them wore new faces. The difference was the difference in the conception of the Primary Principle or the Ultimate Cause of Life. Buddha held that Universal Intelligence (Amitábha—Boundless Light) was the First or Ultimate Cause of Creation (Life) which the Vedas call the Penultimate or Second Cause. The First Cause, according to the Vedas is Love, designated by its attributes—Being, Wisdom and Bliss (Sat—Chit—Anandam) which Mrs. Eddy has plagiarized and used in her new cult under the names of Life, Truth and Love. This difference in the conception of the Primary Principle of Life made the greatest difference, an irreconcilable difference which wrecked the cause of Buddhism in India, and justly did so as evidenced by the woful results of degenerate Buddhism just before the time of its expulsion from India.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

Christianity has failed to make any impression because its truths are neither new nor original to the Hindoos. They are the old truths of the Vedas and have been preached in India by all the Divine Incarnations before and after Jesus Christ. Besides, the Hindoo Books contain more than Jesus taught, all illuminated and explained scientifically. As soon as a few Hindoos fell victims to the seductive blandishments of Christianity's ill-fitting encasement of willful materialistic living, there rose a Brahman in Calcutta, by name Rám Mohun Roy, who exposed the pretension of Christianity as a new truth by showing that Christ's teachings were all in the Vedas. He was the founder of the Brahma Church whose influence nipped the cause of Christianity in India in the bud. The totally un-Christian conduct, character and ways of life of the English rulers, whose political, social and arbitrary aggression of the ruled is the worst outrage the world has ever known, decided the fate of the evangelization of India to a finality.

UPHEAVAL OF HINDOOISM.

Since Rám Mohun's time, reaction for Hindooism in Anglicised Hindoos has been increasing in force and now that reaction has ripened into a spirit of upheaval. It was this spirit of upheaval

which gave birth to the Theosophical Society in America and drew that movement to India where it established its headquarters. In order to disillusion the English-educated Hindoo minds out of the Western materialistic ideas which were finding hold on them, the Theosophical movement had to come from the West, led by Western admirers of Vedic thought. Born of the upheaval, it has naturally imparted an impetus to it. Other factors which contributed to the strength of this upheaval are the labors of some German and English Sanskritists, notably of Prof. Max Muller. But Max Muller was misled, toward the end of his career, through Christian missionary influences being brought to bear upon his mind which made him pay the penalty of losing the admiration of even Anglicized Hindoos who, in the beginning of his career, had derived much benefit from his bold and unstinted appreciation of Hindoo religious ideals. The labors of that great poet, Sir Edwin Arnold, in presenting in wonderful English verse the teachings and life of Buddha and Krishna—"The Light of Asia" and "The Song Celestial," the translation of the *Bhagavad Geeta*—as also his translation of the *Geeta Govinda* of the Immortal Jaya Deva which he called "The Song of Songs," depicting the Absolute Love of Radha and Krishna, together with his metrical presentation of the Idylls of the Mahábhárata, the greatest epic history of the Hindoos, not only created a world-wide impression of the transcendence of Hindoo wisdom and ideals of life, but also helped the Westernized Hindoos out of the delusion that the Western civilization was superior to their own.

A quarter of a century has passed since the above-named feeders joined the main natural stream of Hindoo upheaval, and now the main stream has swelled so much as to have overflowed its banks. The reaction is operating in the minds of those Hindoos who fell victims to the glamour of Western civilization, which could not touch in the least the minds of the bulk of the Hindoo people and absolutely failed to disturb the equanimity of their quiet adamant faith in their creation-old religion. This unshakable faith in his own religion of the average Hindoo forms the main stream of the upheaval, and the minority of the once shaken but now recovering minds forms the banks of that river.

The upheaved spirit of this only scientific and parent religion of the world is destined to engulf, like a tidal wave, the consciousness of the whole of humanity in the nearest future. Many and various are the signs and symptoms of this world-wide spiritual upheaval, centering from the soul of the earth, already visible to the deep spiritual thinkers of the West, the Far West and the Far East. The Christian missionary enterprise in the East and the Far East is now in its last gasp. Reflective Western minds have seen through the mistakes and the utter futility of preaching the Gospel to the Orient (wherfrom the truths of Christianity had originally sprung) saturated as it is with their spirit. These people have already withdrawn their support from the missionary funds which are now supported by church-goers still suffering from the effects of Christian Missionary misrepresentations of facts and conditions about the East.

HINDOO PREACHERS IN AMERICA.

But that the doom of these Christian missions in the land of the "heathens" who are born Christians, is at hand is evidenced by the more and more awakening interest in church-going minds in the teachings of half a dozen Hindoo preachers of their own religion and

philosophy who have come to America during the last dozen years. These Hindoo missionaries are all self-appointed and backed by no missionary funds from their own country. They have come here, prompted by the purely spiritual instincts of their own world-large ascetic heart, to give of their store of spiritual knowledge, realized by the light of renunciation and true love of God, to hungering souls of liberal America as they did or do give them to the people of their own country. Bereft of all worldly goods through their renunciation, they have to make their living to be able to exist in order to preach. They have to accept money in this land for teaching spiritual wisdom which they have never done in their own land where spiritual wisdom and cooked food are never sold for pecuniary consideration; sustenance for the soul and sustenance for the body are to be given free is the teaching of the Hindoo Scriptures, the teaching followed and lived up to by even the poorest pariahs.

The results of such disinterested instincts and inborn spiritual force cannot be otherwise than successful. So marked is the measure of success already attained by them in not only disabusing most American minds of their prejudiced ideas about Hindoos and Hindooism, engrafted therein by Christian missionaries, but also in ably presenting to them the unsurpassed truths of their religion and philosophy, that it has already created the greatest consternation in the missionary camps. They are, therefore, these Christian missionaries and missions, trying with head and heart to counteract the influences of Hindoo preachings in America by disseminating all the played-out untruths about the Hindoos with a barefaced vengeance unworthy of those who bear the name of that God-hearted Apostle of Love, the Great Jesus of Nazareth.

But these missionary efforts at counteraction are bound to be as ineffectual as they are proving themselves now. The coming of the Hindoo preachers of Hindooism—the enlightener of all religious beliefs—to Western lands is a God-ordained dispensation in the march of the world's spiritual events, a dispensation pregnant with all its divine potentialities, a dispensation big with the fate of the spiritual consciousness of the Western world—a dispensation destined to illuminate, with Christ's own illumination, the Christ religion for those within the churches and to feed the God-hungry souls outside of them. Already the Hindoo preachers are fulfilling the first mission, the mission of illuminating Christ and Christianity by the light of the Vedas. People who hear them and learners of their lessons have learned to love Jesus Christ, to whom their attitude of mind had hitherto been one either of indifference or of small regard, with greater love than that experienced by the orthodox church-goers and most of their ministers; for the Hindoo has come to help *the cause of spirituality*. He is taught by his own religion to construct, *not to destroy* genuine spiritual ideals of peoples, as the Christian missionaries in India, in their ignorance of this Blessed Law, have been trying to do in the East.

No force there is in the world which can stay this tide of the Hindoo upheaval in India or stem the mysterious current of its manifestation in the Far West. Thus the world's spiritual outlook is bright already, and will grow brighter and brighter every day until its brightest glory will evolve the Saviour who will embody Krishna, Christ and Buddha in one. May it happen soon—the Lord bless you all!

THE JOURNEY OF THE THOUGHT.

BY ROSE R. ANTHON.

A Loving Soul, detached from selfful gain,
Gazed through the marvels of the Era's morn,
And heard the cry that came from hearts of men,
And in that hour a Thought to him was born.

From out the depths wherefrom the ages spring,
Where Time from out Eternity is brought,
Where swirling worlds evolve from flaming stars,
From out that mighty source the Thought was wrought.

Poised on the wings of its immortal Self,
Clad in the halo of its sinless birth,
Crowned with a potency of that Great Soul,
The Thought went forth to bless all with its worth.

With burst of song it on its journey sped,
With plumage spread it beat its shining way,
It flashed like sun upon the quivering air,
And left a glory on each passing day.

And all the world gazed at the beauteous Thought,
As faintly from afar its outlines stood,
And prayed that they might hug it to their breast,
This Thought Immortal of Love's Brotherhood.

So fair it shone from out the distant lures,
That monarch of great lands and man of God,
And woman frail and youth with eager zeal,
All hailed the living cause that loomed abroad.

But when it drew close to the monarch's side,
Unfolded eagerly its mission high,
The listener answered, "Nay, that cannot be,
Then were each subject even great as I."

Next to the House of God the great Thought came
With message sweet to him who worshipped there,
"'Tis not for me," said he, "to follow thee,
'Twere madness quite, I must about my prayer."

Then to a woman's faltering hope it came
And gleamed an instant, waking all her heart,
"Oh, great art thou, stay close to me, O Thought,
And let me dream and see how fair thou art."

Then all undaunted to the youth it came
Whose burning heart had drawn it from afar,
But lo, the straining eye cognized it not,
Quoth he, "Begone, thou dost my musings mar."

And so it passed from man to other men—
But few would have the blessing that it brought,
Yet, hungry, all the souls still knelt and prayed
For that they would not see in that great Thought.

So aeons passed and aeons came and slept,
 And once again appeared that wondrous Thought,
 Shorn of its brightness, all its aspect changed,
 Before the Parent Soul where it was wrought.

Its garments stained and frayed, in tatters hung,
 Its wings close-clipt, and all its radiance gone,
 Its breast beruffled by the adverse winds,
 Its potency still there, but not its song.

"O Soul!" it said, "Conceived by Thee from prayers
 Wrung from complaining hearts of fellowmen,
 Sent forth in deep desire mankind to serve,
 Battered but strong, I come to Thee again:

"For few there are who knew me or themselves,
 And fewer still who know wherefor they pray,
 And less are they who know their prayer fulfilled,
 And more who thrust that answered prayer away.

"Truth! Truth!" they cry, but cannot bear the glance
 That sweeps from out the soul elusive haze,
 'Love! Love!' they pray—'The Reign of Brotherhood,'
 But turn from Love unto Life's whirling maze.

"And thus it is these plaintive, praying ones
 Know not the potencies of their own soul,
 Nor yet the wealth abounding in their path
 O'er which they blindly leap and miss their goal.

"Long was my journey, but it was not vain,
 Some heard the song that I was born to sing,
 And some with feeble hands debarred my way,
 And drew a plume from out my mighty wing.

"And they that bear my plume shall wave it high,
 And they that caught the song the strain shall swell
 Till seeing eyes shall waken hearts to know
 That God in all and all in God doth dwell."

YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

Today is but the child of Yesterday, the child that inherits the trait of the parent, the child whose tendencies have root in the heart of the parent, the child that brings to its being the beauty and vices of the parent and bears, in its aspect, the stamp of its lineage.

As a child partaketh of the seed of the father and the blood of the mother, so doth Today partake of the sin and virtue of Yesterday. As the child partaketh of the sex of the parent and even of the stature, complexion and habit of the parent, so doth Today take likewise of the sex, stature, complexion and habit of Yesterday. What Yesterday held in its hand, Today eateth thereof.

Thus is Today the embodiment of Yesterday and the fulfillment of Yesterday. No Yesterday has ever faded into mist. Its haze must ever cling to its offspring. No Yesterday was ever seedless and no Today was ever born independent of Yesterday's seed.

No breath of Yesterday was ever creationless; no Today there is that was not created in Yesterday.

The fruit of Yesterday is the food of Today; the food of Yesterday is the digestion of Today; the digestion of Yesterday is the blood of Today; the blood of Yesterday the flesh of Today.

The sigh of Yesterday is the groan of Today; the wrong of Yesterday is the evil of Today; the evil of Yesterday is the destruction of Today; the blunders of Yesterday are the catastrophe of Today.

The kindness of Yesterday is the cheer of Today; the cheer of Yesterday the comfort of Today; the comfort of Yesterday the smile of Today; the smile of Yesterday the laugh of Today; the laugh of Yesterday the gladness of Today; the gladness of Yesterday the joy of Today; the joy of Yesterday the peace of Today.

The peace of Today is the forgetfulness of Yesterday. The forgetfulness of Yesterday is the creation of a new day. The creation of a new day is finding the root of Creation. The finding of the root of Creation is living in Eternity. The living in Eternity is minus cognition of past, present and future, place, plane and condition. It is putting the hand of the soul on the pendulum of Time whose ceaseless sway maketh man its slave, thus bidding it halt in its operations for thee who now rule Time, since Yesterdays no longer create thy Todays.

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA.

When the eyes of man gaze into space, they behold that radiance which flows from Me. Yea, when they gaze upon the surface of the earth, they behold that which is the thickened atmosphere in which My thoughts are lodged. When they look upon the hills and mountains and even the rivers, they behold the outlines that My thought hath formed. But, when they see man and even beasts, the little things and the great things that are before them, they behold even My ideas made into life. But last, when the eyes of their soul gaze, in pensive longing or courageous glances, they see Me who surpasses all that they have gazed on with eyes of man. They cognize in that soul-look that all that is in space and earth and man hath sprung from the One Seed, which is Me.

II.

He who sitteth on a permanent seat under a tree, with his mind soaring away from the tree to lodge in the Tree of Life, whose roots are in Me, he it is who attacheth himself to Me and, in that attachment, absorbs that part of Me which makes him even the seer of all the laws which My Love hath made bare to the searcher. Yea, on having intertwined himself in the roots of the Tree of Life, which is Me, he hath looked through the plan of his being and, having seen the plan of his being, hath gazed into the plan of all that is. For all there is of him is in Me, and all there is of all is in him.

III.

Crowned on the snow-capped mountain I am, yet in the lowly blade of grass am I too. Eternal space I fill, yet am I captured in every heart. All men seek Me, yet are My arms entwined around every man; none can exist without Me, yet in far-off space am I enthroned.

THE MESSAGE OF THE EAST.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

The East is delivering to the West its message of Truth—of Love. For the bustling, busy, strenuous young West, the wise, calm ancient East has long had an important message, and the indications all point to the fact that the time has come for the delivery and acceptance of it. The East has been in no hurry—the East never hurries—but has calmly and patiently awaited the hour when the West would be ready and prepared for the message of Love and Wisdom.

That the time is now upon us, is a fact admitted by all thoughtful observers of the currents of Western life. Here in America the most typically Western of all Western lands, the one who is able to look beneath the swiftly rushing current of physical action, may discern another strong current moving silently, slowly, but with great force and power, in a contrary direction.

To the one who looks merely upon the surface of the Western life, nothing is visible but the rapid, strenuous, un-restful current that seems to be sweeping all before it in the direction of material improvement—commercialism—mechanical advancement—physical possessions—the foam and surface debris of graft, greed, grasping and godlessness rising to the top and being plainly in evidence.

But to him who is able to see deeper into the life of the West—who is able to feel the under-current of that life—a deeper and stronger current is plainly visible—a current of spiritual longing—mental hunger—soul-thirst. And this under-current is making itself felt in the life of nearly every thinking, feeling person in our Western world. The old dogmas and creeds do not meet the needs of the people—men and women are running hither and thither seeking for that which will satisfy their hunger for the Truth. They are crying, "Whence come we—whither go we—what is the object of our existence?"—and they are insisting upon an answer. They read this thing and that thing—follow this leader and teacher, and that one and then another—but they are still unsatisfied. Creeds fail them—dogmas disgust them—they cry in pain, "Where is Truth to be found?"

And here is where the message of the East finds its time for delivery. The message is, "Look within."

The Truth is within you—has always been within you—but you saw it not, nor heard its voice. Vainly has it sung to you—poured forth its light to you—but you were so busy looking without that you saw and heard it not.

Well may Truth say to you, sadly: "Hast thou been so long time with me, and yet hast not known me?"

It is to deliver this message that the East has sent us men like Baba Bharati, with his Krishna song of Love—more Love—Love Absolute. And the message is being delivered, and many of those of the Western world who have been "weary and heavy laden" are at last finding within them "that peace which passeth all understanding," and that calm which comes even amidst the storms of life, in the silence of which calm they may hear the sound of Krishna's flute from which flows that melody and harmony of which the first and last note—yes, every note—is LOVE.

Let us quiet the noises around us and listen to this message from the East.

JIM

AN ANGLO-INDIAN ROMANCE FOUNDED ON REAL FACTS.

BY BABA BHARATI.

CHAPTER I.

"Why should I give you his cool holy water to drink, you white dog? How do you deserve it—for killing that innocent life yonder?"

The innocent life was a small deer as it lay in its last gasps where the Saint Yogi pointed to it with his right hand—a few cubits from where he sat under the tree with his pumpkin-shell drinking bowl filled with cool, clear water from which thirsty Jim had asked for a drink.

It was the hottest and most desperate chase with which Jim had followed the deer through bushes and thickets, through deepest tangled jungle for over half an hour. He was cut and sore, tired and hot, in his mad pursuit of the little animal who eluded the mark of his gun most dextrously with the fleetest feet. But Jim would not let it go. His whole mind was absorbed in that deer and kill it he must; that was all he knew.

He did not know where he was or what obstructed him. With his eye on the sights of the gun, with its butt-end on his breast, his finger on the trigger, he ran from bush to bush for a chance to lodge a bullet in the innocent beast. So absolute was his concentration that he saw the deer before him when it was not, but that absolute concentration drew him to where it was, where it had concealed itself for the moment.

Both game and gunner knew no peace until the game, in utter despair of eluding him, struck for a clearing and with desperate leaps darted across it. But Jim's feet were more than the poor animal had bargained for. Jim was all motion. He felt as if he was made of air, as if he was rushing on invisible, intangible wings. In another moment he was nearer his mark than the shooting distance. He fired, and with two more leaps the deer fell, quivering, writhing, convulsing, bleeding from its left breast.

He let it lie there in its last gasps. He did not even care to go near that game he had at last hunted down to see what it was like. He had killed it and he was satisfied. But that satisfaction drew his attention to himself. He was hot beyond endurance, filled with perspiration from head to sole. His limbs aching in every point, he was too tired to move an inch more. He was panting and gasping for breath himself. Even the gun, over which he leaned where he stood, seemed to be a burden to hold. Over it all, he was filled with a thirst as he had never felt all his life. It seemed that he was squeezed dry by the perspiration that gushed out of every pore of his body. His tongue was parched and clung to the roof of his mouth. He threw down his gun and looked around to see if there was any chance of getting some water anywhere.

All around was jungle, deep jungle. Variegated trees, bushes, vines, and tall shrubs formed the boundary of the clearing in the center of which he stood. There was no ditch, no pool, no sign of water—good or dirty or foul; nor was there any sign of human habitation. He was in the heart of a thick jungle; water or human being was not possible to exist anywhere near. It was high noon and the spring sun was shining burningly.

In despair, Jim turned around and around looking for water, though he knew he had no chance of finding any. A few moments

before, the deer absorbed his mind wholly; now it was wholly absorbed by the thought of water, his most pressing need. He must have water, he said to himself; it must be found somewhere, for he felt like fainting, so overpowering was his thirst. He did not think that he could move a step from where he stood, so very tired in every limb he felt.

But his urgent need made it clear to him that he must move, for he must search for water to satisfy his deathly thirst. With an effort he got over his feeling of exhaustion and picked up his gun to drag himself along by leaning on it. As he did so, he thought of the game which that gun had killed, which made him look at the deer as it lay still gasping. And as he looked toward it, his eyes fell upon the form of a human being sitting cross-legged under a tree, a few cubits from the still gasping animal, his body swathed in dusty, drab-colored clothes, his head shaven. Leaning on his gun he made for that human figure.

As he approached it, he found it was that of a Hindoo Saint, a wandering ascetic, as he had seen so many of them in the streets of the town where he was stationed as a regimental officer; and he was told by all his English friends and comrades, who had been in India a little while longer than he, that they were lazy impostors who lived upon the superstitious charity of their co-religionists. A few steps more brought him near and in full view of the ascetic. But he saw something more than the man. His eyes lighted upon a pumpkin-shell water bowl which stood at the man's right side.

Jim had seen these itinerant holy beggars carry these water bowls filled with water; so, he hastened his steps, his eye on the bowl, and found it filled with clear water indeed. At the sight of that water his thirst increased, if that was possible. He forgot the man to whom it belonged, and wanted to lift it in both his hands and drink it dry. This impulse which prompted him to ignore the owner of the water was born not only of his stern and urgent necessity, but also of the contempt which his comrades and friends had fostered in him for the natives of the country, holy or otherwise. Besides, he thought, almost unconsciously at the time, that he had no time or strength for asking the permission. It could not even occur to him that he, a civilized white man, had need of exchanging courtesies with a "semi-barbarous" brown man whose country his nation held by the force of the gun.

But as he came within three or four feet of the man and his bowl, he felt something which arrested his steps and which made him look at the man whose water bowl he was about to pounce upon. And as he looked at him he felt he was a man out of the ordinary. There was a light in the man's face which he had not seen on land or sea, a serenity on his countenance which bespoke an absolute poise of the mind. Besides, there was something in the man and about the man which forbade Jim to trifle with him. The thought of seizing the water bowl vanished from his mind. He even felt that he dared not touch it. What was it, he asked himself, what was it about this man which made him feel as he did? Was it holiness? But he had no humor for holiness at the time. His predominant thought was his thirst, and he needed that water in the bowl to satisfy that thirst. When he felt that he could not touch it, he asked for it in Hindustani: "Will you give me that water to drink? I am very thirsty."

The Yogi looked up and his eyes flashed upon the eyes of Jim as he said: "Why should I give you this cool, holy water to drink, you white dog? How do you deserve it—for killing that innocent life yonder?"

Jim was almost stunned by the daring of the insult. He could not even dream that a native could refuse a request made by a white man, much less dare to be uncivil to him, still less to insult him. This calling him a "white dog" was simply stunning. And to be called a "white dog" for asking for a drink of water which nobody in the world could deny, even to a dog! All the blood in the veins of Jim rushed to his head, his face swelled livid red. "They are right," he cried within himself, "these Hindoo dogs deserve only to be shot down." Trembling with rage, he leveled his gun at the ascetic to kill him.

Firmly planting his feet upon the ground, he took deliberate aim on the forehead of the "damned native" who dared to insult him, his left hand gripping his murderous weapon as tightly as his demoniac strength could help him to do, his eyes bulging out in concentration, so that he could not miss his mark, his finger on the trigger. Another second and the man would be dead and roll at his feet.

But, wonder of wonders, the man did not move—not even a particle! His calm eyes looked into the bulging eyes of his assailant. Not a tremor passed through his body, nor did the color of his face change its serene shade.

Jim could not pull the trigger. What was the matter with it? He was pulling it hard, with all the strength of his enraged manhood. And yet it could not be moved. "What is it?" he was asking himself. And the question was only answered by his inability to draw the trigger.

He thought for a second that the trigger must have broken or got out of order when he threw it down after killing the deer. But no, "What is this again?" he asked himself. He could not even take away his finger from the trigger. It had become stuck to the trigger as if it was a part of it. And his grip of the gun in his left hand was stuck fast, too, in the same way. And his feet? They were stuck to the ground like those of a marble statue on its pedestal! Then he felt his whole body was as stiff as a stone.

Hands or feet or body, he could not move an inch. His petrified form, in all its shooting attitude, was rooted to the ground.

CHAPTER II.

Jim thought, in his ignorance, that he was suddenly stricken with paralysis, brought about by the paroxysm of rage into which he had worked himself. But when he felt that, though he was stiff in every part of his body, there was no sensation of numbness, and that instead of falling down in a heap as a paralytic stroke would result in, he stood as he did, feeling rigidity in every atom of his being, he for the first time perceived it was the work of the Yogi who sat still motionless, still serenely staring into his eyes.

The dawning of this fact wrought an instantaneous change in the features of his face. His bulging eyes sank back. They wore a dull aspect, the dullness of humiliation. He wanted to close them but even that he could not do. They were as rigid as those of a dead man. He began to think the man before him was the Devil himself,

or an incarnation of the devil. But the Devil, as he had read and heard about him, had horns and hoofs. The figure before him had none of these. But, instead, his head was clean shaven, round, and most symmetrical. His feet, as they were crossed above his knees, were as beautiful as those of a babe. He could not, therefore, be the Devil. Neither could he be an incarnation of the Old Gentleman, for his face was beaming with the most kindly light, while his eyes, though shining like stars, betrayed a depth of love he had never seen in any being in his whole existence.

As he came to these conclusions, the serene face of the Yogi became wreathed with a beautiful smile as he spoke.

"Well, by big Sâhib," he said, "thou master of all creation, as thou thinkest thou art in this country because thou hast disarmed the people while thou carriest a gun, why dost thou not shoot me? What is the matter? What has happened to thy gun and to thy right hand? Hast thou been filled at last with pity for me, a poor Hindoo, for killing whom thy glorious law demands nothing from thee? Salaam, Sâhib, thy kindness is great."

And the Yogi raised his right hand to his forehead in devout salutation, and once again kept looking at him with a smile-mixed serenity.

This keen sarcasm cut through the heart of Jim. It completed his humiliation and only tears could relieve his feelings. But even tears he was deprived of, for though he wept in his heart, the rigid muscles of his eyes failed to respond to that sentiment.

The Yogi spoke again: "Now, Sâhib, I will show my Hindoo's gratitude for that kindness; and if thou dost wish to gratify thy old feeling of anger, thou art free to do it. Thy body is relaxed, shoot me down if thou wilt."

Even with the last words of the Yogi, Jim found that he was himself again in regard to his body. His muscles regained their former normal condition. But, in spite of the Yogi's taunt, in spite of his humiliation, his anger was gone. In its place there was a subdued feeling which breathed a sense of harmony he had never felt before. Besides, he felt he was face to face with a mysterious power, in the existence of which he had never believed. It had broken his pride into atoms and he was struggling to bow to it. He had already thrown down his gun, and, with his arms akimbo, stood looking at the Yogi with a mystified look which appeared admiration.

The Yogi spoke again:

"So you do not like to kill any more, the Lord bless you! Are you thirsty still? Why don't you go to that pond?"—and he pointed in front of him with his right hand—"that táláo yonder. It's water is as sweet as man has ever tasted."

Jim looked in the direction of the Yogi's hand and had a glimpse of the pond through an opening of the jungle trees on the other side of the clearing.

"Go, slake your thirst there," the Yogi said again. It was a request very sweetly made, but the sweetness was freighted with a command which Jim involuntarily obeyed. Mechanically he made for the pond. His thirst was more than half gone, he could almost have done without a drink of water. But he found himself walking to the pond, almost against his will. He felt he did not like to leave the Yogi, lest, when he came back from the pond, he would find him gone. He now nearly believed the Yogi could vanish. At

that, he turned back to him and, as their eyes met, the Yogi said with a broad, kindly smile, "I will take care of your gun and game, so you need not fear." Jim tried to smile back, but his mood did not allow him. His mood was the mood of mystery, an atmosphere of mystery was within and without him. He was dazed.

Reaching the pond by a jungle path which led to it, he found it was a broad expanse of the clearest, purest-looking water, the surface of which was not much below the bank where he stood, and from which broad flights of stone-built steps reached down to its edge. As Jim wondered who could have built those steps in the heart of that jungle, he found himself mechanically descending them until he came to the water. Yes, it was the clearest, purest water, and cool and refreshing he found it also, as he dipped his hands in it and drank from the hollow of his palms. Three handfuls satisfied his thirst, most of which the feeling of mystery which pervaded his senses had already abated.

He mounted the stairs and, coming up to the bank, saw the Yogi still sitting under the tree in the same posture. He quickened his pace to be with him once more. The sense of mystery in him deepened as he walked. The wonder of the Yogi's powers began to grow upon him more and more, and now it seemed to him that even the pond was a mystery. At this suggestion, he looked back twice toward the pond suspiciously. As he arrived at the clearing, he looked back once more. The pond, the path leading to it, and even the opening in the jungle trees from which the path had begun, all had vanished! Immediately behind him was a dead wall of tangled forest.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTIC ROSE.

BY FRANK S. ADAMS.

A moment in thy eyes, O mystic Rose,
 I see thy soul's all glorious image creep.
 Brief is the span, but oh, how wide and deep
 The stream of life that picture doth disclose!
 Eternity doth in its breast enclose
 The secret of its spring, and space doth sweep,
 With weary wing and eyes that never sleep,
 In quest of whence it comes or whither goes.
 Uplifted by that spell I fain would leap,
 And from that image wrest the secret rare
 That time and space conceal; but round my feet
 The chains of earth are fast. I vainly grasp
 And clutch at that retreating image fair.
 Heaven's light is on thy brow, on mine the cycles' clasp.

I beautify Nature with My breath, as the breeze that sweetens all space. The silver of the wide-riding moon is My glory. The down on the breast of the dove is My softness. Love-touched, love-made, love-filled am I. The Secret of Life, the Revelation of Death, the Beginning of Things, the End Everlasting am I.

—From "Krishna," by Bábá Bharati.

THE HINDOO RELIGION IN AMERICA.

BY ADELIA BEE ADAMS.

Of the exact influence the spread of what Westerners term "Hindoo" religion has had on the people of America, it would be impossible to say; so quiet has been its progress, and under so many cult-names is it now being promulgated here. Earlier Western Orientalists, who gave to the world, as best they knew how to do, the results of their unprejudiced investigations, created widespread interest in the philosophy of the old religion. But that interest was chiefly of the intellect; and those painstaking investigators were but fore-runners to the native sages, who, during recent years, have come to us, from time to time, to tell us the story of life and religion, as the Hindoo knows it.

And it is from these truly illuminated sages alone that we get a real conception of the Hindoo religion; or, as many a Western "chela" of these "gurus" would say—of religion. For, in their subtle and convincing logic, and with voices and faces magnetized by the conviction of the truth of their message, they tell us of a God and a Heaven so real that we are charmed into listening, as to a new and wonderful tale, only gradually recognizing it as the same old story—in essence—as that given us in our own Scriptures.

From the ancient people long regarded by us, of the West, as quite dead, and long ago buried, has come to us a live religion and a living God!

Many of us have been startled to learn, by the light of the Old-World elucidations of our own scriptures, that the saying, "The Kingdom of God is within you," may be actually demonstrated in this life, so far had we strayed from the comprehension that such statement may mean anything more than mere metaphor.

We have vaguely believed that "once upon a time" God may have literally "walked and talked with man," but that, somehow, things are changed, and He no longer does so.

The Hindoo spiritual teacher undertakes to prove that God does still walk and talk with man, and that it is we who have changed, and not He, The Changeless One.

One effect of the advent of these teachers is, that we are gradually relearning from the ancient mother of nations the value of sentiment, and of reverence. We are beginning to learn that many customs of the Orient, which we have regarded as "superstition," are but observances of reverential sentiment, all with the purpose of turning the thoughts Godward—as being the true source and goal of every being—of every atom. We find that the "pantheism" of the Hindoo consist in this worship of God in all things, and not of the things themselves as gods. In all object and all nature, they recognize the truth which one of our Western poets has thus expressed: "Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator."

And so we learn, too, that in India this reverence for all things, as manifestations of God, creates unity in the family, where each member is revered by the other, as being a manifestation and a symbol of the God-spirit within him. And we are told this perpetual consciousness of soul, as being the real man, is kept alive by practices and by soul-talks among the families and the neighbors who daily meet together for the purpose. Thus out in the East is being fulfilled the exhortation of Moses to "Talk of these things

when thou sittest in thy house; when thou walkest in the way; when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." We learn that the Hindoo daily does all these things. What then can be the result of a genuine adoption of such a religion, in the West, but a greater unity of thought in the families, and therefore in the nation? And this we need; for though as a nation, we of America would spill the last drop of our blood, if need be, to defend our freedom and our homes, yet we are sadly lacking in that reverence for the individual, even in the family, that stands for unity and harmony, and that must have for its foundation a recognition of soul, as the real life, and of a God as the unity in all.

It is Hindooism, under whatever name it may be designated, that is trying to find expression in the West, as "socialism." The effort of the mind of man to grasp the truth, that not only are all men brothers, but all are one—the absolute unity of all that is, and the essential underlying perfection of all!

We are learning from the Hindoo sages who have brought the wonderful philosophy of their religion to us, the secret of the beautiful relationship that exists between the Indian chelá and his gooroo—the love and outpouring of his patiently acquired wisdom of the gooroo to his pupil, and the gratitude and devotion of the chelá for the priceless gift of realization of his God that he has obtained or seeks to obtain through his gooroo's untiring effort.

The Hindoo believes that when one has put away all bigotry, and soul-blinding jealousy, having first become a humble student of that which he would teach, never resting in his quest, till he has verified within himself that even today "God doth talk with man, and he liveth," then, and not till then, shall he become magnetized with the Truth, so that he may justly claim the right and the power to teach it to others. May this belief and its practice, spread among our spiritual ministers!

That there is a spiritual stir beneath the materiality in our land, has, for some time, been evident. To what a depth many souls have been stirred, and to what a realization of the inner truths of life they have been awakened by the practical study of the Hindoo religion, others would be surprised to learn. For the student usually hesitates to speak to his coldly orthodox or agnostic neighbor of his own religious experiences, acquired under a foreign teacher, or through foreign doctrines, well knowing he should only be regarded as "queer" for his pains.

But the "Light of India," the spiritual sun of the Old East—is again penetrating the cloud of apathy that has been threatening to envelop us; and in its steady glorious beams we shall emerge to a warmer, fuller life.

Oh, tarry awhile from the whirl and the strife of the world!
Ye who seek My light, the sons of my light shall be, and earth shall not soil nor rob you of My glory, nor will your mind be darkened and dull. For I will beautify and quicken it with love and with joy, for the light of the mind is love. The light of life is love. Where love is, contentment and peace are. Where contentment is, there My smile is, too. Where contentment reigneth, in satisfaction I dwell. Where contentment is, there the fountain of peace too is playing.

—From "Krishna," by Bábá Bharati.

THE BABA IN THE WEST.

CHAPTER I.

THE START—WESTWARD HO!

Midnight. Midnight in Rádhákund, the holiest center of the Holiest Land, Brindában, where Krishna was born and grew, played and performed His greatest miracles of love and God-powers—Krishna, the Lord of Love, the Lord of all the universes—while He was in human form on earth. It was in Rádhákund, the sylvan seat of the holiest hermits, a village of holiest householders, that I lay asleep on a blanket in my cell.

What a sleep it was! No babe ever slept so soundly, so deliciously. After a whole day and night of feast of love-worship of the Lord and love-adoration of the Beloved in company of the most sacred saints that are still blessing the breast of Mother Earth with their breath, I had hung my rosary on the wall and laid myself down to rest. Did I say rest? Was I tired to need rest? No. That whole day's love-worship of the Lord rested my mind and body more than sleep could. I laid myself down out of habit, and taking advantage of that habit, slumber, in ecstasy herself, took me on her lap and rocked me into oblivion—oblivion of the outer world.

My mind entered through my inner consciousness into the realm of the soul. And I saw a vision, a wondrous vision. My Beloved appeared to me in that vision in all the glory of His molten-gold complexion, in all the soul-entrancing loveliness of the ever-shifting charms of His beauty, and bade me come here to the Far West to sing the glories of His Name and Love. And even in the ecstasy of that vision I was pained, pained to be parted from His beloved ones of Rádhákund, pained to be taken away from His best beloved spot, Rádhákund. But the Blessed Lord had willed so, and that Will fulfilled itself. I had to come here, and I came.

Two months after the vision, "Glory to Gooroo!" I shouted as, bowl and staff in hand and rosary round my neck, I stepped out of my cell in Rádhákund and set out for the West. My Lord and my Gooroo—the Master of my spirit—had willed that henceforward some Christians should be Hindoos. Why not? If Hindoos can be Christians, said I to myself, why not Christians Hindoos? If Christian padres would plant Christ's Cross in the East and the Far East for "heathens" to worship with prayers, why should not Hindoo padres fix Krishna's image in the West and the Far West for "Mlechhas" to prostrate themselves before and do poojá with flowers and chants? If the sprinkling of a few drops of the holy Jordan and a benediction can turn a sinner into a saint, a few drops of the holy Ganges similarly utilized with a blessed mantram ought to perform a similar miracle. It would, anyhow, pay back the sáhib with the long coat and the broad hat in his own particular coin—love for love, you know. Oh, the fun ecstatic!

THE TAJ MAHAL.

A couple of hours' bone-breaking jolt on an ekká—that vehicular legacy of old India—took me to Muttra, another couple of hours' rail ride to Agra, the famous city of Akbar the Great, of the greater Táj Mahal, the "dream in marble," to which tourists from all points of the globe flock to witness and admire. Since coming here, I have heard and read it stated by globe-trotting scribes bent on finding some fault even in the incomparable best things and institutions in

India, that the Emperor Sháh Jehán, who built the Táj, paid little or no wages to the workmen employed on its erection. No greater libel can be committed on a Mogul Emperor than this. The great Mogul Emperors of India were no bunnias (traders) like the British, whose mean shop-keeping hearts have no mercy for the famine-stricken who die by millions under their rule. The Moguls had really royal hearts. Their charity and generosity to their subjects were only equaled by the splendor of their ostentation.

Looking at it for the last time before leaving Agra for Bombay, I said to myself, "Shall I see anything in the West like this materialized ideation of human love?" There may be in the West churches and temples erected to God and saints as in India, but is there any architectural beauty and grandeur as of the Táj to objectify exquisite human emotion on such an Imperial scale in the grand West? It cost the Great Mogul a hundred million dollars to write in marble, mosaic and jewels his dead wife's epitaph: "I love thee still, my darling!"

TOMMY ATKINS AND MY HOOKAH.

That's the Táj—sculptured emotion—a royal fool's love-monument over his loving consort's tomb. But here I was speeding fast in that railway car to Bombay. What had I to do with it? I had no millions, no marble, or mosaics, or jewels; I had only a bamboo saff, a brazen drinking bowl and a sacred Tulsi rosary—all my world's goods. Nor did I want anything—except a smoke. A smoke in that early morning was more acceptable than all the Mogul's millions in the world. A really sympathetic soul was my friend on my left. He was preparing the chilum before I said anything. He had put treacled tobacco in that little clay bowl and some charcoal fire over it. But presently my friend on my right drew my attention to the figure of an English soldier at the other end of the car engaged in talking with an elderly Eurasian gentleman, who was eyeing the chilum mischievously every now and then. There was danger in the air, my friend hinted, but my honest hankering for a smoke got the better of his warning suggestion, an excusable weakness, especially as the sweet aroma of the tobacco under that charcoal fire had already enslaved my senses.

He held out the little hubble-bubble with the bowl on top, and I held out my right hand for it. I was about to grasp the pipe when—I started and turned pale!

"Hold there! Away with that chilum!" growled and shouted the red-coat with motion in his right hand and a flash in his eyes.

As I turned at him, he looked bullets at me. I sank back. I had no shoes, but I managed to shake in my puggree and puttoo overall.

My friend on my right, Mr. Chatterjee, B.A., was helpless himself to help me. He whispered: "No use trying to smoke so long as that man is in the carriage."

"Why not?" I gasped as I whispered.

"Because you can't."

"Then what's the advantage of traveling with you, a B.A. and de facto Postmaster-General of Lucknow?"

"But you forget Tommy Atkins is the de facto Viceroy of India."

TOMMY, THE ABSOLUTE.

Then, in a flash, the thing was at once clear to me. I remembered that Tommy was even greater than Lord Curzon, greater

even than the Great Mogul, who, as Burke informed Parliament, had no arbitrary or absolute power. Tommy had both.

I remembered Tommy can shoot down any native Indian, who has been disarmed since the last fifty years by the law of the Anglo-Indian cowards, and get off scott-free, after passing through the funniest mock-trials the world has known. Tommy is feared by his employers, from the Viceroy downwards, lest he should mutiny and spoil the spoilation of the best cannon-held country in the world; and Tommy cannot be punished because no jury, composed mostly of his countrymen, would convict him. Tommy, with his full-loaded gun and absolute privilege of discharging its contents into any wholly unarmed Indian body, is more feared by the native than the most venomous cobra at large.

THE MAGIC WORDS.

But sad as was this thought to me, sadder still was my lot just then of being deprived of my first morning smoke. I looked a picture of despair.

"Bábá," said Mr. Chatterjee, laughing, "you must look to your spiritual powers, if you possess any—some sort of will-force—to induce that red-coat to allow you to smoke."

Aha! That was an inspiration! That mild jest brought back my truant wits. "Glory to Gooroo!" exclaimed I mentally, and, stooping, whispered the magic words to my friend. He smiled, looked comprehension into my eyes, and, addressing the Eurasian (half-caste) gentleman, who was smoking himself and seemed annoyed with Tommy's interfering with our smoke, said:

"This Bábá requests me to ask you if he can smoke the hookah in England."

"Smoke the hookah in England! What do you mean? Is he going to England?"

"Yes, he is on his way, and we are going to see him off."

"Ah, well, I see," said he in surprise, "but I have never been to England myself, though I have heard from friends who have been there that many people smoke the hookah in London."

"What! This man going to England? Impossible!" exclaimed Tommy with indignant disbelief.

"And why not, my friend," exclaimed the old man to him. "He is a Bábá, you see, a sort of reverend father as we have in the Catholic Church. He has some co-religionists who are sending him to England. He has money enough, I daresay."

Tommy's astonishment was unspeakable. He looked from the Eurasian to me and from me to the Eurasian for about a quarter of a minute.

Then the hard features of his face relaxed, his eyes softened into an expression of tenderness and regret. They spoke more than his tongue could speak. From a native, fit, perhaps, according to his brute ideas, only to be shot down, I had in an instant become to him a demi-god. I was on my way to England—to the Old Country, to his home! A sad smile flitted across his face. Tommy was human. As he was thus eying me with a homage, I snatched the hubble-bubble and smoked!

Seven short pulls, seven again long, and then three pulls together impressed me with the soothing charms of tobacco as it had never done before. It even inspired sympathy in me for Tommy who was

looking at the little curling clouds of my smoke with a philosophic calmness which almost appeared admiration. Presently he spoke:

"You will see some grand sights there," said he; "I wish I were there with you to show them. Have not been home these seven years, and my time's up."

Poor fellow! I felt sorry for him from the bottom of my heart. "Home!" That sweet word and its associations had humanized him as if by magic. This tells us that the man who has studied human nature to its deepest depths with the searchlight of genuine love and sympathy is destined any day to turn savages into saints as did Christ of Judea, Buddhá of Gayá, and last, not least, Chaitanya of Nadia, Bengal, only 400 years ago.

I had no such love to offer Tommy. I offered him something more handy—a cigar. He jumped at it, shook me by the hand, and forgot his sorrow under a volume of smoke.

From Church Gate Station to the Esplanade Hotel in a Victoria made me observed of all observers in Bombay, while my huge turban, flowing, almost matted, locks proved an insuperable bar to admission at Watson's or any fashionable hotel. So I had to content myself with a back room in "English Hotel," kept by an un-English Parsee.

"What will be your charge for only the use of the room without food or service till tomorrow morning?" I asked the old hotel-keeper. Grinning from ear to ear, he replied, "You countryman, charge you not much. Only seven rupees!"

Ballard Pier receded with India's coral strand as next day our steam barge made for the "Egypt," anchored a mile away. I looked at my native land—which I had resolved never to leave—looked a last look with a pang in my heart. My Lord had ordained it so. Soon the shores vanished, and in another moment I was—in England.

Start not! I will explain the miracle by-and-by.

(To be continued.)

We all are idolators. Some of us worship idols of Divinity, others worship idols of Matter. Some of us worship the Spirit through suggestive signs and symbols, others worship Flesh, mere forms of animated flesh. Since our mind wants idols for worship, just as our body wants food for sustenance, let us all worship idols of Spirit in Form. Through its concrete Form-Center we can enter into the Abstract Spirit of Love—Love which is our one object and goal in life. This Love is Krishna, and the universe and we, its parts, are the materialized manifestations of that Love.

—From "Krishna," by Bábá Bharati.

He that maketh the garden fertile for the fruits and flowers to grow in, and reapeth these fruits and gathereth these flowers, not for himself but for whosoever needeth to partake of their richness, he is close to the heart of wisdom. And he who fixeth his mind on Me and maketh that mind rich with much dwelling on Me, with no thought of the richness it brings to that mind, but with thought only of the growth of his love for Me and his nearness to My heart, he is even closer to Me than he knoweth of, for he divideth not his attention between himself and Me, but in his absorption of Me hath partaken of Me.

—From "Krishna," by Bábá Bharati.

INDIA AWAKES!

In an interesting article, entitled "The Awakening of India," recently published in *The Times*, by the Baba Bharati, he says:

"She may sleep a thousand years, so soundly that wicked imps may dance and kick on her body; when she wakes—the imps beware!"

India wakes! Now let the imps beware!
Who long have danced upon her sleeping form
Forgetful, quite, were they, while gaily sporting there,
That troubled sleep may bode a waking storm.
The Lilliputian threads that bound her fast
Have cut into her consciousness, at last.

India wakes! And will she sleep again—
Lethargic, though the thongs may gall, at length?
Or break—like Gulliver—the web of pigmy men,
And stand erect, in all her ancient strength?
May she arise, with power to re-command
Her cherished birthright dower—her Lotus land!

That hermit land, from out whose jungles wide,
(Long desecrated by the invading foe,)
Shall issue mystic saints, and sages—wisdom-eyed—
To lead men on to purge their country's woe.
To rear the torch that ever guides the free;
While India sings: "Sweet land of liberty!"

—*Los Angeles Times*.

ADELIA BEE ADAMS.

The ones that are gone before and those that are yet to come, and the elements that lodge in the corners of the worlds and come and go as My Will directs, all these strive to behold Me even in the expansion of this, My Universe Self, enformed as thou even now hath beheld Me. Yea, though they do deeds that are great and acts that are full of hardship, it doth not bring them to behold Me thus. But he who is, with self ever directed toward Me in loving worship, forgetting even himself in the search for Me, who loseth all he is, in his quest to behold Me, who even maketh his soul a throne for Me to sit within, and keepeth himself from the hating of all that hath sprung from Me, which is all that is, he, even he, may behold me as thou, the chosen one, hath even now.

—From "Krishna," by Bábá Bharati.

O my child! what mattereth it who speaketh the word of love, of truth, of courage and life unto thy heart? Whether thou dost catch it from the song of birds, from the lips of a babe, from the glad tone in a maid or the shout in a frolicsome boy? Whether it comes from him who hath given all to know Me and to reflect Me in thine heart, or whether it came from the spirit all bright as he hovered about to find thee a way when thou dist grope in the wilderness of doubt and a maze of worldly turmoil? Take thou the truth from wherever it comes, for truth that is real finds its root in Me and no matter how slender and lean the twig may be, it is the shoot that has sprung from My Root.

—From "Krishna," by Bábá Bharati.

Of all the lights, the Light am I which you know by the shadow; the Shadow am I which has cast all that light for you all My face to behold.

—From "Krishna," by Bábá Bharati.

THE REAL REAL LIFE.*

BELOVED ONES OF MY LORD:—East or West, North or South, upon this earth man's quest has been to know life and its mysteries. Yes; all are in search of the mystery of life. Even though living this life, most of us do not know whether this life is outer or inner—this life that we live on the surface of ourselves.

The "real life" is the subjective. The real, real life—why two "reals" there? We all, at least most of us, call this material life, this physical life, this life that we live for drawing breath, live for the living, live merely for the sake of our physical sensations, "real life."

Most of us, when we are not alert, when we are not thinking deeply, when we are off our guard, when we think superficially—and most times we think superficially—say "romance in real life." We call it "romance in real life," as if romance were something that is far away and shadowy, and the "real life" is this practical life of eating, drinking, sleeping and thinking of the material things that surround us. Oh, into what a delusion we most of us fall or have fallen in this age of materiality! This life we call "practical," the "real life"—the "real life."

And we are not any wiser when we are disillusioned at times—as we all are, as we all must be. We are disillusioned. For a moment, it startles us. We try to look within; but the habit of looking outward prevents our learning what the reality in itself is. Once more, we are face to face with "real life"—the life that is shifting, shifting, shifting. And we call this old ground, physical body, "permanent," as if we had never had even the disillusionment; and we go on living this life on its surface, as we have done before.

We are disillusioned most times by even our materialized senses. Our materialized senses, which deceive us always, at times, become our friends. These materialized senses, which are our enemies, become our friends and give us at times a little glimpse of the real, or a suggestion to find out the real. Sometimes we see that these senses, which we think are a part of our "real" self—this life of the senses, which we have so long taken as the real life, the only life there is to be enjoyed, the only life there is to know and live from birth to death—prove to us that this physical life is not real, that it is but a shadow of the real life, but the reflection of reflections, of many reflections; that it is the materialized manifestation of the mental, and the mental is the fine manifestation of the spiritual.

We all find, we all know, cases—we know them by the hundreds and thousands—of people of great wealth, people living in a palatial building, with life's comforts and luxuries heaped up, with all material goods that we can think or dream of at command. But something in the heart, some hurt in the heart, some sad blow to the heart received, and they are quite oblivious of their rich material surroundings. Be the case our own, we are sad, sad. We look at our marble halls wherein we live, we look at all the comforts which wait to serve us, we look at all the luxuries which are about us, and yet our heart is heaving with sorrow and the whole world, within and without, looks empty, empty; dry, without life's water.

And then, for a time, we find that happiness is a condition of the mind; that happiness cannot be had from the outside things that we possess, not from outside nature; that it is a condition of the mind.

We loved somebody,—somebody born of our body or somebody we had loved; and when that body is removed, when that body is lost, then we find that the world is empty; then nothing is there in this world that can attract our attention or engage our heart for a moment. It is all empty and barren of all joy.

Then, again, we find that there is sometimes more of joy and of blessedness, more of solid gladness, in a miserable hovel, in a miserable cottage denuded of all furniture, denuded of all the real comforts of life, where a pair of human beings live. They may be husband and wife filled with love for each other, a love that is abiding, a love that grows with every minute, a love that gives a glimpse of the real, that gives more of gladness than may be found in a luxurious palace. They may not know it, perhaps, this couple, but that real love that comes from within, the love that kens not anything of the material, the love that is not dependent on any earthly aids, is not dependent on any earthly conditions, the love that wells up from within them, for each other, is the source of their happiness. They call it love—love. "I love you," they say. And there, in that lowly hut, among those poor furnishings, all their love-life is found; the sum of their bliss is there. Poor they look on the outside; within them, they are the richest. A piece of black bread, even without butter, is good sustenance to sustain their love-life.

These cases, unfortunately, are becoming rarer and rarer; because, our mind tries always to look out and draw gladness and pleasure and happiness from outside, from material things, all which are of changeable nature,—material objects,

*Verbatim report of a sermon delivered extempore by Baba Bharati in the Home of Truth, before the Metaphysical Club of Los Angeles.

whose every attribute is changefulness. Therefore, what joy you draw from these material objects, whose cardinal attribute is changefulness, is also bound to partake of changefulness.

Ah, yes; thus our senses teach us. Our senses also teach us other lessons; but lessons are at most times lost upon us,—we are all so busy with the material world. We are all so busy that even the voice of the senses, even the experiences of the senses, even the demonstrations and proofs given by our senses, we forget and we fail to profit by them.

If we examine, we see that the senses show that they belong to the mind, are parts of the mind,—slaves of the mind. The mind is king; and the senses are but slaves that do the errands of the king. If our mind is away, deeply absorbed in some thought of something that has happened, some thought we are thinking very hard,—we are eating and we taste not what we are eating,—we do not even know what we are eating. The mind is absent and the palate, the sense of taste, does not taste. If we think a little, we find the mind alone tastes, not the palate. If the mind be absent, the taste does not taste. It may function but it does not taste.

Somebody is telling us something while our mind is absorbed. We have heard every word and, even, we have nodded, "Yes"—"Yes"—"Yes"—"Yes," and yet we haven't heard a word. When the speaker says "Don't you think so?" we do not know where we are.

These are realities of life, every-day realities of life, proving that the mind enjoys,—not the senses; the mind tastes,—not the sense. We look at people and our mind is away, is absorbed,—we haven't seen them: and we profusely apologize for inattention. Even the eye sees not. It is the mind that sees.

So in regard to each sense. The senses are nothing. The mind perceives, the mind feels, the mind sees, the mind hears, the mind tastes. It is the mind. How deluded we are to think that the senses are everything and as if the mind were their slave!

So, the mind is more real than the senses. The mind is more powerful than the senses. Yet we have made him at most times the slave of the senses; we have made him subordinate to his most rude, undisciplined subjects. Hence we have not even counsel straight from the mind. The mind thinks and speaks; but when we are all mixed up, our mentality all mixed up with the senses, we live wholly jumbled up in the senses,—the mind that is king we have made him the slave of his minions. We ought to recognize this, as we must recognize it if we are wise or if we have any little reflective intelligence in us,—that the mind is king.

Yet, the mind may be enslaved by the senses. The mind knows, unfortunately, nothing but experiences of its senses, of the outer world, of the material world. When you live in this material world alone the mind loses its mind-hood. The senses are rampant and you live this material life devoid of any real pleasure, of any lasting pleasure. You live this material life and call it "real."

No! When we find that the mind is the real enjoyer—and when we investigate a little, won't we find this solid fact? Yea! It is a fact which we cannot but find and be convinced of—then we can push the investigation a little deeper: and then we will learn that even the greatest joy that we enjoy by the mind through the senses is questionable, in the sense that it ceases to give us joy after a time. It is not the same pleasure that we enjoyed when we first experienced that material pleasure. Its keen sense is gone; we get a sort of substitute only; and we are trying to find something else that will give us that keen pleasure that we experienced when we enjoyed the last object. And then again for a time we seek for another and another, and another.

If we are prudent, we need not try to taste every material pleasure. We need not sigh because we haven't the wherewithal by which to secure them. We can learn, by the experience of more fortunate beings in the matter of worldly goods, that these fortunate beings are in the same condition that we are in, in regard to the unsatisfaction that we derive from the pleasures of the senses and material objects. The kings and the millionaires, they are also trying to find out new objects of pleasure. Objects of pleasure they have by the million. Every day they are all trying to please the czar or the king or the multi-millionaire with some new objects. All the objects that pleased him before do not please now. He is ever in search of a new object, in search of something. And after he has secured it and enjoyed it, he is off again on the same quest, the same errand, of finding something which would make him a little joyous,—give him a little keen joy in life. If we are wise, we can profit by the experiences of others.

Then the question comes, if we think a little, reflect a little,—then the question comes: Where is this joy, then, to be found? Where is this joy, which has been denied even the millionaire, the king or the czar? Where is this joy that we want from birth, the joy that will give happiness, the object whose pleasures will never pall, whose pleasures will be always with us, which will give us joy that will make

us independent of all other objects,—independent of further search—that will lay all search at rest and we shall be happy and happy and happy with some permanent joy, some enduring joy that we may have always,—joy that will be subject to no conditions of life.

And that is the most rational question that we may ask. Because it is this joy we are trying to find out, this permanent joy. When we have ceased to enjoy this object, when it ceases to make us happy any more, ceases to satisfy us, then that means that it makes us unhappy; that means that we want something else that can be enjoyed; we want the experience of another object.

When we fail to get any more pleasure from some object, this failure tells us that we are searching for some permanent pleasure, something we have not. In the language of the Veda, "*Neti, neti*" says the soul trying to enjoy permanently material objects; it fails; and our soul not being able any more to enjoy, our mind and heart can enjoy no more. The soul wants its own food, its own enjoyment. Then it says, *Neti, neti, neti*. "Not this, not this, not this,"—"What I am searching for is not this."

We are all trying to give sustenance to our mind, to our senses, to our body. We forget to give sustenance to the soul, pleasures to the soul, because we have, most of us, almost abolished it. By "abolish" I mean that we are not conscious of it. Our consciousness dwells on the mind-plane and the sense-plane.

Then, we ask, "What is this joy?" We ask, what is this joy that everyone—man or woman or child—everyone—is seeking?—that joy that will last, that will give us a little more pleasure than we now receive.

Then, if we reflect a little, we will find that it is that which the kings, the emperors, the multi-millionaires, have not found. They are like us, though poor we are.

Therefore it cannot be found on this objective plane. I have told you the reason. It is because all material objects are made up of changeful materials. We want something unchangeable; something that will not change. Where shall we find it in this world of changes—in this world of changeful objects, changeful attributes? Where shall we find it? We find that life, when we trace it to its source, is within. Within us is the root of life. This mind is, really, not so enjoyable: yet we feel there is something within us that is fully enjoyable; and that is our consciousness. That is less changeful, therefore more enjoyable; and the mind is its subordinate, its slave.

We find it hard to look within the mind. We have not been accustomed to doing so. "They all say, 'Look within the mind. Look within the mind.' But how?" Poor humanity! "Say, how, how can I look into my own mind?" A very sensible question, a very practical question, for which every questioner should have sympathy.

"How to enter it: tell me how." And he who belongs to the inner court, the inner mind, whose consciousness dwells in the inner mind, at the source of the mind, the root of the mind, he will open the door for you. By thinking of your soul, by knowing what that soul is; by concentrating your mind upon the soul and its attributes as it has been defined and described by those that have attained soul-consciousness, that dwell in it practically, dwell in that soul-consciousness, your mind will turn in. This mind in itself is the instrument which opens and unlocks its own doors, unfolds its own mysteries. If you concentrate upon the secret of the soul; that is, concentrate upon the innermost of the mind,—if you concentrate like that, with no other thought, even though that concentration be placed upon an object which is undefined, that concentration will pierce the veil in time and the palaces and the marble halls within shall one day burst upon your sight, the sight of the ensouled mind.

The mind contemplates outer objects, outer material objects; and the glass of the mind is covered by the film of vapors of earth, of materiality. The vapors form a film on the surface of the mind's glass, and when the mind is turned inwards by the simple thought "I want to know my mind, I want to know the soul which they say is the root of my mind," even this thought will help you if you have patience enough—which most of you have not—when the mind is so concentrated, then the door will be opened and the spiritual sun in that consciousness of man—the spiritual sun, the soul, the image of God within your mind's spiritual shrine—will shine on this film and the film will dissolve as mists melt before the sun; and then, through the glass of the mind, will shine forth the rays of the spiritual sun and everything we see outside ourselves—outside in the material world—will be colored by the rays of that spiritual sun or soul. We will see everything in a new color, instinct with a new life, appareled in the radiance of a something which heretofore we have never experienced, never seen; and the life will be the more joyous—even when we eat; because we will eat with relish of the real,—the real relish of food. If we eat some luxurious food we will get more taste out of it; and whether we get good food or not, whether we get good wearing

apparel or not, we have the joy within, which has come out of the shine of the soul, the soul's rays shining through the mind. The film is gone and we enjoy the real life that is lived for loving. Because that shine, that radiance, is love-made; is love itself: and our soul is the condensed atoms of that love, and its radiance is love, is happiness, that happiness which we have been trying,—before we experienced it, all through life from the time our baby-eyes looked upon this world,—to find, fruitlessly.

At last we have found, at last we have grasped, real life,—grasped it by our consciousness. This same consciousness has been so long deluded by catching at the shadows of this real life, of this real joy,—shadows which have eluded our grasp! or when we have grasped them, we have found them shadows after awhile. Now, the substance we have grasped. It is that Christ-life that Jesus of Nazareth lived and fought for. To give that life to the world he suffered himself to be crucified.

And they say Christ was crucified, gave his blood to save the world. In a sense it is right, but unfortunately they do not give the true explanation of it. This Christ that lived this soul life, this life of soul-consciousness, and gave his life for it, wanted to give it to the world. It is ever the one joy of the soul-conscious one to give it to all, for he lives in the realm of bliss, the realm which is the perpetual action of love. Yes, bliss is the perpetual action of love: and this perpetual action of love Christ lived in and he wanted to give it to man,—which man, deluded, had not. The deluded man lived the superficial life that he called "real." And when they wouldn't have it,—drugged by the enjoyments of this material life, they would kill him. Even his greatest adherents, most seemingly faithful adherents, left him.

There he stood: the soul-conscious Jesus Christ, who was one with his Father. This was the one-ness with his Father: his Father was his soul,—that part of the Father's radiance called the divine essence that pervaded him,—that pervades us also and forms our soul. He was conscious of that soul. The film was all gone and continually the sun of the soul, the radiance of the Father was shining through that mind and through that glass of the mind. And so when he wanted to give it to everybody and to anybody they were arrayed against him. Even those that loved him best opposed him,—which Christ knew would be the case, as he declared to one of them, "You will deny me—You will deny me; before the cock crow twice thou shalt deny me thrice." And not only that one denied, but all denied him. There he stood, the man—even if we call him man—the God-man, the incarnation that Jesus Christ was. He came with that infinite love for humanity, he so loved man that he gave himself away for mankind. That is the act of the God-lover always. He could have performed that little miracle,—escaping from prison. The man, the miracle-worker that raised the dead, that healed the sick by his touch or by the name of God, the miracle-worker that had performed miracles which the whole Western world had not heard of, could have performed that little miracle of escaping from prison. No! He would not. To every question that was asked Jesus said nothing. "Did you say you were king of the Jews?" "Thou sayest so," was the only answer, if he spoke at all.

He had an object to accomplish in this world, for which he came: the object of giving the love of God to man. The luxury he enjoyed, the pleasure of all pleasures rooted within him, he wanted to give to man out of his compassion, out of his sympathy born of the soul, God-love.

He would not flee. He performed the miracles only to call the people to him, that he might cure their souls. He would cure their bodies so that he might have an opportunity to cure their souls. But when their bodies were cured, those to whom the bodies belonged went away. And when trouble came he was all alone,—forsaken. Was he forsaken? No! He was with his infinite, all-pervading love of God. He was in the embrace of his Father that pervaded everything, every being, even his enemies. But those enemies did not know that God was within them, and hence was all the trouble.

And the great soul of Jesus wanted to perform the last miracle and the greatest miracle. What was that miracle? It was to show to the world that even under crucifixion he could not forget his Lord; that he could still love his Lord, and he could love men; still love, even his enemies.

The scene on Calvary is the greatest scene that has been performed in recent times. There, where he was taunted and insulted and tormented and crucified, he never forgot the height of his love. He never forgot his enemies in his prayers to the Lord: "O Lord, forgive them! they know not what they do!" Infinity was there on the cross. Infinity! Did you see a finite being, made of flesh and blood? You have looked but upon the outer surface of that human life-form. Infinity was there upon the cross, the human-looking medium for the expression of limitless love.

We are nothing but our attributes. Our inner self is nothing but our attri-

butes; and Christ's predominant attribute shone on the cross,—his infinite love. What was the picture? The picture of infinity manifesting through the finite-looking body called Jesus Christ. It was the picture of infinite good will, infinite love, infinite compassion.

What is infinite? Something limitless. Christ's love was boundless. It was limited by nothing; it stopped nowhere, not even at his enemies.

This is the *real life* that Christ lived, and he manifested it best on the cross. What did he do it for? That when he was gone the world would repent for killing so innocent a man, so just a man, so kind a man, so loving a man as he, and weeping and thinking of him would think of his teachings; and thinking of his teachings would follow his teachings to love God with all their heart, strength, soul and mind, and try to love their neighbor as themselves. That was how he secured salvation for sinning souls.

There it is—the lesson of the Christ-life, the real life that Christ preached; the life of God-consciousness, the life of soul-consciousness; the real "real life." And if we follow Christ, guided by his teachings, illumined by the light of the Ancient Hindoo books—the Veda—for what Christ taught was the old Hindoo teachings that had come down to man through the illumined human expressions of the Lord—then we may live the real "real life." Many such Christs came before this Christ and many have come after him. Jesus expressed the infinite, the Absolute love which is the only Truth, in such manner as was suited to the circumstances and conditions of his age.

This is the real "real life," my beloved ones and the beloved ones of the Lord: this life of soul-consciousness, the life which we live conscious of our soul.

By concentrating upon your soul in any way you want, or by concentrating upon Jesus Christ, a manifestation of that soul, understanding him, or another such as was he, you will absorb this consciousness. What we concentrate on we always absorb; and if we concentrate upon Jesus Christ's consciousness of God we will absorb His consciousness. Concentrate upon Krishna—that greatest of incarnations, who was all love, the very source of love, the greatest human manifestation of love, before whom everyone and everything bowed, such was the might of his love, and before whose light everything unlike him vanished like mist—and you will absorb His consciousness. Be it through Christ, Krishna, Buddha, or whatever appeals to you, get God-consciousness, soul-consciousness,—for the soul and God are the same thing. He who concentrates upon any God-illumined consciousness will absorb that consciousness, and then he will live the soul-conscious life. Then you will find everything enjoyable, nothing amiss. Nothing can be amiss, because joy will flow from within. From within out, and not from out within, comes the joy that pierces this material life, the joy that flows from the very fountain of joy.

You may live in that ecstasy which is the perpetual action of love. This is the "real life," the life of love,—the life that flows from within; the life that is unbroken joy and unbroken happiness. Living it, you shall be blessed as you have never been blessed before. You shall see all the shades and shadows of your life will vanish, knowing them but shadows. Then even any shadow that you will touch will turn into substance, as iron into gold when touched by the philosopher's stone told of by the ancients. This is my humble message to you. We all must try to live that life. It does not cost us anything but a little thought, a little patience, a little attention, a little devotion. So we can become real gods of earth.

THE SINGER AND HIS TEACHER.*

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

The golden voice of the court-singer rose fuller and richer, filling every corner of the great hall, rolling wide into the corridors and forcing its limpid sweetness into the innermost heart of the Palace where the Empress and her maidens sat in enraptured silence, with swelling hearts and deep-drawn breath listening to him, the world-famed singer, whose voice was drawn from heaven and who drew toward Heaven all who listened to that Heavenborn voice.

"Oh!" said the Empress, "surely that voice speaks to my heart of the land of my fathers, and again I hear the fountain-splash as I play with my sisters and brothers in the cool of the evening and weave the garland to throw about the beloved

*From "Stories of India: Moral, Mystical, Spiritual and Romantic."

form of the Goddess who would bless me with a lord, faithful and true, even as my own dear lord."

"And to me, fair Queen," said a pensive maid, "he sings of the sister that was my playmate and who was dear beyond words to me, but who, in her early youth, grew very tired of much play and would lie gazing on the shadows that the turrets threw upon the courtyard floor for hours and hours until at last it seemed that they wanted her even more than we did. And one day I came upon her and she lay so still and gray as if she had partaken of the last long evening shadow, and when I touched her, she did not stir nor look at me. When my father came, he said to me, taking her in his arms so tenderly, 'Alas, little one! She hath gone out of the shadow into the sunlight that is for such as she!'"

And the littlest maid of honor broke the sad silence and said, "His voice, O Queen, makes me think of the dawn before the dew is dry on the roses, when the birds are greeting each other, and the fawns skip and jump in the moist gardens and the black night has given way to the first golden smile of the sun. It is then I want to go forth and speak to all the living things that are so wide awake, and greet them, even as they greet the coming day. And when his voice bursts forth so glad and happy then, O Queen, I feel the early morn is with me and all the world rejoice in living and all the living rejoice in the world."

"O Queen, thou kindly one! When I hear his voice," said yet another companion of the Empress, "it is as if I were in the house of the Great God again, making offerings for the son that I wanted so much and that was not born to me, or as if I sat again in the silence of the night and waited for the footsteps of him, my lord, who was my all on earth and now my all in glory."

And the sweet-faced widow turned away her eyes, wide-gazing into the distance, while in the audience chamber, the Singer, whose wonderful voice had roused memories, sad, sweet and glad, in the hearts of the hearers of the inner chambers, stood smiling before the Emperor who showered upon him praises and gifts because of the joy his song had given him. Akbár the Great, the Grand Mogul, Emperor of all that realm, he, the wise and just and learned King, had taken into his court Tansen the Singer, and unto his heart, Tansen the Man. Of all his courtiers and subjects Tansen was to him the dearest and best friend. It mattered not how wearied was his body, how tired his brain, how sad his heart or how troubled his spirit, the voice of Tansen ever soothed him into restfulness—the golden voice that filled the heavens with its beauty, that pierced the god-realms with its sweetness, that stormed the thunders with its strength, that cleft the clouds by its plaintive sadness. This was the magic voice that now thrilled through the heart of the King, banishing every discord and crowning him with a peace and contentment that rarely sits upon the brow of king or nestles in the heart of man.

"O, Tansen," said the Emperor, "tell me wherefrom came this voice of yours, whence the wonder of it? It is not of mortals, but of the gods. No other voice such as thine blesses the ear of man, my friend, and gladly would I listen for aye to its marvel."

"You are kind, O Sire," the Singer replied, "but could you hear the voice of him who taught me, whose beauty of voice I reflect so little, could you but hear him, all my poor efforts would be forgotten."

"Ever is your answer thus, O Tansen! But tell me who is he, this wonderful Gooroo of wonderful voice?"

"He is, but a hermit, Sire, a saint who lives in the jungles of Brindában. By all he is known as a holy man and his voice hath the power of drawing all unto himself. Will not your majesty go with me on a pilgrimage to the holy forest where you may hear for yourself this voice of wonder and forget that Tansen ever knew how to sing?"

"No, my friend, yours is unjust humility. To forget your golden voice is impossible, for there is none like it. But gladly will I go with you to this hermit, your Gooroo, to prove what I already know that you are the greatest singer of the world. Let all be made ready for your journey tomorrow."

So the next day as the Emperor, disguised and seated on a huge elephant, started on a pilgrimage with Tansen to the latter's Gooroo, he said to the singer, "Tell me, O Tansen, how met you the Saint-singer and how became you his chelá?"

"It is quickly told, your majesty; it may interest you. My father was a Brahman living in the outskirts of a jungle. We were very poor and I was his only child. Often the passers-by from the jungle would stop at our little fruit grove and strip from the trees the fruits that meant the livelihood of our family. One day my father said to me, 'Tansen, my son, do you watch this side of the grove and call to those wayfarers that seek to steal from our trees.' So I sat within our little raised watch-shed and while there I remembered how I had, one terrible day, heard the roar of a stricken tigress as she neared the village in search of her stolen cubs, and day after day I tried to give that roar until it became so perfect that my

father fled from the grove on one occasion as he heard it, thinking a tiger was upon his land. After that our fruits were safe, for, as soon as I heard anyone approaching with intent to steal, I gave the roar, and instantly they were lost to view in the distance."

"One evening, as I sat in the watch-cot, I saw through the trees a band of men coming toward the grove. I gave my roar and all, save one, fled. But the one made straight toward me, looking not at me, but into the undergrowths. I shall never forget the love in his face. It seemed that it must draw me down from the cot, and I understood only then the stories I had heard of these holy men, who feared neither man nor beast, and how, by their love the taint of the world was banished from the hearts of the men they looked upon, and the lust of blood quelled in the breasts of savage beasts. The saint struck at the thickets with his staff to look for the tiger, then turned and looked at me lying in my shed, and said: 'What are you doing there, my little man? Have you no fear of the tiger that seems to be lurking near here?' 'O no,' I answered, 'I am here to guard my father's fruit groves from the bold thieves that stripped them. There is no tiger here, sir. I roar at them and they think it is a tiger and flee from here. And so my father's trees are safe.'

"Smilingly he lifted me down from the cot and, hoisting me upon his shoulders, walked toward the house where he sojourned for the night, much to the joy of my father and mother, who felt themselves blessed by his presence within their lowly abode. The next day he left and I with him. He had seen possibilities in the voice of the child that could easily imitate the roar of a tiger, and had promised my father the reward of a world-famous singer for the sacrifice of his son. So I lived with him and loved him, this great Saint-Singer, Hari Dás, until you, O Sire, heard my poor voice and took me to your court and home, and most of all, to your mighty heart."

Two days later, as the sun threw its rays athwart the hillside, the King and Singer found themselves at thir journey's end, and Brindában, holiest ground in all India, lay before them—Brindában, sweetest word of Indian tongue, most sacred spot where Krishna walked and talked, and where lovers of Him still walk that they may partake of the glory that His Blessed Feet have left on the hallowed dust.

There, in this forest of Brindában, before a small hut, they beheld a man sitting in deep meditation, hands folded on breast, head lifted high, eyes closed, and on his brow the glow like the sun's first waking.

"See, it is he, my Gooroo the Saint-Singer," whispered Tánzen, reverently. "Tarry thou here, O Sire, behind these bushes and I will see how it can be brought about that you shall hear this voice so gloriously beautiful and yet so often silent in the presence of the idly curious. Gold, nor jewels, nor titles can bring it from that golden throat. But the smallest action of love will set it vibrating to the pulse of Nature's heart."

So saying, the Singer prostrated himself low before his Gooroo, who, wrapped in meditation, saw him not, nor heard him. Then lifting up his head, Tánzen burst forth in a sacred song which his Gooroo had taught him years ago. Louder and louder rang the tone, sweeter and sweeter grew its beauty until suddenly the golden notes broke and harsh discord jarred on the listening ear. The Saint-Singer opened his eyes and spake:

"Thou art out of key. Thou dost distort the beauty of sound, O Tánzen, thou who wert so perfect, art imperfect and discordant. Thou golden throated one, has dallying with the court and the world lost for thee the soul of harmony?"

The Singer, who purposely had made the harsh discord, said, "O Gooroo! I pray thee, sing thou the strain that I may again bring it to memory."

Then the Gooroo lifted his voice and pealed forth the harmonies of Heavensounds. It told of the song of the stars, the marriage of earth and sea, of the weavings of love that give sustenance to man and all that lives, of the birth of Time and the crowning of Eternity, of the creation of gods and the dance of Love, each step of which is the making of a universe, each circle of which is the immutable law thereof.

And, as he sang, Akbár fell on the ground drunk with the exquisite blessedness of it.

The chelá stood wrapped in devotion before that Saint-Singer, and when the song ceased and its sweetness still throbbed through the silence of the evening, Tánzen's hushed voice fell upon the ear of the holy man, saying, "The Badshah hath come to pay thee homage, O Gooroo."

And when Akhbár the Great, had fallen at the feet of the humble saint and risen again, he walked a little in the lengthening gloom with his singer and said, "Thou art right, Tánzen. He is all thou sayest. Thou art a shadow, he a sun. Thou art as brass, he is gold. Why is this great difference and what the cause?"

Both of you have the sound of Heaven in your voice, the gold of harmony in your tones. So like, yet so different."

"The difference, O Sire," replied Tansen, "is vast as you say, but the cause is simple. I sing to please an earthly King. He sings to please the King of Kings."

UN-CHRISTIAN CHRISTIANITY.

The Rev. Dr. Philip S. Moxom raises the question whether the so-called Christian civilization is any longer entitled to the name of Christian. By Christian civilization, he explains, is not meant the case of Russia, "with its ignorant, superstitious, and bigoted church," but "the most enlightened and civilized Christian nations—the British, the German, and the American." The test of any nation's Christian character, he thinks, is "the attitude which a nation assumes toward other nations and the kind of social order which it maintains within itself." Tried by this test, he asserts, the so-called Christian civilization is, in many respects, decidedly un-Christian. "The dominating forces in it are individualism, self-assertion, injustice, selfishness, pride, and greed for riches. Christian peoples are deficient in moral discipline of the will, and in that self-effacement which is a distinguishing mark of the highest moral development. Almost invariably, rights take precedence over duties, and self-interest abridges or obstructs exact justice." The onlooker beholds in this extraordinary spectacle, says Dr. Moxom, an "un-Christian Christianity," significant confession of which may be found in the common admission that "the teachings of Jesus are not practicable in business, politics, and international intercourse."

In describing our Christianity as un-Christian, Dr. Moxom, in *The North American Review* (August), refers to the historical rather than the essential elements, and says:

"Conceivably, one may contend that our present social life is the result of a long evolution and is economically wise and beneficent; but one can not truthfully call it Christian. Now, if Shintoist and Buddhist Japan can produce a higher, saner, more just, more self-controlled, more unselfish individual and social life than Christian England or America, by that fact Christianity, as these peoples have interpreted and exemplified it, is proved inferior to Shintoism and Buddhism. But what really suffers by the comparison is not the Christianity of Jesus, but the Christianity of the church, the Christianity which we have made. In other words, Christianity can maintain its preeminence only by the vital and effective incorporation of the spirit and teaching of Jesus in individual and social life and character. Nothing can invalidate this proposition. The trial which the Christian nations are facing today is obvious and inescapable. Let us, at least, be honest with ourselves. If we will not practise what Jesus taught, let us cease to call ourselves Christian. It may be that some of those whom we have called 'heathen' are more Christian than we."

If essential Christianity is the greatest good that we possess, argues the writer, then that possession implies the obligation to share it with all others. "The validity of the church's missionary enterprise rests solidly only on the demonstration that the Christian faith and the Christian principle are the best in the world. . . . But the enterprise is imperiled, or seriously hindered from achieving the largest results, by two main obstructions. The first is our inappreciation of other religions, and the second is the inconsistency of our life with the Christian faith and principles which we inculcate." Dr. Moxom proceeds:

"The truth is that humanity is one in its fundamental characteristics, needs, and possibilities. Truth, righteousness, justice, and good-will are essential everywhere to happy and beneficent life. That teaching which most clearly and effectively presents these is the best teaching. That life which most closely conforms to these is the best life. That faith which most directly and powerfully inspires to these is the best faith. We believe that Jesus and his teachings meet all the conditions. If we did not, we should not, when once awakened to the meaning of moral obligation, profess adherence to them. But the question is up and will not down: Are we genuinely Christian? The question is first of all one for the individual man and woman. It is, second, one for society. If individuals are persistently Christians, they will make society Christian. Where is the difficulty? We have not taken Jesus frankly at his own word and on his own terms. With perfect propriety, with absolute justice, he might say to us, as he said to some professed disciples in his time, 'Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?' We read these words in the New Testament, but, with curious fatuity, we never suspect that they are addressed to us. It may be that the church, and the Christendom which is identified with the church, are to hear the doomful words which were spoken to the ancient 'elect' people of God: 'The kingdom of God shall be taken away from you and given to a people bringing forth the fruits thereof.'"—*Literary Digest*.

 The Angel City's Opportunity to See

East India Display

of

Oriental Beauty

In the way of a magnificent collection of choicest productions of East India hand-made rugs, tapestries, scarfs, oriental furniture, metal ware and old armour. The major portion of this stock comprised a portion of F. P. Bhungara's exhibit at the Portland exposition. This exhibit is most interesting because in many cases the finished product that required years of patient labor. See the line

F. P. BHUMGARA & CO.

**Have on Display at Their Los Angeles Store
616 SOUTH BROADWAY**

Mr. Bhungara offers a special sale on Oriental rugs and wishes it understood that this is not an auction sale. He does not name a price with a 33 1-3 per cent. reduction offer. The Bhungara stores are strictly one-price and buyers are fully protected and can depend upon fair treatment.

Among the many beautiful offerings are cashmere shawls, chaddie shawls, Egyptian scarfs, silver and gold brocade scarfs, kimonos of all shades and colors, \$3.50 to \$35.00. Elegantly embroidered nabob jackets, \$3.00 to \$5.00. Hanging and table lamps of rare design, embroidery, vests, etc.

Copper, brass and enameled ware from famous cities of India and Persia, Delhi, Benares, Cashmere, Damascus, etc. Watch our window every day.

STORES AT
BOMBAY, MADRAS, CALCUTTA,
SIMLA, LONDON, NEW YORK

F. P. BHUMGARA
Holds 72 Grand Prizes of Award

F. P. Bhungara & Co.

616 South Broadway.

Los Angeles, Cal.

NOV. 3 1906

C. C. LOOMIS
HARRY LOOMIS

AMERICAN
— AND —
EUROPEAN

One of the most elegant and luxuriously furnished hotels in the United States

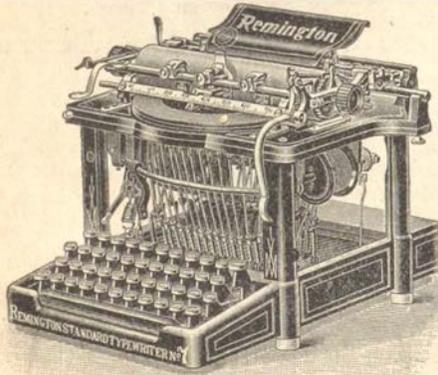
The Most Popular GRILL in the City

LOOMIS BROS.
PROPRIETORS



The Angelus

**Los Angeles
California**



When the Remington Typewriter offers something new to the public, the public knows without being told that it's something good.

New Models Now Ready

Remington Typewriter Company,
117 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
325-327 Broadway, New York.
Branches everywhere.

*Fill out this
Coupon and Mail
with \$1.00 (Money
Order or Check) to
Manager, LIGHT
OF INDIA, 730
West Sixteenth St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.*

Enclosed is One Dollar for which please send
LIGHT OF INDIA for one year from October, 1906.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY AND STATE.....

"THE GREATEST BOOK OF THE CENTURY"

—*Oriental Review.*

Krishna: The Lord of Love A History of the Universe

12mo, 550 Pages. Prices: Morocco, Three Dollars; Cloth, Two Dollars.

BY BABA BHARATI.

Reviews and Opinions:

Brooklyn Daily Eagle:—An exalted philosophy.

New York Daily News:—Sree Krishna, the Lord of Love, is forceful—an extraordinary book.

Chicago Examiner:—Certainly its ethics are of the most exalted type.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox:—It is most interesting. I find it most clearly and simply told.

It broadens and interests, and so I enjoy your most exhaustive work on Creation.

Henri Pene Du Bois, (New York American):

I thank you with all my heart for your book. It realizes a dream of my teacher, Stephane Mallarme, the poet, for it has three super-imposed texts. One is for the passer-by, one for the intellectual, another is for the artist. And all are excellent. And each one is to be read twice—once for the ideas that are expressed, the other for the beauty of the phrases.

"The Listener," Boston Evening Transcript:

In the spirit of his lordly race, unabashed before modern science, claiming indeed to have anticipated modern science at all points, sturdy in the simplicity and strength of the faith of the antique world, with all the power of singleness of belief in the few grand all-embracing principles, he issues warnings like the prophets of the ancient Hebrews.

In this book "Krishna" is to be found the simplest, most straightforward, most logical exposition of the "Ancient Wisdom" concerning the creation of the universe and evolution thereof, of any the "Listener" has happened to see.

The Oriental Review:

The boldness of the author is simply phenomenal. The world has been looking forward to welcome such boldness. It is the boldness of absolute realization of the Central Truth of Creation, a boldness whose force is living love. It is a boldness which will stagger the spirit of the most captious critic into conviction of the wonderfully luminous interpretations, given in the book, of the spiritual and moral laws and forces of life. . . . Baba Bharati has dealt the final blow to the West's "swelled head" notions of its own superiority in enlightenment in this the greatest book of the century, in which he has mirrored forth the inner machinery and the workings of the cosmos, for the benefit of the soul-hungry students the world over, in the easiest English imaginable. The book deserves the largest circulation. It cannot fail to interest all classes of readers. The prose-poems which embody the life-story of Krishna in Part II and the "Revelations" are chants of soul-thrilling word-music unequalled in English literature.

Boston Evening Transcript:

The volume is remarkable for the completeness with which it covers the subject, the extent of the information concerning the different points of the philosophy and religion giving it almost the value of an encyclopedia of the best in Hindoo thought.

Bharati's style is of singular directness, simplicity and clearness, and his work throughout is marked by sanity, lucid thinking, and the high purpose of one who is devoted, with all the ardor of a strong, manly nature, not to himself, but to all humanity.—[Extracts from a two-column review.]

American Review of Reviews:

The volume is really a clear history of the origin, nature and evolution of the universe as the Oriental mind perceives it; it is a clear statement of the doctrine of Karma; an exposition of the caste system; a beautiful story of the Oriental Christ, and perhaps the clearest statement ever published of the Hindoo cosmogony. . . . The love of the source of the universe, which in the Hindoo philosophy is Krishna, is the determining force of the universe. It is an extraordinary book—the fascinating exposition of an exalted philosophy.

Bible Review, Cal.:

This book is written in an open, liberal style, free of all technicalities—very different from other Hindu works; it is designed more for the general reader, and contains no obscure phrases, nor does it enter into any of the rationale or drill for the attainment of powers; the great, pervading spirit being that of pure devotion. . . . The main value of this work is to endue the reader with its sweet spirit of love.

The Outlook, New York:

In personnel the Peace Congress was as notable as its doings. The most striking of all delegates was the Hindoo monk Baba Bharati in his robe and turban: tall, powerful, strong and acute, severely condemning England for its invasion of Tibet, full of good will to all, and distinctly affirming the divinity of Jesus Christ.

TO BE HAD OF

THE KRISHNA HOME, 730 West 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE, 27-29 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

C. C. PARKER, Bookseller, 246 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

THE METAPHYSICAL LIBRARY, 611 Grant Building, S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SON, 27 and 29 W. 23d St., New York.

JOHN LANE COMPANY, 67 Fifth Ave., New York.

H. JEVNE CO.

Jevne's India Delicacies

When you want the most appetizing and delicious condiments and pickles—just remember the famous India Chutneys are the world's finest products. Remember, too that JEVNE'S is Los Angeles' headquarters for these celebrated goods. Our large stock includes the famous Sweet Cashmere, Bombay; Major Grey's Sweet; Green Mango, hot; Sweet Lucknow; Tamerind, medium hot; Bengal, hot; India Mangoe, etc.

If you have never tried our delicious India teas, you have yet to discover the real meaning of tea goodness. The famous "Light of Asia," "Star of India," and "Lallah Rookh" are the teas which were so highly praised by all who visited the India Pavilion at the World's Fair, Chicago.

Remember this fact—that the name JEVNE stands for QUALITY in all food products—but quality at prices no higher than quality is honestly worth.

Ask for Our Free Catalog.

SMOKE JEVNE'S FINE CIGARS

208-210 S. SPRING ST.—WILCOX BUILDING



UNION TRUST BUILDING

THE OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Established 1885

THIS BANK PAYS

3% ON ORDINARY SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

4% ON TERM DEPOSITS

30,500 DEPOSITORS
ASSETS \$8,000,000.00

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

WM. G. KERCKHOFF, Pres.	J. F. SARTORI
A. H. BRALY, Vice-Pres.	M. S. HELLMAN
W. D. WOOLWINE, Vice-Pres.	W. D. LONGYEAR
CHAS. H. TOLL, Cashier	J. H. GRIFFIN, Sec. & Asst. Cash'r.
	C. W. WILSON, Asst. Cashier.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK
S. E. CORNER FOURTH AND SPRING

Staub's--The Place to Buy Shoes

We carry a line of shoes for men, women and children that is always complete, always the newest and best in style, and always the fairest in price. We'll be glad to see you any time.

**C. M. Staub Shoe Co., BROADWAY, COR. THIRD
LOS ANGELES, CAL.**