

“The Hastening Saviour” By BABA BHARATI

Volume II
No. 2

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FEBRUARY
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The
LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read

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TO THE READER

BOOK-BINDING in Calcutta is yet in its infancy and pamphlet-binding worse. The book-binders we engaged for the first issue have spoilt all our efforts at good printing which also is a difficult work in India. It is hard to get good printers able to quickly turn out high-class work. At last we have secured a good establishment and hope to do both quick and good work. The March and April issues will be out in March and the May issue about the middle of April.

With the January number the second volume of the magazine began with an increased number of pages. There will be more pages to a number, some months, as in this, but nevertheless. The Baba, terribly hard-worked in America, needed rest and he deserved it. Our readers will be glad to learn he is well now.

The subscription price will be One Dollar and Fifty Cents for subscribers in America, in England 6s., but to our old subscribers who will subscribe within the month we will give a year's magazine at the old price, One Dollar, with twenty-five cents additional for postage. Back numbers of the First Volume, \$ 2; in India, Rs. 5.

The subscription price in India will be Rs. 4-8. Address all subscriptions and communications to the Manager, LIGHT OF INDIA PUBLISHING CO., 33-35 Nebootala Lane, Bowbazar, Calcutta, India.

This magazine is the only publication of its kind in existence. Its extraordinary uniqueness is in its quality and originality of reading matter. Its thoughts and sentiments, its expositions of spiritual, social, ethical and domestic truths are derived from the highest inspiration, the best evidence of which is that they have appealed to the mind, heart and soul of every reader of the issues now out and this number cannot fail to make a deeper impression. Really illumined writers of India, the East and America form the main staff of its contributors. The kind and degree of that illumination the perusal of this or any number of the magazine will show.

It is an all-round magazine, embracing and dealing with in its masterful way, subjects, affecting the deepest interest of all humanity—spiritual, social and domestic in especial. Although its articles, sketches and stories are essentially Oriental, they throw illuminating sidelights upon human life in the West. For the first time in the history of the world and Western literature, the real facts of the inner life of the East in general and India in particular, are being revealed to Western readers, which is the chief mission of THE LIGHT OF INDIA, which is the light of the entire East. Hence, it cannot fail to fascinatigly interest the general reader, while those who have real spiritual hunger will find more than enough in the contents of this issue the greatest treasures of their life, the surest guide for their soul's path to its goal.

THE STORY OF "JIM."

"Jim" by Baba Bharati is of such gripping interest that the reader's mind cannot rest until it has devoured the whole of it. The author handles the emotions of the heart as only a master can, and strikes the cord that vibrates through every soul. He traces the delicate working of the heart and uncovers it in all its intricacies to the pulse of the reader. He takes us with the wandering ascetic through the beauties of life in India and reveals the mysteries of her spiritual realm. "Jim" will develop more and more stirring situations of most absorbing interest in every succeeding instalment. "Jim" is a reply to Kipling's "Kim," and is a most fascinating romance handled by a master mind of the Orient—the first novel in English ever written by an Oriental.

COMBINATION SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Light of India one year and "Stories of India" by Rose Anthon, \$2.25; Rs. 6.

Light of India for one year and "Krishna" by Baba Bharati, \$3.00; Rs. 7-8.

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The Light of India

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GRANT US THY AID!

Bright as the sunlight that gladdens man may our words be,
O Bright One! Soft as the rains that refresh the earth may our
mercies be, O Merciful One! Calm as the vesper hour may our
judgment be, O Just One! Gentle as the dawn that caresses the
fast of night may our rebukes be, O Gentle One! Swift as the
winds that rush forth to meet their desire may our kindness be,
O Kind One! Wide as the horizon that encircles our world may
our charities be, O Charitable One! Deep as the night that fills
the expansions of Thy making may our goodness be, O Thou All-
Good One! And all-embracing as the limitless expansions of
time may our love be, O Loving One! For without Thy aid we
are as nothing and with it nothing is withheld from us.

GOD'S LAWS ARE BEST

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

God's laws are best:
I would not master be
Of hidden arts and secret rites
That end in mystery.

God's laws are best,
And they alone are real,
Their root in permanence is found,
The mandates of man's weal.

God's laws are best:
Let Him creator be,
And I partaker of His good;
That is enough for me.

THE HASTENING SAVIOUR*

BY BABA BHARATI

BELOVED ONES OF MY LORD: The subject of to-night's talk may seem to some as sensational; and yet, my mentality is at the very antipodes of sensationalizing. I have not come to give you a sensation. Yet, the title, "The Hastening Saviour," cannot but create a sensation. But if it does I am glad of it, and the longer the better. I only hope that the sensation will be deep and abiding, so that it will be appreciated when the truth of the message is realized, when it is actualized by the greatest happening on earth, by the happening of the greatest and the most beneficent and the happiest event for humanity, the coming of God to earth.

Hindoo's Forecast Incarnations.

We who live in the land of Incarnations, we who live drawing our breath in the teachings of many Incarnations, we who live in the birth-land of the countless Saviours, we who are "heathen" Hindoos who are born Christians, we have a right to know when an Incarnation is to come. And we have known the coming of every Incarnation before He came; all our saints and sages—even four hundred years ago when Chaitanya came—all all know when the Lord is coming, the Lord is hastening. The Lord casts his reflection on earth before He comes. He radiates His influence and His love and His wisdom when He is in the womb, and when He is born the world knows by sniffing the moral atmosphere.

It is possible for us to know that event of the Lord's Incarnation, because we live, from morning till we retire, in the essence of the Lord's love and light. We exemplify this in our lives at home along religious lines; we devote the first part of our waking time, the first hours, to the worship and meditation of God; and we devote the closing hours to the discussion of philosophy, divine philosophy, which is the cream of the teachings of all former Incarnations. In this philosophy we find the path which leads back to His bosom from which we came along with the universe when it was born. In this philosophy we are taught the methods by which we may get back to our soul, the teachings by which we may be able to turn our outward-looking minds inwards into the soul, the philosophy that gives us a practical method of attaining soul-consciousness, the be-all and end-all of existence.

Ministers Found Wanting.

I have said that the Lord is hastening, by which I mean that He has come, but He is hastening to manifest Himself. Sensation is not my object, but to serve you all with the truth of this news and all the potent inspirations from this news. You want to hear talk of Incarnations and want an Incarnation to come; but your ministers, your teachers of religion can never tell you what an Incarnation is; and if an Incarnation came to-day in their midst they, even the ministers of the church, the ministers who shine in the light of Christ, or affect to so shine, will not know Him. They do not know, even, what an Incarnation

*Verbatim report of an extempore sermon delivered by Baba Bharati in the Krishna Temple, 730 West Sixteenth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.—U.S.A.

means. That is the worst question that you can put to a minister—to define an Incarnation. He cannot define it to save his soul. What then, I say, what of the laymen? The layman is quite helpless. He may want an Incarnation—some of them may want an Incarnation like Jesus Christ. They expect Him to be born, to live, grow, speak like Jesus of Nazareth, even, perhaps, to wear the dress that He did; even, perhaps, they want Him to look as He did; even, perhaps, they may want Him to be crucified as He was.

This is the service that the Christian ministers have done you by upholding before you Jesus of Nazareth only—in whatever light they may represent His personality—and telling you that He is the only Incarnation that came and perhaps the only one that had to come and that He is the “first and the last.” Therefore, most of you who are in the church do not care to study other Incarnations because you are told there were no other Incarnations—others were “saints of an order that were far from the truth, that preached false religions, that have preached false theories of life, preached a false conception of God.” And yet most of you who study the teachings of these Incarnations that had come before Christ, and after, find the same truths of the Bible in the older books of the East; you find even the same truths preached by sages and saviours that have come after Christ. You find there a boon, those of you who are out of the church.

We have all deference for church-goers, aye, all love and blessings for them because they believe in Jesus—even if they believe Jesus to be the only Incarnation of God. They, in their own way, are trying to approach soul-consciousness, in some way they are trying to unfold their soul, and they will unfold some day by the grace of Christ Jesus. But to those who are outside of the church and are trying to find the light that is within so that they may guide the actions of their life by that light, to these I say, study all these religions of the past and especially the religions of the land of the Hindoos, where alone Incarnations have come and were born and had flourished before Jesus came, and where alone Incarnations of God, full Incarnations of God, have come since Jesus ascended to Heaven.

Our Lord Chaitanya's Promise.

Four hundred and thirteen years ago was born Chaitanya, the full Incarnation of Krishna, the fullest Incarnation of God. He was a Christ that the world had not seen since the last Golden Age, except Krishna. His very form was love-inspiring. His very talk saved thousands of souls. His ready smile entranced thousands into God-love. And then when he showed His love of God by His speech and His songs and His ecstatic dance all the world of India fell at his feet, for the demonstrations of that love were such as the world could not dream of. The very soul of beauty, the very soul of love, the very soul of wisdom radiated from Chaitanya; and with the ocean-love of which He was but the human-manifestation He inundated all India. It deluged the hearts of all Hindoos, and to-day seven-eighths of the Hindoos are His followers.

This Chaitanya before He left the world—because He did not die like others, He disappeared; He entered the Temple of Juggernaut and He couldn't be found; He was absorbed into the image of Juggernaut, people say; yes, He disappeared, His body could not be found—before leaving this world He said to His mother and to His disciples that He would come again and again—He would come twice. And the whole of India has been counting the days for the next advent of the Lord of Love, the Lord Chaitanya, who showed nothing but love, who preached

the doctrine of love and lived it, whose qualities were such as would illumine the whole world and prove their possessor to be an Incarnation of God at any time.

Chaitanya Again in Our Midst.

This promise of Chaitanya is looked forward to, has been looked forward to all these years. The world of India has never been consoled since His departure. And, if you will take it from me, He has come. He has come to India—the Incarnation that is now intended for the whole world. The Incarnation of four hundred and thirteen years ago was limited for practical influence, for immediate influence, within the limits of India, although His vibrations reached to all corners of the globe. When He was born the Reformation was going on in Europe, the reformation of Christianity. It was Chaitanya's influence that sent the magnetism of His purity to purify the religion of Christ Jesus.

He has come now to wield His influence on the souls of all men, irrespective of creed and color, irrespective of races, irrespective of all education, irrespective of language; for He, the Lord of love, has but one language, the language of love. That language is understood in every clime and in every age. When a man comes to you, even if he be a Chinese, if he radiates love and lives love and speaks love and wields the influence of love and revolutionizes the consciousness of men by his love, will you understand him? You cannot but do so. He may talk Chinese; but the burden of his talk, the essence of his talk, shines out through his eyes, out through the pores of his body; and whether you know him to be Chinese or not you fall at his feet, because you cannot help it. The might of love is greater than any other might, any other power. The might of love is the might of God, who is all love. This practical demonstration of love compels belief.

Krishna Defines an Incarnation.

Let us now see what sort of an Incarnation this is. Before doing so, before discussing this, let us see why we need an Incarnation. That we do need one, most of the thinking portion of us know; but whence is that Incarnation and why is He born? This question has been cleared by the greatest Incarnation, Sree Krishna. When He came to earth five thousand years ago, the Lord of all the universes in human flesh, He cleared this question. He gave us light on this question in His discourse to Arjuna, His friend and devotee, on the great battlefield of Kurukshetra. The blessed Lord said (Chap. 4, vs. 7 and 8),

"Whenever virtue is on the decline, universally, in the world, and vice is on the ascendant, I create for Myself a body [and move among men.]

"[Why do I create My human body, to move among men?] To protect the good and the righteous; to destroy evil, the vicious and the unrighteous; to re-establish virtue again firmly on her throne, O Arjuna, I am born from age to age."

Here is a statement that could stand the test of all the advents of God on earth. The Lord gives herein the scientific cause of the birth of an Incarnation of God.

"Whenever, O Arjuna, (it means) virtue has declined, whenever this condition has come about that virtue has declined, that people do not think much of virtue, of upholding virtue or following virtue, following the righteous path; when this condition meets the other, when vice is triumphant, is ascendant in

men's consciousness; when vice reigns where virtue should be—when these two conditions meet, then these two conditions themselves evolve Me. The causes are scientific. Why? Because I am Harmony, the very soul of harmony; and the ascendancy of vice and the decline of virtue put the consciousness of mankind out of equilibrium, out of poise. And I, who am harmony itself, who am the soul of harmony, I come down and wield My influence, radiate My influence of love and harmony, to bring back the proper poise, to make virtue go up again and vice come down. To protect the good, and to destroy evil which has grown rampant on account of the decline of virtue, is my Mission. To once more establish the reign of virtue in the human consciousness is My last act, and then I depart."

The World's Conditions Prepared.

If you will study the Bible and see the conditions existing, the unnatural conditions existing before the advent of Jesus Christ, you will find that Krishna spoke a truth which was exemplified before and at the birth of Jesus Christ. When is that cause, the scientific cause, more full than now? Look about yourself, look within yourself, and remember this affirmation of Krishna, and you will find that the world's present conditions have supplied the fullest cause for an Incarnation.

If virtue has to decline and vice is to increase, the conditions have come, the conditions have met, and the time is the ripest. The time has come when virtue is not regarded by the majority of us to be at all profitable, because everything is regarded with an eye to material profit. Vice has become so captivating that we do not seem to know whether it is good or bad. The badness of vice has become almost a matter of argument. There is still a minority in this world, the virtuous minority, who would not give up virtue for all the gains of the world; and but for these people the world of God is still going on and keeping itself above the oceans. But that you are to-night with a mentality above the average or the majority of human beings, is something that you do not care to reflect on. Increase of vice is making the virtuous, thinking portions of humanity very sad and melancholy. Everything is searched for, everything is rushed for, that will give enjoyment to the senses—anything that will improve one's material conditions. Spirituality is something the average man or woman does not care to know or even to seek. The soul from most consciousnesses has been abolished; or if they care for the "soul," it then means only human body: as you read in newspapers and books, such and such a city "contains fifty thousand souls."

The time is fully ripe, dear friends, and has been fully ripe before this, for an Incarnation that percolates from the love-world, from the highest spiritual realm, to come down to earth and clean our Augean stables. Whence he comes, you will soon know. No use of making further sensation by telling you where he was born. The sun when he is risen can never be covered, even by clouds. He shines through the clouds, and this Incarnation will shine when His own time will come. One thing I can say—that He is born in India—because India is the only soil where a divine Incarnation of God can be born. Anywhere else the soil is not fit for it. And it is not for the first time that He is born there, He has been born there from creation down to our day. The soil of the Indian mind, saturated with devotion for the Lord, saturated with spiritual instincts,

spiritual feeling from birth to death, that soil of Hindoo mentality, only, is fit to attract a divine Incarnation.

He Will Be Known the World Over.

But this I must tell you : that He will manifest himself to the world ; His influence will be felt the world over. It is for the advent of the Saviour that these improvements have been going on—the improved communications between the East and West, the improved modes of travel. These modes of communication and travel have been directly for the needs of commerce ; but these facilities of communication and commerce will yield the boon soon enough which is in their womb, the boon of a spiritual commerce, the boon that will make the souls of the East speak to the souls of the West, the souls of this West speak to the souls of the East, speak and communicate to, and reach each other and transact business with each other for the disposal of their commodity—love.

One other thing I wish to tell you in this connection : that the whole world will know when He will manifest Himself ; even, perhaps, before the cables flash the news, the whole world will know. The thinking portion of the world to-day is knowing it already. If you had spent any time in thinking of this question, of this need of an Incarnation, or whether there is going to be a spiritual upheaval in the world, you must have marked that the world-thought is tending upward, the world-thought is tending God-ward. Even under this surfeit of materialism run man there is an undercurrent of a spiritual awakening which can be perceptible even under the hardest soil of human mentality. Even the hard-headed, hard-hearted materialist is trying to know the cause of life—wherefrom we have come, whither we shall go ; the whence and the wherefore of this life, and where does it tend. This is the problem that is being discussed by the best portions of the thinking minds the world over, especially in the West where materialistic science has covered the soul of all human beings more or less. Everyone is asking, What is the source of life ? What is the first cause of life ? Even scientists, the hard-headed material scientists, are trying to find the first cause, the spring of life ; and where it goes, where is its limit, where is its goal. Even the stern materialists have been led from within to ask this question and to discuss this question. They are jumping at conclusions which are sad blunders ; but still, they are trying to find the source of this life. It comes from this awakening within, this awakening of the mind within Nature, from this light which is the effulgence of the Lord of light.

Materialists' Spiritual Consciousness Awakened.

This is always the case whenever an Incarnation is born. Whenever an Incarnation is born, people's minds turn to the discussion of the sources of life, the goal of life ; turn to spiritual Saviours, whether they are or are not. In spite of themselves, they feel like reading some mystic books, discussing some mystic things. You have seen this even in Los Angeles here. I have been in your country for five years and have lived in three cities at least, and met thousands of people ; have met mostly materialistic people, and even they, when you talk to them a little of mystic things, seem to care to hear of them more than they did ten or fifteen years ago. Twenty years ago they didn't care to hear anything. They denounced everything that was spiritual. They laughed at it, scoffed at it, but even they, these hard-hearted, hard-headed materialists, now seem to lend

an ear to some mystic information about mystic things. Of course, they do not swallow all that is said, they want to see anything mystic demonstrated according to their own ideas, according to the rules of modern science; but even when they are disappointed in getting that scientific explanation, still there is within them this little hankering to know the mystic meaning of life, the mystic cause of the universe, and if there be a hereafter. I am talking of materialists. I am not talking of the spiritual people of your country who are all studying this subject, who are all studying all the spiritual books that they can get of all nations. They are far more advanced, the spiritually-minded people of America, than those of Europe. But even materialists are asking the question, are getting interested in things spiritual—which they call things mystical, or things psychical. The reason is there. It is the awakening of the spiritual consciousness of the whole of Nature; and we being parts of Nature, there is an awakening also within us, which is the inner Nature; and this awakening is due to the advent of the root of our life, the source of our life, the mystery of mysteries, the goal of the mystic, the be-all and end-all of all life and existence. When He is born His influence spreads through the veins and arteries of the world's consciousness.

You Must Be Prepared.

I am giving you these scientific facts, facts which are perceptible, facts which demonstrated themselves before the advent of this Saviour—because if you bestow some attention upon them you will find that this thing is true, that the coming of this new Incarnation is possible; nay, that it must be a fact. This is a greater proof, this saying of Sree Krishna, than any other; but when you are convinced that the conditions are just present, that the conditions have met to produce this Incarnation; when you are satisfied of that, then you will find that He will come very soon. You will feel Him more and more. You will feel His influx more and more. When you are convinced that the time has come, is really ripe and He is come, you will draw to yourselves, into your consciousness, the divine influx from His personality. You have to be ready. You have to be ready to meet Him. How can you be ready unless you have soaked your mentality with spiritual things, with the spiritual teachings of Asia where He is born? You have to be ready. You have to evolve within you the spiritual consciousness? You have to get the spirit-eyes, so that you will be able to see whether, if he is in India and you are here, if you think of Him, if you try to know what an incarnation is, if you study the greatest of Incarnations, if you study the life of the great Incarnation that came 413 years ago—if you study, then you will feel His Incarnation, feel His influence, even before He is manifest, without a word.

All Incarnations Embodied in Him.

One more information I will give you: that He will, when He manifests Himself, embody in His creed all the creeds of the world. You will find in Him Jesus, you will find in Him Buddha, you will find in Him Krishna, you will find in Him Chaitanya and you will find in Him Confucius. In His consciousness will mingle all the creeds of all the Incarnations. And He that has come and will manifest will be a most powerful manifestation—powerful Incarnation of Lord God—because, the need is for a powerful Incarnation. The need is for one of the most powerful Incarnations; because, the work He has to do is prodigious. The work is such as He has never before been called upon to perform. The

darkness is getting denser and denser in the firmament of the human mind. Gloom is getting thicker and thicker, daily; denser and denser is becoming the gloom that is cast by the clouds of worldly desires. Therefore He must be one of the most powerful, or else He will not be able to perform His work. And He is powerful.

What is a powerful Incarnation? We call it, full Incarnation or fullest Incarnation. And who is the fullest Incarnation of God? He who manifests the cardinal attribute of God, the cardinal essence of God-love. One who will come and manifest the absolute love that God is will be called the fullest Incarnation of God. This love is the master of everything. It is the master of wisdom, it is the source of wisdom. Wisdom is but the light of love. God, when He comes, manifests His absolute God-love. Then He conquers everything before Him. He sweeps everything before Him. He conquers every heart. He conquers every condition.

An Example from Life.

You can see it in your daily life. Some have great erudition, others have scientific knowledge. Others you see who have technical knowledge of things. Some are great poets, others great philosophers. But all of these, if gathered together, pale into insignificance when the man of love comes. When the man comes who, with one smile and a sweet word that is said from the bottom of his soul, said with all humility and with all the harmony that is within the soul—when such a man comes into this gathering, all the others of erudition and science and poetry and philosophy pale into insignificance. All turn to this man of love, who radiates through his eyes, through his face, through every pore of his body, this love that he feels within—the love that he lives in, the love that he draws his breath in, the love that he radiates, the love that is the substance of all his action, the substance of all his thought, the substance of all his speech. When that man comes into a gathering like that described all others are paled by his effulgence, the effulgence of love. That man, even, may not be so learned; that man may not even be able to argue as all the other philosophers and poets and men of wisdom can; that man may have a language that is as common as you talk in your home life. That man may not even know the philosophies of the age or of past ages; that man may have a very small vocabulary; that man may not be able to express himself as men of his order should. But every word he speaks tells, every word he speaks impresses itself with its essence upon every consciousness. His very look is enough to convince you that he is a man among millions. The stamp upon him of his superiority is the stamp of his soul, of his soul-consciousness. He draws that love from within himself. He has turned his mind inwards and he has poured out upon his own soul the part of God within him. His mind has dipped into the soul-realm and by the light of the soul-realm he has found that that realm extends to all creation, to all the creations. That is the one principle that is the basis of all life, the foundation of all existence. He draws his light from there and knows all the wisdom there is and there was and there will be. He dips still deeper and gets into the bottom of that soul-realm and finds the stratum of love, whose reflection is this wisdom, and when he dips into the bottom of that soul-realm then he is filled with the essence of that love; he unlocks that love and that love flows out from his soul into his mentality and from his mentality into his physical body. He is made all spiritual, a man of soul-consciousness.

All Your Virtues Due to Christ.

It is hard to understand in this land where soul is something that is called "X" as in an equation, or the unknown quantity—it is hard for any man born in this land to recognize one who has got this soul-consciousness. Even Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was nothing but soul-consciousness, absolute soul-consciousness embodied in human flesh, encased in human flesh. He was soul-consciousness in the flesh, soul-consciousness that moved, lived, talked and had His being, and whose influence has come through the corridors of the ages to our day; and the influence of that soul-consciousness is swaying the minds of the spiritual portion of mankind in the West, swaying every heart, every mind, whether materialistic or spiritual—every mind—even the materialistic man, who may not believe in Christianity, who may not believe in Jesus Christ, who may laugh at Jesus Christ and the Bible, declaring the Bible accounts to be fairy tales; who may say of Jesus Christ, He was a humbug, even for him the essence of Jesus' teachings form the principles of his character. If he is honest, he owes it to Jesus; if he is just, he owes it to the teachings of Jesus. It is the influence of Christ's teachings that have swept through the hearts and minds of the Western people through these two thousand years and has made them to-day just, honest, kind. Every good quality that you possess now, whether you are an atheist or a theist, you owe to Jesus.

Yes, soul-consciousness is needed, dear friends, to recognize the soul of the universe embodied in human flesh, which an Incarnation of God is. The Incarnation of God is nothing but the universal consciousness, the universal love, embodied in human flesh; and unless you know the soul, unless you are conscious of the soul, unless your mind has been saturated with the essence of the soul, you can never know Him.

A Light to Dispel the Gloom.

The time will soon come when this talk that I have given you to-night you will see fulfilled. I may again say, I am no sensationalist. I do not deal in sensation. I do not advertise myself. I have said this to you to-night only to serve you, only to give you a thought—this thought: that the conditions are already ripe for an Incarnation; and that if you think a little deeply, you will find that nothing short of an Incarnation of God can clear the atmosphere of inharmony to-day, clear away all impurities. It is impossible even for saints and sages to do this. The gloom has become dark and dense, as I have said. The gloom can only be dispelled by the luminary that is called the divine Incarnation, the luminary that will shine with all the effulgence of absolute love, of absolute wisdom. This is the luminary that is needed; and this luminary has come. He is hastening, hastening, hastening every day. He will manifest Himself, because the cry of every soul is reaching Him. The cry is great to be happy. The cry is incessant in every human heart to be happy, to know something of this life, to have some light—the cry not to fall into pits of worldly desires, to be saved from these pits of worldly desires. The cry in every heart is for some lover that will forgive all our iniquities, that will forgive all our faults, all our errors of omission and commission, even our laziness in not unfolding our soul. We want a lover who will forgive everything that we do not do to raise, to uplift ourselves from the mire of materiality. The cry is going out, out of every soul; the cry is reaching the heart of the Lord above and the Lord that has come

down. The cry has been going on to be taken out of this gloom, to be taken out of this world-forest, the forest of material desires, the forest of sensual desires, the forest where we are all so very much benighted that we do not know what we are; we do not know whether or not there is an escape out of the woods; we do not know if there is any land where we can live and have the breezes of love, of peace, of harmony blow upon our hearts and make us happy, so happy that we may forget all our horrors of this life, all our turmoils of this life, all our sad happenings of this life, all that have seared our hearts, all that have made this life a huge experience of desolation.

We say, "Lord, oh summon one, if there be any one, if there be any one, to cast light on our path, that we may go out of this forest which has made us prisoners, this forest which has shut out from us the light, which has made us forget what life is, that does not show even by a glimmer what our future is! Lord, may we know if there is a haven of rest anywhere where our soul, undisturbed by all the storms of material life, may rest and be at peace and drink the nectar of bliss which is the perpetual action of love!"

THE "MINNESOTA."

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

O belching monster, gliding o'er the wave
As fearlessly as Neptune's lovely slave!
Lo, at thy coming waves asunder spring,
And at thy passing winds thy triumph sing.

There's magic in thy fearful majesty,
That braves the elements to mount the sea;
Herein we solve a mystery of life,
That all who live to win must conquer strife.

We place our destiny within thy hands,
In thine and His who made all seas and lands.
How wilt thou bear us o'er the oceans broad?
Thou who art piloted by Will of God.

We trust in thee, e'en as we trust in Him
Whom all have trusted through the ages dim.
The waves may beat against thy ribbed side,
The storm attack thy bulk and o'er thee ride;

Thy shudders of protest arouse our fears,
Thy straining groans proclaim that danger nears,
Thy swayings of despair make hearts to quail,
Thy shriekings seem the echo of death's wail.

But nay! Thou'lt bear us to our destined land
As safely as a gracious mother's hand,
For round about us lies the strength of thee,
And over thee there smiles Infinity.

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF INDIA

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

"COLOMBO, ma'am, yes, it's magnificent! 'Tis said to be the original Garden of Eden. I don't know how true it is, but if what these brown ninies say is true, that we all come back after death to live on this earth again as fleshly men, well, I hope the Lord will give me a living here in Colombo the next time. I've been here forty years now, ma'am."

Thus spoke the guard, an Irishman, stationed before the Colombo post office, as an exclamation of wonder, nay, rapture that was full of tears, broke from me at my first glance at Colombo. What a sight it was, what an array of men and sâris, what a harmonious display of color and what reckless abandon of beauty in its scheme! Skies blue as those that visit us in vague dreams of lotus-eating lands; clouds monstrous and snowy white, but soft as the touch that disperses those dreams; the sun flaming its golden beauty on man and beast and on the towering palm that rears its head in bold defiance to its scorching wrath; rich tropical flowers, glorious in red, yellow, purple, white and all their variations piled in masses, thick and tangled as a wild wood's growth. And swarming in and out, back and forth, up and down the streets and lanes a seething mass of humanity of such picturesqueness, such unsmiling but serene earnestness, such at-one-ment with their beautiful surroundings, so altogether a part and parcel of it all—a product, as it were, of this magnificent gift of Nature in her happiest mood—as to make one gasp at the perfectly wondrous picture that stretches in great unfolding distances before the eye. And over it all the noisy, impudent, thieving crow which has multiplied and replenished the land of India until it has become a nuisance as well as an ornament; for in India the bird and beast and insect are unmolested by man. Here the Biblical injunction that man has dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea does not hold good, for each living thing has a right to live. But it does hold good that he who cannot give life should not take it away. And because of this the caw caw of the crow greets you on your entrance to this land and follows you throughout the length and breadth of it.

Colombo, Ceylon—the Gate of Great India—that glorious child that rests securely in the arms of the great azure sea which continually caresses her scented feet, Colombo, "where every prospect pleases" and man, too, is good to look upon. Surely no spot in all the world can rival it in loveliness; such a place God might have chosen for the first creatures of his love. And here, as in all India, the men and women walk to-day, calm in the belief that they were chosen by God to dwell in these lands of paradise, primitive as those first dwellers, unchanged by

alien influences, drawing their knowledge not from the serpent of the Tree of Life, the civilization of the West, but from the laws of Nature which their forefathers tested and found not wanting and which the coming and departure of the white man cannot alter—though his records hopefully record the evolution of the Orient to the occidental standard of civilization.

The man of India is to-day what he was in the far away yesterday. The trousers and coat of a modified English cut which is donned for the business hours is ever surmounted by the *pugree*, a kind of turban. But as soon as his working day is over he doffs these clothes and drapes his body in a native *dhoti* which consists of several yards of linen, nainsook or silk cloth wrapped round the waist to flow below the knees, then caught up to form a sort of bloomer effect at the back and a folded sash or apron at the front. His feet are bared, and his head, too, is without covering, and thus garbed, all that went with the aforesaid business dress is drowned in the imperturbed, deep-seated consciousness of Eastern individuality.

"Why," said one cultured gentleman in reply to a question as to how our modern civilization is viewed by the average Hindoo, "what have you to give us but a flimsy momentary grasp at a material aggrandizement which would leave us empty at heart and hollow of mind? Our youths are staggered a bit at your swagger. For a little it lasts as it did with their elders who were also a little bit over-enthusiastic over Western ideas in their youth. But they, like their elders, go back again—no, go forward again from whence they started and rest securely in the civilization of their ancestors that is based on the culture of their soul through the development of their soul's forces which are entirely at one with Nature's great laws. Your religion is not new to us. Investigate ours only a little and you will see that it is embraced there. Your science our ancients knew—our books record it and our scientists practise it. You have a material civilization, we a spiritual one; you are progressive, we are *progressing*."

This is the sentiment voiced by the scholar and the thinker, the professional and the layman, the literate and the illiterate; in fact the average men in all walks of life echo it, and looking at the calm, steady, gentle gaze of the speaker whose serene face was but the expression of a peaceful inner self and into the faces of the white men about me here and thinking of them in the West where hurry and flurry and worry is written in lines of pain, one wonders vaguely if, after all, we are not only progressive and these people whom we are trying to lift out of their internal calm are not really progressing. These people are philosophers—every man and woman can give you some logical explanation pertaining to their problem of existence. The youngsters on the street will leave play to listen to a discussion by their elders on these topics

and it is not rare to come upon a group of urchins, ranging in years from ten to fifteen, singing the sacred songs of their gods or reveling with hot enthusiasm in the beauty of its wisdom. This is of more moment to them than play. Such is India! Truly a unique land, to say the least, an interesting people steeped in the mystery of the unknowable and drawing therefrom flashes of light that startle and blind the onlooker.

Seated in a rickshaw which passes through these crowds of gaily draped figures, whose bodies gleam in smooth shadings that vary from dark polished brown to that unnameable hue of deep cream, one is struck by the utter indifference with which these straight-limbed, narrow-hipped, slender-ankled people regard the curiosity of the sightseer. In fact, while rushing through their midst in a twentieth century motor car, one is often filled with a sense of embarrassment that brings to mind the wilful days of childhood, when, against the expressed injunction, one has entered a garden or forbidden room in the household and there was suddenly confronted by the arbiter of that injunction. No word of rebuke had been uttered but a look seemed to speak volumes and leave the intruder feeling very much dissatisfied with himself and wishing heartily that the injunction had been obeyed after all.

But sometimes that one peep into the forbidden garden or room was worth while. So it is worth while, yea, a hundred times worth while, to get a glimpse of these old-world people, a glance at their delicate hands and feet that bespeak ages and ages of splendid heredity and aristocratic ancestry. It is worth while to get a glance at the firm throats and deep chests, the backs straight as a pillar and strong with elastic muscle, the faces delicate in outline, clean-cut and full of thought, the lips and eyes that brood on mysteries of inner joys rather than smile at the sensuous beauty of the outer world. It is worth while to listen to their voices, gentle, earnest and persuasive; to watch the gesticulating of hand and head that speaks louder and more impressively than most people's words and voice; to behold the grace of the women, the carriage of head; the firmness of step, the buoyant swing of the body as it disappears from view; and to see the marvel of the *sári*, that one and only covering, old as the long long-ago yesterday, that serves these women as skirt, waist, headgear, veil and cloak. It is only a few yards of cloth, perhaps six yards long and one and one-half yards wide. It may be of wool or silk and sometimes of nainsook or linen or even of coarse cotton, but it flashes in yellow and red, in purple and blue, violet and white, rose or green—in all the colors known to man—yet never clashes, never hurts, never is inharmonious in color or unfitting in texture to the artistic sense or eye of man. To see the coolie or menial with his one bit of cloth tied about his loins, leaving the rest of his body entirely bare and the huge turban of yards and yards of soft cloth twisted in wonderful folds about his head, while the women of the same class stride forth with brass urns of water or baskets of fuel balanced on the top of the head and, perhaps, a child

the remarks of one of these gentlemen, who said, "You see, our religion has drowned our politics. Could we put the same enthusiasm that we throw into our religion into our politics, do you think we would be a subject people to-day?" No! Such earnestness, such vim, such abandon would sweep away every obstacle from their path, and even as they find peace and joy in their religion so would they find freedom in their land.

But that is not their province. Religion is the aim and goal of their existence, the real object of their living, while politics is a side issue, a *motif* in the scheme of life, and their subjugation but a mosquito bite on the great body of their existence. Talk religion to the average Hindoo, be it the Christian, Hebrew or Mohammedan, or the many phases of his own Hindooism, and he will listen, argue and wax enthusiastic with you. He will give up the theatre, a dinner or a drive for it; but meet him with a political question and before you know it he will have submerged it into a question of philosophy or religion. Yes, religion is the real business of his life, the one and only thing that matters in his day,

From this pooja hall the inner or female quarters are accessible. They are usually in the second or third story. A wide balcony surrounds each story that overlooks the courtyard and the pooja hall. These balconies are sometimes curtained with latticed shutters from behind which the ladies may look down upon the visitors without being seen. The first impression one gets on enterering these quarters is the twilight aspect that greets him, the lack of sunlight in them. But as one learns to know more of India and its climate the wisdom and the necessity of this arrangement dawns upon him. In fact, it is soon noticed that the Europeans adopt this same arrangement, for all humanity in this country strives to keep away from the heat and glare of the sun by living in these heavy-stone structures and, as much as possible, in the cool shadows of their interiors. Most of the homes are very old; at first sight they seem dark and dirty, but on close inspection one finds this to be but the signet of hoary age. The thresholds of stone are worn by hundreds of feet that have passed in and out of these doors. The marble floors are often cracked and the gray granite has dints caused by the feet gliding over them. The heavy plastered walls are dark and sometimes musty; but have they not been brushed against by many generations of men and women? The railings are often chipped by the mischevious fingers of little people whose ashes long since have mingled with the elements. The Hindoo does not change his old home for a new one although he might well afford it. The home of his ancestors is full of sacred memories and he and his son remain there even as his fathers did before him.

Enter the home of the average wealthy native of India and what does one find? The home is as empty of all modern household appliances and furniture as is that of the poor native villager. Some of the furnishings are wonders of artistic wood-carving but they are rarely modern.

A padded carpet on the floor with high cushions strewn here and there, the whole often covered with white muslin, take the place of chairs, sofas and tables. Look at his bookshelves and what is found there? There you will find the exception, the books of far away yesterday hugging those of to-day. He has scanned the old and is eagerly scanning the new. Yet he finds little in the latter that he wants and there is, perhaps, nothing in the former that he does not want. The pictures on the walls are not the pictures we revel in, nor are they the faces of ancestors long gone; nor are they the faces of founders of families, makers of names, builders of the country or heroes in history. No! On their walls one finds the pictures of some half nude saint or holy man who has gained renown in his spiritual life by his great renunciation and God-consciousness. One will find the picture of a God-mad Incarnation who has flooded a land with love and wisdom, or of some popular god or goddess or a scene of some incident in the life of these beloved deities. The pictures may not have a trace of real beauty to our way of thinking, the figure may be out of all proportion; the lines out of plumb and entirely off color; but the history of that picture, of that scene, is in the heart of every man, woman or child in that household, and to them it is a work of love in which art needs no place.

All that Indian history records is spiritual history. Heroes count only when they were God-loving and gave to the world some of God's wisdom. These they will remember, point out with pride and keep alive in their hearts and try to emulate in their daily living. The histories of these lives are put into the hands of the young children or are recited to them by their elders until it becomes part of their lives. It is the intellectual food upon which the women feed and it is the model from which their spirituality is drawn. The children are named after these deities and there is hardly a name in all India that is not that of a deity or spiritual hero. And the reason of this is that the Hindoo believes he is thus reminded constantly of these holy ones by seeing his child and uttering his name.

In the Hindoo home every act is the outcome of some religious thought. The bathing, the eating, the drinking, the going forth and the coming back, the act of lying down and of rising at dawn are all accompanied by prayer and all are set to the tune of religion. The Hindoo sees in ether, air, fire, water and earth the province over which some god or goddess presides. The sun is a god, so is the moon; the stars are abodes of the immortals to them and the water is a gift of the Most High which is also guarded and guided by a deity. The earth is a goddess, the Mother of the World, who blesses all that tread upon her body as well as to sustain, nourish and preserve them.

This is his attitude toward life; this is the thing that constantly fills his mind and heart. This is his substance and all the rest is but shadow. For this one reality a Hindoo will give up home, family, name, fame,

fortune, a worldly future, to walk as a hermit-beggar, a man of the dust for the rest of his life. Realization is the outcome of his religion and renunciation is the outcome of realization. Thousands of these men are to-day in India without purse or scrip, with no shelter but the sky and tree or rock and no bed but the earth.

It is not our way of being religious to-day, but it was so long ago in the West. Then, too, man sought God clothed in renunciation and found Him. These Hindoos are so primitive, you will say, so dreadfully backward. Yes, as backward as we were two thousand years ago. But two thousand years ago a Christ came to bring light to our West and teach us to live for God and man and to die for our brother if need be.

Since then we have become advanced and no Christ has come. But these Orientals, they have had several avatars since then. Viewing them from the standpoint of their religious consciousness one cannot help thinking that though Western ideas of philosophy, religion and civilization have been introduced by the white man, Hindooism is by no means ready to mount the funeral pyre for some time to come.

An instance of the great reverence the Hindoo has for a man of God was demonstrated to us on a journey of thirty-six hours from Colombo to Madras. At Colombo the Baba, now on Indian soil, had left us, shod in American footgear, turbaned and clad in his usual garb made familiar to us in the West—a sort of compromise between the American and Hindoo dress. When we saw him again the next morning an Eastern Baba stood before us—a man of the dust, a hermit-beggar every inch, barefooted, bareheaded and clad in the saffron robe of one piece of cloth a few yards long that for years has been the approved garb of the ascetic or holy man of India. In his right hand he carried his bowl which, for twelve years before his sojourn in the West, had been his sole possession in his hermit life. A drinking bowl it was, and there he was, with the six past years of his western life shut out of his consciousness, now ready to take up the thread of life where it had been left off years ago. This meant that no food should pass his mouth that was not cooked by Brahman hands and no money should buy it. A thirty-six hours' journey stretched before us and in that time neither food nor water passed the Baba's lips. We were hurrying to Madras, and as no one there had been informed of our coming, the question naturally arose in our minds as to where Baba would live. We, of course, would find hotels and we had eaten three meals a day in the journey, but he, fasting and no prospective home in sight. "Never mind," he answered to our question, "My place there is awaiting me. What is mine shall be opened unto me." We of little faith fretted and feared, but his larger trust soon swallowed it. Gradually we left his fate in his own and that Wiser Hand which never closes to those that stretch their finger for help.

The day passed, and just as the first shadow of night went sweeping over the face of the heavens, a gentleman, a lawyer from Cuddalore, entered our train. He was all aglow with animation. His eyes, piercing and kindly, soon spied the Baba and begged to know something of him. After a short sitting with him he came to us and told us he would take the Baba with him. He would be a guest at his friend's home in Madras. Two or three others in the meantime had boarded the train and begged him as guest and before we reached our destination, our minds were at rest. A home had been found for him by Mr. Chakravarti, our kind Cuddalore friend, and the Baba's long fast was to be broken at last and it was, soon after, in the most hospitable home of one of the most distinguished men of Madras, who became as proud of the Baba as the Baba of him. On that evening a lecture had been arranged. Like flame the word had spread among the Hindoos that a holy man was among them and to these people there is nothing that is of more moment than listening to the words of a God-lover.

The host to whom the Baba had been taken was among the first men of India, a host with few to second him. A man of affairs he is, of tremendous influence in his sphere of life, weighty in counsel, full of the milk of human kindness, an orator of splendid degree, a lawyer whose fame has gone forth over all the land, a thinker, a doer of deeds. In a word, Mr. V. Krishnaswami Iyer is a genius whose burning zeal for his country is felt wherever it touches, and yet this man's enthusiasm over his guest was as spontaneous as a boy's, his reverence as deep as a woman's.

Introducing the Baba at the first lecture, he said to the audience words to this effect:

"The real workers of our land are our holy men, the Bhaktas or devotees of the Lord especially. They keep alive the spiritual consciousness of our India. They are the energy in the body of our land. Several of our great ones have gone forth to Western lands to tell our brothers there of a philosophy and religion that our fathers have fostered. Most of them have taken our intellectuality there, mysticism. One of them, a great soul, a hope of India, a Vedantist, has passed away to his reward all too soon, alas! He took Vedanta over the seas and was loved by many and his passing left us in despair as to who would take his place here in India. But one has come, this Bhakta, this Baba Bharati. He has taken the soul of India to America. He has preached the love of God only, and therefore he is greater than all the rest."

I quote this to show the place that a God lover has in the heart of the people of India; intellect is second to it, and worldly position trails far behind it. How cold and barren is the average reception of the Western men of God to that which India gives to hers. Always will the memory of the enthusiasm at Madras over the patriotic words of the Baba be aflame in the mind; always will the cheers of welcome, the cries of appreciation, the calls of sympathy, sing themselves in the heart. Sitting

on the platform overlooking that sea of earnest faces, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, all eager for love, all responsive to any word of wisdom, all awake to any truth, ready to answer to any touch of spirituality, all alive at the first word of patriotism enwrapped in the sacred mantle of love for mother country, one cannot help feeling that Madras is a centre of power, a battery, as it were, from whence currents of energy flow forth vitalizing the land.

At a reception given Kier Hardy at a well known club to which we were invited in that city, the dreams of Rome and its senators, all come to life again, would persistently rise in the mind; for such a body of men robed in cloth of linen and fine wool and silk of many colors, with turbans in whose folds bands of gold were woven, with faces full of thought, wreathed in kindness, noble to look upon, uttering words of wisdom and courtesy and old-world hospitality, are not often met with in our own land in the far and glorious West.

Again at the house of Baba's host, Krishnaswami Iyer, a reception was given to us by the ladies of the home. About forty Hindoo women were invited to meet us and welcome us to their land; women of such refinement and culture, such wonderful kindness as to make us feel that here indeed we had found friends and were not strangers in a strange land. Several ladies sang and played the violin, and beside the native songs they awoke memories of the days in our own home by playing some of our familiar airs. Then they begarlanded and bedecked us with flowers and we were fêted and feasted. I believe the women of Madras are considered particularly handsome, but be that as it may, those that we met were more than handsome, they were altogether womanly; and their saris of rich colored silks, their gorgeous jewels, covered hearts warm as their clime, and as big as the broad expanse of blue skies.

At this same home we witnessed our first *bhajana*. A number of cultured gentlemen, the first and foremost of the city, gathered in the pooja hall to sing sacred songs, accompanied by the drum, cymbals and *vina*, a native stringed instrument, far into the night, the enthusiasm never abating, the religious ardor never lessening as the hours swallowed each other. At the end of the hall stood a picture wreathed in flowers, a picture of Krishna, the Lord of Love, and before it, beside and around it clustered the men of affairs in a worldly sense, clad in a prayer cloth that reaches from the waist to the knee, chanting hymns of praise to Him, singing of the favorite episodes in His life, and nestling at His feet, as it were, asking the blessing His love has for them.

Our stay at Madras was all too short, but its shortness was big with blessings to us, for it opened in a way the door of India, the golden door so full of generous hospitality and courtly kindness: so rich with wisdom that is embodied in the daily acts of living which the West is not cognizant of and which, through misunderstanding and misrepresentation, has been distorted out of all likeness to the fact.

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA.

THAT WHICH seemeth great in the eye of man is oft-times small in Mine eyes and that which is deemed as naught in the eye of man doth many times loom into big proportions before Me; for the things that satisfy the eye of earth are not those which expand broadly into the horizon of My vision. Thus the great may be small and the small gigantic; for the weight and measure in the scale of Time fluctuates not, but is ever the same, though man's is ever changeful and unused to the things that are permanent.

Look into Mine eye, O beloved, and behold mirrored therein all that creation holds. List to My voice, which is silent never, and hear there the things that creation knows. Take Me by the hand, O little one, and walk with Me and before thee shall unfold the laws from which creation has sprung. Love Me and these laws shall open to thy understanding and their operation shall be known to thee, the unknowable shall be as an open book and the sealed things shall be a scroll whose seals have been broken.

He that searcheth after Me hath already found Me. For the desire for Me is the fulfilment of that desire.

The world holdeth Me, yet do I hold the world. I am reflected in every eye and on every brow I sit; yet every eye is in Me and the brow of every man is in Me, too. The coming of man is out of Me and the going of man is into Me, his desire is for Me and in that desire he hath life. Man is enfolded in Me and I am the unfoldment of man. He is an expression of Me, and lo, he is expressed by Me. For all that is man is of Me and I am all there is of man.

That which is of Me knows not change, but that which many see as changeful is not of Me but is the shadow of man's making. The creation of man is without substance, for he draweth from that which is not of Me. But that which is from My creation is without flaw and is untouched by the breath of man and by the coming and passing of time.

Look up and I will be thy chief attraction; look down and earth will be thy constant desire; look unto Me and that which is of Me in thee will draw Me unto thyself, for I vibrate to that which is of Me in all that is created by Me. Look earthward and thou art calling with thy earthly self all that is like unto it, for the law is that like forever must attract like.

NEARING THE EQUATOR

BY MARY WALTON

WITH ONE lingering look we seek to encompass in a beautiful memory all the enchanting scenes of Japan—the quaint streets, the polite little brown people with their bobs and smiles and clattering clogs, the thatched villages and the hazy blue hills with Fujiyama's sacred peak looming high in the distance, the wooded slopes where ancient temples are enshrined with the dull boom of the bells resounding through the piny groves, and lastly the long, delightful, dreamy hours through the Inland Sea with the fleeting glimpses of fishing villages nestling in some wooded cove or sheltered bay and the strange little craft that ply their trade along the shore. All this and more are engraved in a never to be forgotten picture on our minds and hearts as with a sigh we breathe a regretful *sayonara* to fair Nippon which we must leave just as we have learned to love her much. Her smiling shores seem to bid us God-speed as our big boat bears us toward the Celestial Kingdom away from the Land of the Rising Sun.

On we sped over seas that were blue and under skies that were cloudless and a sun that beamed almost tropical warmth upon us until one day to our astonishment we saw the blue waves meeting but not mingling with a body of murky yellow water which marked our entrance into the Yellow Sea whose waters are colored by the quantity of yellow loam washed down for ages from the interior of the country.

At Hong-kong we were to say farewell to the great ship that had borne us safely for 6,000 miles and already we were approaching this snug British island entrenchment. The bright stars were gemming the heavens and the lights were glowing in the harbour from the water's edge to the top of the terraced hills till it seemed as if the constellations above had left their high places to gleam on the breast of earth and twinkle on the dancing waves. In this jewelled city of light, where the heavens seem to meet the earth and the stars to slip into the sea, there is no trace of the heavy hand of war that at the mouth of the gun had wrested this "Oriental Gibraltar" from the almond-eyed celestials only to reward them by the forcible introduction of the deadly opium whose poppied dreams have lured millions to destruction.

Daylight dispels this dream-vision of the night, but the reality is none the less appealing in picturesque beauty and interest. Here we have our first experience of riding in a "chair"—a conveyance borne by two solemn-faced, pig-tailed Chinamen who can haggle as long and as loudly over the price of the fare as the sturdy little Jap who pulled our rickshaws, and who after extorting all the money possible from us only leave at the intervention of the Hindoo policeman with such an air of injury that we feel almost conscience-stricken in spite of our depleted

purse. Our ride leads to the native quarter through narrow winding streets lined with shops and thronged with a crowd that differs in some respects from those that fill the streets of Japan. We see few women—some low class, coarsely clad, carrying huge baskets of vegetables slung on a pole over their shoulders and now and then a more highly born dame hobbling along on her tiny feet, a gait which the more ornate Oriental imagery would probably describe as the swaying of a flower on its stem but which speaks an eloquent reason why the Chinese lady prefers not to venture far from home unless borne in a chair or palanquin. She wears no hat on her glossy black hair which is brushed smoothly back from the face and worn low on the head in a coil through which jewelled pins are thrust. Is this lady of China in advance of her Western sisters? At any rate she wears trousers instead of skirts. These are often of rich brocaded silk of black and blue or purple over which is worn a loose flowing coat embroidered in wonderful designs, maybe, of the fabled dragon that writhes and twists its scaly body and opens its frightful mouth in a perfect spurge of colour.

On we go, jostling into coolies weighed down with burdens or passing a man of fine bearing, wearing flowing silken robes and carrying a lacquered fan in his tapered fingers. We catch glimpses of sleek, fat China men seated around a steaming bowl of some food whose nature we do not care to guess, though we wonder at the deft way in which they manage the chopsticks. The next moment we are set down before a shop of curios and our attention is at once absorbed in the delicate ivory carvings, the exquisite embroidery and the quaint jade jewellery. With reluctance we turn to go to find our way blocked by a crowd whose curiosity at seeing foreigners is only exceeded by our own. On turning a corner we are shocked at the sight of a poor wretch sitting in the stocks, wearing a board around his neck inscribed with Chinese characters. He is a criminal, we learn, with the particulars of his crime written out that all who run may read.

Leaving this quarter we are borne along a road bordered by huge banyan trees and tangled shrubbery leading up the terraced hillside past beautiful homes of the wealthy European residents. Here they have the advantage of the cooling breezes, for the heat in the city is oppressive, and also have a magnificent view of the harbour and island. As our coolies stopped to rest from their climb we alighted from the chairs and wandered around enjoying the delightful scene. A Chinese woman leading a little toddler of two years stopped to regard us with curious interest. We ventured to proffer a small coin to the baby who took it eagerly and politely shook his own hands instead of ours in approved Chinese fashion. Another turn and we are face to face with a squad of khaki-suited English soldiers, reminding us that, though in the Orient, we were on Occidental ground where John Chinaman and John Bull meet. Continuing our way we saw the cable car making a more speedy if less pictur-

esque ascent of the mountain side. At the summit called the "Peak," about 2,000 feet above sea-level, there is a wireless telegraph station used in signalling the ship at sea. The golden haze of approaching twilight was suffusing the heavens as we gazed from the heights down the wooded terraces to the harbour that lay calm and glittering in the sun, a haven for the ships, great and small, that rested securely there at anchor; but even here the dreaded typhoon has dashed great boats to destruction, sweeping the encircling harbour as water swirls in a cup.

Here at Hong Kong we exchanged the palatial proportions of the *Minnesota* for the cozy, more home-like surroundings of the *Awa Maru*, the little Japanese boat that had braved the terrors of war and was now plying its peaceful way over southern seas to far away Old England. 'Twas a dear little boat—one-fourth the size of the *Minnesota*—and we loved it from the first. It was as delightful as getting home again after a stay in a hotel and we exclaimed and exulted as we thought of the lazy days before us that we had dreamed of, yet secretly dreaded. For had we not been warned of the typhoons that would smite us and the rains that would drench us and the heat that would burn and wilt us?—"Oh yes, gets pretty hot out there on the Injunt Ocean, ma'am, 128 in the shade. Can't never sleep in your cabins." These words of a friendly sailor rang ominously in our ears, but our fears were put to rest by the Captain himself who assured us that the typhoon season was over, the rains would be only showers, and the heat would not be as great as we had already experienced in Hong Kong. And we found his words proved true.

Oh, the joy of those delightful days! "The world forgot," we were content to let the boat drift to infinity while we drowsed and dreamed in the luxurious depths of a steamer chair. Our mile long walks on the *Minnesota* were forgotten where the stiff breeze nearly blew us off our feet as we made the rounds of the deck. Now we felt deserving of commendation if we made the tour thrice in succession. It was almost as if we were on a private yacht, for the other passengers were few but companionable and the three English officers on the boat—the kindly Captain, the genial Chief Officer and the canny Chief Engineer from bonny Scotland—gave us the freedom of the ship in true British heartiness. From top-side to engine-room we were initiated into nautical secrets that made us poor landsmen stand in awe.

Thrice daily we met in the dining saloon which also did duty as social hall, music room and library. Here at two long tables, one for Europeans and the other for Japanese, fanned by huge *punkahs* that swung above us, we were served with excellent food by white-clad little Japs. But it was on deck we spent most of our days and far into the nights. Here we read and studied, shared in games or

partook of tea with our fellow passengers, among whom were two retired sea Captains with a fund of thrilling yarns and a Catholic missionary from Java, a Father with a boyish smile and a heart full of love for his "boys" and a genial friendliness to all—a most refreshing contrast to some of the world's evangelizers.

If the days were glorious with the dazzling sun on the blue waters, the nights were enchanting with the moon's soft glow above and no sound but the swishing of the waves that broke in a spray of silver phosphorescence in our path.

But the days and nights faded one by one into the past as we approached nearer and nearer the equator—that mystic, invisible line that encircles the earth like a fiery girdle. Occasionally we would sight a passing steamer making its way toward whence we had come, and once a water spout whirled and twisted in the distance, losing itself in the gray mist above. Flying fishes with glancing blue bodies leaped and played in long skimming flight above the waves, then disappeared from view just as we had concluded that they were some bird of the air and not fish of the sea. A young eagle, whose wings were not plumed for so long a flight, sought rest and refuge on the tip-top of a tall mast from which it was rescued by an agile Japanese sailor. But these lesser diversions were lost sight of when the green is'and of Singapore came in view.

Early one morning our ears were rent by the shrill, piercing sound of *Ta Ra Ra Ra Boomdeay* wailed out in a half dozen different keys at the top of as many voices. What meant this sudden resurrection, in such a far distant land, of an American tune long since defunct? Hastening on deck to learn the cause of it, we found our boat surrounded by queer native craft of all descriptions. The dulcet tones above-mentioned came from a number of small brown youths swimming about in the water or seated in their hollow log canoes. Although the bay was full of sharks they would dive for a small coin and bring it up between their teeth, only to call insatiably for more. A warning whistle from one of them and they all paddled away in affright at the approach of the police boat, as the authorities have forbidden this practice.

Our quiet, well ordered ship soon became busy and bustling with life. Picturesquely clad natives swarmed aboard to sell their wares to the globe-trotting tourist, tempting him with silks and jewels, baskets of snowy white or pink-flushed corals and shells pearly and delicate as a newblown bubble. On the lower deck, amidst the clang of machinery and the shouts of coolies, the cargo of tin and rattan and dried cocoanuts was being hoisted and stowed away into the hold.

Singapore was hot and oppressive beyond question but a veritable bower of tropical luxuriance, watered as it is by almost daily

showers. The ride through the Botanical Gardens was a revelation in the varying shades and tints of verdure—yellow greens, blue greens, deep glossy greens and greens tender as the first unfolding leaf of spring, greens vivid as glittering emerald or deep and dark as the waters of some untroubled pool. Here cocoanut palms rear their stately stems skyward while the huge banyan grows in wider range, dropping numerous offshoots from its spreading branches. A tangle of foliage invites the eye at every turn—plants with strange, fantastically shaped leaves, curiously mottled and variegated, trees and shrubs of unknown names laden with blossoms of gold or scarlet, or bearing pungent spices, hung with heavy creepers and vine embowered, all massed in a jungle of luxuriant vegetation. In the shelter of the latticed conservatories grow ferns with fronds delicate as frost tracery and rare orchids, exotics of weird shapes and hues, some rosy as a sunset cloud or gray as a veil of mist.

Then there came the return ride in the diminutive *ghari* drawn by a still more diminutive pony whose daily supply of hay was carried in a small bundle in the back of the conveyance from which he was fed scanty wisps by the driver at our frequent stops. In this paradise of langorous luxuriance we were smothered by the oppressive atmosphere that enveloped us like a golden cloud which dazzled while it stifled us. Afloat on the waters, even the breezes blowing from the equator some ninety miles away, seemed cool and refreshing after the suffocating air on land.

The next day we rounded the Malay Peninsula and entered the Straits of Malacca, sighting the wooded shores of Sumatra in the distance. A short stay at Penang and then the dreamed-of voyage across the blue waters of the Indian Ocean. Finally came one last velvet night, star-filled and balmy, veiling half-formed regrets in the glad anticipation of the morning when Ceylon—the Jewel of the Southern Seas—would greet us in the dawn's first light.

Marvel not that there are those who find their joys in things that are spiritual, and be not confounded that there are those who desire even to grasp the clods of earth, for one has learned through much practice to commune with the voice of love and has found it of such harmonious sweetness that he existeth only in its presence, while he who looketh earthward has viewed so long the confusion of the unstable and heard the clashing of the discordant blare on the instrument of man's playing that his ears are deafened to the finer strains that are continually playing about him, and which are but the voicings of Love's entreaty to draw its little ones into the heart that is ever throbbing to embrace them.—*Sayings of Krishna.*

STORIES OF INDIA

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

THE STORY OF AJAMIL.

'T WAS a feast day in India, a feast day when every Brahman of the whole land offered oblations to the spirits of the departed ones, when the household of every orthodox Indian house became a shrine and each inmate of that house a priest or priestess dispersing gifts and radiating blessings to all. A feast day that opened the strings of every purse and the heart of every purser, when every hungry mouth that came ahungered was fed and no hand, opened to receive, was met with a hand that was empty; a day when every wish that was within reason was gratified for the wishing and every need was met with its supply to the limit of the supplier's belongings. It was such a day, the holiest and most observed of the Indian holidays, that Ajâmil, the son of the great Rishi, left the grounds that surrounded the home of his father and wandered far from its protection to gather flowers that shone bright and alluring in the distance and to return with them in all their beauty and add them to the already beautified home where the solemnities of the day were being duly observed.

The youth was the only son of the great Rishi, the wise knower, whose name and fame had travelled far and wide over all the land, because of the wondrous wisdom with which he was illumined. Then, too, he had descended from a line of many saints and his mind bore the stamp of their wisdom and his body the beauty of their purity. Thus was the father, and the son was a fair second to him. Beautiful of figure, majestic of bearing, noble of face and brow he moved among the flowers like some young god, fresh from the realms that he, with his illumined and revered sire, so often pondered upon. From his father, and those very ancestors to whose spirits he was this day preparing to make sacred offerings and oblations, he had inherited not only this beauty of the outer man but also the rare purity and spirituality of the inner self that had fitted him at the early age of eleven years to not only receive the investment of the yellow thread but had led him beyond the threshold of the holy of holies where now he emerged, at the age of twenty, a being with all the innocence and loveliness of a child and all the concentration and illumination drawn from the ages.

So, on this holiest of feast days, while gathering the frail and exquisite blossoms of the most inviting grove, he was suddenly startled by a slow ringing laugh that fell upon the stillness of the morning like the hot hand of fever. He lifted his eyes and saw that which filled all his vision. The earth, the sky, the flowers were no more. The world that had sprung from his years of concentration vanished as stubble before flame.

The thoughts born of his Brahman mind, the wisdom born of his Brahman soul and the laws of his Brahman caste were wiped from his conscious self, and that which he saw and heard filled his horizon and awakened within him the answer to the call that stirred all the senses that had slept before.

On the roadside a woman, linked in the arms of a man, passed, each steeped in the aroma of lustful flesh and bounding blood; but each young, warm and passionate and both good to look upon, and both gay with overmuch wine. He heard their fevered laugh, half smothered by kissing, and heard the soft gurgling notes of the woman's voice as she sang snatches of a love-song to her lover. He saw the lover look on her with burning eyes, and as the Brahman looked, desire never felt before, rose within him, and answering the call of his senses he followed the enamoured pair, unmindful of the sacrificial flowers he was crushing in his hands and that he had plucked to offer to the departed souls of the great saints from whom he had inherited the gift of a great concentration which, while it was his blessing in the life of celebrity and holiness, became his curse in this the quest of his awakened senses.

Following the lovers, he saw them part at a hut that was poor and lowly and he entered therein after the maiden and opened wide his arms to her startled vision.

"I love you," he cried. "O maiden, I love you: Beautiful you are and I would ever remain with you here, for I love you, O girl, I love you."

And she, a herder of swine by occupation, a lover of many by choice, a drinker of wine and an eater of forbidden food by nature, an outcast by birth, shrank to the furthest side of her hut, all her befogged wine-drugged senses aroused, and hid her face in her trembling hands thinking a god had come to her hut to punish her for the ways of her riotous living.

"I love you, O maiden," he murmured again and again seeing naught but the flesh that trembled and throbbed neath his gaze.

"No, no, holy one," she cried with terror. "Begone, I beseech you! I thought you a god, but know you now. You are a Brahman, the son of the great Rishi whom all our land reveres, and whom, it is said, even the god's envy because of his holiness. Go hence at once and bring not the curse upon my already cursed life of having led one like you into the home of an outcast whose atmosphere is pollution and whose very touch is desecration." But he only went closer and drew her into his embrace.

And so the outcast maiden became the companion of his life and the mother of his children. The years rolled by and the youth knew his former life no longer. His father was forgotten by him, his family no more came to his mind. And all that had been in years before was as naught to him. The avenues of his mind that had been opened to the unseen universe closed up and he saw only what his outer eye lit upon.

His wisdom was dry and flourished no more, and he knew only the woman who had awakened his senses and the children that were born of the awakening. And he tended the swine and became even an outcast as was the woman. They that knew him in the years of his greatness and innocence shuddered at what he had done, and prayed that fate such as his should never overtake Brahman or Rishi while the earth gave forth blossoms and the heavens pulsed with love.

Thirty years were shrouded in the past, and dread disease siezed upon the mighty frame of the fallen Brahman. And he knew that all of earth was past for him. But his mind still dwelt on the woman and his children. He dreaded to think of his parting with them. And when the littlest of all his brood, he the child Narayan, the best loved of them all, he who had come nearest to his love and knit his baby fingers about the very sinews of his heart, toddled to where he lay, so close, close to death that he could see the shadowy outlines of its nearing messengers and feel the dampness and coldness that they brought with them from the dark river they had crossed to bear him hence, lo, his love cried out in agony for the little creature that was of his flesh. And gathering the ideal of his senses to his fast chilling bosom, he cried "Narayan, O my little one! My Baby! What shall become of you, my best loved, when I am gone?"

And closing his glazing eyes but to open them again, he beheld close before him those cold silent ones who had come from the kingdom of death to escort him into the shadowy regions where all sense-desires are intensified and none ever satisfied. Burying his face in the warm body of his baby he again cried with all the concentration of his Brahman birth, his early yogi training, "Narayan, O my Narayan!"

And in that instant there appeared two glorious beings who, by the brightness of their countenance, overshadowed all the sunlight that peered into the door of that lowly hut. The messengers of death shrank back at the sudden radiance and warmth that the newcomers brought with them. But seeing who they were, they said unto the two shining intruders, "What do ye here, O Beings from the Land of Light and Love and fulfilled desires? This is our province, not yours. You know that soon the soul of this mortal is to leave its earthly abode, and he rightfully belongs to us. And here we are ready to take him unto that desert region where all is barren of joy and life, and where the mind hankereth after that which is not there, where he is ever full of desire to satisfy the sense but where that desire is never fulfilled and is ever eating away the vitals of itself. So, go ye hence, we pray ye, for ye have naught to do here." But the shining ones only shook their heads and with calm eyes and golden voices answered, "Nay, nay, messengers of death, here we are needed. Heard ye not that he spake the name Narayan and with such love and force he spake it that its vibrations reached even to the

innermost realm of our abode. And quick our great and holy Narayan, the Preserver of the devotee and the lover of Himself, sent us forth to bring him hence."

"Nay, ye Dwellers of Light," spake the shadowy ones, he called not unto your God in those despairing tones that reached your realm. He cried out in agony the name of the little one who is even now clasped in his arms, because of the nearness of their parting. Heard ye not that he said, 'Narayan, what will become of you, my little one, when I am gone.' So ye must retire. He thinks not of God or his soul. List, know ye not that this mortal hath fallen from high estate, that as a Brahman and a Rishi dedicated to the service of God and versed in the laws of the holy of holies, sprung from a line of saints and he himself, one of the greatest, has forgotten all in an hour and become even an outcast because of the call of the senses and the gratification thereof? And for thirty years he has followed his unholy bent."

"But" said the radiant ones, "he hath in this, his last earth hour, called the name of Narayan, and He the Maker of Laws, hath given forth the Law that whosoever calleth His Name, speaketh to Him, for He Himself is in His Name, yea, His Name passeth the qualities of Himself and he who calleth upon Him shall be heard. And this mortal has called His Name and that Name, by its potency and the richness of its promise has pierced through the lesser worlds and entered our world, reaching the heart of our Lord upon whom none calleth in vain. So He hath said and He from whom all Law proceedeth cannot break the Law. He is therefore ours, and we bid ye both depart in peace."

The messengers paused a moment, then said, "Yea, what ye say is lawful. As in all the worlds that are not the earth, it is known that every word and thought is a tangible potency carrying in itself its own creation. So we will hence to King Death and say unto him that this mortal hath, by his last word, given himself to the realm of Light and Love and fulfilled desire."

Bowing low to the calm wonder of the divine ones, the shadowing and cold messengers of Death disappeared. And those who came from the highest world spake with eyes unto one another and joining hands also went.

Ajamil opened his eyes and was alone with his little son still clasped to his breast. Slowly he unloosed the baby's fingers from about his neck. His heart was no longer chilled. The sweat of death was gone, and health gleamed again on his brow. His gasping breath now came in strong and regular intervals. And he who was passing over the river to the Kingdom of Death, now re-entered life again. But with the new entrance the past thirty years were gone and he took up the thread of life where he had left it—in the inviting grove as he gathered the flowers to offer to the spirits of his departed ancestors, before his

blood had been fired by the lust-red lips and wine-beclouded eyes of the woman who had been mother to his children.

He took the child and set it upon the floor and he walked out of the hut and saw not wife, children or swine, land or sky. For days and nights, for weeks and months he walked, strong with a holy influx and magnetism of the Glorious Ones who had stood at the entrance of the world he had been about to enter and had kept the messengers of that Barren World from bearing him away. And he knew not where he walked until one day found him hurrying along the steep pathless sides that lead to the peaks of the snow-frozen Himalayas.

There he sat for years and many years, and all the world of India found in him a well-spring from which flowed a mighty wisdom that made many to know the Path which leads to the Most High. And to this day, he is worshipped as the holy one whose misdirected concentration led him into the swamps of materiality but whose concentrated utterances of the Name of the Lord had shown to all mankind the power of that Name which holds in Itself the potency of creation, even as a seed hath in itself the whole tree. For this he was born to prove to all the world the power of the word—the Blessed Name of the Lord.

And the woman who was the mother of his children, and the children who were of him, lived upon the memory of the miracle that had lifted them out of death into life. And they felt the strength of his holy thought as he gave it forth to all the world, and they grew holy because of him. And they, with all the Indian world, called him blessed and became alive to the God whose Name had given life unto him and taken him from their midst.

THE FIRE-WALKERS OF JAPAN

A REAL MIRACLE IN TOKYO.

FIRE-WALKING can be witnessed every year in the heart of the city of Tokio, at a temple called Kandaku, which belongs to the Shinshu sect of Shinto, and celebrates its yearly festival on September 15th and 16th. A correspondent of the *Theosophist* describes the incantations by which the priests one day made boiling water quite cool, and another day deprived fire of its power to burn. He says:—

In the clear space in the middle of the court a large rectangular bed of charcoal is laid out and well lighted already when I begin observations; several men fan it vigorously with long palm fans, and in good time it reaches white heat with little blue flames all over it. The heat is very painful to bear, almost unendurable; a lady next to me holds her parasol between the fire and her face. The sun has set, lanterns are lighted; enter six priests in white; there is no altar. The magical ceremonies are exactly the same as yesterday, performed by the six priests in turn. The head priest takes a long bamboo and beats down

a narrow, level path in the very middle of the coal bed; then after a short prayer, he walks deliberately into the fire, stamping his feet on the red glowing coals. I count eight steps, and *they show in black on the red coals*. The other priests follow one at a time, walking slowly, and making seven or eight steps. They pass through heaps of salt first and last, but I cannot see that they rub their feet in it, or seem to care to have it sticking to their soles. They are not in the least excited, there are no drums, no singing, no wild gestures, no cries; just six ordinary men in plain white cotton gowns walking coolly many times on red hot coals.

Now the fire is fanned to new activity; the path is beaten down again to make it glow and a troop of Japanese children, boys and girls, little street urchins, all careful, eagerly crowd to cross the fire. Two priests stand at the entrance of the fiery path, incessantly drawing sparks from their flints over the children's heads as they pass; two more at the end, and the two remaining, mutter incantations at the side, waving their flywhips. Each child walks decorously and visibly unhurt; many carry babies strapped to their backs, Japanese fashion. They pass several times; then come adults, women, old people, all sorts and conditions of men. Every few minutes the path is made red again. Now is the greatest triumph: two Europeans pass through, a lady and a gentleman. The Japanese clap their hands and cheer them. The lady is dressed in rose-coloured muslin with a light lace underskirt; she is barefoot, and I notice the whiteness of her feet on the red coals. She does not hasten, and loiters about, unhurt *and her dress unsinged*. The gentleman goes through twice, comfortably, the priests drawing sparks more actively over the Europeans than over the Japanese, and seeming more alert with their spells. The head priest jumps into the middle of the fire, and remains there, for quite a long time, raking and fanning it, his white garments touching the coals as he bends down, his feet firmly set without any uneasy shuffling. When everybody has gone through to his or her satisfaction there are more incantations to free the chained spirits, and the fire is quickly put out with pails of water, the water, hissing and sputtering, as water will when falling on hot coals.

The priests declare that by their rites and words of power they frighten away the spirits of the fire, and once those are gone, the fire cannot burn, no burning power remaining, though the appearances are unchanged. Anyhow, I can testify to the reality of the fire, to its apparent innocuity, and I think I am safe in affirming that there was little, if any, auto-suggestion in the case, as I know myself to have been quite collected and critical, and could not observe any hazy look or automatic motion in others. The children were quite merry, and pranced about as children will. And the electric tram kept rushing past all the time.

PARAGRAPHS ON PASSING EVENTS

BY BABA BHARATI.

ON BOARD this biggest palace-hotel boat, *Minnesota*, we had "jolly time" for a whole month. There were some very distinguished Americans, some very cultured ones, some very sweet ones, some very bad-hearted ones. Secretary Taft was going to the Phillipines to give them a parliament. There was Ambassador O'Brien to relieve Wright of his place in Japan; Judge Burke, that little man with a big heart. Then there were authors and journalists and visitors to the Orient, and last not least, seventy missionaries mostly bound for Japan and China.

Secretary Taft.

I had some long talks with Secretary Taft, whose mind is as big as his body, and heart in proportion. He talked with me with all the geniality of a gentleman, the frankness of a friend, even the warmth of an enthusiast. There was not a trace of the politician in the manners and expressions of this world-famed War Secretary of the biggest country in the world. "I am a man of peace, sir," said I, when we first met, "and I thought it would be interesting to meet a man of war." The tall three-hundred pounder of human flesh and bones wheeled round with a merry laugh, "I am a man of peace, too," said he, as he shook me by the hand, "let me introduce you to my wife." Our conversation drifted from men and manners into philosophy—Oriental philosophy, which he seemed to enjoy with new and rapt interest. "I'll be for a month on board this ship, sir, and I will hear more of your religion. I wish so much to visit India, but I have so little time to carry out my wish."

Roosevelt and the Japs

On another occasion we chatted sitting on a bench on deck through a whole hour of lunch which he never takes fearing more flesh. He asked for the facts about India, especially political facts, and when I gave them in all their nakedness, he became deeply interested. He said the British were taking his government to task for giving the Phillipinos a parliament. It was, in their view, a bad example. And the big politician laughed with all the strength of his big lungs, and I laughed too. On another occasion when I walked round the deck with him, which he did fifty times daily to keep down flesh and earn his dinner, I told him of my idea as to what the Mikado might have in his mind in regard to Uncle Sam's proposed measure to exclude Japanese labor from his dominions. I said the nervous Americans were almost sure to be impatient with the Mikado's veto to the legislation and pass the Bill, on the plea of protecting the interests of white labourers in the States and enact the law. The Mikado, to my thinking, would make no fuss about it, but in due time pass a law excluding—"American trade from his ports?"

burst out Taft, laughingly, taking the words out of my mouth—"Well, we know it, but the Japanese can't afford to do so. Their American trade is so big and profitable that it would be like cutting their own noses to spite us." "But can Uncle Sam say or do anything if the Japanese pass such a law?" "Nothing, nothing, we can do absolutely nothing, but the Japanese won't do it, it won't pay them." And the great politician winked at me merrily sideways.

Taft the Next President

There you see the sense of justice which the best of Western Powers possesses. Gentlemanly justice to the East is not in the horoscope of Western politicians. Yet Taft is a gentleman, he seemed so, every inch of his six feet and odd, a genial, good-hearted, child-like, most honest-looking gentleman, though a War Secretary! Indeed he represented to me his chief in many aspects, perhaps minus his "big stick." He was loved by every one on board and he seemed to have some love for all. He is the coming President, they say, and I hope he will win the game and get into Roosevelt's shoes, though I do not know whether he can wield his stick which has kept some frenzied financiers steady in their mad course of wild wholesale thieving and political and, sometimes, social rowdyism in healthy check.

Ambassador O'Brien

Ambassador O'Brien was another notable figure with us on the Minnesota, a venerable man whose gray hair seems to be the badge of well-lived life and matured wisdom. His culture of head and heart was in his voice, his movements, his manners—a patriarchal personage in whom were blended the old times and the new. Taft and O'Brien were proofs of the sturdy vigor of the personnel of the Roosevelt rule. The first talk I had with O'Brien, when I presented him with an introduction from General Otis, was short. He stood leaning against the wainscotted wall of the top deck landing, a thin, tall, reverend figure that reminded one of Abraham Lincoln, his deferent courtesy coming out of his heart as he talked to the Oriental Baba. In the smoking room, one day, I had a long talk with him as he quietly smoked his cigar. I found him the most liberal of all the big officials I had met in America. He distinctly affirmed that Asia ought to be for Asians and his sympathies for the Asiatics, in their struggle to free themselves from Western bondage, was both deep and sincere. He also believed that their freedom was sure to come soon, judging from the signs of the times and the attitude events have been taking of late.

The Christian Missionaries

There were other very worthy follow-passengers on board, gentlemen and lady journalists, consuls to China, tourists and so forth. They were almost all of them gentlemen and ladies to a fault. All were very kind and cordially courteous in their conversations with me, except the

missionaries, the Christian missionaries. Their Christianity was at the antipodes of Jesus Christ. Their un-Christian attitude and manners towards me and my gentleman and lady students on board was the talk of all the other travellers. Their envy of me because of my thousands of disciples in America and hate for those accompanying were not only uncovered but bitter to savagry. One there was, a tall man and stout who paraded the decks every day without a look of kindness at me although our eyes met a hundred times. He seemed to be a man who could boom a boot business better than be in the missionary trade, for Christian ministers and missionaries are mostly business men because Churchianity itself in America, like all other noble creeds and callings, has been reduced to pure business.

General Edwards

General Edwards, who was in the Taft party, was another distinctive figure nobody could fail to recognize, for his courtly urbanity, jovial disposition, tall military erectness and kindly face mirrored forth a good heart. He "bossed" the entertainments on board and was popular all round. He was a great favorite of the ladies whom he humored into merry laughs with his ready fund of wit. When a distinguished lady remarked to me that there were seventy missionaries on board and she pitied the poor heathens, she perhaps echoed the thought of the General who cut out all religious lectures from the entertainments because the missionaries objected to the Baba lecturing again, the Baba's first lecture, before the entertainment committee was formed, having filled them with consternation. Really the missionaries were not only nowhere in the ship's society, but scarcely anybody talked with them. They revenged this by being in everybody's way in the library and the ladies' parlor where they seemed to have fixed a sort of permanent settlement. It would be hard to count how many letters they wrote home, each of them, daily, and how long they could talk together in the parlor night and day, filling almost every seat in it.

Captain Austin

Captain Austin, who professed he belonged to the whole world and felt and showed his world-love, was very notable throughout the voyage from Seattle to Hongkong. His weather-beaten face had an honest look you could not miss or mistake. His delicately cultured manners, when off his work, were in evidence to all with whom he talked. His independence of spirit and thought was, however, the greatest trait of his personality. He did not believe in narrow-minded rotten patriotism which saw everything good in one's country and countrymen and little or none in other lands or peoples, but was enthusiastic in praising foreign men and manners whenever he had reason or opportunity. He liked and loved India and the Hindoos in whose life and philosophies he evinced a deep interest. Dark of complexion and tall of stature, he walked and

talked with uncompromising sincerity. He commanded respect from all as he commanded the homage of his crew for his large-hearted treatment of them although he was very strict in regard to duty. He is a well read man, a very capable commander, a man of appreciation, a philosopher in whom the limitless-looking sea has helped the expansion of mentality, the breadth of sympathies and extension of love for God's creatures the world over.

The Paradise of the Pacific

But, hey, here is Japan—the pretty paradise of the Pacific! Land, land again, after two whole weeks of water water everywhere, nor e'en a ship to sight. But we had not a friend in Japan or even an introductory letter to anybody. I had purposely abstained from trying to get any to enjoy the luxury of the Lord's special providence for his lovers. After about three hours spent in Yokohama, we went to Tokyo where, within a short space of time, our Hindoo boys studying there, having heard of my coming from a Japanese friend, rushed to see us and invited us to dinner at their place, the India House. It was an unpretentious little building, but the sight of so many countrymen, about a hundred in all, assembled in one place far away from India made my heart jump with joy, while my students had the privilege, for the first time, to meet a colony of Hindoos they had learnt to love so much. Besides the students, there were Hindoo merchants whose joy and enthusiasm at seeing us was even greater than the boys.' In the reception room the head man of the merchants, Baboo Hansa Mull, begarlanded us with words which were such an outpouring of old-world homage that it made me forget that I was yet out of India.

Our Students in Japan

Oh, what a blessed sight it was—the company at this dinner, the Orient and the Occident mingling with ardent sympathy! About a hundred Hindoos sat at or stood around the table, their bright youthful faces looking so earnest and joyous. I felt a very great love for them, really it was an affection that flowed unbidden from out the well of my heart. The joy of seeing the hopes of my country in great Japan was equal to their joy in finding me and five American lady and one gentleman Hindoos amongst them. And their hearts were leaping out to serve us and make us happy. We had a Hindoo dinner in right royal style, its eating being punctuated by the singing of the most divine Vesper Song of India of the more than immortal Jayadeva by my American students and myself and the singing by the boys of the *Vande Mataram* and other new patriotic songs. It created an ecstatic excitement. The boys appreciated the Sanskrit Arati sung by the Americans with such profound amazement that they did not know where they were, whether they were in life *now* or in Ancient India. They were startled into thinking that

an undreamt-of era had dawned to bless their land and the world with a great spiritual upheaval.

The Recovery of Our Self-Respect

In addressing the boys and the merchants I was overwhelmed with feeling. I cheered them up, saying that very good times were just ahead, not only political but spiritual as well. A mighty wave of spiritual thought and sentiment is at present coursing through the veins of Nature and that it would burst on the surface of the earth from its centre, India. I told them to recover their self-respect which they had lost. They must learn again to respect their own Hindoo birth which was the most precious and enviable birth in the world. When they would again realize the truth that the Hindoo was the most spiritual being on earth and that compared with the other modern nations, who are more or less materialistic, they are simply divine, because of their consciousness being pervaded by love and devotion to God—then they would rise once more to that divinity, and tower in every thing over the modern mushroom nations of whose material prosperity and misguided scientific energy they are so foolishly envious. I told them, in conclusion, to be Hindoo in their soul, heart and mind and ways wherever fate might take them for purposes of studying modern methods of earning a living. I told them that the spiritual Hindoo is worshipped by the cultured West, when that Hindoo sticks to his inborn spiritual instincts. The boys cheered me all through the speech and most of them seemed to be roused by my remarks.

Though Vanquished Would Argue Still

My American students returned to their hotel, leaving me in the charge of the boys who requested me to stay with them overnight. They were wonderfully sweet boys and fired with patriotic ardor which required to be turned into the right channel. Far into the small hours of the morning I replied to the questions with which they bombarded me thick and fast. They took me to task for saying that spiritual development alone would bring about their economic redress and political advancement. They asked me the reasons why, and although I gave reasons by the score—and pretty convincing reasons too—they fired their questions at me all the same. I told them that the Hindoo has lived in his soul, his consciousness has mainly dwelt in the spiritual plane, for countless generations and so mere political knowledge would not touch his spirit to awaken it into action, and that the economic and political phases of the Hindoo's life have always been the expressions of its spiritual individuality which has remained unparalleled all through the ages. The Hindoo could no more change his age-long inner consciousness than the chameleon his skin in order to suit himself to the methods of the modern nations who live mostly on their matter-fed mind. Some of the boys were convinced, but most of them still cared more for quest-

ions than for their answers. Therefore I yawned and yawned till I became so sleepy that the boys, taking pity at last, put me to bed.

Mr. Poddar.

The next evening we were invited by the Hindoo merchants to dinner at Yokohama, where, in the residence of Mr. Hansa Mull, about seventy merchants had assembled to greet and entertain us. The entertainment was even more magnificent than in the previous evening, and some of the Tokyo students were also there. There were speeches but the best speech was that of Mr. Poddar, a Marhatta Brahman student long resident in Japan. It was very complimentary to me, but that was not its best recommendation. It was a passionate outpouring of his soul. It was a confession in all the abandon of his heart's faith stirred to its bottom. He made me blush by his outspokenness, but I was watching in him the spirit which would make him some day one of India's truest sons, better than most who now claim that dignity.

The Unspoilt Merchants.

I will never forget the lesson and the example which the merchants set these Hindoo students in Japan. The merchants lived in orthodox Hindoo style in regard to food, and each of them had a shrine of Radha and Krishna whom they worshipped regularly with rituals every day. How these true sons of Ind never lost their Hindoo individuality because they had not overmuch of English education which spoils almost all our boys, denationalizes them out of recognition. They stood around us in all the eloquence of old-world Hindoo homage and joined their hands whenever they spoke to me. Their Hindoo instincts had not suffered even a whit crossing over the seas. The ending of our reception was celebrated by fireworks in the streets where innumerable rickshaws waited for the whole company to take us to the railway station, the ride to which, under the stars of Japan, was one of the most delicious experiences I ever had. At last we bade farewell to them and the little train whirled us off to Kyoto, our next place of halt for twenty-four hours. Thence back to the good old boat, the Minnesota.

A Remarkable Letter.

From Nagasaki, the coaling station, we got on board again. That night I received the following letter from our students in Tokyo. Their confession of conversion to my ideas is so wonderfully put, and it is so instructive and illuminating, that I publish it in full :

REVERED BABA,—You have left a void in our hearts. You came like a morning dream, and when you went away we saw that you have also carried away our hearts. We were already burning with impatience to return to our dear Motherland, because we are so much needed there to work among our brothers and share their troubles. But I could not yet fit myself properly to truly serve our Mother. I am yet ignorant, I am yet a child. I have to unlearn a great deal of what I had learnt vainly, and I have to begin afresh. The baneful Government education of our country has killed half of my energy, half of my life; it has poisoned our heritage of soul-culture—oh it is still poisoning the lives of thousands of our brothers in India.

How long will it continue with its pernicious and diabolical work? I wish it could be swept away this very moment, for it is killing our dearest and cherished possession—our religious culture. Oh, how I wish my past education could be blotted out of my life! I am voicing forth the groan of agony that is coming out of the very depths of millions of young hearts of New India—and the voice is slowly and effectively piercing through the accumulated evils of centuries of foreign oppression. But in the meantime how many thousands of beautiful souls will be poisoned? Baba, this makes me impatient, I cannot see it continue, this goads me on to extreme action, and I have begun to feel it not an extreme action, but as natural—and I am not alone, there are thousands. This led me to argue with you with my youthful fervour, it was the result of this impatience, not of any irreverence, I cannot have the temerity of arguing with you. I am not weak, we are not weak, we are the descendants of Arjuna, Yudhishthira, Bhima, Bhisma, Pratap Singh, Guru Goind and Shivaji. We have faith, and we will conquer. The British army with all its vaunted prowess of brute force and guns and cannon and apparently mighty power cannot shake our faith. Lord Krishna is leading us. The victory is ours. I long to work and die—I am impatient to die for our Motherland. When will that glorious day come, when finishing my duty to my country, I will rest in peace in her lap with the infinite love of our beloved Krishna! We will make your prophecy true, it will be fulfilled.

When you go to our dear Motherland, you will find thousands of my brothers more advanced than my humble self. You will be in ecstasy when you see them and feel the workings of their hearts. But there will be thousands who will disappoint you—poor unfortunate souls—the victims of alien aggression and repression that have totally poisoned their lives and have made them barter away their priceless heritage for a mess of pottage. I was fortunate, thank the Lord, in having a good father who saved me from being a complete wreck, like so many of my unfortunate brothers, by giving me a little insight into that true Indian culture which saved me from the perilous Western culture—if culture it can be called.

The eyes of my thirsting soul were further opened by my Gooroo, Swami Vivekananda. Baba, you came like another light of Love in my life and have illumined it. How great India is! She has never lacked, notwithstanding her untold sufferings and misfortunes, illumined souls, the receptacles of her age-long culture—the teachers of the Eternal Truths of her spiritual attainments. Yes, India lives in her soul, and she will conquer the world by her Soul! I am ignorant, I am a child, oh teach me, illumine me and lead me. You have begun the conquest of the world like my Guru, and oh what joy that I find no difference in your teachings, because Truth is one, and how much you have been crowned with success. I believe in almost all that you have said,—who will not believe in Truth, in ineffable Light, in infinite Love? You have drunk deep from the cup of the Divine Love of Krishna and you have become so lovely—so loveable—you have become another incarnation of Love.

I was trying to collect my mind away from the troubles of my country to concentrate it into my present work, but I could scarcely succeed, I could not have any peace of mind, and you came and upset me the more. You have touched the deepest strings of our hearts. You have roused the sleeping lion, our religious spirit—and I am feeling impatient to return to India to work among my brothers and die for them. It is home-sickness—as one of the American mothers told last night—if by home is meant my country, my brothers in my country. The very dust of India has become sacred, the common man in the street, how great he is, because he is the son of India, the Great Mother, because he is the inheritor of immortal bliss. I have a great faith in our common people, because they are still unsophisticated, still free from the baneful touch of the material West. But our so-called educated people, ah, how they have been vitiated and lost to their country! We can expect little from them, they know not what they are doing! They have grown in the midst of a false education and have begun to believe and argue in the stereotyped way their masters have taught them. O Lord, give them knowledge and open their eyes. Baba, you have to educate these so-called educated people, and make of them true sons of India.

You have blessed our Home, our Indian Home here. I feel within myself that our loving Lord sent you here to bless our Home, and I believe it has come to live. We love it as a

child of our first endeavour and crave your incessant blessing and care for its long life. How thankful we are to you, we cannot express our gratefulness to you in words of mouth, our hearts only know and feel that. May the Loving Lord spare you long and give you strength to teach us and illumine our ignorant ways. Accept me as a child thirsting for knowledge. We offer our thousand *pranams* to you all.—Your Affectionate Children.

What a soil the mentality of these young men is to sow the seeds of true greatness, of true love of our Motherland! I was overwhelmed by the sentiments and ardor of this wonderful letter and I answered it in as fitting terms as I could command but with all my soul. My American students had also received from them a like letter, and their reply to it, through one of them, is worth recording—more than mine—because it is more eloquent than mine. Here it is:

“Dear Brothers and Friends:—Your letter full of touching sentiment, of brotherly love and deep interest has reached us, and we are grateful beyond words for it. Thoughts such as you sent us are the links that make the chains that bind hearts and make them kindred, indeed; and now that we have met, have broken bread and exchanged a wealth of good-will we shall be kindred restored in Truth.

“Glory to the India House! Thrice blessed be it and thrice blessed be each head and heart it houses so pleasantly! Every moment of our stay there was a joy and every hour a dream that we shall remember—a dream made real. It was our first glance at India’s heart, and all of us hope to get at that heart and hear its pulsings and see its arteries. Our beloved one, Baba, has led us these past years, step by step, toward that great soul of India and now we pray that we may be worthy to lean upon it.

“We have in some ways been prepared by our Gooroo for disappointments, but we have also been taught that under each disappointment in our life there sleeps a blessing ready to be awakened to life by the touch of the earnest seeker after it. All our interests for the past years have been centred, more or less, on India and there are hosts and hosts of Baba’s students who are longing to be with us in person, in your land, as they are in the spirit of love. There is no doubt that Bhārat, the land of holy fame, is the engine-room of spirituality for the whole world, and it only needs the world and the Indian people, especially, to recognise that, to make its potency felt all over the universe. Baba, our Gooroo, we hope, will do much to make this fact known.

“Alien rule is bad, is heart-rending. But, after all, what is oppression to the pride of soul which is your heritage. What is an alien power compared to the power that your awakened soul-consciousness could wield. Kings and kingdoms pass away, rule and dominion loses its potency; but the soul, standing erect in the sovereignty of its own might, changes not, nor does it pass away. Your conquerors of old are no more, but your temples are; the names of those alien rulers are forgotten, but the sweet name of Krishna is lisped on each baby tongue, chanted by each mother’s lips and thundered from the heart of the sage and saint that bless your land. Long may it be thus, our brothers from India, and that name will crush the power of the alien and wipe out the same thereof.

“Our great country, America, is beautiful, is rich, is up-to-date; but it is weak in religion, poor in heart-sentiment and behind in real understanding of God. Money is king there; hurry is the means by which his kingdom is maintained and materiality is the atmosphere in which it thrives. Of course, there are thousands of good and dear and holy people among them, but those who think much and aspire to high living find it so. It is my country and I love it, love every blade of grass and drop of water of dear America but I cannot help seeing its faults. You who go there will find it so, too, but you will also find those who love their soul and seek its development. May all the good of God’s blessing rest upon you, dear brothers of India!”

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

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 him.

The science of Gooroo and disciple in relation to God and man is borne in upon him, and the veil which hangs between the universe and its laws, the soul and the senses, is lifted and for a little Jim views Eternity.

On the night of Jim's departure from home Elizabeth, all unconscious of his flight, has a perplexing dream and ere she has time to recover fully from its effects, a letter is brought to her from Jim telling her of the step he has taken, bidding her return to her mother and advising her of his plans for the future.

A year or so later finds Jim undergoing the most difficult ordeal known to the Yoga practice—the fiery ordeal, or purification by fire and sun. Then he sets out on a tour round India by the command of his gooroo.

Jim and his companion reach Benares and enter the heart of its spirituality. He meets there one of the yogi's householder disciples. Here too a letter from his wife reaches him. Jim is confronted by a problem. Whence came this letter and how came Lizzie, his wife, to know of his whereabouts?

Confused recollections of the almost forgotten past bewilder and overwhelm Jim. He does not see his wife but sets out for Hurdwar, the Gate of God, to witness one of the wonders of religious India—the Kumbh Mela, where he confronts a Christian missionary.

CHAPTER XXXIV

"Hands off!" cried the missionary in a rage, "How dare you shake me, you dirty brute?"

But Jim had taken his hands off already, and was smiling as he stood confronting the missionary, his blue eyes calm yet gleaming with unusual light and force.

"Excuse me," he said as gently as he could, "I did not mean to hurt you. But you are a man of the Cross, a disciple of the gentle Jesus, why are you in such a rage? It does not become a servant of the saviour you preach."

"And who are you to come and disturb me in my work in such a savage manner?" questioned the missionary, struggling to control his passion at Jim's soft impeachment which was for him the hardest and quite unexpected hit, as he eyed Jim from head to foot and was puzzled to make out who he could be. By the tone and pronunciation of his speech, the missionary now found out Jim was not a Hindoo, nay, he perceived that he was an Englishman. But why was he in a Hindoo ascetic's dress, with that hated ascetic's matted locks, and so brown in complexion?

"My manner in shaking you was not so savage as your work is and more than savage your words are" replied Jim with such a broad laugh of solemn indignation that the missionary felt his courage failing rapidly. "You called me a dirty brute but, poor fool, you never gave yourself the chance of finding out how dirtily you carry out your work of attempting to save souls by the light left burning by the Divine Jesus which you think you possess but you do not. The thing within you which you mistake as light is darkness, the darkness of conceit, a darkness visible to all people who have light, to all who know what light is. Get the light, the light of the Nazarene and by the help of that light you will know what kind of people are these Hindoos whom, out of your cursed conceit, you call heathens. If these most passionately God-loving people are heathens, then you Anglo-Saxons, miscalled Christians, are the worst barbarians. What is a Christian but one who lives the Christ-life as much as he can, the life of love, the life that is full of harmony within and radiating that harmony without, a life of peace and goodwill born of concentrating one's mind upon the centre of love, of harmony and goodwill—God? You so-called Christians who have not the good manners even of a heathen, can you compare your daily life with the daily life of a Hindoo who serves God first before serving any other soul, whose worship of God begins from his first waking moment and ends with the moment of closing his eyes in sleep? The Hindoo wakes religiously, bathes religiously, eats religiously and sleeps religiously. He worships God with his whole being three times a day. Nay, that is not all. Mere worshipping God is not all to him. He radiates the spirit of God in all his actions and conduct of life, as much as he can. What is he then but a born Christian, a true Christian, from whom you can learn much in order to infuse into yourself a little of the Christ-spirit, in order to be a little Christian rather than to claim that distinction by the force of your arrant conceit? The question is not whether you belong to the register of a so-called Christian church. This is the question to be settled now—how much of Christianity have you in your soul and mind and manners?"

This speech, delivered in all the eloquence of Jim's awakened soul, made the missionary quail as he had never done in life. He was almost shaking with excitement, and when Jim stopped, he did not know what to say. He hemmed and hawed into saying:

"But the God, what sort of God do they worship? They are idolators, they worship millions of gods, do they not?"

"They worship the One God without a second," answered Jim with emphasis, "One Absolute God of whom you prate and preach without knowing what he is like—your Bible-idea of One God, of that Absolute God, is so childish that no sane man can understand him. Your conception of God creates a chaos in the mind and intellect of all sensible people. But the Hindoo's conception of the Godhead is not only scientific, but clear as noon-day when it is interpreted by an enlightened soul. The Hindoo believes in that One God who is the Source and Soul of creation, who is both Personal and Impersonal—Personal in the expression of his energy, and Impersonal in His All-pervading Spirit. That Personal God, whose materialized manifestation is the Universe, rules and administers that universe by agents who represent and control His millions of attributes and forces. These are the gods, and in worshipping these

gods, in addition to worshipping the One Godhead, the Hindoo worships that God in all His Attributes and forces. The gods are the attribute-phases of the One God."

This roused the demoralised spirit of the missionary. His eyes flashing, he burst out:

"Who are you to talk to me like that? Who are you who seem to possess more knowledge about Hindooism than the Hindoo himself possesses? What a sorry sight you are, masquarading in that yellow robe of the Hindoo ascetic, a traitor to your own religion, your own country and countrymen? That you are an Englishman one knows in a trice, but how have you managed to degrade yourself? You defend idolatry, you defend the million deities of the Hindoo, though a Christian by birth—you are worse than a heathen Hindoo. Your degeneracy is beyond belief. It degrades me to talk with you. Who are you? I demand an answer."

Jim smiled a smile of great pity as he answered:

"Never mind who I am; I am an Englishman, as you say, by birth, but I am a Hindoo by faith now. I am—"

"You are a Hindoo—an idolator, from being a Christian? Shame on you! Aren't you ashamed to confess it?"

"No, I am not. I am rather proud to confess myself a Hindoo who in every respect is superior to an Englishman or a so-called Christian like you, as I have known him through closer contact than you have ever had. Now, think of this. I was a brute, like many of my countrymen in this country, a human brute of the first order. I also hated the Hindoo as a heathen though I was not a Christian, being taught by you, Christian Missionaries, from childhood up. No, I knew the Hindoo to be worse, a semi-savage. But chance led me into contact with a highly spiritual Hindoo—a violent contact, I was about to shoot him dead. What did he do? He not only prevented me from committing such a sin by his wonderful powers of Yoga, but transmuted the iron of my brutal heart into gold by the might of his love. And from a Godless human brute I am turned not only into a God-loving and man-loving man, but I have learnt to love Jesus Christ whom I regarded before as a humbug. But what do you do when you make a convert of a Hindoo into your style of Christianity. You turn the mild, Godly Hindoo into a brute. He learns to eat meat and drink ardent liquors, thinking that constitutes Christianity. He hates the Hindoo's God and regards his countrymen as heathens. From the time of his conversion, all Hindoo spirit of reverence and spiritual sense has gone out of him. He is defrauded of his religiousness; he mixes Christianity with Englishism and becomes a human monkey aping outlandish manners and habits of speech and thought. He was a Christian before, a born Christian in spirit, and you missionaries help to unChristianize that born Christian—the Hindoo. When a so-called Christian is imbued with the Hindoo spirit he becomes a real Christian, but a Hindoo becoming a so-called Christian becomes a materialized brute. Now, tell me, which religion is better?"

Jim's confession had the effect of subduing the missionary's temper, for the latter was not altogether a bad man, but a victim of Charchianity's encrusted

superstition. His face relaxed, his eyes shone with a mild light, he extended his hand to Jim to clasp his. Jim responded, and over the joined hands the missionary spoke in a very kind tone :

"Well, brother, I congratulate you on the redeemed state of your soul. Excuse me for what I have said harshly, I am ashamed of it now. But do you accept Christ as your Saviour? It does not matter through what experiences you passed to get to Christ, sometimes the greatest boon comes out of a curse, sometimes the veriest evil leads us to the highest good. But if you have come back to Christ, why don't you preach him to these poor misguided souls and lead them into his fold?"

The missionary had seen in Jim the soul-inspired orator and he thought that Jim would make a powerful missionary for propagating the Christian religion. Jim felt a profounder pity for him and a quick sigh escaped his lips as he said :

"There you are back again to the confounded tomfoolery which thinks that Jesus, the Christ, was the only saviour of mankind, the only begotten Son of God, as you put it. There were thousands of Divine Saviours before Jesus, and many after him. All these saviours—some greater than, some equal and some inferior to Christ—were born in India, the only land of Divine Incarnations. It is the Indian soil, saturated with the spirit of the soul-felt love and devotion to God of its inhabitants that can draw a Divine Incarnation to earth and furnish a fleshly body to him—a body spiritually fit to manifest his divinity through. I love Christ as I love Krishna, the greatest Incarnation, the spiritual sun that illumines all the moons and stars of the spiritual firmament. If I did not know Krishna I would not know the real greatness of Jesus, which greatness you fail to discover being blinded by your misguided zeal to proclaim Christ as the only Son of God. Poor Christ, the God-hearted apostle of Love, has suffered much at your hands. You missionaries have borne his Cross to Oriental lands only to add to the troubles of their inhabitants. Guns and armies and carnage have followed that Cross, the emblem of the Prince of Peace who allowed himself to be sacrificed for bringing peace on earth and goodwill to men. You, his modern followers, sow the seeds of dissention between the white and the brown peoples of earth in demanding to bring the light of Christianity to heathen souls as you call them, and when, because of your outrageous methods of introducing that light, because of your reviling their God, these 'heathens' resent this the greatest outrage to them by attacking you bodily, you shriek out and howl and call your nations to punish these barbarians who have outraged your outrage of them. Bah! What a Christ-like spirit you bring here to preach peace on earth and goodwill to men!"

The missionary smiled in pity in his turn, though that pity seemed transparently false, and said in yet soft tone and softer accents :

"But all missionaries are not alike. I have worked for many years in this country, but never called in Government aid to help me in my troubles and I have had many troubles. I have been beaten by many of these mild Hindoos, as you call them, but made up with them myself, never—"

"But, excuse me," interrupted Jim, "what made them beat you? I can well explain why, without asking you. The words you uttered a little while ago, which made me protest, would make a British mob make short work of you if directed at their God and religion. What foolishness is this? Why don't you preach the Christ religion showing its best points, showing Christ's wonderful love, his more than wonderful sacrifice, his absolute truths? These Hindoos are an extremely intelligent people, more intelligent and subtle in intellectual or heart-understanding than we are. If you show them what an infinity of love Christ represented in his fleshly body, you have a far better chance of drawing their souls to Christ than by such savage denunciation of all that is dear to their very being—the love of their own God which is dearer to them than their own life."

"Well, I think you are right," said the man of the Church, "but the sight of these millions of people worshipping this Ganges, which is nothing but a river, is enough to pain one into protesting against such ignorance. When you see a Hindoo worship a stream of water as divine, you can well understand what his conception of his God is—the one is an index to the other. Do you defend Ganges-worship as well?"

This last was said in a sarcastic tone. But it only roused Jim's indignation all the more, although, in his reply, he used nothing but mild sarcasm himself:

"I do, for the same reason that the Jew and the Christian defend the divinity of the Jordan. The Jordan is nothing but a river too, but it is sacred to the Jews because their ancestors regarded it as sacred, and doubly sacred to you Christians, because Jesus had his baptism in it. The Hindoos believe the Ganges to be sacred from time immemorial—nay, worship it as the most sacred stream to cleanse away sins just as you think the Jordan to be. Then the Hindoos know the Ganges to have sprung from the Feet or Abode of Vishnoo, their Supreme God, the abode of Absolute spirituality. They know the Ganges to be a current of the spiritual Energy of God which courses through all the spheres and planes of Heaven and the heavens until it reaches the earth on the highest peak of the Himalayas, and no sooner does it touch earth than it turns into water and flows down through the heart of the most spiritual land to the ocean, purifying the whole world by its touch and cleansing the body, mind and soul of all the bathers in it by its vibrations. Why, Mr. Holyman, why is the Ganges a mere stream of water, but the Jordan is divine? Why should the Hindoo accept the divinity of the Jordan when you deny the divinity of their Ganges? What cursed short-sightedness is this, what blind belief in one's own ideas and pig-headed disbelief in those of others, however alike or good!"

"Well," said the missionary smiling his blandest smile, "you have become an out-and-out Hindoo, to say the least of it, and it is all vain to discuss or argue with you about Hindooism. To a fresh convert, his new religion seems absolutely perfect in every respect and so is Hindooism to you just now. Time will come when you will find out its many and, I may say, horrid defects. But I must confess this much that you are a spiritual soul, and I only wish you had given the religion of your birth a trial before adopting such an outlandish and crazy religion as the Hindoo's. I also confess that your remarks and observations are very wonderfully put although I cannot altogether accept the truths and ideas you have put forward. No doubt we missionaries do not study Hin-

doism as deeply as we should, but these crazy people do not allow one to get into the inner phases of their religion. I should very much like to have a private talk with you. Where can I find you and when?"

"Nowhere can you find me, for I have no fixed residence like yours. I am ever on the wing. Well, I hope you will ponder well on what I have said and show to these people that you are a real servant of Christ, for a servant must manifest some attributes of his master or he is no servant. Thank you for the compliments you have just paid me—you seem to be a good man. Only get rid of Churchianity, and try to study these Hindoos, study their inner life for yourself with your own unprejudiced mind and then, if you think they need the light of the Nazarene, give them, if you think you have any, but with some of the love of the Master and not with the passion of the Devil. Goodbye!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Next morning Jim was off with the others to view the Achal Samâdhi which means Eternal Trance. They had started, after bath and worship, at about four o'clock when most of the Melâ people were in sleep. It was a glorious dawn when they began climbing the mountains by an unbeaten path. The bluest and highest heaven, bedecked with the brightest stars and silvered with pale moonbeams, made Jim's heart full with the freshness of the most fascinating phase of Nature. The chill of the Himalayan wind he scarcely felt. Nor was there any interval to think of it, for the ascent was steep, and he had to put forth all the energies of his muscles and lungs to avoid a fall and sure death. He had to be very careful with his hands and feet. He had to catch at times dry shrubs and roots of trees and plants and swing by them to get a foothold just as the others did. He breathed hard and fast and his hands were soon sore with their unwonted work. But he was determined not to be exhausted for Shânt Dâs had said it was the greatest spiritual scene in all the world and it would be his greatest good fortune to view it. He believed in whatever Shânt Dâs said, for a greater saint than Shânt Dâs, except his Gooroo whom he knew to be the greatest, he could not imagine. At last, after about two hours of this most perilous climb, they got on some comparatively level ground and sat down to rest for a while. None of them could talk a word, for all were breathing hard and fast while the sweat streamed out of every pore of their body.

After a quarter of an hour's rest, they started the climb again, but this time it was not hard, the ground being more level than steep. It was, however, covered with trees and thickets though the foliage was all dry. His hands sore and feet pricked by thorns, Jim wished they would rest awhile more, when one of the saints, who acted as guide, halted and said he could not find the entrance to the Samâdhi and that probably he had brought them to a wrong place. At this they sat down again, a rest they all needed. On sitting there they saw a man sitting at a little distance fondling a calf and thought he might know the right way. The guide went over to him and said, "Do you know the way to the Achal Samâdhi?"

"Achal Samâdhi! What is that? Nobody has heard of it—what are you people doing here? Run away—this place is full of tigers, they will eat you all

up!" said the man in a shouting voice of alarm, although one could see he was more in jest, for there was a smile lurking at the corners of his lips.

The saints all laughed at his warning words and kept sitting, for the saint knew that all the tigers of the Himalayas would never come near them. They laughed and one of them put the question to him, "Then why are *you* here, are you a brother to the tigers that they won't hurt you out of affection?"

At this the man laughed and, pointing to a saint who was coming toward them with a big lamp formed of an earthen pot full of oil and a bundle of rag-wick, said: "That man knows more of what you want to know than I do, ask him."

The man with the lamp came straight to the band of Sâdhus and putting down the lamp bowed to them with deep reverence which the Sâdhus returned with even greater humility. And the newcomer deserved it, for his face beamed out a spiritual lustre rarely seen in India. He was very handsome in appearance also. His face seemed to be chiselled out by Nature into the most delicately defined features, his complexion very light, and his arched broad forehead—the play-ground of wisdom—was surrounded by a large, beautifully tied turban in the Punjabee fashion. Indeed his features and gait and tall stature spoke out his Punjabee birth. While the Sâdhoos seemed to be absorbed in studying him and feeling it was a blessing to meet him, he spoke to them with joined palms:

"Are you desirous of viewing the Achal Samâdhi, holy ones? If so, come with me."

"Yes, yes, Mahatma, if it be your grace to show us the way," replied the saints in a chorus and followed him as he took up the lamp and went in front of them. He went now through a thick jungle of wild trees and shrubs, uphill and down dale, for more than half an hour and then asking the saints to wait for him disappeared through a hole in the densest part of the jungle. Soon he came back and asked them to pad their knees and follow him through that narrow aperture in the tangled foliage which the Sâdhoos did. This aperture was short, but it led to another which was a narrow passage into the heart of the rocks. It was scarcely four feet high and about three feet wide. The newcomer told the Sâdhoos that they would have to crawl through it on their knees and feet, a long circuitous way and that the floor throughout was strewn with sharp chunks of flint from which they would have to protect their knees and hands with pads and bandages of cloth. "If you are prepared for this hardship, you can follow me as I crawl with this lamp."

The Sâdhoos said they would risk death, if need be, to view such a holy sight, at which the crawling process began as soon as all of them had padded their hands and feet with their *Bahirbâs*—outer cloth of the ascetic. But when they had crawled a few paces, they found the ordeal as painful as provoking. The sharp-sliced flints hurt their knees and hands terribly, while the thick smoke of the lamp entered their mouths and nostrils and choked their throats. But the guide stopped not, nor heeded how the others felt, but proceeded on, now slowly, now rapidly. The passage was zigzag every few yards, and that added to the troubles of the crawlers. After a while, the guide opened his lips now and then shouting encouragement, "Only a little more, brothers, and all troubles will be over. You will see what you never dreamt of seeing!" To the crawlers, however, the passage seemed unending, so hard and painful was every pace, so suffocating the smoke. And Jim felt the experience the hardest of them all. But every thing, pain or pleasure, has an end, and so the crawling ended with the passage at last. The passage led to the holy of all world's holies and looking at it—the greatest of all spiritual wonders—the holy men howled and danced in joy.

(To be continued)

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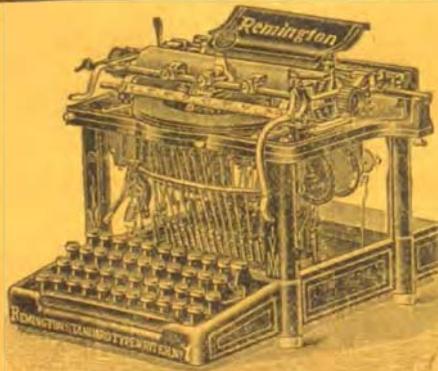
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