

"CHRISTIANITY CRUCIFIED" by Baba Bharati

Volume I
No. 6

ঐশ্বর্যবনস:

MARCH
1907

The
LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read

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Edited by **BABA BHARATI**

Published Monthly by Baba Bharati
For **THE LIGHT OF INDIA PUBLISHING CO.,**
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Chief Agents for India, G. A. Natesan & Co., Publishers, Esplanade, Madras

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New York office of the LIGHT OF INDIA, 24 Murray St., care of the Searchlight Information Library.
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730 West 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sir:—My father, Leo Tolstoy, wants me to write and tell you that he was very much interested in your Journal, and that he appreciates very much your article, "The White Peril," which he would like to have translated into Russian.

He has asked a friend of his in England to send you his books, which he hopes will reach you safely.

He asks you to pardon him for not writing to you himself, but at present he is not quite well and very busy.

Yours truly,

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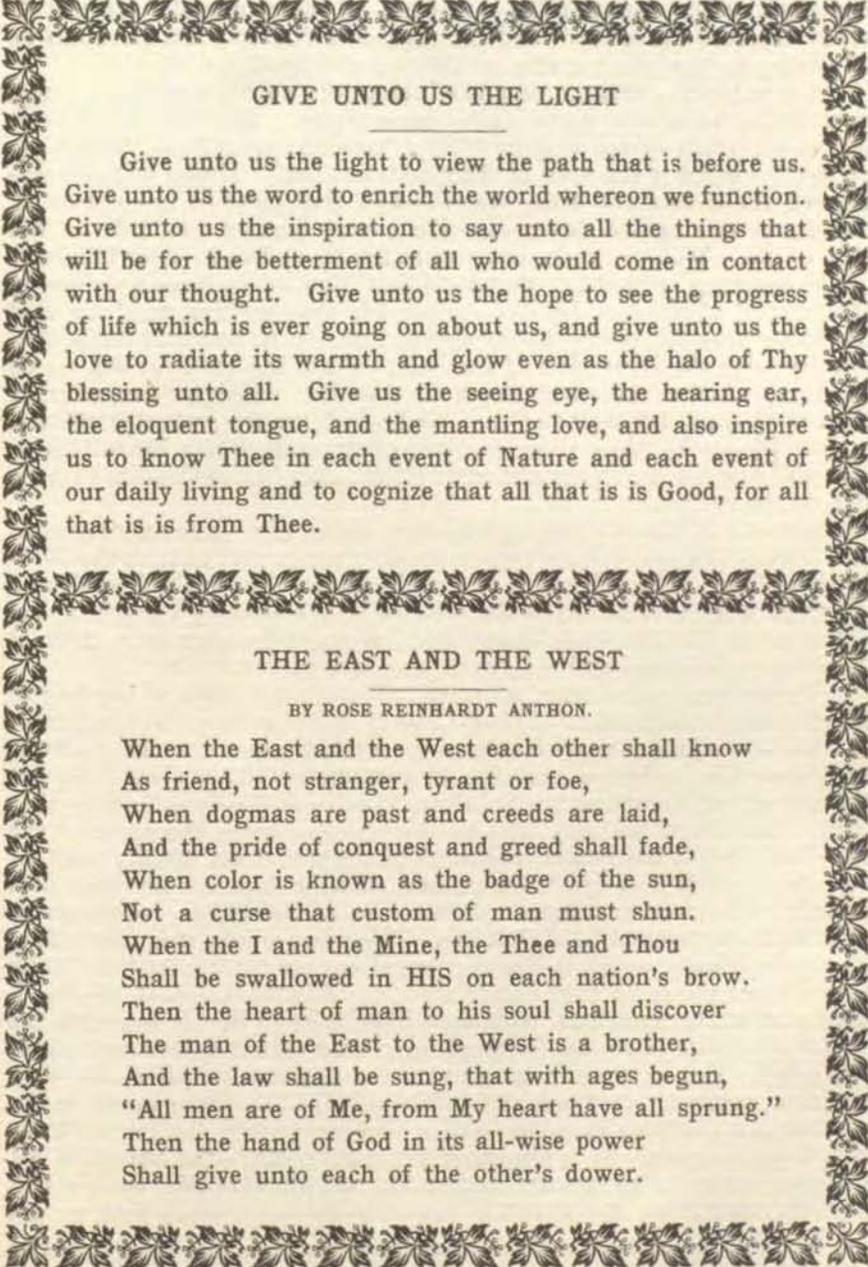
The Light of India

Entered at the Postoffice at Los Angeles as second class mail matter.

VOL. 1.

MARCH 1907

NO. 6.



GIVE UNTO US THE LIGHT

Give unto us the light to view the path that is before us. Give unto us the word to enrich the world whereon we function. Give unto us the inspiration to say unto all the things that will be for the betterment of all who would come in contact with our thought. Give unto us the hope to see the progress of life which is ever going on about us, and give unto us the love to radiate its warmth and glow even as the halo of Thy blessing unto all. Give us the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the eloquent tongue, and the mantling love, and also inspire us to know Thee in each event of Nature and each event of our daily living and to cognize that all that is is Good, for all that is is from Thee.

THE EAST AND THE WEST

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

When the East and the West each other shall know
As friend, not stranger, tyrant or foe,
When dogmas are past and creeds are laid,
And the pride of conquest and greed shall fade,
When color is known as the badge of the sun,
Not a curse that custom of man must shun.
When the I and the Mine, the Thee and Thou
Shall be swallowed in HIS on each nation's brow,
Then the heart of man to his soul shall discover
The man of the East to the West is a brother,
And the law shall be sung, that with ages begun,
"All men are of Me, from My heart have all sprung."
Then the hand of God in its all-wise power
Shall give unto each of the other's dower.

DO WE LIVE?*

BELOVED ONES OF MY LORD: I greet this special privilege once again, to talk to souls from my soul—a really special privilege. It is a very proud privilege for any man to talk of the highest thing in the world, of the highest object of his existence, to other souls; and if he can be of any real service to another soul, he is more blessed than ever, more blessed than perhaps the greatest king on earth.

Soul talk is its own reward. The man who talks from his soul is rewarded by the vibrations of that soul—of his own soul. He has already received his reward; and the reward is double when the souls he is talking to get the blessing of those soul-vibrations.

The subject of this morning has been put in a little mystifying form; in a little, what the world calls, queer form. DO WE LIVE? It makes one think of the world. "Why," any one would say, "Why, we do live." What is the need of the question, then? If you will all meditate on the question a little, you will find that most of us,—all of us, almost, in this age of darkness,—live a very surface life, live on the skin of life. We live not knowing what life is, we live in utter blindness of the meaning of that life that we live. Most of us have no time, in the turmoil of the world of the surface life that we live, to study that life, know that life, obtain knowledge of that life, to live that life in conformity with the inner laws of that life. We think we live; but we do not think whether there is a deeper life than that which we live, whether there is an inner life worthier than that which we live, whether there is a more joyous life than what we live, whether there is a life within us that will pale all the lights and stale all the delights of this life that we live on the surface.

I have said that we live a surface life, a skin life. Life may be taken as a fruit. The skin of that fruit is the outermost part of it, is the hardened exterior. The substance of that hardened skin is the kernel; and the essence of that kernel is the juice of it, the sweet juice of that delicious fruit. If the fruit knows itself through its skin only, then it knows not the kernel and the sweet juice within.

We are the fruits of life, all of us. We are the fruits of the tree of life; but the consciousness of most of us is on the surface, on the skin of it. Our consciousness contemplates the skin, lives on the skin; crawls, as it were, like an ant on the skin, at most times. Hence we know not the kernel, we know not the juice, we know not the sweetness of that fruit. The kernel we may take as the mind of man, the mind of the man-fruit: but if the kernel, the mind of the man-fruit, thinks only of the skin, then it does not know its own juice, it does not know its own kernel. Whatever it thinks, whatever it contemplates, whatever it lives on, is the substance of that life. This mind thinks it is the flesh of its physical body, which is like the kernel contemplating itself to be its skin. Then the mind only enjoys the skin of its encasement, the hardened part of the man-fruit, with very little juice in it. It munches the skin; and a little juice that is mixed up in that skin it enjoys and thinks it is good. But at times it seems that the skin has no juice, and then it is disappointed. As I was sitting here I looked on those words on the window-pane,—"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." True. True. It is a great truth. It is the most scientific truth,—the kernel of all wisdom. If we think we are surface-life, we are skin-life, we are this flesh-life; and if we live that life, knowing no better than that we are

*Full report of an extempore lecture delivered by Baba Bharati before the Metaphysical Club, in the Home of Truth, Los Angeles.

some animated matter, animated earth, then all our joys are derived from that surface, that material exterior life. If the kernel becomes aware of its own substance, aware of the sweet juice that pervades it, and lives conscious of that juice, then it enjoys the life, enjoys the juice, which is the life of that fruit, which is the sweetness, the real life of that fruit.

It all comes from our not knowing what life is. We are in such a hurry to live this skin-life, to live this life that is only breathing! We think breathing only is life; and when the breath is gone out of us, we think, and others think, that we are "dead." Life is lived, therefore, to draw breath and to sustain the drawing of that breath. As I have said just now, it all depends on our knowledge of what life is. If we know that the surface life is the only life, we live on the surface and make whatever we can of the surface; but if we know life in its depth, if we know that beneath the skin is the kernel and the juice,—once we know it, we live it. Then we try to find the source of the fruit, the mystery of its birth. We see the stem, the leaves; we see the branches, we see the trunk; and 'neath the trunk we find the root, and we see the root is embedded in the earth and draws juice from that earth for its sustenance. The juice pervades the whole tree, as it pervades the fruit. The fruit is of the tree, is created out of the tree. The fruit has the same substance in it as the tree.

This knowledge of life we have not, most of us. If we study this life, spend most of our time in studying this life and then live this life according to the knowledge of that study, according to the wisdom received from that study, according to the rules and laws revealed of life from that study, then we may live in this world forever joyous; joyous, because we shall be independent of all other things. For life is complete within itself. Life with all its needs is complete within itself. Life is complete, with the highest joy within itself,—welling up from within its root, from within its source.

Let us see, for a moment, how most of us live; how we live ignorant of what, even, we need; ignorant of what will make us happy, ignorant of what is our best good. In this age, most of us care for the dollar, for money. That, we think, is the greatest necessity, the greatest need of life. This shows ignorance of our own need, of our own object of life,—this seeking for dollars. Let us examine for a moment: Do we need the dollars for our happiness, for living this life in joy, living this life in contentment? No. We set great value on those dollars; but we forget to think when we are mad in making those dollars that the dollar is but the token of exchange for worldly goods. If without it we could get worldly goods, we wouldn't need the dollar. If worldly goods came to us at our wish, if worldly goods were supplied to us the moment we needed them, would we care for the dollar? The king does not carry the dollar. He does not carry a money-purse. He gives his orders: he signifies his wish and all things that he needs are supplied to him. We need the dollar for worldly goods. Therefore, worldly goods have more value than the dollar; it is a means to an end; it is but a token of exchange. If we have the goods, we do not need the dollar; therefore, the dollar is of lesser value than the goods.

We need the goods. We need the goods to sustain this life, to give us comfort and luxury. But the goods are not what we want. We want the pleasures and the nutrition from the goods. We want, first, the sustenance that is in the food. We need the life-giving sustenance of the food. If we had this nutrition, this sustenance, by any other means, we wouldn't need the food. We need the food also for the pleasure of the palate; that is another need, though not a very great need,—a subsidiary need. Then, we want the worldly goods for the pleasure our mind can derive from them. If without them we could have all

those pleasures that we derive from possession of worldly goods, the mind would not need the worldly goods. Therefore, the pleasure that can be derived from worldly goods is more valuable than worldly goods themselves. Because, we want to get the pleasures of them,—not the worldly goods. Now, we find that it is the mind that enjoys the pleasures; it is the mind that enjoys the comfort. We eat good food,—most delicious, luxurious food: the mind enjoys the pleasures of it, the mind enjoys the taste of it. Therefore, it is the mind that enjoys it; not the palate that tastes it. If the mind is a little disturbed or unwontedly unhappy, then all the foods, the most luxurious foods, the most dainty dishes that can be served up to us, fail to make us enjoy their taste.

Mind's happiness, therefore, mind's state of non-disturbance, therefore, is more valuable than a world of pleasures of worldly goods. Mark my words! I am giving you this with the grace of my good Lord, step by step. If you will lay it to your hearts, will think a little deeply of it when you are gone home, then you will find that there is the kernel of all philosophy. I am no sage; I am no greater than you are: but I have a little time to think on this subject, to analyse life in all its stages, in all its processes. Pleasure we derive from worldly goods is of no satisfaction to us, fails to give any satisfaction, if the mind is disturbed. The happiness of the mind, therefore, is more valuable than even the pleasures we can derive from food,—the best food, the best dress, the wealth that we may possess, even the millions we may possess. We have the millions, we have the food, we have the costly raiments, but the mind is disturbed: we live unconscious of these possessions, of these privileges. We do not know what we are eating, we do not know what costly silk is covering us, we do not know the millions of dollars in our bank: we live unconscious, for the moment, of all our possessions.

The mind's happiness, therefore, the mind's equilibrium, therefore, the mind's happy poise, therefore, is of more value than that of the pleasures of worldly goods. Even if we have this happiness, this mental equilibrium, it is not always possible, not permanent. If we do not know the source of life, this mental equipoise can not be possibly permanent. But even if we enjoy it for the time being, if we enjoy it for a little while, and then some grief strikes us suddenly, some blow to the heart:—a son dies in whom all our affections have been centered, a wife dies beloved of the heart, a husband dies beloved of the heart, or some object of our affection, some object upon which we had lavished all our affection is taken away from us suddenly by the cruel hand of death, we find even the mental happiness which was brought about by the harmonious state of affairs of our worldly circumstances is nothing. The heart is stricken, stricken in its inmost core and we are unhappy; so unhappy that we want to throw away all our worldly goods; we want to throw away all that we possess; at times, we want to kill ourselves. We wish we were dead. We want to take poison; we want to throw ourselves into some river, sea, to drown ourselves, so that we may drown this great grief that has suddenly overtaken us. Therefore, the happiness of the heart is more valuable than the happiness of the mind brought about by fortunate material circumstances.

The happiness of the heart—the objects of our heart's love must live, must be joyous, must be with us, must respond to our love all our life. For all other circumstances of life, comparatively, we never care, so long as we have this heart-object to adore and live upon: but that object is removed, and life is empty—empty. It is a desert. We would like to exchange our position with the lowest of the low if he had this heart's happiness, if he had this object of love and enjoyed the sense of loving that object.

What then? Is there anything more valuable than the happiness

of the heart? There is, but we do not seek it. There we stand: and when we are stricken with that grief, when we are so overwhelmed with that grief, we do not care to investigate; we seem to be drowned in grief; we want to remain immersed in that grief. All our inner senses are covered by the dark shadow of that grief. We see not anything beyond that. Life has become empty: there is no need, we think, of living this life any more. The mind and the heart are tired of life. If we knew the mystery of life, the source of life, the source of all happiness and of all woe, the source where from spring disaster and prosperity,—if we knew that source, then could we get over this overwhelming grief. We can chase it away and live a life of greater happiness than the happiness we derived from loving that human object of love.

Some of us when we are thus stricken may chance to read a book,—to read the bible or the bible of some other country; we may come across some philosophy, some philosophy that is imbedded in the root of life, the philosophy that is founded upon the knowledge of life. If any of us thus stricken come across such a book and catch a sentiment in it, catch a thought in it; or we hear some lecturer, or have a friend visiting us, who quotes from this philosophy, something that talks not of worldly loves or worldly sorrows or worldly happiness, but speaks of happiness itself, of love itself, some words which are impregnated with the soul-delight, with the soul-essence, those words at once shed their ray of light upon our darkened heart. It pierces the gloom in our heart and illuminates. It is possible. Cases are few in these days; but I rejoice to see that many people are trying in these days to find out that source of life, that ray of light, trying to catch that ray of light by studying this life as it is interpreted by the oldest sages and saints of all countries. One word of comfort comes from one who has known life in its source,—one word of comfort comes and the darkness lifts and we are a little better. Then we hunger for more words, for more truths, and we pursue this study. For the first time, we are awakened unto the fact that there is a higher joy than the joy of the world, than the joy of human love. We study and study and we find that behind the heart is another principle of life, of which the heart is the door. There we knock. We knock at the door when we have found out where it is, from this philosophy. We knock and knock and knock by meditating and meditating on that principle. We knock and knock and knock and the door opens in time, and the radiance that is within those closed doors bursts upon the heart and floods the mind. We are told it is the soul.

Oh, what a treasure we think we have stumbled upon! All the joy, all the happiness, all the exquisite ecstasy, that we have been trying to find all through this life and were ever disappointed, is within us. It was all the time within us, within the deep recesses of our mind; but we were looking outward, always; our mind was always living on the surface, on the skin of life, and hence we did not know it. We sought for it from childhood up and we never got it. Even the valued millions could not give it. Even the best of the world could not give it. But—wonder of wonders!—we find all the time it was there, stored up within our own being, within the very core of our being. It was just behind the mind. If the mind had looked in a little it could have found it long ago, this treasure of treasures that all the worldly goods could not amount to. Comparatively, we would not think worldly pleasures and happiness of any worth at all. Therefore, wisdom is of more value than even the love of the heart, the happiness of the heart.

What is wisdom? The word wisdom is but a little, corrupted form of the Sanscrit "*Vidyam*," which means knowledge. It comes from the root *vida*, to know: knowledge. Wisdom means knowledge. Knowl-

edge of what? Knowledge of self; knowledge of life; knowledge of our being; knowledge of the inmost part of our being; the knowledge of the source of our being: knowledge of our soul, our real life, our real being, so long undiscovered to us. When, therefore, through this knowledge we find the source of that life and find that source is made up of happiness, is made up of a happiness that we had never tasted, then we find life's object is gained, life's joy is summed up, life really is lived,—if we keep conscious of that source, if we keep our mind turned inwards every now and then, that we may not forget or lose sight of our real being. When our mind lives conscious of its own source, the soul, then only do we live; then do we eat of the kernel of life and drink the juice thereof. Then do we live the life compared to which this life that we had been living so long is a mockery, is a make-believe.

It is wisdom, therefore, that is of the greatest value. One who has wisdom, knowledge of his own real self, his real being, lives according to the laws of that wisdom; practises that wisdom by keeping conscious of that life, by keeping that mind concentrated upon its source, he is independent of the whole world. He can live on a crust of bread, and even on blades of grass or leaves of a tree. He can go out and live on a little fruit, on a little bread given to him; or he will find, even, that in the jungles he can live and cover himself with barks of trees, as some Indian yogis do. I do not ask you to go to the jungles and live on fruits; but the sense of independence of all earthly goods, all earthly comforts, will give you joy though you live in the world and with friends; you need not go to the jungle. If you live in the very heart of your family, it will yet not matter at all, for the joy that you want, the joy that is the most delicious, the joy that knows no companion, you derive from within. It wells up from within and floods you; all the joys from your outer possessions are nothing compared with the joy that springs from the consciousness of the real life, of the real source of life of your inner being, the home of your being.

When you get into that soul-realm, then you see that the incarnations of God, such as Jesus, Buddha and Krishna, are the greatest friends of humanity, and all the saints and sages that lived upon the love and the teachings of these great incarnations were the wisest. And then when you open your bible and read of Christ, every word is illumined and your heart and mind flooded with that illumination. Christ Jesus to you becomes the dearest of dear ones, dearer than any friends or relatives you possess. Then you read of Krishna, and He the Father of Jesus, illuminates Jesus. Then when you read of the sages and saints; and you seem to get into their heart, into their soul; and even a passage from their teaching you find enough to live upon for the rest of your life.

The attribute of the soul is love,—the love that you are trying to find in the wide world, trying to find by all the means at your command. The real love that you want to find is within yourself, within your soul. You have that love. Unbroken happiness is the attitude of absolute love, and that absolute love is your soul,—the part of God within you. When, therefore, the mind lives on its own source, the soul, then only do we live at all; but when the mind lives on the outermost surface, the skin, we do not live. We are more dead than alive.—I have seen a most vigorous and physically alive man, a man I met in New York. He talks with full pretense of life within him, yet it seemed to me as if he spoke from the tomb. I never told him that; but I told him afterwards "Your life is the life of dead matter. Seek within you for life: your real life, your soul, the home of joy, the home of life, the home of knowledge. Then shall you live in spite of what you eat or if you do not eat at all; you shall live and your life will shine out of you, your life will shine out of every pore of your being, of your body; and others

around you will catch the glimpse of the real life, of that source of life, of that life which is its own joy and satisfaction. Others will catch the glimpse of that life from you, will absorb the essence of that life, of the real life you live, and they also will be blessed. They also in time will investigate into the inner corridors of the mind and inner recesses of the mind and will find that home of life, that spring of life, some day and bless you; and will bless the earth with their walking, bless the heavens with their prayers, bless all in their presence with their breath and look." May the Lord lead you all into that life!

THE VITAL VALUE IN THE HINDU GOD IDEA.

In the *Hibbert Journal*, Mr. William Tully Seeger writes a very notable article appreciating the Hindu doctrine of the *Atman* and pointing out how much it is needed at present in the West for a fuller and better understanding of Christianity. In no other country than India, he says have so large a proportion of the reverently high-minded agreed that the worthiest pursuit of man is the assiduous seeking and intrepid finding of God. They knew also the value of a consistent, moderate asceticism and inculcated a habit of prolonged concentration and contemplation. This is why the Hindus are so spiritual, and their religious consciousness so absorbed in subjective activities. According to them the idea of God is presented to the mind in the very same act with the idea of self, and that He is to be realized not by means of any objective use of the mind, but by penetrating all the mental strata with which mankind's civilizing process has overlaid man's diviner nature. Man's self is only the individuation of the supreme self. *Tat twam asi* expresses the identity of the particular and the universal, but it does not imply that the self-consciousness of the one is lost in that of the other. It is this God consciousness which comes with beautiful assurance when the in-dwelling self is found that is the vital need for which uninitiated Christians are everywhere still waiting. Jesus said 'ye are Gods', 'I and my father are one'; and He clearly referred in them to a subjectivity—a quickening of the mind by the spiritual Self or *Atman*. The Hindu apothegm 'That art Thou' which makes so many things clear in Christian doctrine ought to be regarded with sympathetic consideration by Christians generally. But why is it not? Naturally the church looks upon it as the acme of presumption; and it would not tolerate a teaching which undermines its spiritual authority by proclaiming that every human heart has its God somewhere within its own depths. It is highly probable, after all, that, with the exception of a very small minority of delicately organized individuals, occidental peoples of the present era are constitutionally incapable of living in conformity with the ideals of Christ. Their souls are not yet mature, and maturity cannot be attained except as body and mind are nourished ascetically. There is a prevailing aversion to mysticism, asceticism and orientalism, but was not their nominal Lord steeped in these ideas? The doctrine of the immanence of God, which is much in favor with the theologians of the present day, has prepared the way for the current diffusion of Buddhistic, Vedantic and Theosophical ideas among Western peoples; and many an open-minded Christian and agnostic have avowed that these newly-reflected rays of orientalism have more power to quicken their religious aspiration than anything that has demanded their attention since that youthful time when the celestial beauty of the Sermon on the Mount won their hearts. This is because ecclesiastical Christianity is played out and these higher ideas are needed to supplement and reinforce the words actually spoken by Jesus.

RELIGION AND CIVILIZATION: EAST AND WEST

BY BABA BHARATI

RELIGION and civilization have the same relation to each other as the human mind has to the body. The mind moves the body. All our physical actions are prompted by our thoughts which make up our mind, and action is primarily born in the mind in the shape of thoughts. The body is the vehicle and obedient slave of the mind. If our thoughts which embody the actions of the mind are good and harmonious, our physical actions are good and harmonious, too. And bad and inharmonious thoughts produce bad and inharmonious physical actions. But badness and inharmony mean one and the same thing. Inharmony in the mind's forces begets inharmonious thoughts, and inharmonious thoughts manifest themselves in bad—inharmonious—actions.

The civilization of a people in its outward manifestation is represented by their uniform and general physical actions. But these physical actions of that people are prompted and guided by their mentality. Their mentality is composed of thoughts which are born of the forces of the mind. These forces again are born of thoughts. The primal function of the mind is thinking; the mind is a thinking machine. But thinking requires objects to think on. Without any objects to think on the mind loses its mind-hood—it is then in its trance state. Therefore, objects are necessary for the mind's function which keeps up its existence. The mind feeds on objects or ideas or thoughts of objects upon which it functions and produces ideas and thoughts similar to and of the same material as the objects, thoughts and ideas upon which it feeds. If it functions and feeds on material objects, thoughts, and ideas, it absorbs their attributes which combine to form forces from which spring material thoughts and ideas. A matter-fed mind, in short, thinks of and produces material thoughts. But the cardinal attribute of matter is changefulness which, also, the mind absorbs by thinking on material things, and is affected by it. The material thoughts, born in the matter-fed mind, arise in the mind in quick succession as a result of the attribute of changefulness operating within the mind. This quick succession of thoughts makes the mind restless, and the restlessness of the mind moves the body into restless activity, called in modern language, "the strenuous life."

On the other hand, the mind's harmony being destroyed, it seeks to find that harmony from outside, from material objects upon which it functions through its channels, the senses. It seeks to substitute that harmony by the satisfaction of the senses, but the mind and senses are never satisfied. The more they feed on material joys, the more they hanker for them. Material satisfactions are momentary, for the joys derived from matter are true to their parent—changeful like matter. But the heedless, out-looking mind, knowing nothing better, continues the search for harmony, which it calls happiness, in these same material things which do not possess its object of search. From this material hankering springs material ambition, greed, selfishness which excite all the lower passions of man, and finally they lead to his moral destruction and early death.

What is true of individual man is true of peoples who collectively adopt the same ideas, thoughts and conceptions of life. A matter-fed people like a matter-fed man realizes the same mental experiences and manifests the same actions on the outside. These mental experiences and their resultant actions form the concept of that civilization, so-called, if they pretend to call it civilization, which it is not. It is a destructive civilization. It is a civilization that destroys the inner

natural principles of the mind and covers them with the rubbish and rank growth of materiality. And who will deny that this is the civilization that the whole West now vaunts of and is seeking to force down the throats of those Eastern nations whose creation-old civilization, even in these degenerate days, still manifests the true, sound principles of constructive life born of a soul-conscious, constructive mind?

The time of the vain boasts of self-sufficient superiority of Western civilization over that of the East is gone by. The time has fully arrived when the claims of this superiority have to be examined by the West itself wisely, closely and dispassionately, in the interests of its own best good and for the sake of the world's peace and higher evolution.

These claims will have to be examined by the light of a constructive philosophy of life, the philosophy which is anchored in the source of life, —all the Universe is one Life—with the light of a philosophy by adopting which the old nations of the world are still maintaining their vigorous existence, even to-day, and whose moral and spiritual advance is now being retarded by the onslaughts—moral, mental, material and physical—of Western nations, intoxicated by the power of their successful greed and selfishness, born of the new-fangled, destructive ideas of life.

It has now become the business of the wisdom of the East to turn the mind of the matter-mad West into its own depths, so that it can discover the true laws of life upon which to rear a civilization whose expressions will harmonize with those of the old Eastern nations and make for the world's peace, the only friend and helper of spiritual development—peace, the only object and goal of human existence. The conceit, which has blinded those votaries of this matter-mad Western civilization, has to be dropped for a while to allow their eyes to look into the ravages which their false deity has created and is creating within and around themselves.

But the world's peace can only be brought about by harmony in the consciousness of all nations and peoples of the world. And harmony in an entire nation's consciousness can only be contributed to by harmony in the consciousness of the individuals who form that nation. And harmony in individual consciousness can only result from the regular practice, by those individuals, in their everyday life of mental exercises which are apt to gradually discipline their rude mental forces, and thereby, in time, harmonize their moral forces. Such mental exercises can only be formulated by people who have deeply studied and clearly grasped the scientific laws of the mind, by realizing their harmonious effects through practice—effects which are manifested in their thoughts, actions and conduct. We live in the mind, hence, the science of our mentality is the science of our life. That science of mind or life becomes religion when it traces its principles to their prime source, the soul, the basic principle of our being—our soul which is a part of the All-pervading Soul of all that is. This is a religion, whether it is preached by Jesus or Buddha, Confucius or Krishna. This is the religion of old times—the expression of the inner laws of life, the eternal, immutable laws discovered by prophets and Saviours who have dived into the depths of life—the One Eternal Religion which reveals the harmonies of the soul whose attribute is Love, otherwise called God.

The civilization which is inspired and founded on this soul-based science of mentality is worthy of being called civilization. Otherwise it is a mocking misnomer, a destructive force for the very nation which evolves it. The science of life which Christ Jesus has enunciated and preached is a fit foundation to rear a true and abiding civilization upon. But its laws and principles can be interpreted only by the illuminated sages who can still be found in the East, sages who have still kept alive the soul-based civilization of the East.

STORIES OF INDIA.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

THE PSYCHIC AND THE DEVOTEE.

IN THE days long past, in a jungle of India, where the sun shone lovingly upon the swaying tree-tops and sifted through the abundant thickness of their branches, there once dwelt a hermit, all humble and holy, rejoicing ever in the things that were because he knew the source from which they sprang; rejoicing in his own being because he realized his relation to the Creator whose blessings radiated around, about and above him, and poured down upon him and flowed from within him unto all who came in contact with his beautiful spirit. So he lived, loving all, and being loved by all, because of the peace and harmony which he exerted over the minds and hearts of those who looked upon him.

One day as he walked along the forest path, wrapped in the mantle of still joy, and meditating on the beauty of the frail, wild flower, on the dance of the shadows of the leaves upon his path, on the love of the parent bird, on the wisdom of a hare's flight, on the adroitness of a serpent's trail, on the hunger of the young beast of the forest, on the gladness in the chirp of the ground-insect, and on the bubbling sound of the brooklet yonder, he beheld coming toward him a man confident, self-possessed and haughty. His step was bold, his shoulders lifted proudly, his head high, his eye full of command, and on his brow the thought that brooks not opposition.

At his approach, the hermit stepped out of his path and accosted him humbly. "O Sir," he said, "who may you be? So noble you seem, so confident and full of success. May I not have a word with you, since you honor me by passing me on this path?"

The stranger looked well pleased by the respectful and humble attitude of the hermit.

"I am a Baksidh" he answered confidently; "one whose word comes true, whose word is ever fulfilled."

"O sir," said the hermit, "glad am I and honored indeed to at last be face to face with such a psychic—a baksidh—Often have I heard of the wonder of such as you. I have listened many times to the tales told about yogis like you, and of the marvelous feats they perform by their psychical powers. Will you not, O sir, allow me to see for myself the demonstration of these your wonderful gifts?"

The psychic, still more pleased at the hermit's request, said, "Do you see that bird in yonder tree, hovering over its nest of young? By a word from me it will be dead. See!"

And he gazed upon the bird and shot forth the mighty weighted words "Bird, be thou dead."

And lo, without a quiver or chirp, the little feathered thing fell like lead to the ground. The hermit looked and saw it dead.

Then the yogi said: "It shall live again. Bird, be thou alive."

Instantly the little fluttering thing arose and hovered over its nest again, chirping in pert and loving concern to the little family within.

"Surely you are a great psychic" said the hermit. "By your word you have made a bird to die and live again, and I am filled with wonder at it, O yogi!"

"Wait," commanded the yogi beaming all over. "More than this I can do, and greater than this is my power. You see that elephant. See!" And again he thundered the word, "Be thou dead."

The huge beast fell as if stricken from an unseen bolt out of space. And the hermit looked and said, "Yea, he is dead, dead as if for

years. Thy powers are great, thy words weighty in their might, for they carry in them even destruction and creation."

Then the yogi shouted again, "Arise, be thou alive, O beast!"

And the beast rose slowly to his majestic height and began to feed upon the sweet grasses and the roots of the jungle.

After a short silence, the hermit came closer to the psychic and said, "Yogi, your deeds are even greater than the tales I have heard told of such as you. I stand amazed before you, and am privileged to have witnessed them. No doubt it has taken much time and cost you many austerities to have brought about the development that has given to your words the magic potency to take away life and to bring it back again."

"For twenty years" said the haughty psychic, "I have worked to bring about these conditions, and you are right when you say the austerities and hardships were many and long. I could not enumerate them to you, O hermit, but now it is all over, and I stand before you able to perform the wonders that few ever attain to."

The psychic's eyes grew big with conceit and his chest expanded because of pride of his attainments. Very gently the hermit looked at him, and his keen, kindly eye held in them a light of loving wisdom.

"O yogi," he said, "will you tell me just what good these psychical feats, these developed psychical forces have ever been to your real self, or even to others? At your word a bird has fallen dead at my feet and again your word has brought it back to life. At your command the largest beast of the jungle has fallen with the life struck from his heart, and at your command it stands again, lifted out of death, and in calm satisfaction feeding again on the sweets of the earth. All this you have done and I with my eye have beheld. Yet, may I ask once again, what good has it done to you outside of the satisfaction of conscious power, which is ever sweet to the vanity of man? And what good has it done to me, outside of the satisfaction of my curiosity which is ever big in the outer man, but which dries up the fountain of real wisdom in the inner man? Has it made your soul richer? Has it fed your inner hunger? Has it given you peace and happiness? Yet all these might have been yours had you spent those twenty years in developing your soul-consciousness."

The psychic heard and understood. All that the hermit said was true. He could make a bird or an elephant to die and live again. But could he speak the word that meant life and peace to him who heard it? He could pride himself on his psychical powers, but could he radiate the love and wisdom that this lowly one before him radiated about him now? He had by his concentration and understanding of the psychical forces made his words potent with magic to lay low and again lift up life, but could he make potent with love the little words used in daily life, that could lay low all sorrow and resurrect again by the little word of love the hope that had long died in the heart of his fellow man that met him on the path of life?

All this he saw, and, in the poverty of his spirit, he echoed the words of the lowly hermit. "What good has it done to you or to me—the psychical powers and their demonstrations which are the outgrowth of material concentration?"

And the yogi went forth resolving to turn his thoughts away from the powers that puffed up the senses and drained the spiritual channels of the soul. And in the days that followed he became known no longer as the great baksidh, but as the great saint who had learned the magic potency of the word "love" and who, by its power, had brought peace and blessings and the understanding of the workings of God wherever he walked and wherever the radiance of his love enveloped.

CHRISTIANITY CRUCIFIED

BY BABA BHARATI

EVER SINCE the call of the Jews for the blood of Jesus and the shedding of that blood on the Cross at Calvary, Life in the wake of that sacred emblem has been synonymous with death in its trail. In sickening contrast to the message of the Cross—its errand of peace and love, its lesson of non-resistance, mercy and order—stand the egotism-crowned fanatic and blood-thirsty horrors of the Inquisition, whose tortures brought madness to the brain and death to the body.

With the coming of Jesus, the Messiah of Love, into the world came the slaughter of innocent babes by the throne-loving, power-grasping tyrant Herod. With His going out of it came the slaughter of the innocent adherents of His cause by the pagan who in turn was quickly outdone in butchery by the upholders of the very faith that had been built on the life and utterances of this God-conscious man and world-conquering lover of mankind. The history of the Church of Christ is aflame with the firebrand and the stake, is alive with the shrieks and groans of its victims. It teems with the agonized ravings and protests that rose to the very heart of Him who came and walked and died for the glory of a world's awakening.

In His dear name, men were thrown into dungeons and murdered, women outraged and imprisoned and children were orphaned. In His name, the brave and the pure and the just were hurled outside the pale of the Church, that circle which the Church proclaimed holy and within whose limits alone man could reach Heaven. In His name, hope was dashed into atoms, faith was made a superstition, love became a mockery. Charity was choked, and in its place reigned greed for self-aggrandisement, faith in a gold-filled purse and the love of an absolute personal power. These conditions existed with their subtle poisonous tendrils, spreading through its whole foundation and undermining the great religion of God-love and man-love that sprang from Jesus of Nazareth, and is it to be wondered at, when many of its deepest and strongest and most salient qualities were buried beneath the blight of those early destructions, that in these days we behold again, in different garb, the enemy of the Christ of old in the purse-proud ordained minister who interprets the words of this Lord of Love with the same intolerance, egotism and ignorance which smothered its influence in the Middle Ages?

Thus poor Christianity, the great religion of the greater Nazarene, has suffered horribly through all the centuries from being preached by un-Christian, egotistical fanatics, while its most sacred emblem, the Cross, has been bathed in the blood of myriads of human beings who were slaughtered in its name by ecclesiastical, royal and mercenary hell-hounds of war. In later years its inspired devotees and denouncers of spiritless church dogmas have not only been tortured with demoniacal ingenuity but burned alive in England and Puritan New England of America. Not that these hate-encrusted egotists and demon-hearted fanatics of the Christian Church are not to be found now-a-days in Christendom. They exist in almost all the Churches, now as ever. Only the ever-growing conscience of Western humanity and enlightenment of its consciousness by illuminated thoughts of some Western thinkers and influx of the spirit of Oriental religions, combined with the limited powers of Western royalty and indifference and hatred of a growing majority of men and women to Churchianity, have imposed a salutary check upon their fanatical ambitions for cruelty and persecution. But the demon in most of them has been commercialized through the spirit

of the age: so, instead of craving for blood as of old they now crave for money, material goods and professional notoriety, for preaching in most cases has been reduced to a commercial calling—in many cases, to mere trade, like grocery or shoe-making. Just as school and colleges exist in the country for training up students for the different trades and professions, so Theological Seminaries are being run for turning out ready-made ministers of the Church, most of whom go through all the drudgeries of the coaching with the salaried positions in view. Moreover, graduation is easy, hence, candidates are many and willing.

The disastrous results of this arrangement, this turning of religious ministry into commercial profession, are apparent on all sides in Christendom, especially in America. But for the honorable exceptions of naturally God-loving ministers and priests who are keeping the fire of faith alive in God-hungry Christians, the soul-unfolding religion of the Divine Nazarene would have gone down with the land into the seas. Their genuinely spiritual ministrations are greatly hampered and their influence counteracted by the antics and vagaries of machine-made products of Theological Seminaries who form the majority of the ministerial force in this country. These latter are in most cases entirely bereft of the spirit of godliness, have little consciousness of the seriousness of their calling, and less respect for their exalted positions as servants of God. They mouth their made-up sermons and deliver them like parrots. They often choose secular subjects for the sake of sensation and deal with them like any stump-speaker or newspaper reporter, investing it, of course, with some glamour of religiousness. All the same, their adherence to the dogma of the Church shows no relaxation. It is an adherence born of blind opinion injected into them by the Seminaries and the imperative conditions of the creed they represent. However much they may exalt Christ in hackneyed words and phrases, their faith in the Saviour is, in essence, a patronizing opinion at best. They declare Christ Jesus was the only Son of God only to feed their egotism. It means that if He did not happen to be the only Son, they would not appoint him as their Saviour, nor would they have preached His Saviourship to the world.

Their attitude to Oriental religions is one of supreme swagger. To them, they are pagan religions, and as such they could contain nothing worthy of their attention or examination. Not possessing even a spark of Christianity in themselves, it is not possible for them to detect the expression of Christian qualities in others, much less in a "pagan," even if that "pagan" believes in the divinity of Christ and extols his religion to the skies. These may fitly be called "Kid" preachers of Christ. It does not matter whether they are in age three score-and-ten or a score and a half. They are "kids" all the same, for they have no more understood the spirit of Christianity than a "kid" understands the higher sciences. If they had grasped the spirit of the Master they preach, even a little, they would have given up their frivolity and arrogance and, with the light of Christ within them, seen the Christ in others, aye, even in "pagans," if He peeped out of them.

I pass from these generalities to a specific instance which affords the most glaring illustration of what I mean by a "kid" preacher. Quite recently at a certain church in this city one of these "kid" preachers—and a "fresh" and sauch "kid" at that—immortalized me by preaching a sermon on what he called "pagan audacity." On reading the report of the sermon in the next morning's paper I was simply aghast at the enormity of the latitude which this "kid" preacher indulged in only to satisfy the hate which he felt for the "pagan" Baba. The sermon is not worth anybody's notice, but a few words from it will afford few luminous illustrations of the degradation into which the

church ministry is sinking daily in this country. He calls me "this fellow" and an ass. Think of it! A Christian pastor, speaking from his holy place in the pulpit, in the holy church of Christ, the Prince of meekness, calling the preacher of another religion who is perhaps a more enthusiastic preacher of Christ than the pastor himself—"this fellow." How wonderfully he forgets himself, his position, his Master—all for gratifying his egotistic rancor, born of the influence of the very Devil which could not but have been swaying his mind and reason at the time. Otherwise, is it possible for any minister to so far forget his cloth and calling, aye, even the pulpit, as to use words fit for the lips of a swaggering saloon rough. Yes, it is a rough who spoke those words of contempt—a religious rough, more pitiable than any rough in the world. The fact is, these "kid" pastors assume the role of saints before learning the manners of a gentleman. A gentleman is no joke, a perfect gentleman is a saint, for perfect gentlemanliness is the expression of a perfect discipline of the mind, of which the acme is in the gentle Jesus.

This pastor's pulpit pleasantry does reveal the truth of one thing—the wisdom of the Hindoo caste system. Reverend Fisher is the name of this pastor. Fishers, in India, are of the Pariah caste, with whom the upper four castes dare not come into close contact for fear of Billingsgate. The wisdom of this Hindoo caste custom seems to hold good even in non-caste America. Jesus the Christ turned some of these fishers into fishers of souls by his holy touch. But that does not necessarily prevent a self-appointed, machine-made Fisher of souls from refusing to forget the instincts of his ancestral calling. Blood tells even in America. The "kid" then trots out the standard Christian missionary lies, "that women are lower in scale there (India) than dogs," and Hindoo "widows" are reckoned as dead. As I have in this magazine given genuine, every-day pictures of both Hindoo wife and widow, I have not a word more to say on the subject. Here is what will wound every Hindoo deeply and hurt the sensibilities of every cultured Westerner not a little. "Krishna, one of the incarnations of Vishnu," says this reckless blasphemer and villifier, "is the Hindoo incarnation of lust, and is so vile a representation that intelligent Hindoos will not mention the name of this God in the presence of foreigners familiar with his history." I do not know wherefrom the "kid" has drawn this information, whether from those monumental liars, some Christian missionaries in India or from the vile lips of the East-Indian Christian convert, a typewritten copy of whose statements he declared to his audience, the other night, he possesses—the East-Indian who, being in the pay of the Christian missionaries, has taken up the vile errand of villifying his own parents and countrymen, their religion, manners and customs. If this "kid" pastor had the least regard for telling the truth about the Hindoo religion he would have studied for himself some Hindoo religious books, written by unprejudiced foreigners who would have told him that Krishna is worshipped in every Hindoo heart and home as Supreme God, and Krishna who walked the earth five thousand years ago, was the fullest expression in flesh of Krishna or Para Brahma—the Supreme God.

A nation's God is called the worst names by a "Christian" in the holy house of God. No Hindoo heathen can ever be accused of such blasphemy. Had Krishna been what this impudent imp calls him, would Sir Edwin Arnold have translated the *Bhagavad Gita*, the teachings of Krishna, of which Christ's teachings form but a page, calling it *The Song Celestial* and also the *Gita Govinda*, embodying the love of Krishna and Radha, (Love and its Principle) which Sir Edwin has called *The Song of Songs*?

When will the Christians in this country learn to love God enough to drive out of their churches these villifiers of others' religion and blasphemers of Lord God Almighty, because he is called by another name in another language in another country?

My advice to this "kid" preacher, who certainly knows nothing about his sacred vocation and less about Jesus the Christ, is to give up his position, rather than bring shame to the name of the Divine Christ by his undivine pranks in the pulpit. Let him get back into school, not the Theological Seminary, but some school of mental discipline so as to acquire the manners and habits and courtesies of a gentleman. Then, if he aspires still to be a servant of the Cross, let him take himself to some deep study, as Hindoos do, away from the hurry and din of the world, and commune sincerely and silently with Jesus of Nazareth, the God-hearted Apostle of Love, whose Father in Heaven is Krishna, the Lord of Love, the Lord of all the universes.

As for his attempts, or the attempts of all the churches put together, to drive out the Hindoo preachers of the Root Religion of Mankind, of which Christ and his religion are radiant expressions, they will prove the most futile, as coming developments will show. The advent of these Hindoo preachers in America, I say again, is a God-ordained dispensation in the march of the world's spiritual events, and there is no power in the world to thwart or stop their beneficial work of illuminating the Christ-religions. Only half a dozen Hindoo preachers have as yet come, and already created the greatest consternation in the missionary and ministerial camps. That proves they are wonderfully powerful. As to whether Krishna is Lord of Love or Lord of Lust, He Himself will soon show to the western world. That Lion of Love, that Lord of all the universes, is as yet only growling gently, gently protesting against the unnatural behaviour of the conceit-blinded ministers of His Beloved Son. A moment more and the Lion will rise and roar, the Lion of Love in all the Majesty of His Allmightiness, and the foxes and the jackals, the mice and the cats and the asses who are daily misinterpreting the message of the White God of Love, He that was born in Bethlehem, will clear out of the churches and scamper into their holes.

Religion is not the simple fire escape that you build in anticipation of a possible danger upon the outside of your dwelling and leave there until danger comes. But religion is the house in which we live; it is the table at which we sit; it is the fireside to which we draw near, and the room that arches its familiar and graceful presence over us.—*Phillips Brooks.*

O My children! ever outward looking, turn within your blinded eyes, and there a world all big with joy and love you will find, a world made wise by My wisdom, a world of the Real. Then you will know what Love has made of you; what Love doth bless you with; what Love doth will that you should be.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

"He only is great of heart who floods the world with great affection—He only is great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts. He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career. And he is the greatest who does the most of all these things, and does them best."

LIGHT FROM DARK RACES

BY E. H. CLEMENT*

(From "Alexander's Magazine".)

THE BABA BHARATI, a highly gifted Brahman, who for some time after the Peace Congress in Boston, to which he came as a delegate, [Vice-President for India,] remained here expounding the principles of Hinduism, has established at Los Angeles, California, a magazine entitled "The Light of India," devoted to the exposition of the civilization of the East to the Western world. A recent number contained his vigorous paper, "The White Peril," in which Baba Bharati says:

"The Westernization of Japan is a world-wide delusion. She is too old and solidly Eastern to be Westernized in a day. She has donned the dress and armours of Civilization" to fight the battle of Asia's deliverance from the danger of that civilization, to teach its missionaries that Asia is the cradle of civilization, the Easterns, being the intellectual aristocracy of the world, can, whenever they like, think and act in everything as well as, if not better than, their Western tyrants.

"Already she has proved by practical demonstration to the power-drunk conceit-blinded Europe that its superiority over Asia in bravery and intelligence is the hollowest pretension. With this rude awakening Europe ought to learn, if she has not already learned, that the soul is the seat of highest bravery and the East more soulful than the West; that the East, the home of light and knowledge, is bound to be pervaded by keener intelligence than the West; that intelligence and faith and feeling, and not mere brute-force, are the backbone of true valor; that the lack of modern fire-arms and opportunities of being drilled in modern warfare, of which Asiatics have been deprived by the dominant White races, have so long prevented them from driving out the White Peril from their country in order to be able to live once more in peace and harmony of soul-culture, which is their goal of life. She has shown that the feeling of patriotism, which the Western peoples had so long thought was their exclusive monopoly, is possessed by the reincarnation-believing Eastern races of all-surrendering devotion in a higher degree, and that it is of a type not to be found in the modern West. She has already made England fearful of losing India and all the Western Powers fearful of the awakening of China which, however, has already begun; they are even dreaming of Chino-Japanese hordes sweeping over Europe. But this is a mere dream. The Mikado stands for the peace of Asia, and better understanding between the East and the West.

"What is this civilization anyway? I have lived in four of its chief centers for about five years. During this time I have studied this civilization with the little light with which my Brahman birth has blessed me. And I must confess that I have been deeply pained by the facts that study has revealed to me. Oh, what saddening facts! One need not go to India to test the truth of my fragmental portrayal of the degrading effects of this civilization upon the Hindoos. Let him look about himself and mark its ravages upon his own people here, how it is sapping the moral foundation of its deluded victims in the lands where it has sprung into being and where it is holding its undisputed sway. And I challenge him to deny that this vaunted civilization of his is dragging him down from his high estate. It has practically abolished the idea of a human soul, and whatever of it is believed in, by some, is its false shadow. It is daily degrading divine humanity into unashamed animality. It has raised selfishness to a religious creed,

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Mammon to the throne of God, adulteration to a science, falsehood to a fine art. It has turned holy matrimony into a farce, the marriage certificate into waste paper, connubial blessings into a chance of lottery. It has banished all seriousness out of life and made it a mere play-thing. Self-seeking its breath, self-will its laws, self-conceit its essence, self-deception its philosophy. It has created artificial wants for man and made him a slave to work to satisfy them; it has made him ever restless within and without, robbed him of leisure, the only friend of high thought. He knows no peace, hence knows not himself or his real object in life. It has made him a breathing, moving, hustling, fighting, spinning machine—ever working, never resting, never knowing even the refreshing rest of a sound sleep. It has made him a bag of live nerves, ever stretched to high tension. He has learned to call license liberty, breach of social laws and shirking of responsibilities independence, slavery of his own will freedom. It has deified sensuality, glorified materialism, beautified sin. It has split human societies into atoms, families into units, fighting against each other. It has sapped the foundation of home-life and, its trunk severed from its roots, its roof-tree threatens to fall, shaken by each passing breeze. Its vulgar haste and love of sensation are invading even the realm of religion which is being classed with fads and crazes. Its boasted scientific inventions have done more harm than good to humanity's best and permanent interests; they serve only the surface-life which alone its votaries live and know. It is hinting at love as a microbe, reducing romance to illicit love. It openly proposes the killing of chronic patients and all old people over sixty. Humanity is hateful in its estimation, conceit and brute-force constitute its superior individuality. It has abolished reverence, depth of character, real genius, real poetry and real philosophy. It is establishing the crime of color and poverty. Flattery is its juice of life, insincerity the substance of courtesy."

If it requires a surgical operation to enable a Scotchman to take a joke, it has required the blowing to pieces of Port Arthur and of two or three fleets of European battleships, and of a hundred thousand or more European soldiers, to enable Europe to acquire the beginnings of a wholesome respect of the rights of Asiatics to their own countries. The events of the past twenty months have done what twenty hundred years of the Christian Era had failed to accomplish in teaching the nations of the West that their Holy Scripture meant what it said when it declared God's purpose to be that all the nations of the earth should dwell together as brethren, with the special injunction that the inhabitants of each nation should respect the boundaries of every other. The learning, the gentleness, the fine arts, the peace and industry, the religion, the venerable age, of the great nations of the East, had won for them little consideration in the minds of the "hustling" and aggressive commercialism of the soi-disant "Modern World", ignoring the existence of any world worth mention outside its own communities. Met fully and wholly upon its favorite and characteristic ground, matched in fighting force and strength with fighting force and arms of the modern scientific precision and effectiveness, the "Modern World" has had the broad concept that the darker races' lands are their own, and that they have the right to exist in them unharmed, fairly shot into it, and all through and through with torpedoes, shells and bullets. It is a pity, a shame, indeed!—an eternal reproach to so-called Christian civilization, and especially to Christian missions, that this concept could have been reached by Christian civilization in no other way, but so it has appeared. Well, however, this may be, whether or not there may have been a better way, the thing is done

and so thoroughly well done (those outsiders that are in Asian lands and islands may stay there on good behaviour, not in possession or domination, but no new occupations, even of "spheres of influence," will again be thought of)—that it only remains to consider what is to come, for Europe and for Asia, out of the re-adjustment of relations.

What do Europe and America now expect of Asia? What do we want? What do we lack that the institutions of the ancient civilization which has taken a new lease of life, may supply in exchange for what we have to give to it? We are speaking now not of material and commercial exchanges, but of things of the spirit, of things moral and intellectual, aesthetic and religious, the things of real value, high and deep, all aids to the only abiding concern of humanity, character-building, for the individual and the general social well-being. In the first place "we could use" a little more respect for age than we are accustomed to, in our latest generations. The Japanese keep repeating, in their official announcements as well in private intercourse, that all their success is due to the wisdom of their ancestors. While we are flouting the declarations and aspirations of our ancestors as glittering generalities and outgrown notions of a day of small things, the Japanese insist and repeat that had it not been for the things done by their fathers they could not have done the things that they have just done. The whole fabric of their history is sacred to them as one piece woven from the blood and intellect, souls and religious faith, and patriotic spirit and devotion of the countless sacred units of their race, including their own forebears, who have gone before. As in national affairs, so also in private and personal concerns. Their family and clan have part in every development and detail of all their fortunes. They are constantly present in thought and influence; every act that is creditable redounds to the ancestors' renown; every discreditable deed is an injury and disgrace to those whom they ought to strive to gratify as they look on at the doings of their descendants.

We could "use", too, a little of some religion such as thus enters into the daily life and actions of every born believer in the religions of this elder world. Our religion is something mystical, removed, apart from, if not in direct contradiction to, our daily practice. Admittedly we do not love our neighbor as ourselves; when smitten on the one cheek we don't turn the other for the second blow; if our coat is taken from us, we do not give the cloak also. We do not sell all that we have and give to the poor. We do not strive to be as innocent and unsuspecting and unresentful as little children, such as constitute,—we pretend we believe,—the Kingdom of Heaven. All this we listen to, a portion of us, mainly of the softer sex, one day in seven in otherwise unvisited temples maintained for this formal public profession. It is the Hindus who accompany every act of life from the morning ablutions to the evening repast with a worship become as second nature to them. It is the Chinese who have the gods familiarly with them in the wind, the rain, and the fulfilment of the harvest. The tumult in the religious world of this country over the acceptance of what is called "tainted money," is an awakening of the consciousness of our people to the wide gulf between religious profession and the daily life of some of its most prominent moneyed patrons. Obviously we can take a leaf, if not out of the religious creeds of the Orient, at all events out of the vital relation of the religions of the East to the "daily walk and conversation" of the people.

Our manners as others see them, may have possibly something to gain in the way of repose and suavity and dignity. The newspaper reading public has been amazed at nothing more in the amazing series of events of the Russo-Japanese war, than at the faultlessly "correct,"

to use the diplomatic term, temper and terms of the published official utterances, whether of the political or military authorities of Japan. Courtesy, chivalry, humane treatment of wounded and prisoners, restraint in victory, and absence of either menacing or exultant flourish, have set for Europe and America a high standard for national conduct in a great war.

At a meeting of the Japan Society of London, one of the English speakers gave it as his opinion that the happiness of the Japanese is largely owing to the fact that the national ideas are brought down to the marketplace. It appears that societies for the prevention of cruelty to children or animals are non-existent in Japan, for there is no need of them. A Japanese recently remarked, "We should be ashamed to profess to follow the Sermon on the Mount and act as you do." Collate this with the remark of President Francis L. Patton of the Princeton Theological Seminary, in a recent Sunday sermon, referring to a very prominent American:

"I hate to see a cold-blooded, right-living rascal, who has his \$40,000,000 and can teach Sunday School regularly and drives his hard bargain every week, always keeping just within the range of the law."

The London Chronicle, speaking of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, observed the other day:

"After this was there anything equivalent to be done to revolutionize human thought and action? There are some who think that the discovery of Japan as a factor in human affairs will prove to be as great a revelation, and as great a revolution, as the finding of the New World. If the discovery thereof redressed the balance of the Old World, this equilibrium has again been disturbed by revelations forced upon us by the Japanese."

If so much of enlightenment has been accomplished for us at this single point of contact with the civilization of Asia, a civilization unadulterated with any European interference, for good or evil, with the natural development of an Asiatic race on its own radical and religious lines, what may not be seen with the great nationalities freed from the influences and actual forcible dominations of aliens confusing and cramping their evolution according to the irrespective national genius? What about our modern science, you ask, of which Japan has so effectively availed herself? Yes, we are right to be proud of being in a position to requite the East with something commensurate with all that we are beginning to see we have derived and are yet to assimilate from the ancient culture and religions of the Orient. Our science, we may finally conclude, is but rediscovering and applying in detail the occult science of the ages of study of the relations of man to nature before our own civilization had emerged from savagery on this side of the planet away from earliest rising of the Sun. We may come to see that, as any specific branch of science, say, of chemistry or bacteriology or astronomy, is to the science, say, of Emerson, so is our science to the science of the "Ancient Wisdom." The greater must ever have included the less; and as we rediscover and correlate this and that portion of the eternal verities, we shall view more reverently and with juster appreciation the ages, and their living descendants that approached the vast unknown in the universe in the religious spirit and so came nearer to the heart of all mysteries. Meanwhile the increasing mutual knowledge and mutual respect and "good will among men," must hasten the day of more light. As the Anglo-Indian laureate has sung:

Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet
Till Earth and Sky stand presently before God's Judgment Seat.
But there is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed nor Birth,
When two strong men stand Face to Face, though they come from the ends of
the earth.

JIM

An Anglo-Indian Romance Founded on Real Facts.

BY BABA BHARATI.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Jim, an English regimental officer of India has lost his way in a jungle while hunting. He meets a yogi whom he threatens to shoot, at the latter's refusal to give him a drink of water. On aiming, he finds himself suddenly rooted to the spot by the eyes of the yogi. Wonder taking place of anger, he drops his gun and is advised by the yogi to look behind him. He sees a lake where before was a forest of trees. Quenching his thirst, he retreats only to see the lake disappear once more.

Turning to the side of the yogi, Jim experiences a strange spiritual awakening and becomes possessed of a determination to follow the holy one as a disciple. The yogi discourages this project and Jim returns to the world, his wife and child only to gain his wife's consent and rejoin the yogi again.

By some mysterious thought process the yogi has anticipated this step and provided a disciple to escort Jim to his monastery in the jungle where Jim was to meet his yogi Gooroo.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOST OF the passengers in all the compartments of the carriage left it at their destinations during the two hours that took the train to reach the place for which Jim's companion had tickets. After the first hour's travel all the ten travelers of their compartment got out, and during the remaining hours they were alone, as no passenger got in from the intermediate stations. The moment they were alone, the ascetic asked Jim to throw his bundle of shoes, which he was carrying all the while, out of the window and over the railroad fencing, which Jim did at once and was relieved of the burden. The ascetic then whispered to him to take a little sleep on one of the benches.

"Don't talk, Sáhib," he said, "the Gooroo has forbidden it, but take a little rest and sleep until we reach our station, before which I will rouse you to get ready to get out."

Jim consented to rest but he knew he could not sleep. His mind was too much filled with the several stories he had heard the passengers tell of their experiences with spiritual men and manners to allow him to sleep. They soothed his mind, however, with their harmonizing vibrations, and while the ascetic sat cross-legged on the other bench and, with eyes shut, seemed to be lost in contemplation, Jim studied the features of his face more calmly than he had had the opportunity to do before. As he fixed his eyes upon that face he felt as if love itself was radiating from it and filling him with its sweet influence. A minute more and he was fast asleep, a sleep so profound and restful that when the ascetic woke him up from it he felt strong, happy and tranquil, more so than ever.

In the early dawn, when they got out of the train and entered a covered ekká, which was waiting for them at a little distance from the station, the ascetic asked Jim to allow him to blindfold his eyes as it was the order of the Gooroo. At first Jim felt an impulse to ask the reason why, the impulse natural to his English mind. But he overcame it as the thought came that nothing but good intention could exist in the order of the Gooroo, and that there was nothing but safety itself for him while he was in such saintly hands. So the ascetic put a napkin around his eyes, while the ekká man drew the covering of the ekká securely, so that no eyes outside could get any glimpse of those inside.

"You see, Sáhíib," said the ascetic in the softest whisper, "we wish to keep the whereabouts of the place to which I am taking you secret from all the public."

Jim nodded with a smile and said nothing. His longing to see the Yogi had now become once more intense, and the thought that he was nearing him was in itself an ecstasy. The ekká dashed over an uneven road which Jim felt by the jerks and jolts he received. It might have been an hour or hours that passed before it stopped. The coverings from his eyes and from the ekká were removed, and as Jim leaped down from his seat, the Yogi stood before him with his soul-entrancing smile, as he greeted him with hands outstretched:

"Aó, Sáhíib, tum kaisé ho—come, Sáhíib, how are you?"

Jim looked at that human vision of spiritual beauty once more. It was far more resplendent than when he had seen it at the first meeting. The wide love-filled eyes sparkled with a lustre that seemed to envelop him within and without. And as Jim looked at them for a few seconds, his hands, hanging at his sides, joined themselves, Hindoo-wise, in front instinctively and, with a shriek of joy unbounded welling up from within him, Jim fell prostrate at the feet of his master and saviour.

The Yogi allowed him to remain in this posture for a while, then he raised him from the ground and embraced him, saying:

"So you have come. I am so glad, I am so glad you have come."

Then taking him by the hand he led him into a dilapidated house which stood in front of where they stood. But Jim was not conscious of where he was or where the Yogi was taking him. He could not take his eyes from the Yogi's face, and the Yogi, with a look which revealed the very soul of grateful appreciation, kept talking to him in his voice of infinite tenderness:

"So you have come, come to live with the Lord's most beloved ones, and I, who am his most unworthy servant made worthy by his grace, will have the exquisite privilege of serving you with His knowledge. My son, you are going to be a Hindoo now; you are already one and soon you will be a Hindoo of Hindoos, a devotee of Krishna."

"And all through your grace, O holiest of beings, all through your grace," Jim burst out, finding tongue again. "I am still thinking what merit I could have acquired in this life to deserve this wonderful grace, this undreamed-of grace of meeting you. How is it possible for a brute to meet a god? And yet my case proves the possibility. My soul, which you have awakened, is yours to do whatever you like with it, holy one. I need not dedicate it to you, for you have already bought it by your grace."

"Very well said," the Yogi answered, patting Jim on the shoulder, "you already show the best symptoms of the Lord-graced one, for all grace belongs to Him, the Ever Gracious One, the One Gracious One of all the universes. You are blessed already, but who knows what more blessings the Ocean of Mercy, the Ocean of Love, can add to what He has already bestowed upon you? Sit on this seat and rest. I will see you again."

So saying the Yogi left Jim in a room wherein he had led him, and passed out of it.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN THE Yogi was gone, Jim kept looking through the door through which he had passed. Then he turned to the seat to which the Yogi had pointed. It was a piece of coarse thick blanket spread on a ce-

mented floor. As he saw that seat, his impulse was to sit on it to comply with his request which he took as a loving command.

Once seated on it, he turned his eyes around to study the room. But he studied it aimlessly, for his mind was still absorbed in the Yogi and was longing to see him again. The look at him for a few minutes did not satisfy him. He was hungering to feast his eyes on that wondrous face to their fill. The intensity of the desire pained him, and hence it was more to divert his attention from it, that he tried to study the room. The room looked old and gloomy. It was large and bare of furniture except for a small wooden bedstead covered with a blanket on one side, and a mud oven for cooking purposes in a corner of the other. The walls were dark with smoke, and in many places lime-and-sand plaster was gone, showing the small bricks with which they were built. The ceiling of beams and rafters was black with smoke. The room had four doors on three sides and two windows on the side to which Jim had his back. Three doors were shut and the fourth, through which the Yogi had entered and passed out, stood open and led into a wide corridor. Out through the windows Jim saw nothing but jungle. As he was looking through their gratings, Jim started at the voice of the ascetic who stood in front of him asking, "Shall I take the paint off?" Jim nodded assent.

The ascetic sat before him, and asking him to shut his eyes, began to rub a thin oily substance all over his face, around the neck and on his hands and feet, wherever the paint was. Then he wiped off the paint and oil with a moist white napkin. Another process of oil-rubbing and every vestige of the paint was removed by a piece of dry cloth. The ascetic then held a little mirror before Jim and, with a smile, asked him, "Isn't that your natural skin, now?"

Jim smiled also as he looked at the mirror and answered, "Yes. How quickly you have done it, brother!"

The ascetic smiled and said, "Please come with me now and take a bath."

Out through the corridor and front door they went into the open again where the ekká had stopped. The ekká was gone now.

The ground over which they passed was covered with the softest grass and a few tall trees, and fringed with rows of flower plants. Behind the flower plants was thick jungle which Jim and his companion now entered and walked along a path to a well, the mouth of which was many feet from the ground, and around which was a stone-built platform which they mounted by stone steps worn with use and time, and broken here and there. The ascetic asked Jim to take off his robe and jacket and sit on one of the steps, so that he could pour a few bucketfuls of water on his head. As Jim did so, the ascetic lowered into the well a cone-shaped iron bucket tied to a rope, which slid over a wooden wheel that revolved in the middle of an iron rod supported by two upright stone posts. In another minute the bucket was pulled up full of cool, clear and sweet water which the ascetic poured over Jim's head, asking him to rub his whole body with a soft napkin which he threw to him. Jim did as he was told and never had he had a cooler and more refreshing bath in his life.

After three bucketfuls of water, the ascetic gave Jim some powdered pulse in a brass bowl and asked him to rub it over his body mixing it with water. Jim found it, as he rubbed it over his body, soothing and cleansing to the skin, more so than the best brand of soap he ever used. After he had had three more bucketfuls of water with which to wash away the *besun*, as pulse-powder is called, he was asked to wipe his body with the napkin, after wringing out the water. As Jim was wiping the upper part of his body, which was now all bare to the waist

from which, down to the knees was covered with a cotton cloth, one yard by five, worn in Hindoo-fashion, the ascetic smiled very broadly and remarked:

"How white is your body, Sáhib, whiter than the cloth you are wearing."

Jim appreciated the compliment with a responding smile which vanished as he said seriously:

"Yes, this white skin of mine covers a black heart, and I would rather have a white heart like yours covered by a black skin. My ideas of human skins have rapidly changed, saint, since I have met our Gooroo."

The saint laughed as he bowed to the compliment, and replied:

"You are growing white, too, in your heart already, and a few more touches of that touchstone, our Gooroo, will make it whiter than mine."

"Nay, nay," protested Jim, "it will be very long before mine will partake of your color. The touch of you all, added to the magic touch of our Gooroo, will help the whitening. That is my hope, the only hope in this life."

Jim's eyes moistened as he said the last words.

"Haré Krishna," was the greeting with which another saint, middle-sized, with a dark brown skin and with sacred white clay marks on his forehead, drew the attention of the ascetic to a piece of white cloth, washed and dried, which he held in his hands.

"Haré," responded the ascetic as he turned to him. And taking the cloth from his hands he gave it to Jim to wear. When Jim had put it on, the ascetic smeared his forehead with an emulsion of fragrant sandal-wood, after which he took him by the hand and led him back to the house.

On the way Jim asked him, "May I ask your name, if there is no objection?"

"There is no objection," replied the Saint kindly, "my name is Shánt Dás."

"And what is our Gooroo's name?" asked Jim again.

"Nobody knows his name," was the answer, "not even his oldest and dearest disciple. We call him Máhráj."

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN JIM came back to the room, Shánt Dás asked him to take his seat on the blanket on which he had sat before, for now there was another seat a few feet in front of him, a piece of very thick gray blanket. Shánt Dás asked him to shut his eyes and think of the Gooroo, and left the room, shutting the door behind him.

Jim closed his eyes and thought of the Gooroo. If he had been asked to think of the Yogi, his absorption in that thought would perhaps have brought about a state of trance within him in a minute, but the suggestion of contemplating the Gooroo, even though he was no other than the Yogi, made a difference in the mechanism of the thought process.

"Gooroo, Gooroo!" he exclaimed within himself and asked himself the question, "What is Gooroo?" Is he a teacher as any other teacher of earthly knowledge? No, was his own prompt answer. A Gooroo, he knew, is a spiritual teacher. "But what is a spiritual teacher?" he asked himself again, and the question reduced itself to the simple one, "What is spirit?" But though simple in word, it proved more difficult to understand. The word "spiritual," Jim said to himself, he could get a sense of, though in some vague way. But the word "spirit,"

of which the word "spiritual" is a derivative, seemed hardly to convey any idea. "What is spirit?" he asked himself over and over again. And as Jim found that word to be a dead wall to him, his mind glanced back to his body and he felt almost a relief and a comfort to think of his body, the vibrations of which he felt as ethereal. He sensed a physical cleanliness unfelt before, mixed up as it was with the odor of sandal-wood paste on his forehead. He did not feel the sense of flesh at all. He felt as if he was made of his breath, his body made up of airy stuff.

"Glory to Gooroo," he heard exclaimed in a sweet voice. Did the voice come from within him? he wondered, and thinking it did so, he concentrated his mind to listen to that inner voice if it spoke again. It did speak. "Glory to Gooroo," said the voice, creating most exquisite thrills within Jim, "Glory to Gooroo, who is light and love, the light that is love and the love that is its own light. This light of love—the love that is the basic principle of all life—this light of love is the spirit. The word 'spirit' comes from the Sanskrit word 'sphurti' which means expression, the expression of the soul, the essence of the soul, which is love. To feel a sense of the love which is the foundation principle of our life, called in Sanskrit, 'átma', in English, the soul, is to be spiritual. Our mind is the grossened manifestation of our soul's reflection and the body is the grossened manifestation of the mind. When the mind contemplates the body, its materialized manifestation, the outer man, who is nothing but his mind, the chief principle of which is consciousness, is material in his consciousness, instincts and inclinations. When his mind contemplates its own source, the soul, it absorbs by that contemplation the essence of that soul—its spirit. He is then spiritual, his consciousness, the mind's cardinal sense, is conscious of the spirit of the soul. His consciousness was filled with this spirit before he sensed it by contemplation, but he had not sensed it, his consciousness being occupied with the operations of his physical senses functioning upon the physical plane. This makes all the difference. Man is material, if his mind is conscious only of its own materialized products. He is spiritual, if his mind keeps constantly conscious of its own source, the soul, and thereby absorbs its essence, the spirit, whose light is the essence of wisdom. The mind's unconsciousness of its own source, the soul, and the contemplation of its materialized products alone is the reason of his ignorance, the ignorance of his real self, his soul. The Gooroo turns his mind from the contemplation of these materialized products into its inmost interior, into his real self. Hence he is called Gooroo, which comes from 'Goo' which means the darkness of ignorance, the ignorance of our real self, and 'Roo', which means the light of knowledge, the knowledge of the real self, the realization and the undisturbed consciousness of this realization that we are our soul and not our body. The Gooroo brings about this soul-consciousness in the chelâ by the light and might of his own absolutely constant soul-consciousness."

The voice ceased and Jim, who was not only listening to its words but experiencing within him the demonstration of the truths they embodied, was entirely unconscious of everything outside him. His mind was flooded with a light in which his consciousness was swimming. Slowly the light began to fade and, when it was almost gone, a voice from without asked, "How do you feel?"

Jim opened his eyes and saw the Yogi sitting before him on the gray blanket. Jim was dazed by his experience and so could not answer the question of the Yogi for a long time. He kept looking at his smiling face while it began to dawn upon him that it was the Yogi who had been speaking to him all this time. To be fully confirmed of it, he wanted

to ask the Yogi himself, but his tongue refused to move, out of sympathy with the deep harmony he felt within himself.

The smile of the Yogi became more radiant as he said:

"Yes, I have been speaking to you all this time. I was answering your mental question. Would you like to keep on experiencing soul-consciousness as you have been doing just now? If so, do not speak at all, but think of the lesson I have given you, of the truths it embodies, and by and by the experiences which you are having just now through my influence will come to you independently of my aid. You have to take a vow of silence for a year from now. Do not speak even a word. These my disciples here, will attend to all your wants and serve you with a love and affection such as you have never had before. Your food will be brought to you, and whenever you need to go out, you tap at the door and it shall be opened. Otherwise, it will remain closed. You will have to live and contemplate in this room for a whole year, at the end of which time you will see me again. My Krishna keep and bless you."

The Yogi rose, turned and slowly went out of the room. Jim turned his head with an effort and looked on his receding figure. He could not speak a word. The deep harmony within him held his tongue.

(To be Continued)

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA

Lo, plant in your breast the seed of love which is the word made alive. And from that seed shall grow a vine, and it shall grow in circular radius in your breast until it shall break its narrow confines and even in spiral growth it shall reach unto the spaces above and even through the spaces. In its growing it shall partake of much strength and sturdiness in its upward growth. The higher it pierces into these spaces the stronger it shall become, and lo, my devotee shall not know its height and strength, though the whole world shall, and many will take hold of the vine and climb by it unto Me, and others shall look at it and catch glimpses of stars from a world they know not of. But my devotee shall still water the little seed that was planted there, unmindful of the vine of love that hath sprung from it and spread into every part of his being and even reached into the world and filled a space into the heavens. He shall feel a nearness to Me and a humbleness in My presence. My love shall so envelop him that he shall but breathe it in and be satisfied, knowing that he loveth Me. I shall be good unto him and call him My own and lo, I shall bid him climb on his vine even to the height of My heart where his vine hath found him.



Even as the flowering is to the harvest, so is the thought to the word. Even as the word is the dressing of the thought, so is the fruit the fulfilment of the flowering and the word the garmented thought. But the deed is greater than the thought or word, even as the fruit is of more value than the flower. So do I give unto My devotee the thought that is made word and even fulfilled unto deed. Then also shall he behold flowering time made harvest and even into fruits ready to be munched and turned into fibre with which to strengthen the loins of his heart. Such am I to him who turneth his eyes unto Me, for he knoweth there is naught outside of Me or within Me but the love which is his to quaff, and the life which is his to breathe.

IDOLATRY

BY SWAMI SWARUPANANDA.

PEOPLE THINK they are iconoclasts, because they do not profess to worship outward images of clay, stones, etc. But they forget, in their pride of superior knowledge, that they worship inward *mental images*, which are not less objectionable than outward ones. This has been the case, with all people, of partially developed understanding, and of poor philosophical attainments, whether ancient or modern. These short-sighted presumptuous prophets, failing to understand the true nature of mind, rush to break the outward symbols first, and when that is done, they call themselves blessed, and go to sit at the right hand of God. But lo, there remains the mind, the parent of images, the collection of shapes, sizes and colors, as unbroken as ever! So our soi-disant iconoclast really does nothing but mischief, as he creates classes among the ignorant masses, and sets one against the other. He sows the seed of selfishness, hate and war.

"God is shapeless and infinite" cries our friend indignantly, "it is a sin and insult to His Divine Presence to erect images of wood or stone of Him." But it escapes his angry head that while breaking one image, he substitutes for it another and virtually loses his labor. His finite mind, the sum total of images of his five senses, is constitutionally incapable of thinking or even existing as such without images. All thoughts are images. So while he worships, he meditates on something shining and vast or calls to mind some circumstances, which he pleases to call kind acts of Heaven towards him or his kind, and thus pandering to his vanity he settles down to a self-complacent rest.

It is very hard to deal with people, who think themselves civilized, wise and master of all attainable knowledge, while they are really, far from being acquainted with even the alphabets of true philosophy and wisdom. For instance you will find a great many people, who will seriously tell you, that they have obtained the peace of God, and known His Nature, that He is to be worshipped in the mind alone, and that there could be no greater sin than to worship him in images. They would also perhaps quote some commandment in which God forbids man to worship Him in images. But look at the depth of their thought and the soundness of their logic! By "images" they mean the forms of wood and clay, which some "heathen" nations construct as the symbols of the Deity. And therefore they come down upon them. God has meant nothing more or less by the word "images." As if the thought in their brain was not an image! As if their mind could grasp the Infinite void of all shapes and limitations! As if they could conceive kindness apart from acts; attributes apart from objects, as redness apart from the powder, or liquidity apart from the water! You could never convince them that to think is to limit; that whether they worship outwardly or inwardly, they could never be without images; that their very identity, which is a bundle of relations, would cease to exist if they were to make their mind empty of all images. These patent and glaring facts which even the "heathen" school-boy can understand are refused admission in their reverend pates. See how terribly has God suffered at their hands! God said, "Let there be no image worshipped before me." These gentlemen forthwith understood by it that God meant the images of stones and clay built by the "barbarous heathens," as if God had special grievances against them, and as if they were not God's creation, but some foreign enemy's children!

VEDIC SEED-THOUGHTS

BY VISHWARUP CHATURVEDI.

May He, the all-formed-bull [who leads the herd] of chants, who hath, more potent than [all] chants, from deathlessness come forth.—Taittiriya Upanishad, Part I, Sutra 3.

OM, THE WORD, the sound that is the first of all words, the mother of all sound. OM, the Word that holds within itself the world, yea, holds within its horizons the sounds that were and are and ever yet shall come. The Word that manifests the mind of God and is the source from whence God sprang into Being, and that came from the Being of God into manifestation.

OM, the sound that spreads forth on the ether mists and still is spreading there in chants that resound in the perpetual activity of thing holding in itself the Creator and creation, that is never absent and knoweth not cessation, and whose silence is the halo of its sound.

OM, the Word of Mysteries, the Word that was in the beginning, that was God and with God; the word that is now God-laden, love-containing, wisdom-filled; echoing and re-echoing in the heart of gods and men, worlds and heavens; that pipes its litanies in the throat of birds at eventide and voices itself in anthems of the spheres, embracing every atom and each star, and coupling man with God and God with man.

OM, the sound that went before creations; OM that left creations in its trail. OM, the conqueror of immortality, the destroyer of death, the formulator of events; OM, the creator of the elements with their attributes, the fortifier of the soul, the inspirer of love.

OM, thou Word that is God, thou that securest thy likeness unto thyself by drawing the love of man unto the love of thyself who art the whole made into many. OM, thou song in each heart, thou singer of that song. OM, thou revelation of the mysteries within, and thou diviner of the revelations that are.

OM, the first element, the womb from which all elements were born, the vessel containing all that infinity doth know. OM, the God in Sound, the Sound in God. OM, the potent Word that is the first of all potencies, that holds within its range the healing of the worlds and encompasses the measurements of universes. OM, the Sound that the suns do make as they in swirling circles rush through ether's waves. OM, the Word that carries Divinity and reigns in the Absolute.

OM, Creator, thou mother of birth, thou soother of man that is of woman born, thou sound that maketh man to know himself the inheritor of the Kingdom of Love. Thou self-existent, all pervading, never-changing, universe-protecting potency, of whom man is a part, that permeates each and all and makes perfection for his goal, yet ever ready with tenderness infinite to crown each desire of thy child with a crown of three-fold power.

All who listen for the OM, shall know the wonder of its being, shall be at at-one-ment with its abundance. He shall not stint himself, nor shall evil come nigh him, for the heritage of the sound which is Love shall be his, and he shall be master of things earthly and also heavenly, and he shall converse with angels and be a lover of man.

O you who sit in bondage and pant for freedom and seek the love that is a world unto itself and with satisfaction is crowned! I am the key that opens the portal that reaches to the rarely-discovered land where contentment alone is found.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

THE BABA IN THE WEST

CHAPTER VI.

The Story of My Turban.

WITHOUT meaning any disloyalty at all, I think I myself proved comparatively greater than even the great King Edward in one respect at least—the effect produced by my head ornament. I mean my turban created a greater sensation than the English crown, despite all its diamonds and brilliants. I admit I have an advantage over His Majesty. The view of the English crown on the regal head is only occasional in the streets; the view of my turban on my Baba-head was eternal, to the never-failing merriment of all lookers-on in or out of doors. If it be not too much immodesty to say so, my pugree, I say, formed the chiefest attraction of a Coronation crowd, proved more sensational, that is, than most of the Coronation events and incidents, except the coronation illness of the King, when a deliriously joyous nation looked like a boisterous drunkard after a sudden ducking. My turban, in fact, accomplished many unexpected things for me in London—except conquering a lady's heart.

An Achievement.

But wait. It went very near achieving that too. Leisurely walking along a back street, a fair head was thrust out of a first-floor window and called out to me to come into the house, the front door of which was opened by the lady herself—well, not a bad-looking one, with a Chinese nose and a round flat face—a study, perhaps, in budding old-maidhood. It was into a studio that I was led and ushered and promptly enthroned. Then the small, delicate hand was busy with the brush in a moment, after it had caressed me into the right pose. Her large, languishing eyes travelled between me and the canvas in magnetic quickness, filling me with the thrill of her undoubted fascination for me. I fancied it was a case of love at first sight, and felt myself almost in a dream—the ecstatic triumph of having conquered a fair heart at last had banished all idea of time and space.

The Reward of a Sitting.

But presently the brush and the palette were thrown down, and from the canvas peered vaguely two faint eyes, with a fainter biggish nose—which I could swear were not mine—under a blazing gold-and-saffron turban. Gazing at it in wonder, I was forming some honeyed nonsense in my mind to compliment her on her splendid execution of the turban, notwithstanding the mistake in the features of the face. Perhaps it was not a mistake? The picture was evidently half-done, and she was going to ask me to give her another sitting to finish it. And—"Oh, here you are." A silver disc in my right palm! Was it a medal for inspection? It was a half-crown piece.

A Moving Pantomime.

For many revelations of the British character, I am, indeed, heavily indebted to my turban. It has acted as a pinch of strong snuff to the moral nostrils of both London and its wife. It has been a red rag to Jack Bull of the slum, a moving Christmas pantomime to Master Johnny Calf, an eighth wonder to the country cousin coronating about Piccadilly, a study in headgear to the aesthetic dandy, a signal for a rough joke to the drunken loafer round the bar corner, a salaaming jubilee to the small children of the dust, an inspirer of respect in the cultured few, a fit of side-splitting hysteria to young wives of the working class, and

a peep of the gorgeous East to innocently-wondering road laborers and street sweepers. My only regret is that I could not afford most of these Londoners fuller amusement as a full-dress phenomenon of a Hindoo. But then it would have been highly unbecoming, even for a Baba in London, not to have placed his sartorial patronage between both the East and the West, at least if he hoped to escape with a whole skin through an East-end alley amid the pelting pleasantries of gangs of embryo hooligans.

Want of Manners.

Want of imagination in the English mind is in proportion to the portion of its light of the three R's. I have tried to think that the want of manners displayed by the majority of almost all classes of people here is only attributable to their being generally unaccustomed to the sight of such, to them, strange head-dress. But when I have argued within myself that the pugree as a headgear ought not to strike so very fantastic as to unhinge all sense of decorum in even civilized-looking persons, I have been driven to the reluctant, yet irresistible, conclusion that refinement is as yet only skin-deep in the average man and woman in this country. If you want to know whether a race of people is really refined, you ought to study them in their lower strata, which not only form the body and backbone, but the very heart, of the race. The cultured upper classes are no test of the true tendency of the general mind. They form in fact, almost the rind, which, despite its mellow appearance, may cover only a hard, unripe kernel.

Whether on a footpath or on a 'bus-top, in a tube car or a railway carriage, my peaked turban has probed the average British mind and found it very raw. I was told in India, and even here, by many that the Londoner has got accustomed to the turban, and so I could go about in it without exciting the least notice. The advice proved positively gratuitous on almost the first day. As I came out on the street all the passengers on top of a passing 'bus laughed loudly, and exclaimed in chorus, "Look, how funny!" This has been repeated up till to-day, every day and almost from every 'bus. A few days after my arrival I was on the crowded top of a 'bus myself. While most of them smiled at the turbaned apparition, a well-dressed lady could not check her laughter all through the ride. The poor lady had her upper front teeth set in the shape and position of a rhinoceros' tusk, and her laughter revealed this weak point of her beauty in the most outrageous manner.

Sensation in the Tube.

I felt so much for her poor attempts at having the laugh without betraying the unsightliness to me that I turned my face away to allow her to laugh to her fill and convenience. On a tube platform, most of the women would have hysterical fits or shriek with amusement. Inside a tube car, a poor lady laughed and laughed, in spite of her husband's admonition, till tears ran down her eyes, and a whole carful of passengers wondered what it was that produced such flagrant immodesty. Near Piccadilly-circus three small boys fell down in running away from my turban out of mortal fright, and the young man who was in charge of them turned roughly to me and said: "In London you should not wear the turban." And silently smiling at the remark, I pictured to myself the Editor's Postbag column of my next morning's paper, ablaze with a quarter-column indignation on the monstrous stupidity of Coronation Indians retaining their confounded turbans on their "blessed heads" in London thoroughfares.

Incidents of Peace Monday.

I can record quite half a hundred more of such piquant incidents, of which my poor turban was the innocent cause, had space allowed.

The incidents of Peace Monday, however, were too interesting to omit. But the joy of the people on that night made their excitement over my turban not only excusable but eminently entertaining. It was, indeed, a most enjoyable pleasure to me to look at them, whatever the liberties they took with me. That mad yet orderly joy was, perhaps, a sight for gods to see. Thousands of girls and young men shrieked with exhilaration as my turban heaved in their view, and not content with tingling my face with their peacock feathers, they danced in circles around me, while calling me by the most endearing names. The dignity of the gladness within invested their most uproarious conduct and the most grotesque antics with a grace from which the most prudish spectator could not but ask a blessing.

A Nation's Joy.

The singing and dancing of these men and women around me at about a dozen corners filled me with the buoyancy of spirits within them which made them blissfully oblivious of all propriety and decorum. It was a nation's joy overflowing its heart's banks. No man with a heart could fail to catch the contagion, and I almost went near dancing and singing with them myself. But the intensity of that joy was more to be found in the ghastly incidents of the veldts rather than in the brief telegrams of the signing of the Boer-Briton peace. The joyous shouts rang mixed up, as it were, with the wails in almost every English home where one member at least of it had been sacrificed at the altar of patriotism for Queen, King and country. Sweetest was this jubilee song, because it told of the saddest thought, and verily sincerest was this laughter because fraught with such pain.

MYTHS ABOUT HINDOO WOMEN

III.

IN PRESENTING his "Tales of Old Japan," Mr. Mitford says: "The books which have been written of late years about Japan have either been compiled from official records or have contained the sketchy impressions of passing travelers. Of the inner life of the Japanese the world at large knows very little; their religion, their superstitions, their ways of thought, the hidden springs by which they move—all these are as yet mysteries."

What Mr Mitford writes about the superficial knowledge of the west about real Japan is much more true about real India. Real life in India is as invisible to the skipping globe trotter as even to the average long resident Anglo-Indian. The reason is simple. Even the longest resident westerner is too busy making rupees, in having a grand time after the day's rupees are made, to have any opportunity or inclination to acquire knowledge as to how the natives of the soil out of whom he makes the rupees, live and think. On the other hand, it is the business of the Christian missionaries to misrepresent the "heathen" who are the causes of their support. As to Mr. and Mrs. Fixit's craze to reform other people's homes before they reform their own, the reason of their condemning men and manners in India is transparent to intelligent people.

Missionaries and Money Grabbers.

And all of them—the trotters, the money-grabbers, the missionaries and the "Fixits"—have the complacent habit of judging eastern life and manners, the little that they know of them, by their own standards. They are all bent on ramming their new-fangled ways of life, conceived along "quick lunch" principles, down the throats of the people who are perhaps more civilized than they. They would thrust their civilization upon the highly civilized east, and yet they feel themselves in the tightest corner if they are asked to define what civilization means. They cannot define it to save their soul—so flimsy, shallow and ever shifting that civilization is.

Whatever its form, if a custom produces healthy, harmonious and happy results it ought to be considered good, no matter what country it belongs to. Mrs. Merritt quotes Tit-Bits, an English newspaper, because it is reproduced in

the Calcutta Indian Mirror, evidently as a piece of curiosity in literature. "There are," says Tit-Bits, "in that country 6,016,750 girls between 5 and 9 years of age who are wives" And the editor ejaculates, "What a harrowing tale!"

Explains Hindoo Marriage.

The accuracy of these statistics ought to be taken with a good many grains of salt. But even if it were accurate the "blood-curdling" horror of the ejaculation proceeds from profound ignorance of what Hindoo marriage is. Hindoo marriage is religion and not a domestic contract. The western mind jumps at it because it thinks that these child brides live as wives to their husbands, because a western wife lives with her husband the moment she is married. But Hindoo wives do not. They go to live with their husbands when they are of mature age, which is 14. That this is the truth the reader can learn from Miss Margaret Noble's book, "The Web of Indian Life," the only reliable book about Hindoo women, because the author writes from experience of Hindoo home life acquired during many years' sojourn among Hindoo women.

Married at 10 or 11, the Hindoo girl-wife and boy-husband live in their father's homes until they reach mature ages to be fit to know each other closely. During this three or four years they meet each other occasionally on festive occasions, and their shy conversations form a romance, the purity and holiness of which the western wife or husband has no conception of. This is the love-fostering, love-building period, when Cupid to them is really a playful child, a Cupid without shafts. It is no courtship, it is an unconscious heart-to-heart, soul-to-soul communion whose fruit, soul-love, is tasted when maturity of age makes them real husband and wife. Here begins courtship which is sustained throughout life.

Says Interpretation Is False.

This early love-building, this early planting of the unconscious love tree, with its ripe fruitage, is the reason of the 90 per cent happy Hindoo homes, is the reason of strong, healthy-nerved men and women. What right has any nation to thrust upon the Hindoo its ignorant and questionable rules of marriage, to destroy their marital system founded upon the inner laws of life, sanctioned by the happy experiences of ages the modern mushroom nations know not of.

Mrs. Merritt quotes the wilfully distorted, interpolated and false translations of Manu published in missionary books to serve their purpose. Here is a real quotation from Manu, accurately translated, from Miss Margaret Noble's book, "The Web of Indian Life":

"Where women are honored, there the gods are pleased; where they are dishonored, religious acts become of no avail.

"In whatever family the husband is contented with his wife, and the wife with her husband, in that house will good fortune assuredly abide."

Miss Noble remarks: "Few books offer such delights to their readers as that known as the laws of Manu * * * and from cover to cover the book throbs with the passion for justice and the appreciation of the fine shades of courtesy and taste, clothed in calm and judicial form. Especially of this type of dicta are those on the rights of women, which are household words in Indian homes * * * the fear of a famine curse has become a superstition in India, and I have seen even a low caste mob fall back at the command of a single woman who opposed them. For is it not written in the Book of Law that 'the house which is cursed by woman perishes utterly, as if destroyed by a sacrifice for the death of an enemy'?—strange and graphic old phrase, pregnant of woe! The courtesy of husbands to their wives is quite unfailing among Hindus. 'Thou shalt not strike a woman, even with a flower,' is the proverb."

May I ask if the great Manu who embodies the above high-souled laws in his code can in the same breath and book write such inhuman and utterly contradictory sentiments about women quoted?

What the "investigator" says about the merchant and his 7-year-old wife she met in Lucknow will not be believed in India. Equally mythical is her story about the Hindoo lady whom the "investigator" met traveling between Dacca and Calcutta. Such words as she has put into the Hindoo lady's mouth will astonish all the Hindoo ladies in Hindustan.

One more word and I have done with this unpleasant subject. I admire Mrs. Margaret Langland, who so sensibly advocates the recall of Christian missionaries from India to make them work in home fields to weed out worse evils which have gathered there. She says she has seen me, although I have not seen her—a misfortune I very much regret. As to my "admiration of high art as exemplified on the obverse side of the American dollar," it is strange that it has so far been an unconscious admiration. I promise, however, to turn it to the obverse side and record my opinion on the eagle-engraving art of Uncle Sam's mintmaster. I am sure I will admire it, so Mrs. Langland need not worry. She ought in all conscience, to pardon the slow Hindoo, if he fails to "catch on" to an American idea.

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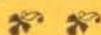
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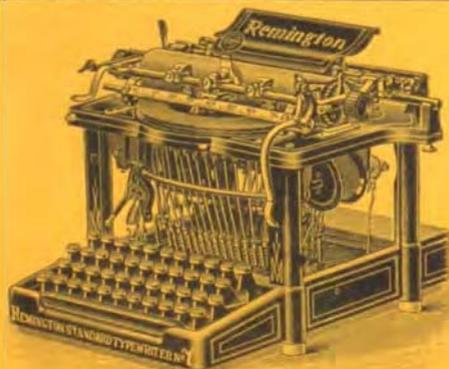
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