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ঔজ্জ্বল্যবানস:

DECEMBER, 1910

# EAST AND WEST

Magazine and Review of Thought — Combined with "The Light of India."



EDITED BY

BABA BHARATI

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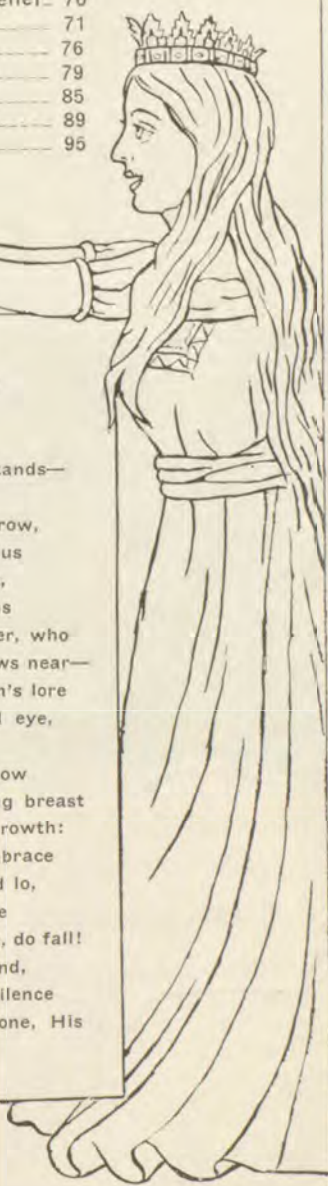
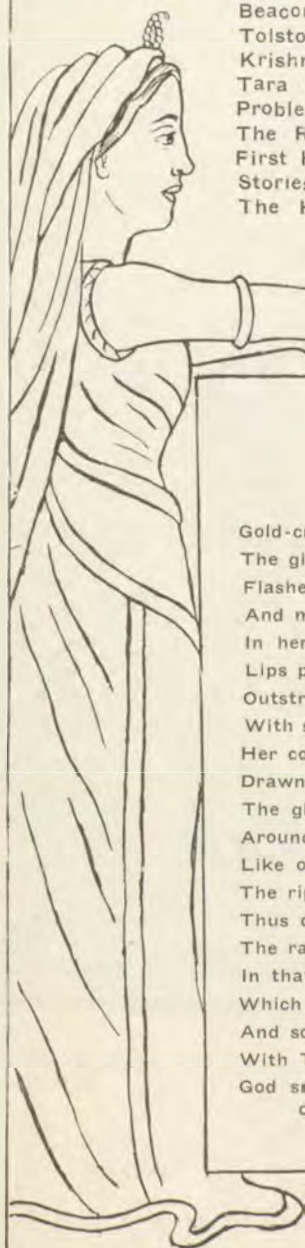


# EAST and WEST

COMBINED WITH "THE LIGHT OF INDIA"

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### The East and the West

A Prophetic Vision.

Gold-crowned with shining eyes she stands—  
 The gifts of energy piled at her feet,  
 Flashes of wizard knowledge on her brow,  
 And modern welfare and fruits of genius  
 In her hands. With palpitating heart,  
 Lips parted in a smile, her snowy arms  
 Outstretched, she greets her elder Sister, who  
 With stately tread and noble mien, draws near—  
 Her consciousness full-wakened, wisdom's lore  
 Drawn from the ages in her world-old eye,  
 The glow of meditation like a halo  
 Around her flung, a stillness on her brow  
 Like oceans' deeps, and on her swelling breast  
 The ripeness rich of countless cycles' growth:  
 Thus doth the Goddess of the East embrace  
 The radiant child of the new West, and lo,  
 In that embrace the scales of ignorance  
 Which Time hath placed upon their eyes, do fall!  
 And soul to soul in nakedness they stand,  
 With Truth between them, and from Silence  
 God smiles and claims them both as one, His  
 own.





(See Page 85.)





# East and West



Combined with "Light of India"

Application made for entry as second class matter

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## BLESSED BE THE NAME!

Glory to Gooroo whose light taketh away the darkness of the night of ignorance. Blessed be the Name whose breath maketh the universe. Blessed be the universe whose firmament is the breathing of the Lord. Blessed be the breathing of the Lord who giveth life unto all Creation. Blessed be the Creation that holdeth in itself even the meaning of the Creator. Blessed be the Creator who looked upon Himself and, in the gazing on His beauty, gave birth to the desire that man be created even like unto Himself. Blessed be the desire that gave birth unto man. Blessed be the Love that cognized that beauty and thrilled and conceived creation into being. Blessed be the Creation that is lodged in the seed of every heart, and that wakes to fruitfulness even at the fertile and warm Smile of the Lord.

## THE RISEN KING

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

Clouds swept, the heavens listened,  
The stars stood poised to hear,  
The moon in wondering silence  
Had shrank back wrapt in fear.

For lo! the world in darkness  
Had failed to see the light,  
And laid upon its shoulders  
The heritage of blight.

They swore away their Savior,  
They slew the Perfect One,  
They sold their own redemption,  
They crucified the Son.

Then all the Hosts of Heaven,  
Swept forth on rushing wing,  
To see the world's salvation  
Bought by the Risen King.



# The Poverty of Wealth\*

By BABA BHARATI

**B**ELOVED ones of my Lord:—By saying "poverty of wealth" I mean material poverty, I mean material wealth. I mean the extreme poverty of material wealth. It strikes the average hearer as the very masterpiece of paradox; but however paradoxical it may strike him, it is true. We think much of material wealth. In thinking so much of material wealth we are blind to the real defects of material wealth. In this strenuous age, in this age of rush, in this age of no leisure for thought, we neglect the analysis of many things with which we are associated, many things which we perform. If we analyze our actions, if we analyze the objects of our life, if we analyze this very work-a-day life of ours to the very bottom of it, we will find that this material wealth is no wealth at all.

By wealth we mean value. The value, the usefulness of a thing constitutes its worth. Usefulness to what? Usefulness to our need. Judged by the standard of our real need, judged by the standard of the real aspiration of life, judged by the divine standard of the expression of that aspiration, the value of our possessions, of our belongings, can be known. We all possess worldly goods more or less, we make much of them, we seem to enjoy them all blindly, never asking ourselves if there is any higher joy, if there is any higher pleasure, if there is any higher happiness, than what we draw from the enjoyment of these material possessions. We have abolished leisure in this age, and only leisure can give us time to think.

It will be apparent to every thinking mind that we are not our body, but that we are our mind, which is composed of our thoughts and feelings. Just as you are sitting here and hearing me, what do you find? Just turn your attention to yourself for a moment and you will find that you are your thoughts, sentiments, ideas and feelings. Your body is an encasement of this inner self of yours, the real self you are generally conscious of—your thoughts, your sentiments, your feelings. At most times you are not conscious of the body. You live in your thoughts and interior experiences. But to all interior experiences, your feelings, the expressions of your heart, are the most important, therefore the most valuable to you. We do not so much care if our thoughts are called foolish by people. But if our sincere feelings are not accepted or are injured, we feel

much hurt and sad indeed. If our feelings are outraged we are ready to give up our life to drown the pain of that outrage, or fight to have satisfaction for that outrage. Our worldly possessions, the value we set upon life, upon body, do not enter into our mind in the heat of that moment. We want satisfaction, and life seems even to be of no worth, we rush at the outrager's throat or we shoot him, never thinking that it would cost our life.

I am putting to you these thoughts because you do not have time to think on the respective value of your thoughts and feelings. It will be accepted by everybody, the heart from which the feelings spring has more importance, more value to us than the body. This heart has three phases—physical, moral and spiritual, and these phases or conditions operate on the three planes of existence, called the physical plane, moral plane and the spiritual plane. The heart is the most important organ of the whole body, even of the physical body. If the heart is out of order organically or functionally, life is entirely uncertain. You expect death at every moment. The functions of all the other organs may be all right, and even your general health, but the organic disturbance in the heart has made life and health worthless.

As in the case of the physical heart, so in the case of the moral heart. The moral heart is represented by our feelings, and as the heart is the interior chamber of the mind, the mind is also a part of the heart, as the heart is a part of the mind. As we want harmony in the functions of all our physical organs, as we find that if the physical heart is healthy and its functions healthy, in good working order, then the general condition of the body is harmonious; so, if there is disturbance in the moral mind and heart, then there is harmony in our thoughts, feelings, ideas and sentiments. The mind and heart are represented by these sentiments, thoughts, ideas and feelings. These are the forces and attributes of the mind and heart. When their forces and attributes are unharmonized there is unhappiness in our mind. Want of harmony in the mind's forces is unhappiness and want of harmony means sadness.

We are all trying every minute of our life—man, woman, or child—to find this happiness, the happy or harmonious state of the mind and heart. It is the goal and search of life, this happiness. It is the one thing

\*Lecture delivered by Baba Bharati at the Krishna Temple, Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A.



that everybody is striving to attain. Happiness means that which happens. What happens? The harmony of the mind's forces, the harmony in heart's feelings. When this harmony happens within us we are happy. This harmony may be brought about by external things or may be brought about from within. So long as this harmony happens, we are happy. Somebody, so long poor, is happy beyond belief when he gets a large amount of money. Receiving this large amount of money, which occurrence he had never dreamed of, he is beside himself in joy. Somebody else, we often see, is happy because of one expression of love from his or her beloved, or from within the heart. It puts him beside himself. He or she at times is filled with joy greater than the joy of that man who has a sudden windfall of wealth.

So, you see, happiness is a condition of mind, whether brought about by accession of worldly goods, worldly circumstances favorable to our material life, or brought about by sentiment, brought about by a word or a kind act or a sentiment of love awakened within us. Pause for a moment and you will have to acknowledge that material wealth is not the only source from which we can absorb happiness. Not only is it not the only source, but the happiness we derive from it is at best temporary. You have wealth, everything you want, all the comforts of life, all the luxuries that most of the world expect, but one blow to the heart, one blow to the heart's aspirations, one sad loss of a beloved being, strikes you low, makes you sad beyond endurance. The world seems empty and your earthly possessions are forgotten. At times you are so very much afflicted by the inner sorrow that you want to throw away your riches and exchange your position with the poorest of the poor if he has the object of love still living to adore and love. Yes, it is a great mistake to think that material wealth is everything, is the *summum bonum* of life. Quite the contrary is the fact. Wealth in itself has no power to give us joy. Wealth in itself has no value.

If wealth itself cannot give us joy or happiness, the happiness we are seeking; if in spite of wealth we are sadder than the poorest at times, as we see, then what is the value of wealth? Whereas, if you have a joyous heart, that lives upon sentiment; a heart that is fed by love, a heart that is fed by the satisfaction of love returned, by the satisfaction of its own wealth of love for others and the love of others for itself, isn't that a greater wealth than all the wealth of the whole world—material wealth?

Pause for a moment and see whether I am talking only to put before you a few make-believes, or is it true in every sense? Appeal to your understanding, appeal to your experiences, your daily experiences, the ex-

periences of all around you as you go along life's road, and it will tell you that material wealth is poor. But the heart, if it has got its real wealth, the wealth of joyousness, the wealth of love, the wealth of charity, of generosity; the wealth of high, lofty, uplifting sentiments; the wealth of quick sympathy for the sorrows of others; if the heart is always throbbing with love for all, to all around you—that heart, the possession of that heart, makes you richer than all the so-called wealthy men and women of the world.

I have said that the value of our belongings must be judged by the standard of our predominant aspiration. The predominant aspiration of our heart, of every heart, the heart of a man or of a woman or of a child, is to be happy. Whatever contributes to the fulfillment of that aspiration is of value to us. Whatever does not contribute to that fulfillment is of no value.

Then comes this second consideration; happiness we may get from material goods, but is it permanent? Is it happiness? Is it not at times a questionable happiness? Is it not very much mixed with sorrow? Is it not a mixed happiness? And when it gives way to sorrow, or when it ceases, we are again adrift. Our mind is adrift on the ocean of turmoil. We want to again attain that happy state of mind; again, we are striving to get something, to be happy, and always, alas! again we are disappointed. Again we cease to be happy; again we want something else to make us happy.

Material wealth serves our material self, our body. If we have material wealth but have no moral wealth, it does not serve us much. Material wealth often makes us selfish, greedy, bereft of all the noble qualities of heart and mind. But there are noble rich men and rich women, I have no doubt. They, however, are happy, comparatively. That happiness doesn't belong to their material wealth; that happiness belongs to the virtues of the heart and mind of that person.

Above all, we want love, whose attribute is happiness. We cannot live one day without love, one moment without love. We really live on love; we do not live on bread. We do not live on bread and meat; to think we do is the greatest mistake that we make. If you are fed luxuriously daily, if you eat four meals, if you are surrounded with all the luxuries, but if your heart hungers for love and is disappointed, you languish. The moment anybody perceives that he has no object in this world to love any more, or nobody is there to love him he will die that moment; his life's springs will snap, he will be a corpse. Think of it, think of it for a moment! It is not a sentimental statement I am making. It is truth I am talking. Bread does not sustain us. It sustains our physical body; but if the moral body and the mental body and the spiritual body are



starved, absolutely starved, the physical body is of no use, the physical body, unable to stand that starvation, dies. The matter-nourished physical body cannot sustain your heart and mind which are starved because of want of their own nourishment.

Wealth doesn't buy love, our chief need of life; doesn't fulfill our chief aspiration of life, love's attribute—happiness. It is said that wealth is very useful because with it we can help others. Again you make a mistake. I am talking of the actual value of wealth. I am not telling you not to possess a dollar. I'll soon talk of it, but I am trying to appraise wealth at its own value. You can certainly help others with your wealth if you have it; but what promotes this charity? what prompts this kindness and generosity? Not wealth! Kindness and charity and generosity are qualities of the heart. They are luxuries by themselves, wealth by themselves. If you have no charity, no feeling of generosity, no kindness, there can be no volition in you to give away a part of your wealth to your brother. You hoard it and hoard it and keep all your wealth within the safest safe so that nobody can get at it, and you grow into a selfish, avaricious creature, hated by everybody, and even by your own relatives, by your own friends.

I know of a lady, an old lady, who died recently. She was a lady of many millions, an old widow; still, at her old age, in the vigor of life. But she had a bad temper and the pride of her purse was great in her. What with this pride of purse, what with this temper, she used to make the whole household—a huge household of servants, relatives and so-called friends—unhappy. Though she gave away her money freely, thousands upon thousands of dollars, she gave to each in order to make them look after her physical body, in order to take a kind of interest in her physical welfare; but I know personally from the lips of some of these people how they hated her, how they wished her dead every minute. Even thus, every day, they would wish her to be dead, though she clung to life with all the strength of her being; even these people, some of them poor people that were receiving perquisites from her, receiving rewards from her, and her death would stop the sources of their remuneration, still they wished her dead. They were wishing for her death! What a sad state of things! What a poverty! Love is the greatest possession, and wealth does not buy love, wealth alone. You can gain the love of your fellow beings by giving them love even though you do not possess a penny.

Is not Christ Jesus loved by all Christendom? Two thousand years ago he lived, lived the life of the greatest pauper. Clad himself with a seamless rag of a robe, begged his bread, had no worldly goods; and

yet, because he had love for all mankind, because he showed love to everybody, because in spite of his enemies torturing him with the most fiendish tortures, he loved them, his name has come down through all the vistas of ages and we are all worshipping and adoring him. He had real wealth—wealth of the heart and mind and soul—absolute love.

So today. So today you can see a man or a woman who is full of love, full of kindness, full of charity and full of sympathy for others, whose wealth is more than that of all the best millionaires of your millionaire-ridden country. I do not mean that you must all turn ascetics, give up all your wealth, go into the forest and tell your beads and think of what I am saying. No. Wealth has its uses. But you must not put an undue value on wealth. You should acquire real, lasting, all-satisfying wealth, wealth of the spiritual self of yours, the more real, and greater self than the physical self which is served by material wealth. When you are filled with this wealth of the mind and heart, what a heaven you can make of your palace! What a heaven you can make of this beautiful earth by giving away your wealth to those that need it, giving away a portion of it, as much as you can, to those that need it; and you can back up your love with "substantial" help!

Wealth has its uses; but when material wealth is not backed or conjoined with spiritual or moral wealth, it is a curse. That wealth makes you avaricious, bereft of these qualities of the heart and mind and soul; that wealth robs you of the qualities which men esteem, which make you happy because of their expression within you whether anybody acknowledges them or not. When you have these qualities within you, when you know that these qualities which you have of heart and head and mind are more valuable to you than all that you possess of worldly goods, then your wealth is of great use. It is of real value. But if you think that your material wealth is everything, if because of your material wealth you wish the whole world must bow to you, you are pampered by conceit that you are rich, the world will not bow. Go to India and have the object lesson! There is the one region of all regions where you can see the glory and the honor and the great homage that is paid to spiritual wealth and moral wealth. A man in rags and filled with dust from foot to head, who goes about freed from all the shackles of material desires—which shines in his face—and all the wealthy, all the kings, all great men, fall at his feet and roll their heads. Why? This man of rags, full of dust, stands and looks down at the bowing sovereign, looks upon him with love, raises him and says, "It is good of you. Oh, you show me such kind-



ness." In his eye is the glory of the sovereign of life, God; in his eye you will read the scrolls of real wealth; in his eye you find the glory of the wealth of all the realms peeping out—the glory of love, attained by renunciation of all that is worldly, of all that is ephemeral, of all that is transitory. There stands the man of rags, of self-imposed poverty; but he is richer than all the lords and kings of the realm, of all the world. Because he has no desire for any worldly goods, he is independent of all worldly needs. When he is hungry he goes to somebody to give him something to eat, a bit of something. If that somebody says, "I cannot give," he goes somewhere else. And if he doesn't get anything to eat from anywhere, he goes to Lord's own water and drinks three handfuls of water, and sits never thinking of his hunger, because he has disciplined his hunger, he has disciplined the appetites of his senses, and he can go without food for days together and that hunger never troubles him, never puts him out of the peace and poise of his mind.

Yes, in India—blessed be the Lord—is yet kept up the glory and prestige of spiritual wealth, the Lord's rarest gift to man. And this spiritual wealth is the real wealth. You see it in your own country. You care more to honor a man of high thoughts, a man of great intellectuality, a man of spirituality, than all the presidents of the United States and all the monarchs of Europe. Even, if anybody tells you, "There goes a descendant of Shakespeare," you run after him to look at his face though that descendant of Shakespeare be the dullest man that ever drew breath 'neath the Lord's sun,—run after him because he has the blood of Shakespeare in him. And Shakespeare only gave a few thoughts, suggestive thoughts. He was not a spiritual man, but he gave expressions which showed his deep insight into human nature. Then, there were spiritual luminaries of the world in the past, even in the West. You think of them with all reverence and homage in your heart; that you would not feel for even President Theodore Roosevelt, nor for all the generals that have secured you the independence of your country. A moral giant is a greater giant than a physical one or, even, an intellectual one. A spiritual giant overshadows all these giants of the other two planes. The Pope has prestige. People go to kiss his feet. Do any people go to kiss the feet of a monarch? They kiss the feet of the thinkers, but not the feet of a king. The Pope's foot is kissed, yet the Pope is but a dummy; the Pope has not that spiritual wealth in him which can justify his prestige. The Pope is a make-believe spiritual man compared with the saints of the past who had lived in love for

the world caring for nothing else; their greatest aspiration was for more and more love for God, more and more humility, more to live away from man, from prestige, from fame, from worldly ostentation. These are greater than all the popes that have been bowed to. When you go to the saint, you bow your head; then, even the pope is forgotten, because he is one who wears a badge of his own make; the badge is not of God's giving. One who wants to be spiritually great has to show his badge. The servant of God must wear his badge and that badge must be the gift of his Master. The badge is in his character; that badge is in his face, the love of the Lord in his face, the love for all men in his face; that badge shines out his kindness to all. That badge is the illumination of wisdom that shines through every pore of his body. That is the badge of the servant of God and all heads bow low at his feet and must bow low as long as the sun will shine in this world, will bow low to the feet of that real sovereign anointed of God, wearing his God-given badge all over his body. Before him, we who live even at great distance, we who live even in another age, the moment his name is mentioned, our heart bows low in homage.

All of such characters had real wealth; and that wealth is appreciated and acknowledged by all men the world over through all the ages. But most of your ministers, missionaries of the many churches of today are the poorest of beings, poor in spiritual wealth. There are noble exceptions. Barring these noble exceptions, they are the poorest men, because poor in real riches, riches of the soul and heart. They have been robbed of this real wealth by their mind's absorption in the material. They have been robbed of the real prize of all human life, the prize of soul-consciousness, the prize of God-consciousness, which can be attained by thinking of God, thinking of spiritual truths constantly. When you think of spiritual truths constantly you absorb the qualities and essences of the truths. When you think of God, who is the Universal Soul, you absorb the qualities and essences of the Universal Soul. Your soul is a connected part of the Universal Soul and shines forth through your mind, cleansing all its impurities and lighting it up in all its glory, and your mind draws all the wealth of that great store-house of real wealth, the soul; and you get life's best prize, happiness,—absolute happiness under all conditions.

May the Lord inspire you with the truth of what I have said! And with this your humble servant will be well repaid and will rejoice and glory at the awakening of every soul that has sprung from His great soul.



# The Beacon Lights of Heaven

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

"But the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works." John 14:10.

THUS spoke one whose illumination was as a light from the sun. Thus spoke one who exhibited in word, thought, deed and action the qualities which are attributed to God. Thus spoke one who knew not his body, his mind or his life, only inasmuch as that body, mind and life reflected the Father. Thus spoke one who was but an instrument for his Father to play on, a channel for that Father to manifest Himself, a mirror which reflected the Godhead and all that that Godhead was. Thus spoke he, the Jesus of Nazareth, the lover of mankind, who thought it nothing to give up his body to show unto his brethren the nothingness of the flesh and the glorious permanence of the soul which is God. His walking upon earth, his talking to man, were but the moving of the spirit and the voicing of the words that were the sound-potencies that revealed the law of the Spirit, God. From youth Jesus spoke only the words that revealed the law of God, he did only the deeds that were the will of God, he lived only the life that was the command of God.

Nor was this so with Jesus Christ only. So it was with the Saviours and Masters, teachers, prophets and saints that walked the earth to bless it by their being, before and after him, and so it must be with you and me if we wish to have the mind that was in Jesus Christ and also in them. Opening ourselves to become the organs through which Divinity may manifest itself is simply knowing ourselves to be the members of the body of Him who is God. It means the realization of our sonship with Him and kinship with the throbbing hearts of all brotherhood of mankind, nay, it is the recognition of relationship with all that breathes and grows in the worlds. It means that the creatures on earth, the four-footed ones and the crawling ones, the feathered and furred, those that are one with fungus plant and those that burrow under the earth, are interlocked in the great plan of which we are one. It means that we are allied with the hosts of Heaven, with the angels and arch-angels, the saints and the luminous ones; it means that there is naught between the bowels of the lowest hell and the deeps of the highest Heaven that is not coupled to us by the chain of birth, forged to the links of the love that is creative, the love that is God. It means that all these lives we know to be of the One Parent, that we are the brother of each and all, that in every act of ours we are responsible to this great life-chain; it means that every thought and impulse of ours must more or less affect these our brothers. It means that if we know ourselves to be the channels of God that we will love as He does each atom of life that is from Him; it means that we will, in our own way, be saviours of each and every atom that comes in contact with us, because He, working through us, must forever love and aid His own creation. It means that the flow of good will, service, charity, honesty, justice, might, hope and love must issue from us; that selfishness and self-seeking can never for an instant have a place in our heart; that hardness, injustice, cruelty, dishonor, will never find a lodging place in our breast, for these things are not from God, hence cannot pour themselves through you and me who have become channels for the Father who worketh through us and alone does rule our acts.



This recognition of the atonement with God and the creation of God was the authority with which Jesus Christ spoke the words proven by himself, that woke the slumbering hearts of his hearers and still echo through the world, new, fresh and clear and ringing as when they first fell from his lips. This it was that led the prophets into the land of the enemy to fearlessly foretell the prophesy for which they were put to death; this it was that led the saints of the early Christian era to face the burning stake or the roaring lion rather than silence the words that rang through them in sound even as the breath of the trumpeter issues forth in a blare of music. This it was that impelled the child saviour of France, the glorious Joan of Arc, to take up the sword she had never even seen and rush forth into the heat of battle to paralyze the enemy and lead oft-defeated France into victories unheard of before; this it was that sustained her, mute and wide-eyed, when the flame turned to a crisp the dainty, pure and brave body of the child hero who was but a channel for the will of God to work through. It was this that made Milton conversant with the hosts of Heaven and the powers of Hell; it was this that allowed Dante to enter the lower regions or Purgatory and listen to the tales of those who dwelt there. It was this that Shakespeare grasped when he takes the passions and loves, the hates and sufferings of the human heart, and plays upon them until they give forth the strains to which they vibrate. It is this that permits the sages and seers to delve into the ages long past and bring therefrom the record that Time has writ in space; it is this that urges the prophet to reach into the future and pluck therefrom the things that are to be, the universal events to come, those that are recorded in the never-erasable ether and must be fulfilled.

All the books that have come down to mankind, the books by which man lives, the books that hold within them the bread of life, the breath of the body, are but the tracings of God Himself through the hand of man. Those who have been blessed enough to open the mind to the divine influx that is ever about them, those who have been the fortunate ones that have waited for that never-ceasing flow to come through them, they have known the truth of their relationship with God, they have known themselves bound to Him and to all life with the spiritual cords that can never be severed from their source whether one is conscious or not that such cords exist. Those who have recognized that, have been the ones who have spoken with authority because their Source was authoritative. It mattered nothing to them whether the world censured or approved, their attitude was approved by God, nay, their attitude was from God and they recognized only God in the thoughts that bubbled their joyous reality into song and shot like meteors through the darkened firmament of the mental world.

In our own everyday world we meet those same channels of God, those same avatars of the everyday type, those who know not a self apart from the lives of their fellowmen, those who live in harmony with all the throbbing life about them, those who shed the glory of true living into that endless chain of vitality that is known as humanity and send through it the vibrations of spiritual strength and peace and love that revolutionize the daily life of sordid self-seeking and lift it into a plane where selfishness is set forth in all its lifelessness and the deeds of kindness and service are viewed as the stars in the mantled heavens. These, too, are but reflecting the qualities of God; these, too, have opened themselves for the rarified breath of God to breathe through them; these have felt the hand of the Father upon their heads and His Kiss upon their hearts; these have had the glorified moments when the nearness of God was before their vision and His blessing was even as a personality in their hearts.



Ofttimes you see it in a child, a little one of whom Jesus spoke, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Who has not looked into the clear, still eyes of the little sage of life and read therein the slokas that are burning in fires of truth within the kingdom of Heaven? Who has not looked at the wistful appeal that looks from out the eye of such a child upon the world in mute questioning as to why the inharmony of living exists when the life of harmony can be had without the weary strivings that act and counteract one another at every step of the way. The little heart, pure from the impurities of earth, sees how much easier it is to traverse the straight path and leave the crooked; this little body, which encases a spirit centuries old, recognizes the wisdom of one and the folly of the other, and with unabashed, interrogating eyes gazes into our world of shows until, wavering and afraid, we hide the truth behind a curtain of gilded platitudes and call the existing conditions the will of God. But the little one knows that it is not the will of God, it knows from the memories of a life that somewhere was lived and understood that the will of God is an exquisite harmony, a continuous shower of blessings. So they turn away from man's living and go to Nature's; the gold of the sun is theirs to sing to, the blue of the violet is theirs to imagine over, yea, the world of flowers and trees and plants, the people that are four-footed and of feathered and furred garments, are theirs to build their play-castles about. Nature, true ever to the law of God, is the play-house of the child whose clear gaze has looked upon the world of man and found it wanting.

Yea, the pure in heart, man or woman or child, they that shall see God, they that are seeing God, knowing God, feeling God and that are with God—they are the channels through which His divinity manifests itself, through which His creatorship functions, out of which His great eye peers and into which His spirit flows. They are ever under the shadow of His mighty wing, close to the brooding of His infinite breast. Their gifts to the world are the benedictions of His glorious blessing, and the outpouring of themselves unto emptiness to others is but the rich privilege of opening the doors of their soul to the unending stream of love that is without stint or stoppage to him who receiveth but to give again unto another. These embodiments of love, these thoughts of God, these throbs of His infinite goodness unto man—they are His special beacon-lights by which man may view the way that leads to the Kingdom of Heaven, the Heaven that is but the awakening of the angel within him who, though flesh-clothed, gazes wistfully out of each created being and needs only one touch of love-light to mount to the throne of sovereignty and, forever sceptered and crowned, rule the province to which God the Father has made him forever heir.

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As I sat by myself I talked to myself,  
 And myself said this unto me:  
 Believe in thyself; be true to thyself,  
 And thyself will thy good angel be.

MARY F. MUNROE.

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The maid who plaits shining tresses, in so doing may be weaving a net of vanity in her soul. This by ignorance of self may be brought about though the original motive was pure and good. Hence ignorance is sin!—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.



# Tolstoy the True Christian

By BABA BHARATI

THE only living sage of the West, the greatest thinker of this age of false philosophy has at last gone over to the majority. Leo Tolstoy is no more. Leo Tolstoy is enough—the "Count" counts not his worth and personality. Even

"Leo," simple  
"Leo" may do  
now to express  
him, for he was a  
lion of the most  
powerful thought;  
powerful with the  
might of spiritual  
love. Yea, he was  
a spiritual lion of  
the mental world-  
forest caged in do-  
mesticity by  
mistake. And yet  
he roared out his  
thoughts which  
struck like cannon-  
balls at the minds  
and hearts of a su-  
perficial civiliza-  
tion and tore away  
the mask of a  
church out of  
which the spirit of  
its Saviour and  
God had fled, but  
which pretended to  
be all-in-all for the  
salvation of man-  
kind. Even at the  
last he broke  
through the cage  
and fled to the  
open, to once at  
least breathe the  
air and tread the  
path of the holy  
wanderer, even if  
it was to die in the



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

attempt. And he did die, on the wayside, die in his body, with joy in his soul for the freedom he had at last gained for his fleshly encasement, and weeping for the distressed, oppressed and the miserable whose cause he had fought all through half a century. His physical self has fallen, but his real self, his soul-illuminated mind and towering individuality, stands resplendent, lighting up, more than ever, the horizon of human consciousness the world over.



To the deeply spiritual savants, hermits and sages of India whose number yet, thank God, is legion, the existence, the life, the utterances and writings of Leo Tolstoy, the illumined sage sustained the respectability of the whole West. Your world-beating material and scientific achievements, Mr. Civilization, counts not a penny in the estimation of the genius and soul of India, but your Bible does. So do your illuminated savants and spiritual thinkers who have, now and then, spread their light across the mental firmament of your benighted votaries. India knows the imposing edifices of your material achievements will crumble like sandhouses in no time as she hath witnessed the downfall and entire disappearance of unnumbered civilizations in the past, now consigned to the limbo of the Godless. She has withstood the dashing surges of your new-fangled, all-alluring ideas of life and the onslaughts of a soulless, muscular Churchianity with an equanimity and indifference which ought to turn your attention to her indestructable vitality and moral individuality and pique you to investigate into their source. But far from taking up such an investigation you have called her unprogressive and superstitious drunk, as you are, with the epicurian wine of instantaneous comforts and pleasures derived from your materialistic concepts.

But India bows to wisdom wherever it is to be found, the wisdom which brightens up life from within itself, the wisdom that is linked with love, wisdom which is the expression of the soul, wisdom that sees through the hollowness of matter, wisdom that grasps the Real enveloped by the unreal—the real which serves the permanent interests of our being and its highest interest—happiness that is all-enduring born of the knowledge of our real self—the soul. This many Western thinkers, who are now no more in body, gave to the Western world and shed its light upon the matter-darkened minds of its people. Leo Tolstoy was one of them, one of the greatest of them. He not only spoke out the truths of that wisdom, but he lived them and by the living he forced them into the conviction of the people, people who were conscious of the possession of a soul, that soul the inmost self of their outermost self—the body. His language was clear with the clearness of his understanding of the truths he preached. And his truths were the flash-lights of his love, the love which is the attribute of his awakened soul. He was as vehement in the declaration of that love within him and enthusiastic in appreciating it in others as he was in denouncing everything which was unlike it, which was not only loveless but the very reverse of love.

The thunderbolts of denunciation and the fearless expressions of his outraged conscience which always watched the interests of the weak and oppressed, the thrilling outpourings of his big heart throbbing for the highest weal of all mankind were the manifestations of the height of greatness which Leo Tolstoy's soul had reached. He was the moving embodiment of the highest Truth realized by human consciousness. Such a personality born in India would have acted more powerfully upon the minds and hearts of the Hindoos who, had he functioned their religious beliefs, would have looked upon and worshipped him as a minor Incarnation of God. And there in India, with its natural and powerfully vibrant spiritual atmosphere, and endowed with en-souled flesh of the Rishi-descended Brahman, he would have been a sage of much greater illumination than he was as a Russian and living and preaching among the Russians in the atmosphere of Russia. But he was destined to be born as he was, destined by the will of the Lord God of all the universes. And he was right and lived, spoke and acted rightly just where he was. The Western world needs more than any other part of the globe, the help of the old illuminated Sages reincarnated in its own flesh for the matter-fed mind of the West has made its intellect so conceited that it will not accept even the most brilliant and self-evident truths from the Eastern Sages because it thinks itself superior to the East intoxicated with the spirit of the wonders of its



material science with the practical utility of which it is still dominating the greatest part of the East. No, these Westerners, in the majority, will have nothing to do with even the highest and most illuminated truths of even the most illuminated thinkers of the East, primarily because they are prejudiced against the Easterners through the artful, wily and spiritually ignorant Christian missionaries working in the East, in most cases, more for worldly interests of their own than the interests of the religion they represent, religion of which they understand so little; secondarily, because Eastern religions and philosophies are so very subtle for their matter-fed mind and brain to understand; thirdly, because most of them do not wish to be bothered with the higher truths, religions or philosophies being satisfied with material enjoyments. Among those who belong to any of the Church registers, most have converted Jesus Christ, in their mind, as an Western or European or, for that matter, as a pure Anglo-Saxon who belongs to them first and then to the "heathens" of lands beyond Europe and America. Many of these—I had almost said most—have a sort of belief that Jesus Christ was a good man and being, as he is represented by the Churches, the only Son of God, they have appointed him as their Savior. They will cancel the appointment if too much is said to them to convince them of his being an Easterner. Carlyle and Emerson, Schopenhaur, and Swedenborg are patronized and made much of for their philosophies because they were of their flesh, even though they gave expression to the Vedantic truths of India, even though they spoke in the highest terms of the truths of Indian philosophies. And Carlyles and Emersons, the Schopenhauers and the Swedenborgs and the other Vedantic Western thinkers did well in putting forward their thoughts as their own original thoughts or they would not be appraised so highly by their own people.

Thus Leo Tolstoy had to be born in European flesh to shed the light of his inspired truths upon the hungry souls who had renounced dogmatic Christianity. Those who possessed real faith and had remained in what is called the orthodox churches were quite right and safe, as Tolstoy himself said in so many of his books and utterances. But those whose consciousness was pervaded by intellectualism, doubts and rationalistic ideas derived the greatest benefit from Tolstoy's illuminating expositions of Christianity. The illumination of Tolstoy's religious writings was the radiance of the spiritual love which he had developed by concentrated thought and study of the Christ and his teachings and original records of the facts of his earthly sojourn. For a man of Tolstoy's soul-lit intelligence, it was easy to separate the grain from the chaff of Christian Scriptures. And he studied not only Christian Scriptures but also the most important religions and philosophies of the East, notably the religions and philosophies of India. And being a man who appreciated truths wherever he found them, he enjoyed the study of these Indian books and accepted their spiritual conclusions as they contributed to the widening and confirmation of his knowledge and wisdom.

In a personal letter to me, written by his own hand in his own English, under date, Feb. 16th, 1907, he wrote:

Dear Brother: It gives me joy to address you thus, because I keenly feel my brotherhood to a man who, although physically so very far, is spiritually so very near to me. I have just finished reading your book, "Krishna," and I am under a very strong impression of it. I knew the teaching of Krishna before, but never had such a clear insight of it as I got from both parts of your book.

Knowing you by our book I will reject all considerations and be quite open with you, not fearing to hurt you by what I have to say.

The metaphysical religious idea of the doctrine of Krishna, so well expressed in your book, is the eternal and universal foundation of all true philosophies and all religions. The truth that the principle of all that exists we cannot otherwise feel and



understand except as Love and that the soul of man is an emanation of this principle, the development of which is what we call human life, is a truth that is more or less consciously felt by every man and, therefore, accessible to the most scientifically developed minds as well as to the most simple. This truth is the foundation of the religion of Krishna and of all religions.

Dear friend and brother, the task which is before you is to state the Truth common to all men which can and must unify the whole of humanity in one and the same faith and one and the same rule of conduct based on it. Humanity must unify in one and the same faith because the soul of every man—as you know it—seems to be multiple and different in every individual, but is **one** in all beings. And, therefore, dear brother, I think that you ought to put aside your national traditions and likings and express only the great universal truth of your religion.

Abnegation is necessary, not only in individual likings, but also in national partialities. We must sacrifice our national poetical likings to the great goal that we have before us: to attain and confess the main Truth which alone can unify all men.

To work at this great goal is, I think, your vocation and your duty.

I tried for many years in this direction and if the remnants of my life can be good for anything, it is only for the same work. Will we work together for it?

Your brother and I hope your Co-worker,

LEO TOLSTOY.

P. S.—I hope my bad English will not hinder you to understand me. In writing this letter I wished only to enter in spiritual intercourse with you, which I suppose can help us both in our own spiritual life.

L. A.

16th. Febr., 1907, Toula, Yasnaia Polyana.

This letter is too dear and sacred to me to publish, and had it not been for the fact that it throws light upon the great Sage's magnanimity, humility, deep love for Truth and the whole of humanity, not to speak of the broadness of his mind, broad as the heavens, I would never have made it public. He was a lover of love, spiritual love in especial, and of Truth which is love again. The Truth of life is Love—Life in the aggregate or life in the individual. He was as ready to appreciate anything that was worthy of appreciation as he was ready to denounce anything that deserved denunciation for the best good of humanity. He denounced with love in his heart, denounced to serve the cause of love. The cardinal attribute of his soul, love absolute, which is the cardinal attribute of every soul which is an emanation of the Universal Soul, had not only awakened in him but functioned in his consciousness and stirred up his heart into actions of love, moral as well as physical. Renunciation was the immediate result of that awakened soul-love. Had he been born in the Hindoo flesh, he would have quitted his home and family for good and turned a holy wanderer—a Sanyasi. As it was—born in Europe which has abolished the friars and hermits of old—he had to live as a householder outwardly, but with an ascetic heart aglow with the light of freedom from the bondage of matter, and yet his mind tugged, many a time, at the chain which bound him to his family life against his will. Many times, it has been said, he fled from home, clad in the poorest peasant's dress to live the life of the wanderer, but was either brought back home by his family or he came back himself out of his love for his loving wife. This love that he had for his wife or children was not that conjugal or blood-love that all human beings have. It was the same love that he felt for the whole world and he could not think that his wife and children were all outside of that world that he loved.

This love that he felt for his family who were included among the whole of humanity made him pay the cruel penalty of it many times under various circumstances. No householder, man or woman, who has not reached or acquired this soul-love can ever realize the tenderness of an ascetic's love, the love that is all-forgiving, the love that is all-patient, the love that is all-humble. Leo Tolstoy had a good wife who loved and loves him with all-surrendering love as much as possible and this the Russian Sage found hard to break the



ties of. If his wife's love was merely human, he would have fled from her long ago. But this love that he had for her was the expression of divine love, the mystery of which he had discovered. Their quarrels were love-quarrels which ended in greater feeling of love and attachment. But when he knew—as he could not but know, that his end was near, he left home, wife and children and everything, went without money away from home to die an ascetic's death, the bonds of blood and matrimony broken asunder, even physically, and at the risk of braving the rigors of a Russian winter, which had placed him at death's door many a time. He ran away with only a friend as a companion. And the bravery of it is all the more reckless considering that he was aged four score years and more. This determination to die away from home and wife reveals the Hindoo ascetic consciousness of Leo Tolstoy even though encased in European flesh.

That he was a Hindoo in previous birth can be ascertained by studying his thoughts and consciousness by any spiritually thoughtful Hindoo. But I have some information from the very highest and most Authoritative Source in the universe in regard to Tolstoy. For the benefit of my readers, I will boldly make it public here, especially as it cannot but afford the most interesting study for spiritual enquirers. I sent this Information to the Russian Sage years ago, and I am more than sure he found it, by analysing the predominant phases of his consciousness, the natural traits of his inner character and the intellectual memories within his soul, that the information was correct. When I was in India, his friends in England were going to bring out a book (since published) about him, and wrote me that Count Tolstoy had asked them to request me to write an article containing not only my opinion of him, but all I knew about him. From this I gathered how he had received the message I had sent him. But I was at the time too ill to be able to write the article and say all that I had intended to. I had contemplated a tour to his home at Yasnaya Paliana when I was about to leave India for the West this second time, but circumstances, alas, prevented that much-cherished project! Coming over here by the Japan way I had intended to make a trip to him in June next and was about to write to him when news flashed through the papers of his flight from home and severe illness at a wayside station where he passed out.

The information I am speaking of was received in New York about seven years ago and is couched in the following language:

Even was he in the days when the clouds of materiality obscured from the heart of man the light that was to show the way to My Kingdom that is not of earth. There he burst forth with the words that he d Me fleshed in their embrace, and each word that held me fell on the heart of man a living coal of love. Thus walked he forth giving my truths to those who tried not to hearken, even felt the burning of his words. And lo, they burned and blistered the hearts of them who would not hear. And in anger they made him to eat the flames as once before he had fallen by the strength of tyranny. Yet he rejoiced in the falling for My name.

He once walked the earth uncovered by aught and served in My temple that had for a roof the sky and for lights My sun and My stars and for walls the trees and even the shrubs, and lo, men came and worshipped at the temple and beasts came, too, and even the eagle swooped down and forgot to open its great beak in angry viciousness because of the glory of the rituals of him that served. In that time he, one hour, lay on his back and gazed into My Face, and lo, he dropped his fleshy coat, and came again to serve man. Then it was that twice he fell, because he loved My Name, by the hand of the children of blood that he came to serve.

The Martyr, referred to in the message, who was made "to eat the flames" we at once knew to be John Huss. But the strange part of this revelation was that about two or three months after the message was received and was known only by two other persons beside myself, the New York "World" published a full page interview of Count Leo Tolstoy, written by a special representative



of that paper sent all the way to Yasnaya Poliana. It was the most interesting and ably written interview I have ever read of the Sage. Among its details it was stated by the writer that Count Tolstoy had in his sitting room, hung up against the wall opposite where he sat, a large picture of John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, whom, Tolstoy said, he adored and wished to be burned like him. His greatest wish, he said, was to die the death of a martyr. This desire was influenced no doubt by his having twice died the death of a martyr in two previous births.

This verification startled me into the firmest conviction about the truth of the message although, because of the source whence it came, I had not the least doubt of it. This message shows also to what spiritual height Tolstoy had reached even in those other incarnations. It is necessary to say here, as I have forgotten to say, that I did not know anything of Leo Tolstoy or had any communication with him at the time the message was given. I came to know him three years after that. The message was obtained on praying for it as my students in New York, who had read Tolstoy's books, told me of the similarity of Tolstoy's teachings and mine.

A study of the life and career of John Huss will induce conviction in the reader's mind that in Leo Tolstoy he lived over again. The following excerpts from the account given of him in the "New Encyclopedia" (Dodd, Mead Co.), will help the reader to find the similarity:

John Huss, a Bohemian religious reformer, was born at Husinetz (or Husinec), Bohemia, northwest of Budweis. His baptismal name was Jan; from his birth place he was called Johannes de Hussynecz, or in English, John Huss. The day and year of his birth are unknown. His parents were Czeck Peasants. He studied at the University of Prague, where he soon made a reputation for scholarship, became M.A. (1396), university lecturer (1398), dean of the philosophical faculty (1401), and was rector in 1402-3. In philosophy he was a realist. He became a priest in 1401. Owing to the marriage in 1382 of Anna, sister of King Wenceslas, to King Richard II. of England, there was much intercourse between Bohemia and England. So the writings of the great English theologian, Wiclif (died 1384), came into Bohemia. Huss read them eagerly, and availed himself of permission to lecture upon them in the University. He went further and translated them into Bohemian. He also defended Wiclif's opinions, not only in the lecture-room, but from the pulpit. As he was a very popular preacher in the Bethlehem Chapel in Prague, and confessor to the Queen and a scholar of high repute, this stand attracted wide attention.

Wiclif had, however, not escaped the charge of heresy, and so in 1403 Huss was forbidden by the university authorities to discuss forty-five sentences or theses which he had derived mostly from Wiclif; and in 1409, when the Pope, Alexander V., had issued his bull against the teachings of Wiclif and the Archbishop of Prague had burned Wiclif's writings, Huss felt the effect of the opposition he had stirred up on the part of the hierarchy, the priests and the monks by denouncing, in imitation of Wiclif, the corruption of the Church. In 1410 he and his followers were put under the ban. Undeterred, he kept on preaching as before. In 1411 Pope John XXIII. proclaimed a crusade against King Ladislas of Naples, and promised indulgences to the volunteers. Huss the next year gave out a university debate upon the question of indulgences, which only widened the breach between himself and the university authorities and the clergy. In 1412 a Papal interdict was issued against him. In reply he wrote his book "On the Church," again drawing heavily from Wiclif, and appealed from the Pope to a general council and to Christ; and then, feeling no longer safe in Prague, he withdrew to the castles of certain friendly noblemen. In 1414, obedient to a summons, but under the protection of King Wenceslas, and with a safe conduct to go to Constance, given by the Emperor Sigismund, he went to the general council which had been convened in Constance.

His journey thither was a triumph, and he entered the city (November 3rd.) in great state. At first he was a free man, but on November 28th he was apprehended and charged with having made an attempt to leave the city, and cast into prison, in spite of the indignant protests of the Bohemian and Polish nobles. He may have fancied that he would have opportunity to defend his views in open debate, but he quickly learned that the council intended to try him as a heretic. He was, however, long kept in suspense, for it was not till June 5th, 1415, that he was first formally



accused. On June 8th thirty-nine charges were exhibited against him, some of which he acknowledged as fairly based upon his teachings, while others he declared to be misrepresentations. Being required to recant his alleged errors, he refused to do so until they should be proved to be errors. On June 18th the articles of his condemnation were prepared; on June 24th his books were burned; on July 1st his attempts to come to an understanding with his prosecutors failed, and on Saturday, July 6th, he was condemned to be burned at the stake for heresy. The same day the sentence was executed, and the martyr's ashes were thrown into the Rhine. The Emperor, probably influenced by the fact that condemned heretics had no claim to protection, did not interfere, as he might have done. The death of Huss caused sorrow and indignation throughout Bohemia, and led to the so-called Hussite War.

These few facts of the career of John Huss and the chief points of his character reveal, as if in lime light, the predominant features of Tolstoy's individuality as it manifested itself in his later years. As he strove as John Huss, with all the ardor of his strong soul and concentrated mind, to purify the Christian Church, so he did as Leo Tolstoy. And he had done the same thing in another incarnation prior to his rebirth as John Huss and "had fallen," as the message says, "by the strength of tyranny." The message does not say whether he was burned at the stake in that incarnation. Probably he was, for Tolstoy, during his last years, strongly desired to die the death of a martyr, as he so often expressed it publicly. Another fact is perhaps even more interesting and positively illuminating. Born as a peasant as John Huss, he loved the peasants, wore their dress and ate their food daily although reborn an aristocrat in an aristocratic family and surrounded by aristocratic luxuries of life as Leo Tolstoy. He felt most joyous, as his secretary said, when he was in the company of peasants and engaged in straightening out their troubles. The picture, as presented to his foreign guests, of Tolstoy in peasant dress eating the coarse food of the peasant while aristocratic dishes were being served to his wife and children at the table by liveried footmen, could not but exact the deepest homage from those onlookers. It has been remarked that he, however, did not suffer from or share the wants and worries of the peasants. True, but there was no need for such suffering. These privations and self-denials were enough for one born rich. There was need of the picture of the contrast and the indomitable will of the man who refused to partake of the luxuries for the means of which he was the lord.

Tolstoy was true to his beliefs and convictions. His convictions born of his firm grip of the inner laws of life the expressions of which are truths, which are changeless at all times, their forces dominated his consciousness, coursed through his blood, permeated the marrows of his old bones and built up his longevity. Tolstoy was a spiritual lion and when he roared out the truths of life, the other denizens of the world-jungle trembled and many scampered into their holes. A Saint at bottom, a true lover of God, his mission on earth was to turn his soul's X-ray upon the inward rottenness of the Church and Civilization and he has well performed that mission. To some extent, in some directions, his work was destructive, but it was that destructive work which helps the best construction. In constructive work, on the other hand, he was the best skilled and ablest philosophical architect of his time. Carlyles and Emersons and Schopenhauers and Swendenborgs are great in abstract thinking and in presentation of their own peculiar concepts of the Main Truth or the different truths of life, more or less taken from the Hindoo "Vedanta." But Tolstoy's illuminating expositions of spiritual truths were concrete, the expressions of his own concrete experiences and, therefore, more interesting and helpful than the expositions of all the others. All the others I have named and not named were philosophers. Their thoughts are abstract generalizations which appeal to the intellect, but fail to impress upon that intellect deeply enough to send it to the heart to stir it up, to stir up the center of our being so as to move our mind into actions of harmony which is the substances of those



truths enunciated by them. A thinker in the concrete, Tolstoy's thoughts were specific, simply clear, illuminating to any intelligent understanding. Indeed he has succeeded in transferring his mind's grasp to his reader, so clear and hard-gripping is that grasp. No such clearness can be found in the works of the others. These were speculators in regard to God and hit at the scientific points of God in the abstract. This speculative philosophy of God is good for some people whose intellect wants to dabble in God in order to reel out that dabble to make conversation divinely interesting for the moment and then put it away in the mind's pigeonhole to be got out of it at the next opportunity to talk it. Carlyle and Emerson and the others are fit only for talk and thought; their thoughts do not lend themselves to practice in order to forge the springs for the machinery of character-building with the majority of their readers.

Tolstoy was no speculator. He was a lover of God from his very birth. He had to pass through the various stages of scepticism, atheism, materialism to discover himself, a lover of God, to be able to teach and preach to all and sundry, sceptics and atheists, materialists and the Godly. He had to develop the firmest convictions and all these stages helped the firmness of those convictions. Tolstoy was a religionist, but his religious creed was filled with the deepest, truest spirituality, the very reverse of Churchianity. Hence Churchianity he was bound to reject and assail even as he had assailed it in both his previous Christian incarnations, and gave his life in doing so. His pure spirituality found the teachings of Jesus sufficient for Christians to develop God-consciousness which is pervaded by love for God and man. By his concentrated love of God he absorbed God's love and God's love embraces all Nature of which humanity is but a small part. To his Christian creed there was no "heathen" or "pagan." Any one who lived in love and radiated love for God and man was a Christian to whatever religion he might belong. One who had no love and yet belonged to a Church register was to him a barbarian. From his letter to me, quoted above, one may clearly find his attitude of mind toward non-Christian devotees of God. And what an attitude it is, how humble, how loving, how sympathetic! The greatest souls are the humblest. Humility is the softened shadow that is cast by God's love upon His devotee's mind.

What was I to Leo Tolstoy, what position did I hold compared with the position of Leo Tolstoy in the Western world which held him in such reverent homage? And yet the moment he read my article, "The White Peril," in "The Light of India" four years ago, he wrote me highly appreciating it, and asking my permission to translate it into Russian. He read my book "Krishna" and wrote me at once, with his own feeble hand, saying, "Dear brother, It gives me joy to address you thus because I keenly feel my brotherhood to a man who, although physically so very far, is spiritually so very near to me." He finishes the letter asking, "Shall we work together? Your brother and I hope your co-worker, Leo Tolstoy." Again the P. S.:

"I hope my bad English will not hinder you to understand me. In writing this letter I wished only to enter in spiritual intercourse with you, which I suppose can help us both in our spiritual life."

I quote these lines again to show with emphasis the humility of true greatness, the humility of true spirituality and true wisdom by which Leo Tolstoy was pervaded. Our modern writers and so-called sages who hold some position in the literary world are more or less filled with the conceit of that position, position which pays good price in money. Most of them are writers of merest trash, of ephemeral literature which caters to the vicious tastes of the public; writers and thinkers whose thoughts are consigned to limbo in less than a decade. How proud and important they look and behave themselves! How unworthy they are even to brush Leo Tolstoy's coarse Russian boots! And yet they judged the greatest Sage of the age, an illumined mind whose



lustre reflects the wisdom and love of the Absolute, by rumored reports and hearsays of bad-hearted hirelings. It is greatness which alone can appreciate or judge greatness. Great men have now spoken of him and spoken with loving appreciation, in terms of the highest praise, of the unmatched greatness of Tolstoy, spoken with grief-stricken hearts. Now that he is no more in body, Tolstoy will loom up larger than he has ever been in the horizon of all people, great and small, all over the world. Tolstoy was the truest Christian of the age, the most powerful spiritual thinker—and a most devout lover of God and man, and no mistake. Only hopeless humbugs or fakers attempted to call him a "fake," humbugs who are not fit to touch the dust of his feet.

"The end at last has come, that is all," said the Sage at the point of death, and nothing more. There was no regret for anybody or anything on earth, for all earth-ties were sundered in his consciousness. He was at peace at his last moment with himself and his God. But his intense love for humanity troubled his conscience. "There are millions of people and many sufferers in the world, why are you so anxious about me?" said he to his daughter, Tatiana, and the biggest heart of the West burst, burst with his great throbbing sympathy for the weak and the oppressed, burst because of his unbounded love for humanity.

In the words of his dear loving wife, who knew him best of all in the world,—"The light of the world is gone out."

## THE CHILD IN THE MANGER

BY REDFEATHER CRANE

THE scene of the babe in the manger, in all its simplicity and sweetness, is the only picture of Christ which the world can accept as a true likeness of the Prince of Peace during any period of his life. The Infant Jesus bore no wonderful expression upon his face which reflected in after years from the all-powerful soul within him. As He lay in the manger, He was simply so far as the human eye could see, the sweetest, purest thing in the world, a new-born babe. He was purity and love itself, the seeds of which He came to scatter broadcast in the hearts of men.

But from the tiny babe grew the man whose presence is beyond the imagination of any one to see, beyond the skill of the artist to paint, beyond the pen of the writer to describe. The artist can paint the sparkle of intelligence in the eye of the genius; he can picture the beautiful light of love in the face of the saint; he can create lines of meekness and forbearance in the figures of the beautiful characters of the world. He can picture the wonderful expression of power in the face of Caesar and Na-

poleon—but he cannot picture to our satisfaction the Christ.

He cannot paint the eye that is the light of love itself, but still makes the sinful shudder, although it is all-forgiving. He cannot paint the figure of a man bearing the meekness of the purest and most perfect woman, and still more dignified and powerful than the greatest man.

But we can, all of us, from the simplest child to the greatest artist, picture to ourselves the babe in the manger, the little round arms and limbs and head, as the outlines of our Savior after he was born and placed on a bed of straw. We all accept the scene with satisfaction in our hearts and rejoice because He is born. All of Christendom is set in tune. Church bells chime the joyful message, great organs peal it out, from the throats of men it bursts forth in song. The brooks ripple it, the winds whistle it, the birds twitter it, the ocean roars it. One great chord of joy is struck, the whole Christian world is set in tune, and there is harmony throughout the land, and peace on earth and good will toward men.



# Krishna's Teachings and Modern Belief

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

**D**URING the last two decades there has been an exchange of spiritual courtesies between America and India. Our extreme interest in converting the people of that land to our faith has been politely returned by them, with an equal desire to awaken us to a realization of the beauties of their religions.

For this purpose they have sent us several wise scholars and teachers of their philosophy.

The passing of Vivakananda was like the flashing of a mighty star upon our wondering eyes, for in truth no greater, wiser, truer, holier soul ever dwelt among us than this marvelous man who has gone into the spirit life.

Now we have another holy man from India, Baba Bharati.

He is teaching the philosophy of Krishna, who was born about five thousand years ago in Mathoor, India, and lived in the Bombay Presidency one hundred years.

The words of this great teacher are preserved, and have descended to the present day, and I give some extracts, which I obtained from Baba Bharati.

It is interesting to find how much all great religions are alike when we get to the core of them, and strip them of all man-made dogmas and personal ideas of translators and wilful distortions of bigots and fanatics: "I am love. Love is light, and love is life. He who has love is truly rich; he who hath none is poor indeed. Life with love is life eternal; life without love is death.

"I live in my name, even as the tree doth dwell in the seed. Plant me in the soil of thy heart, and lo! I grow into the tree of eternal bliss.

"Where I am present the spirit sounds alone are heard. The slayer casts aside his sword, the sick man laughingly springs from his bed, and unknown peace comes on the earth.

"In whatever way I am loved I love in return. As son, parent, friend, mas-

ter and slave. I respond to the wishes of my devotees.

"He who loveth not his neighbor loveth not me. He who giveth not to the needy, giveth not to me.

"Thou shouldst be lowlier in spirit than a blade of grass, which complains not that its branches are cut, but gives its injurer its luscious fruits to eat in return. Thou shouldst pay respect to even those who are never respected, and at all times sing Me and My love in thy heart."

Remember these words were written over five thousand years ago and three thousand years before Christ was born. Yet they contain the exact ideas which Christ taught his disciples, the one idea in all religions which is of value to humanity—Love.

All the great illuminated souls who have been considered the incarnate God, at different epochs, have taught the same truth. "I am the Light and the Way," means, "I am the expression of the Creator's love—follow me and you shall be saved from all that threatens to destroy you."

Every soul that fills itself so full of love for God and humanity that all petty personal aims and motives disappear is indeed a reflection of God, His messenger on earth.

The pure religion of Krishna became adulterated by the superstitions of selfish and foolish men as time passed, just as the pure religion of Christ has degenerated into a dozen wrangling creeds, which have brought war, bloodshed and hatred into the ranks of mankind, instead of love, peace and brotherhood.

It is well to revive the beauty and simplicity of these first teachings, just as they fell from the lips of the followers of Divine Love, and it cannot harm our orthodox Christians to study the wisdom of Krishna who lived so long ago in far off India.



# Tara Devi

By A. CHRISTINA ALBERS

(Concluded from last number.)

THE ELDER ladies have the privilege of lifting the veil, and a charming little ceremony it is, that of lifting the veil from a bride's face. Often compliments are showered upon her who stands with downcast eyes, but the national training must here, as in all other cases, assert itself. She dare not grow vain who is thus complimented, but she must try the harder to make her heart as pure as her face is fair. And if she be plain—then there is always a time-honoured story, a maxim to indicate that the face matters but little if the heart be pure. So whether pretty or plain, it is always the inner nature that gives true beauty.

"And now, daughter-in-law, look up and let us see your eyes," said one to Tara. She lifted her long silken lashes, and the light of a thousand stars shone on her who looked. "Yes, those are the right eyes," came the reply, and there was the ghost of a smile around the bride's pretty lips.

Meanwhile, the maid-servant, whom Tara's mother had sent along with the procession, sat in the middle of the room and took care that the conversation did not lag. They are great historians, these old factotums, they know everybody in the community since the third and fourth generation, and can tell you all manner of details about him. Woe betide him who stunted at either his son's or his daughter's marriage, for Hari Dasi will repeat it on him to the end of her days and transmit the knowledge to her grandchildren.

It is a remarkable thing that in this land of caste there exists a democracy so broad that it would put the average western socialist agitator to shame. The caste works like a great unit. Even as the different members of the body have each their function to perform and yet could never be separated from the

whole, so different caste divisions each perform their work. In his place every caste member is respected, his rights no power in the land can break.

But to return to our little bride. After a few days she went again to her parental home, busy, oh so busy, tell-



"HOW MADONNA-LIKE SHE LOOKED, THIS YOUTHFUL MOTHER IN HER FLOWING ROBES, HER INFANT BOY RESTING UPON HER ARM."

ing all the new things she had seen, and the new impressions she had received. But the time of courtship had commenced, and the two young people must meet often. And oh, the excitement when the son-in-law visited. Or again the young bride went to her father-in-law's house for several days at a time.

At first Tara felt quite shy in her new home, but everybody was so kind



to her, so cheerful that she soon felt quite at ease. The training commenced now in good earnest, however; she dared no longer jump about, but must walk with quiet, measured step; she dared not look about her carelessly this way and that, but with drooping lashes the young bride must walk about; her head must no longer be uncovered, shoes could no more be worn, and the **shindur**, that crimson mark just above the forehead where the hair is parted, which most of all denotes wifehood, this dared never be left out. It would mean bad luck to go without it. She had always to show due respect to her husband's parents, salute them with joined palms, never sit down in their presence, etc., etc.

Her husband had four brothers elder than himself, so Tara was the fifth daughter-in-law, and cheerful times they had together these five sisters-in-law. Together they chatted and told each other those tender secrets that stir the heart at youth, for there is much romance behind those stern gray walls, and the zenana rings with courtship.

Of course, she made numerous mistakes in her new surroundings, which did not a little to heighten the merriment of the house, while the old joined in the frolic with the young and even the father-in-law heard of it to his great amusement. There was a merry twinkle in his eyes when he spoke to her one day, but Tara saw it not. "Well, little daughter-in-law, how do you like the ways of our house?"

A pout around her lips indicated that her little ladyship was not quite pleased.

"But remember, you are my daughter now," and Tara felt the touch of a tender palm on her head. "You know you are not your father's child any more. You will always live in my house, you must get accustomed to its ways."

This was confidence inspiring. Meanwhile, the mother-in-law gave orders that the little new daughter was not to be made to do anything that seemed as yet too new to her. "She is young, let her get used to our ways gradually." These words contain indeed mainly the reason why Hindu parents want the

sons' wives when they are young. Furthermore, it devolves on the mother-in-law to see that the young wife's character is moulded to suit her husband's, so there will be no cry of incompatibility of character later on.

But we have never yet seen our Tara with her young lover.

There was a long verandah that led to the family worship room. The waning day brings darkness quickly in this land, for twilight is but short in the vicinity of the equator. Our little bride reserved for herself the task of dusting this worship room in the evening. She walked the long verandah quite fearlessly, bearing a small lantern to light the way. She opened the heavy lock, and it fell to the floor with a loud sound. But why falls it just that way every evening? What does it mean?

What does it mean? Hark the call of the wood-dove to its mate through the quiet woodland in the evening hour. Lo, the twin-stars on the nightly sky that shed their light and seem lost in each other! What does it all mean but a call of a soul to soul? Below was the study room, and from it disappeared a stately youth, soon to emerge from the stairs near the *takur ghor*.\* I do not know his name, nor does it matter, for Tara will never pronounce it, nor will he hers, for those names are too sacred to be pronounced. In fact, the necessity for it is absent, for husband and wife are one, and separate names need not be employed.

But he came, and they met, and a long time it took to brush the room. He dared not enter, because before entering that sacred place, one must bathe and wear a silk garment. So the little maiden had the better of him. She went inside while he sat on the threshold and dared him catch her if he could. The moonbeams glistened through the vine-clad lattice that screened the verandah ere they returned, and at the threshold still they lingered, and then departing both went their way sedately and with downcast eyes.

And in those balmy nights when whispering winds breathe languorous

\*Worship-room.



love, nights such as the mystic Orient alone knows, then when the house was still and sleep rested on its inmates, often two quiet figures would steal aloft until they reached the broad terrace. And there alone by the moon-kissed leaves of the quivering vine that scaled the balconies and found its way to the very roof, there silently they stood together and gazed, —gazed into the outstretched world of space, and their souls soared upward until all sense of separateness was lost, and heart gave unto heart those sacred vows that youth and the moonlight know so well. And naught was near save the great Eternal Presence, and the mysterious black night-bird that soared through the moonlit stillness, was the only earthly thing that saw, or did not see. For all is so wrapt in the brooding on the Eternal Verity in this strange land that even beast and bird are drawn unconsciously into that which makes one forget the world below. And oft they lingered till the East shed crimson tints, and the kaw of the relentless crow heralded the break of day.

But there were other times, times less dreamy. There was a party and Tara and two of her sisters-in-law went. Her mother-in-law made her hair and dressed her, and oh, the pride they take, these Indian mothers, each to have her son's wife outshine all the others. Tara, being still young, was specially entrusted to the care of her eldest sister-in-law. The reception at the party was most cordial and compliments were lavished. "Whose pretty daughter-in-law is this?" It is never "Whose wife is this?" Ah, it is a proud position that of daughter-in-law.

If fate is ever so cruel as to throw a young wife back into her parental home, her position in society is much lowered, and she becomes an object of general pity. But in her husband's father's house she rules and is honoured.

In due time they returned home, Tara and her sisters-in-law. On en-



"SILENTLY THEY STOOD TOGETHER UPON THE VINE-CLAD BALCONY AND GAZED INTO THE OUTSTRETCHED WORLD OF SPACE."

tering the house they saw a youthful figure standing near and Tara lingered behind. Would he not admire her in her beautiful attire; would she not tell him first all she had seen at the party? But courtship is a very private affair in India; to show affection before others would seem lewd or even repulsive in Hindu eyes. And yet romance



is ever active, but the Hindu is sensitive to delicate impressions. What ecstasy feels not the young lover when he sees the crimson footprints made by the newly tinted lotus-feet of the maiden he adores. In Western lands the lover sends a timid glance to the ivy-clad window, but the young Hindu spies the crimson imprint of her feet, and his young heart laughs.

Over twenty minutes had elapsed before she arrived upstairs, and there she found the whole family awaiting her with wistful smiles upon their faces.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed her father-in-law with feigned surprise. "Did I not send you under the protection of my eldest daughter-in-law? And has she gone off and left you to come home alone?" while the little bride stood with drooping lashes, delightfully tantalized, a charming combination of smiles and lace and gauze and blushes. One must have seen them, these exquisite little girl-brides, to understand the patriarch when he stands threatening at the zenana door. "We want none of your Western ways, our women suit us as they are."

Thus passed the days in peaceful happiness and lengthened into months and these into years. But Tara knew it not, for youth and courtship do not record numbers, she only felt that time was passing sweet. Three years went by unnoticed, and our little heroine had entered on her sixteenth year. There was an atmosphere of dignity around her as in the twilight hour she sat on the cool verandah, and the light that shone from the midnight lustre of her glorious eyes bore witness that a new experience had stirred her soul. The hour to which the Hindu woman looks forward with most ardent anticipations, that hour had come to her, the keynote of her life had been sounded, for Tara now was a mother. How Madonna-like she looked, this youthful mother in her flowing robes, her infant boy resting upon her arm, the boy the gift of the gods, who would be her mainstay through life, for between mother and son there is no separation

in India. But he would more than comfort and support her, he would perform for her the sacred rites long after her soul had quitted its fleshy abode.

Eight months later she dressed him in red garments and put marks of sandal wood paste upon his pretty face, for the name-giving ceremony. The feast was prepared, the invited friends and relatives arrived, and the family priest performed the ceremony, while



"LET ME PRECEDE HIM UNTO DEATH."

the little one laughed and received the blessings of the elders and the caresses of the young.

Duties increased with motherhood, and every night saw Tara at the shrine, performing her religious duties, now no more playfully as in the days of her courtship, but with earnestness and devotion, often spending a long time in prayer and meditation.

She took many vows—the vow of Savitri, the perfect wife, the vow of



the faithful daughter-in-law, and others. On those days she ate not, but silently dedicated her inner life to the object in view, until in the evening the priest performed the ceremony and told her that the gods had accepted her prayer.

Thus moved the days, as all zenana days do, quietly, uneventfully, with less occupation than the Western woman has, but more of the contemplative life.

But sorrow came, and her child, her heart's idol, became ill and grew worse from day to day. Her mother-in-law applied her own remedies, and when they availed not, called a physician. Still the fever abated not, and the case became more serious. Then Tara in her agony went to the temple of Kali. There she poured out her soul in ardent prayer, she wounded her chest and let the blood drop out at the feet of the goddess, and when her little one recovered, after days of tender nursing, she felt sure within herself that it was the votive offering of her heart's blood that had saved him.

And in course of time sons and daughters were given her whom she reared as she had been reared, ever with tenderness and words of reason. Between husband and wife the tie grew ever stronger until their lives became so blended that separation even for a day seemed impossible to bear. He came to her for advice in all the affairs of his outer life, for woman's counsel is highly prized in this land. She attended to many social duties, her charities and her household with strict compunction and assisted her husband in the management of his estate. In time she became the head of her house, where she ruled with quiet dignity, ever serving as she ruled. And thus she lived until her hair grew gray, and the relentless hand of time knocked heavily at the door.

And did it find her unready, did she fear to face the future? The Hindu smiles at what the world calls death. When the shadows lengthen and the Western sky grows scarlet, know we not then that even has come and night is near? And when the body feels the

touch of age, knows then not man that the evening of his life has come, and that sleep will seal his eyes ere long? For is it not all in accordance with Eternal Law? A child alone shrinks from the inevitable.

Thus Tara knew her time was coming. Still the prayer left not her lips, "Let me precede **him** into death." An illness seized her, she knew it was her last. Husband and sons called doctors and remedies were given. But the strong woman smiled and only repeated what she had told them before. "My time has come to leave this earth."

She set the day which would be her last, and calm and with unfaltering voice gave orders for the last rites to be performed. And husband and sons obeyed her bidding. They performed the religious ceremony as prescribed by their caste. The night that followed found her awake but calm and peaceful, and when the soft dawn kissed the still sleeping earth, a strong soul went hence in perfect consciousness and without struggle. It was the **Purnima**\* day, a day auspicious for them who enter on the realms of space. And ere two hours had elapsed, a body was taken to the Ganges riverside, and after the form was cremated the ashes were committed to the mother's sin-laden flood, to be carried to the main.

And they who wept felt strength coming from the very tears they shed. For she who had gone hence had left them a rich legacy. She had taught them how to live, she had taught them how to die, and all who had known her prayed to be able to face that hour as she had faced it.

Thus did she live and die, this strong Hindu woman. And thus are there many who live their lives behind the grey zenana walls. The world knows them not, but they have kept a great race alive. As they live, even so do they face death, calmly ready to proceed on the great journey that leads the soul on its mysterious path through the fields of space, through many lives on many stars until the **Great Silence** is reached.

\*The day that precedes the full-moon night.



# The Problem Facing Us In India

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M. P.

THE strength of India is her impassivity. Raids and conquests and revolutions have passed over her, and she has hardly altered.

The stranger today may be deluded by the Western aspect of Calcutta, by the smoking chimneys of Bombay, and by the busy harbors of both, into a belief that he is seeing a new India at last arise—an India of the West; but I have a suspicion that when the new India comes it will be wonderfully like the old. The factory has come to stay, the agricultural community may pass away, a proletarian class of landless wage-earners will grow up in the industrial centers—and in spite of it all, India will remain herself.

In all her activities, she is going back upon her old self. When the Indian youth three-quarters of a century ago was allured by Western culture, he prided himself on being a child of the French Revolution. He got drunk to show that he was emancipated; he danced before his elders in the streets and shouted, "I eat meat," to show that he was a Westerner. He quoted Hume, and criticised his gods. When he retained religious beliefs, he either became a Christian or adopted an eclectic kind of Hinduism more Western than Indian.

All that is changed. We rejected him from our Western circles; we cursed him for his impudence; we laughed at him for his silliness; we threw him back upon himself. Today he is returning to his own sources of being. His religious revivals are revivals of his old faith. He is returning to the Vedas, to the Gita, to his gurus. Indian history, Indian science, Indian art, Indian philosophy, Indian craftsmanship—these he is pursuing in order to realize himself.

## Country of Contradictions.

He finds the largest measure of rapture in contemplating India as his mother godless. His "Bande Mataram" is no mere poetic expression to him. It is literally true that India is his mother. The Western mind cannot grasp this. But if you are fortunate enough to get some Nationalist enthusiast to pour out his faith to you, you get a glimmering of light upon this point. India is the outward sign and embodiment of his faith. She is the object of the lavish affection of his gods, she is the culture, the religion of the civilization of the Indian. No one can understand the meaning and the force of the Nationalist movement unless and until he has gained a conception of the land as the deified Motherland.

The next thing which the stranger discovers is that Indians—at any rate, Hindus, and not a few Mohammedans—always think of India as a whole. In spite of her sixty or seventy languages and many more dialects, in spite of her different races and castes, in spite of her great distances, she is always thought of as a whole including Ceylon. In her legends the councils of her gods ruled the whole land south of the great mountains, her pilgrims wander to her shrines from all her corners. The Hindu of the North whose world is bounded by his fields as a devout man repeats the prayer "Hail! O, ye Ganges, Jamna, Godaveri, Sarasvati, Narmada, Sindhu and Kaveri, come and approach these waters." This sense of unity in the heart of a Hindu is a greater binding force than the separatist force of the differences in social status, caste and religion.

Thus it is that the Nationalist movement today is essentially a religious movement. The Gita—the Hindu Gospel according to St. John—plays as great a part in the extremist political movement in India as the Psalms played in the Puritan movement. Thus we discover that India is more self-conscious today



than ever she has been under our rule. She is not apologizing for herself; she is glorying in herself. She is, so to speak, arraying herself once more in the feasts, the offerings, the festivals, and the ceremonies which she laid aside shame-facedly when the Western movement was upon her, and was telling in her credulous ear that she was heathen and barbaric.

### Not in Spiritual Subjection.

But this awakened India has been by no means uninfluenced by the West. India is full of contradictions. The "pons asinorum" of Indian politics is to discover the unity consistent with the contradictions. The West has broken India's bonds of social bondage—and has taught her something of individual equality and freedom. It has put a disturbing and agitating element into her mass. That element is neither purely Eastern nor purely Western. It is, at present, an unhappy blending of both, and is mainly composed of the men we have been educating in our ways and whom we have told that there is now no place in the world for them. The educated minority which is giving so much trouble to our officials are goaded on by economic poverty, by unfulfilled political desire, by pride in their own race, and by resentment at their exclusion from Anglo-Indian society.

Consequently, two things appear to me to be as plain as noonday. The first is that the soul and genius of India is putting itself in opposition to us; the second is that we are trying to run away from the consequences of our own educational policy and political teaching. As governors of an Oriental country we have not the "personality" to keep it in spiritual subjection, nor have we the courage to allow it to develop on our own political lines. Two qualities in the ruling race will keep India subject—spiritual power and rational consistency. We have neither; therefore our path is to be strewn with thorns.

One of the difficulties of the situation is that the Indian himself now lacks the governing capacity. He writes well, he speaks well, he argues well—when he is having it his own way. There are exceptions to this reservation—as everybody knows who remembers Mr. Bannerji's courageous and effective attack upon Lord Cromer at the Imperial Journalists' Conference last year. But speaking generally, the fault of the Indian is the fault of every people that has been subject for generations. He cannot stand up in presence of the conqueror and speak plainly to his face.

### Preliminary to Peace.

And with this, there is another circumstance which is of great political importance. The mass mind of India is perhaps the most credulous of mankind. It moves as the water moves under the moon. It swells with expectation. Every year it hails some Messiah. It does not seem to be a thing chained to the earth, but something floating in the air, swaying obedient to every breath. And it is subtle withal. We think of it as moved by gossip, by mysterious intercommunications by a baffling system of Freemasonry.

The official policy adapted to this situation is undoubtedly one aimed at keeping the people apart, and so the distinctions between Hindu and Mohamadan are made the most of. For the rest, repression is the order of the day.

Our Press Laws and Seditious Meetings Acts are, can and always be, defended by inelegant extracts from speeches and newspaper comments, and every time we put the screw on we only succeed in solidifying the opposition to our rule. For the time we create silence, but we remove none of the resentment; we only bank it up.

Thus it is that whoever goes with a fresh and independent mind to India—a mind which is at the disposal of neither the officials nor the National Congress, is struck first of all with Indian differences—differences between caste and creed, differences between the Oriental and the Occidental—and proceeds



through many experiences to discover unity in Indian national life and similarity between Indian problems and our own.

Hence the preliminary to an Indian peace is a recognition of the fact that the great political problems of India come from the West and from Western culture, which might have been withheld, but not having been withheld has produced consequences which must be faced—and that the type of official we now require is that bred and trained in Parliamentary methods. If we could persuade the Civil Service of India that it is greater to be a Prime Minister of the British kind than an Akbar or a Grand Mogul all would soon be well. India cries aloud for statesmanship; not for force and repressive edicts.

## POEMS OF A CALIFORNIA POET

ADELIA BEE ADAMS

### NEW YEAR IN CALIFORNIA.

So softly came the gay Young Year,  
I did not know that he was near;  
I looked from out my window pane,  
And said: "Sweet Spring has come again;"  
But turned about again to see,  
For "Spring," I said, "it cannot be;  
For I remember, time draws near,  
When should appear a guest more drear."

I heard a lilting laugh, and felt  
A rosebud pelt my ribbon belt;  
And there, beside me, stood a boy,  
Who smiled, in sweet, spontaneous joy.  
The roguish elf had wrapped around him  
Spring's choicest dress—her flowers enwound him;  
He kissed a rose, and gave it me,  
And said: "You've been expecting me;  
For I'm the glad New Year, you see."

### TWO PICTURES

(From "Les Miserables.")

Two pictures from that panorama rise  
Most clearly to my view: in one is seen  
The accuser, and the Christ; and there, between,  
With tottering reason and bewildered eyes,  
Agape at these with whom her future lies—  
(Another frail and piteous Magdalene)  
Stands wretched Fantine—marked of men, "unclean"—  
A soul, between contending Destinies.

And then that scene wherein the wizard hand  
Makes him—the Christ-like man—in anger grand,  
Wrench forth the iron bar; his meekness fled!  
And see the avenged Javert, now sick with dread,  
Obey his captive's will; while he doth stand  
In silent grief, where lies poor Fantine—dead.



# The Rose-Color City

By MARY WALTON

IT was a rose-tinted dawn when we first arrived in the rose-colored city of Jeypore. The encircling hills arose rugged and clear in the morning's light, the sandy sweep of plains gleamed golden and the jagged cacti reared their javelins in impenetrable battalions. But where was the pink city we had come so far to see? We could only wait to see what the day had in store for us as we rested back on the cushioned seats of the landau which our gracious and titled entertainer had provided for us while we drove from the railway station to the cosy and commodious hostelry not far away. Already the sleepy inhabitants were astir. Coolies were bringing in baskets of vegetables, women passed by balancing their water jars on their head, a camel ambled slowly along, thrusting out a sullen lower lip like some sulky martyr, and a herd of frisky goats blocked our progress for a moment. The native huts along the roadway with their thick cactus hedges gave place to the spacious bungalows and flowering compounds of the more prosperous residents. When we turned in at our own gateway, it was to find more welcoming friends and a hearty "hazri" (breakfast) awaiting us.

We were soon ready to start out on our tour of sightseeing so long anticipated. We had by this time learned that the pink city of our dreams was some little distance away, enclosed within a seven-gated wall. Before entering these magic portals, we were driven to the magnificent public gar-

dens, comprising seventy acres of well-kept greenery, a veritable oasis blossoming forth in the sandy desert. The aviary was most fascinating. Great screen cages and gigantic wire houses held the



HIS HIGHNESS, THE MAHARAJA OF JEYPORE.

strangest and most gorgeously plumaged birds I have ever seen. It would seem that no paint-pot or rainbow could ever display such dazzlingly brilliant colors as were shown in the vivid plumage of the hundreds of parrots and cockatoos and the gaily feathered birds col-



lected from all parts of the tropics. One would never tire of gazing at the tiny parroquets flashing like moving jewels from one branch to another, or of watching the stately cranes and crimson-crested flamingoes standing motionless as sentinels. But beyond were cages of monkeys with their whimsical antics. Here even in this country, where one sees the bandar log (monkeys) in their native jungle, there was no resisting the impulse to watch their comical, near-human capers and grimaces even though one could not pelt the saucy imps with peanuts. About us on the lawns peacocks trailed their jewel-cruled trains in regal splendor and a mongoose ran suddenly across the path, perhaps in pursuit of some glittering serpent which may have penetrated this modern Eden.

Before leaving the beautiful gardens we visited the Albert Memorial Hall, a handsome white marble building which contains a really wonderful collection of Indian jewel work, carving, brassware and embroidery, giving examples of the marvellous handiwork that has made the Oriental craftsman famous. These examples of the old art—now, alas, almost lost—are loaned as models to the School of Art of Jeypore, an institution which is seeking to revive the lost arts of India by training the Indian youth to imitate their own ancient Oriental designs rather than to copy modern European models.

Provided with the necessary passes to view the Maharaja's Palace, we were ready to enter the city's encircling wall and see the busy life within its gates. And once inside the towering gateway, the outside world seems to vanish like a mist. It is some stage device surely—some clever scene-setter has planned this color scheme and grouped these throngs into a picture pageant that will be shifted when the curtain is unrolled. It is all too unreal—the rose-tinted plaster buildings with their overhanging balconies and windows of pierced lattice work, the walls still further decorated with some crudely-colored, conventional design of bird or flower or elephant, the wide streets lined with booths filled with piles of gay cloth and shining brassware, and the crowds, the ever-moving

crowds, men, women, children in vivid garb, jostling, shouting, bargaining, parting to let pass a huge, richly caparisoned elephant or a prancing Arabian stallion. And yet there is a semblance of reality to it all. It is too unstudied and natural not to be real, as real, as brilliant and as lasting as the shifting scenes in a kaleidoscope which even in their changing still endure.

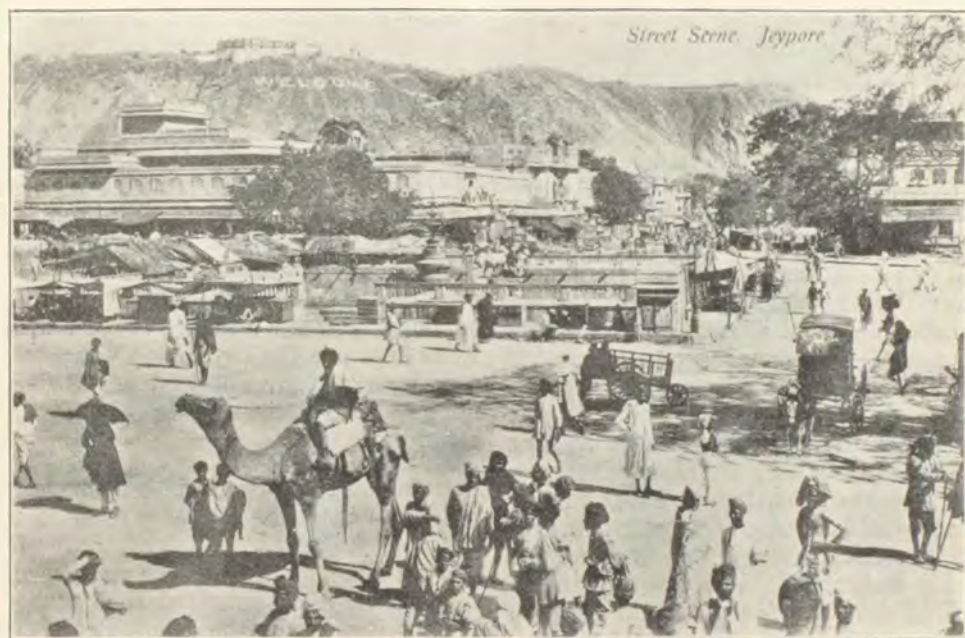
An Oriental street scene is always colorful enough, but Jeypore seemed to be more picturesquely resplendent than any we had seen. The native costumes were different from the white drapery of Bengal or the loose trousers of the Punjab. Gorgeous scarlet and flaming yellow formed the predominant notes in the color scheme, even the poorest coolie having some touch of color in his dress. The women, who go unveiled here, wore full accordeon-plaited skirts of ankle length, bouffant as a ballet dancer's. A sleeveless, flowing blouse revealed their arms loaded with bangles and bracelets of silver or gilded lacquer, while over their head and shoulders was draped a brilliantly dyed cloth or scarf. Nose-ring and toe-rings, bangles and necklaces of tinseled jewelry completed their picturesque attire which was all worn with the true grace of a princess. The Mohammedan women could be readily distinguished from the Hindoos by the full trousers and pointed slippers they wore. The Rajputs are a particularly handsome people. The men are fine-featured, stalwart and straight, with flashing eyes and full, flowing beard. They are splendid horsemen and almost worship their noble animals.

We were on our way to the Palace, but the streets and shops were too fascinating to leave, even to view a royal residence. First of all we must see the making of the beautiful enameled brassware for which Jeypore is famous. The manager of one of the finest shops kindly showed us over his establishment and explained all the different processes of manufacture. The shop itself looked like a museum filled with great trays and lamps and bowls of hammered brass, daggers, swords and armor and little trifles of brass enameled in designs of scarlet or black. Every-



thing is made by hand with the crudest of implements, yet there is an artistic finish to each article that no machine could give. Thin, flat sheets of brass are pounded and hammered and bent over an anvil into the shape desired; flat, round plaques or slender vases, some articles having to be made of several pieces welded together. Then the design to be enameled is traced on by hand and engraved into it with a sharp instrument. After this is done the brass

to the elbows and they were splashed from head to foot with the colors from their dye pot. When a cloth had been dipped, two men ran back and forth in the street with it spread out like a sail to dry in the wind. They showed us how they dyed the various colored patterns on the cloth without stamping it. It was a simple but curious way that is rather hard to describe. It was really wrapping thread around the figure which was to be of a different color



A STREET SCENE IN JEYPORE.

is held over a charcoal brazier to make it hot enough to melt the lacquer that is applied to the entire engraved surface. When the lacquer has hardened it is scoured off with sand, leaving only the black or colored enamel tracery on the brass background. For this work which requires great skill and care, the best workmen receive little more than twenty-five cents a day, which is considered good wages and is ample for their simple wants.

The dye shops were quite as interesting in their way and conducted their operations in tiny booths along the street where everything could be plainly seen. The dyers' arms were stained

from the background—for instance, a cloth with yellow circles on a red ground would first be colored yellow, then thread would be wound around loops in the cloth. The whole thing would be dipped in the red dye and then when the threads were unwound, there would be the yellow circles untouched by the red dye. This work was all done rapidly and the cotton cloth was very pretty though extremely cheap. The colors would fade in time, but were brilliant enough while they lasted.

The shops were legion and all alluring, from the jewel cutters where garnets and jade and turquoise were cut



and polished and made into jewelry, to the weavers' where beautiful Oriental rugs were being woven in immense looms by the deft fingers of small, dark-eyed boys. The pattern was "sung" in a monotonous chant by a reader while the weavers repeated the strain after him, knotting and cutting the threads in time to the rhythm. Their fingers flew all day long but the design of the silken carpet grew but slowly like the pattern of a noble life that age beautifies in its passing. Both seem made for Eternity, for to both Time's touch is so merciful.

Within the Palace walls is a mixture of modern structures and those dating back nearly two centuries, for the city of Jeypore, it will be remembered, is the modern capital of the native state of Jeypore, being founded in 1728 by the famous Raja Siwa Jey Sing, whose ability as statesman, scientist and ruler made him one of the greatest men of his time. Amber, the ancient capital of the state until the founding of the present city of Jeypore, is now a deserted city of magnificent and interesting ruins five miles distant. The whole history of the Rajputs is as thrillingly interesting as a romance, but to enter into it at all would require a chapter in itself. The present Maharaja is now the ruler of his domain of 15,000 square miles and 2,500,000 subjects, but the English Resident maintains almost supreme control of government. The Maharaja is a very orthodox and devout Hindoo and also very loyal to government. He attended the coronation ceremonies of King Edward and chartered a new steamer for himself and his retinue, as he would not stir from the holy soil of India without the sacred image, priests, a thousand jarfuls of Ganges water, and all things necessary to carry on the daily worship and live in every way according to the Hindoo custom. Hundreds of heavily-bolted chests in which the belongings were carried can be seen stored in a large room of the Palace. Whenever the Raja moves, a small city accompanies him.

The Palace grounds are beautifully laid out with pools and fountains, gardens and shaded walks surrounding the

Palace buildings, the central one of which is the Chandra Mahal, seven stories in height, in which is the hall of private audience. The private apartments of the Maharaja are, of course, not open to the public. Perhaps of the most unique interest is the observatory built by Raja Siwa Jey Sing who was one of the greatest of astronomers. The Observatory is an open courtyard containing wonderful instruments of curious shapes, great dials and hemispheres of concrete which were the invention of the royal astronomer and were used by him in making his extremely accurate observations. Some of the instruments are in ruins and their uses not known, but most of them are labeled with terms in which such expressions as "obliquity of the ecliptic" mystify rather than enlighten the lay sightseer. But one cannot help leaving this unique observatory with increased wonder and admiration for the gifted ruler who did so much for the science of his time. Near here are the royal stables containing three or four hundred of the finest horses, with innumerable grooms and attendants.

Before we left the Palace grounds we paid a visit to the alligator tank to see those great-jawed monsters fed. We saw no signs of them in the reedy pond, but on the bank squatted their ancient keeper dozing in the sun. Before we could see them fed, we had first to provide money for their meal, which consisted of a big chunk of raw meat. This the aged keeper tied to a string and flung far out into the pool, at the same time calling in a long-drawn, mournful wail, "Come, my brothers, come." Again and again he repeated his weird, chant-like summons, but his "brothers" deigned only to stir lazily amongst the reeds. Either they were sleepy in the warmth of the mid-day sun or other obliging tourists had already surfeited them with food. At any rate they did not respond to the call, though the keeper continued to fling the meat into the water till it was only a mass of shreds, and his last heartrending appeal of "Come, my brothers, come," echoed over the water as we finally left



the tank in despair of ever seeing the lazy alligators dine.

But we were consoled by a ride on one of the royal elephants which had been kindly placed at our disposal. Most of the royal herd had been removed to a distant part of the state on account of some sickness amongst them. This big fellow seemed to be a good-natured beast. He knelt down for us to mount, but even then he seemed as big as a house as we scrambled up his sides into the howdah on his broad back. When he arose we were convinced an earthquake had occurred, and when he started to walk we were quite as sure that we were in a storm at sea, for we were rocked back and forth with each lumbering step. The sensation was a novel one that would grow wearisome in time, still it did give one a delightful feeling of being up in the world to look over the heads of everyone and see the streets cleared for our progress. A person becomes a personage on an elephant. A fine Arabian horse grew quite unmanageable at the sight of our huge beast and bolted with his Rajput rider, but was at last brought to a stand, wild-eyed and panting. The Mahout guided the elephant with sharp jabs of his iron-pointed prong or "bhala" and made him kneel for us to alight and then bow and extend his trunk gracefully for the expected coin. Even the elephant demands the eternal "baksheesh."

Still we were glad that we had decided not to take the five-mile ride to Amber on an elephant. A short ride is quite long enough. Part of the way we rode in the landau past many tombs or "chattris" to departed chiefs and rulers, but the latter part of the road was so steep that we had to finish the journey in a tonga, a stout, two-wheeled vehicle accommodating four people, the drivers and the syce in the front seat and the passengers in the back, all drawn by two swift little ponies.

Amber is beautifully situated at the mouth of a rugged mountain gorge on an eminence sloping up from a little lake whose waters mirror the ancient ruins. It was occupied until the tenth century by the Minas, an aboriginal

tribe which still bears a unique relation to their Rajput conquerors. The story reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights. Though unbelievable, it is really true that these rough tribesmen are still the custodians of the royal treasures and have certain authority and rights with which the Maharaja



ONE OF THE ROYAL ELEPHANTS.

and government itself dare not interfere. Even the Maharaja does not know the location or amount of all his treasures and jewels, but in times of need these royal guardians supply whatever is required. They are absolutely honest and trustworthy and would not touch one pice worth of the priceless treasures under their guard, holding their honor higher than life itself. On the hills overlooking Amber stands a fortress occupied by the Minas which neither the Maharaja nor the Viceroy himself is permitted to enter. Could anything give one a more consuming desire to enter the forbidden ground than this stern "No admittance?"

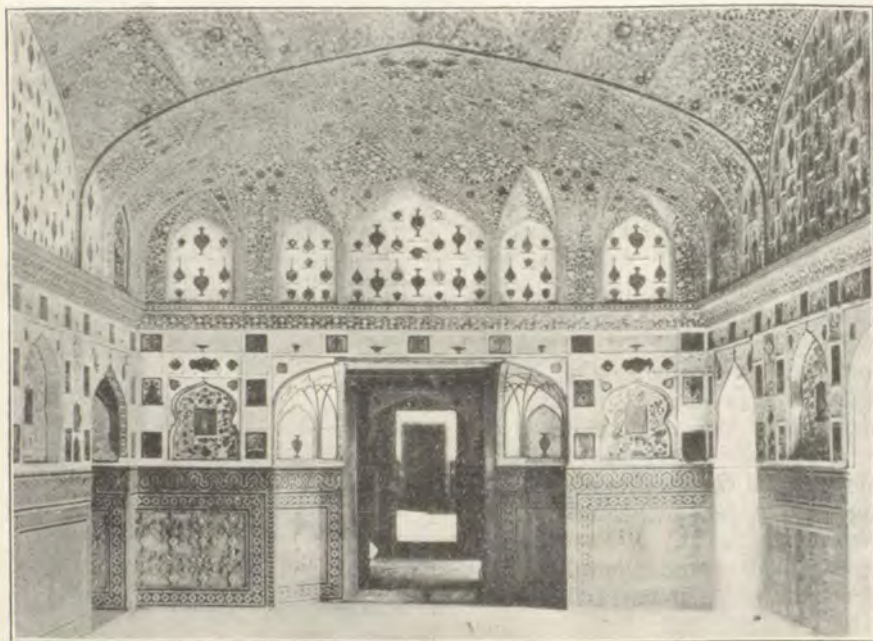
It is impossible to describe in a few words the hours full of the interesting



sights at Amber, the palace with its marble halls adorned with beautiful carving and brilliantly colored mosaics, the stately colonnades, the pleasure halls, glittering fairy bowers flashing

portray. The waning light was just tinging the distant hills as we left the splendid deserted city, deserted but not yet in ruins.

It was evenfall when we drove back



INTERIOR OF THE GLASS PALACE.

and glowing like the heart of a pearl shell with the iridescence of the tiny mirrors set in the gilded walls and ceiling, the latticed windows like marble lacework overlooking the gardens and lake, all making a panorama of surpassing loveliness which no pencil could

through the rose-colored city of Jey-pore. From the Temple within the Palace walls came the sound of the evening worship, alive and vibrant—the clarion call that alone would revive the slumbering valor of the Rajput race.

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Love stoops to the feet of all and embraces life. Love is the source of all. Love is law unto man and unto woman. Spirit eyes to them by Lord were given, to see the smiling world within, to see what Love willeth them to be.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

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Good to everyone, Love sways from self to selflessness. Love is the lotus that sends its spirit, gives its sweetness and grace. It in equal measure giveth its fairness and its fragrance to all who near it cometh. Love is omnipotent.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.



# First Hindoo Temple in America

Baba Bharati Proposes to Build Krishna's Temple in Los Angeles

(Los Angeles Times)

BABA BHARATI, the renowned Hindu ascetic philosopher, who has lately returned from India and reissued his old magazine, "The Light of India," under the new title of "East and West," is well known through his lectures and writings. It was from Los Angeles he took his departure for India in September, 1907, having resided here during two years subsequent to a three years' stay in New York and Boston, in which last city he was elected vice-president for the International Peace Congress held in 1904.

His new home at 1430 Dana street, this city, delights the Baba and gooroo, because of its adaptability for his work, the large rooms, especially the spacious reception hall, being suited to class or even public lecture audiences, while the grounds are sufficiently extensive to admit of his having a temple erected on the place.

The building of this temple in Los Angeles is one of the Baba's plans, entertained by him even before his departure for India; if constructed according to his present plan, it will give to Los Angeles the distinction of having the only genuine Hindu temple, from an architectural and ritualistic standpoint, in America. He purposes not only to duplicate in it the ancient and symbolic style of structure still used in India, but to have the Hindu guest quarters in close proximity to the temple building, such as are frequently found connected with temples of worship in his land. As the Baba is teaching his philosophy unchanged from its ancient meaning, so he desires to establish a center where its religious practices may be observed with all—or as nearly as possible—of its ceremonies, as they are still observed by the devout of his countrymen. For the building of the temple, funds are to be furnished by his countrymen, money having already been subscribed by many leading Hindus. Two of these—one a member of the Imperial Council of India and the other a Supreme Court Judge—are expected to visit America in time to assist at the laying of the corner stone of the temple.

On the eve of his departure from India for America, the Baba was presented by the people of Madras with a beautifully-carved and inlaid sandalwood and ivory casket, inclosing an address from the people of Madras, at a reception held in his honor by notables of the southern capital.

The meeting was presided over by the highest legal official of Madras, Hon. Schivaswami Iyer, advocate-general, who, in presenting the address to the Baba, spoke in eloquent terms of praise of his work, both in India and America.

The following extracts from the distinguished Indian's speech are worthy of the consideration of thoughtful minds, both East and West:

"The contact of the East with the West has contributed to a free exchange of ideas much to the advantage of both sides. The East has for its part learned that spirituality alone cannot suffice to preserve a nation in the struggle for existence. It is beginning to realize the necessity for material and economic progress. There are some among us who deplore this tendency; but I confess I am not one of them. It is feared by some among us that there is a danger of our losing our innate spirituality. I am not, however, haunted by any such fear. It seems to me to be impossible to destroy the spirituality which is so deeply ingrained in us, not merely as a part of the common heritage of all humanity, but by centuries of development along our own peculiarly national lines. On the other hand, the West has for its part learned that there are truths to be gleaned and advantages to be derived from a study of the systems of philosophy and religion of the East. The West has achieved many a wonder. It has not, however, achieved one thing. It has not founded any great world religion. The West has always had to borrow its religion from Asia, and it is to Asia the West must always look for spiritual light. (Cheers.) It seems to me therefore to be absolutely necessary that the activities and labors of the Swami should find proper place in that country. . . .

"There have been two great Hindu missionaries in recent years who have been engaged in this work of popularizing the teachings of Krishna, and of spreading far and wide a knowledge of these truths, and I need hardly tell you that I refer to the late Swami Vivekananda and our friend Swami Baba Preman and Bharati. There is perhaps a slight difference in their methods of work. Still both of them have been followers of Krishna. It seems to me so far as my limited knowledge of Swami Vivekananda's teaching goes, that he laid more insistence upon the philosophical as-



pects, and the intellectual side of Hinduism. The other path, which is complementary to the one upon which Swami Vivekananda laid so much stress, is the path of love and devotion, a path which has found an illustrious exponent in our guest. I am rather inclined to think that the success which Swami Baba Premnand Bharati has achieved and is yet to achieve is likely to be even greater than the success which was achieved by Swami Vivekananda. (Cheers.) It is possible for the most educated classes of the community to live in the highly rarified atmosphere of the Vedanta. But I don't think that even they will find it always congenial to live in that atmosphere. Even the most critical often find that their hearts hanker after something personal, something more concrete than a mere system of philosophy. I do not know of any cult more calculated to satisfy this deep innate craving of human nature, a craving for a high and personal conception of the deity, than the cult of Sri Krishna. It is the cult which our friend has been endeavoring to spread abroad in the United States. I am sure that the expression of our humble appreciation of the good work that the Swami has been doing, that the expression of our gratitude to him for his labors will inspire him to still greater energy and induce him to go on in the same field in which he has been working and render still greater service to humanity and to this country than he has been able to do in the past. And I also feel sure that it will strengthen his position in America not a little if the Americans learn that he is not a person unknown in his own country and without any credentials, but that he is a man highly honored, loved and esteemed by his own countrymen and whose services his countrymen are anxious should be dedicated to the cause of humanity generally."

Following the Baba's reply to the above address, Mr. Justice Krishnaswami Iyer moved the following resolution:

"That this meeting begs to place on record its high appreciation of the splendid services rendered by Swami Baba Premnand Bharati to the Hindu religion and the cause of humanity by his indefatigable labors in India and America, in spreading the Hindu religion, and prays the Swami to accept the grateful thanks of his countrymen for the self-sacrifice and patriotism that have distinguished his career." . . . In moving the resolution the judge said: "The Baba has done great work in America. Perhaps greater work awaits him in India. . . . And if we today consent to part with him and send him to that distant land, we do so with a heartfelt and sincere desire and even a yearning that he should come back to us in health and strength. It will not do for Indian religion to present itself before the

West in any garb other than that of a Sanyasin (ascetic). May the Lord have mercy for this land, and may He give grace to us that we may be able to procure Sanyasins of the type of the Baba."

The following excerpts are quoted from the address presented by the Madras people to Baba Bharati:

"Your devotion to the Lord Sri Krishna, the intense sincerity of your utterances and the eloquence of the message you have brought to us, have made a deep impression on our hearts. The history of your life, your birth in one of the highest families in Calcutta, your up-bringing among the cultured of the land, your self-sacrifice and self-renunciation that scorned the joys of life, your struggles for spiritual vision, your beatific communion with God face to face, your mission of love to America, and your marvellous success in winning the hearts of thousands of men and women in America to the Lord Sri Krishna and His teachings—we have listened to with profound admiration. You have been chosen as the instrument of God to carry the religion of the sages of India to Western lands. . . . As a member of the oldest and greatest order of self-renunciation, you have had no interest of your own to serve, but only found enjoyment in the spreading of the name and glory of the Lord. You are on the eve of your second voyage to America. We hope for great results from this visit. We pray to God that you may have a prosperous sojourn in the foreign lands you visit, and that you may return to us, at no distant day, in health and strength, to carry on the work of which you have sown the seeds among your loving countrymen."

P. R. Sundar Iyer, a leading member of the Madras bar, also expressed the sentiments of those present in a speech highly eulogistic of the Baba's spiritual work. Touching on the subject of the projected temple in far-off America, he said:

"I thoroughly approve of your idea that the people of this country should contribute for the building of our Lord's temple in Los Angeles. If we wish to give Americans our religion of love, it is highly appropriate that we should have the privilege of building the tabernacle in which they will learn to revere it. Let us give them the Lord in a temple of our own construction, and then ask them to help us elevate our women in the right manner."

The allusion to asking aid of Americans for elevating the women of India was in reference to another cherished project of the Baba, which he hopes to bring to full fruition through the co-operation of Americans who may become interested in it. In Calcutta he organized what is called the Indo-American Zenana Mission, the purpose of the society being the education of Hindu women along national lines, and in



the useful arts, through the aid of capable and unprejudiced American women who have become sufficiently imbued with an understanding love for Hindu ideals of religion to enable them to take to their Indian sisters the material and mental gifts which their Western culture qualifies them to offer.

Among the few Western women who are devoting themselves to the education of the Hindu women to enable them to better cope with the innovations of Western civilization, is Miss Christina A. Albers, a California woman, who is cordially received as an inmate in the homes of the Hindu ladies. She has established a school for teaching small girls along national lines in English and the vernacular languages, while Miss Rose Reinhardt Anthon is another American lady who is teacher and companion of the Maharani of Burdwan, a princess of high rank.

The Zenana Mission established through the Baba's efforts has on its list of patrons such distinguished names as the Hon. Maharaj-Adhiraj of Burdwan, K. C. I. E., O. M.; H. H. the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, G. C. I. E., C. B.; the Hon. Maharaja of Darbhanga, K. C. I. E.; the Maharaja of Maubhunj; the Hon. Marajah of Gidhaur; Maharajah Sir Prodyot Kumar Tagore, Kt.; Maharaja Minindra Chandra Nandi of Cossimbazar; Raja Peary Mohun Mookerjee, C. S. I.; H. H. the Maharani of Cooch Behar, C. I.; the Maharani-Adhirani of Burdwan; the Maharani of Maubhunj; the Maharani of Hathwa; the Maharani Tagore. Miss Christina Albers and Rose Reinhardt Anthon are on the Committee of Management.

Although the Baba suffered from bad health in India, having, in fact arrived very

ill from overwork on his return home from America, he worked while there with his usual enthusiasm, combining with his spiritual teachings earnest efforts to pour oil on the troubled waters of political unrest.

The Baba is a Mystic of Mystics. From some of the students who accompanied him to India I learned of phases of his life there of which his modesty would not permit him to speak; of the enthusiastic response of the people wherever he spoke among them; of how warmly they welcomed him to his home land, and sped his departure at various places at which he tarried, by following him and his American Chelas to train or boat, garlanding them with flowers (as is the custom with honored guests); of his wonderful singing of hymns, dancing in religious ecstasy through the streets, clad in the single strip of cloth—the Sanyasin robe (which he had donned within twenty-four hours after his arrival on Indian soil), while the people left all their occupations to stand and listen, or to follow, some joining in the singing, many straining and pushing through the throng in eager efforts to get a nearer view of his wonderful illumined face, all wild with religious ardor inspired by the magnetism of his voice and expression.

With his purpose of devoting some of his remarkable energies to the furtherance of the mission mentioned above, as well as to the propagation of his religious philosophy through lectures and classes, and to the building of his temple, the editing of his magazine, and with the intention of writing and publishing a half-dozen books—the subject matter of which he has already in mind—the Baba certainly is not aiming at leading a very leisurely life while sojourning in America.

ADELIA BEE ADAMS.

## THE CHURCH OF TODAY

By MAUD LALITA JOHNSON

THE church of today lives too much in the letter, having lost the true spiritual teachings of the Christ. It depends too much on side show attractions and not on "the life." Christianity now consists of church socials, a paid choir and flowery sermons. A well-lived, earnest Christian life will do more lasting good than all the surface preachings and pink teas. What we need is more "living Christians." The Master said, "if ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." It is not the knowing, not the preaching that counts,

but the doing. Emerson has said, "He who dares to be true, serves all." Just the daring to be true to our highest ideals is rendering a service to humanity. Suppose all Christians dared to live up to all they profess to believe—what a force that would be! Would it not sweep everything before it?

In the life of every individual there are three stages; the dream stage, the talking stage and the doing stage. A man first perceives a truth. He thinks about it, meditates on it, dreams about it. He becomes so thoroughly saturated



with, so energized by it, that he feels the need of expression and his first impulse is to tell it to others, to preach. He goes out into the world full of enthusiasm, feeling that he is going to convert the world, and no doubt feels that he is going to do so in a few weeks' time. After he has run up against a wall and bumped his head a few times (with some it takes longer than with others) he is willing to go home and think it over. Then he not only dreams and meditates, but he brings reason along to help. He begins to look at things in the light of his recent experiences. He sees that the world is not so anxious to be reformed and he realizes that if the things that he believes are to be practiced he will have to do it himself. A wise conclusion! Then comes the doing stage. The man begins to live the life, and lo! others see, admire and imitate, and what have we? A redeemed soul shedding its radiance to all and kindling a fire in the hearts of others who in their turn go out and send the light even to the darkest corners of the world. And there we have the redeemed humanity simply because one soul dared to live!

A man may go into seclusion and by dwelling on pure thoughts, and, being far removed from temptation he may live a pure life. This is the first stage. This man is a Saint. Then he may begin to give out his thoughts and high ideals to others. This is the second stage. This man is a Sage. But the Savior is the man who can go down into the dark and lowly places of life and can take his brother by the hand and say, "Brother, come higher." This man, by his very life, his strength of character, brings sunshine into dark-

ened lives and gives strength to the weak. These are the kind of people the church needs. The success of a church does not depend on filling a certain building with an audience, not in having well attended teas, but in having the members, be they few or many, filled and thrilled with the Spirit, members whose very presence will make itself felt wherever they go.

The trouble with the Western world is that we are living too much on the surface. We are running hither and thither and making a great deal of noise, but we do not get deep enough within. We do not take time to go up on the mountain to pray. We scatter our forces. The little brook in the mountain falling over a precipice makes a great deal of noise, but it is the silently flowing river that fertilizes the valley and prepares the soil and makes it fit to produce new life. Let the church cease trying to provide attractions for the multitude. Let it go within, let it withdraw to the inner chamber and there pray for the coming of the Holy Spirit that it may be endowed with power from on high, power to live—Live—LIVE!

We find today in the church and out of the church, too, for that matter, too much external doing. That is, action that is forced, unnatural and therefore wasted energy. Action should be a natural expression, an overflow from the power within. We do too much because we think it our duty, or policy, or expedient. All we need is to fill our hearts with a great, far-reaching love and then let it flow,—overflow—on—on—on, never caring about results. This is the life that glorifies and saves; the life that will rebuild the church.

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I am revealed in every living thing whose heart is knit in love. No light there is wherein I do not live; no darkness is wherein I do not peer. My seed perfected in you lives unknown, it grows and freeth you from crooked ways. Unheard it thunders louder than the mountain claps when they in gladness meet.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

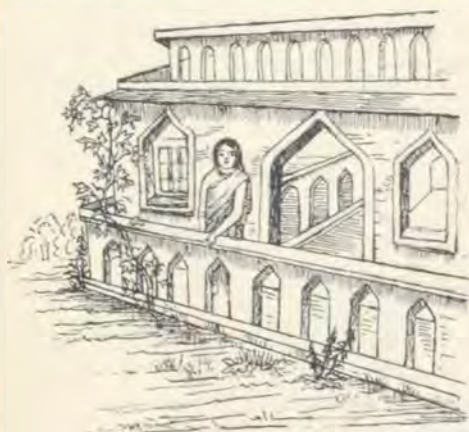


# Stories of India

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

## The Gift of Ganga

LITTLE Hira stood on the veranda looking down the lane for the coming of her father. She had much to say to him this day, and the wide, dark eyes that ran up and down the road seemed to resemble more than ever the jewel of clearest water for which she had been named. This day there was ample reason for those eyes to sparkle



"LITTLE HIRA STOOD ON THE VERANDA."

and the little hands to clasp and unclasp themselves to give vent to the excitement which filled her little heart and brain, for she had witnessed a marriage ceremony, the very first she had ever looked on. She had beheld the bride in all the splendor of a brocade sari, a stomacher of red stones that looked like drops of blood, a chick of rarest metal studded with shining gems, ornaments of twisted gold on upper arms and hands and wrists. But that was not all. She had on her hand a veritable harness of finest chain of hammered links that spread from the back of the hand to each finger which they circled and fastened with a band at the wrist. Then, to crown it all, the little bride had a bright studded nose ring, and the design that held the gem was of the delicate vine that

spread all over the veranda which Hira had so often marvelled at. All this she must tell her father, and more than that. She must ask him some things. Just then she spied him coming down the lane and ran to him and grasped his hand in both her little brown ones, pouring forth a stream of praise of Pudma's finery that quite outmatched the flow of the Ganges in rapidity and smoothness. Even before he could answer her, she looked up at him saying:

"But, father mine, shall I too have ornaments when I go forth as a bride to husband? Thou art a Brahman, and people say my mother came to thee with jewels that were even more beautiful than those that Pudma wore to-day. But now they are gone. Where shall mine come from?"

"Thou shalt have them, little moon. The Ganges, the good Mother who enriches the land and keeps her children ever supplied with their needs, shall give thee the ornaments," said the father, his eyes gazing wistfully on the fast flowing stream.

But when he drew her to him she decided that after all she did not want the jewels for her marriage. Indeed, she believed she did not want to be married at all and leave her father alone, even though Narayan was so sage and handsome and tall, so kind to his father and sisters that all the village said: "She who becomes wife of him hath won merit in other births." For he was steadfast in his worship to the Gods though he went forth in the colony of white strangers to win his wages. Oh, if only the Gods had willed it that she might marry Narayan and at the same time remain with her father. But as that could not be, she would rather live for ever with her dear, kind father who played and



laughed and sang and prayed with her just as a mother would, even a sister and brother if one was so fortunate as to possess them. But when the little daughter hurried away from him to bring the sweets and sherbet for refreshment, the Brahman closed his eyes and hung his head as if a burden lay upon him that was heavy and was growing heavier every day.

This Brahman, Gouri Shanker, the highest of the four-caste people, had once been blessed with much of the world's riches, but it had fallen from him even as the fruit falls from the fruit tree when its season is over. Thus one after another of the luxuries had been taken out of his life and the rare treasures, too, had gone. Then the comforts went, and now he and his little one lived on the meager salary which was his, and tried hard to make ends meet. Yea, ever since the fateful day, when the burning hand of fever had fallen upon the vitals of his young wife and consumed the sweet life within her and sent her on that long journey whence she was never, never to return, but where in thought and prayer he followed her ever. It was as if the luck of his home, which he had called her, had in truth left him. And now when he heard the prattle of his little one, the sweet lotus of his love, the young, bright thing that was the exact counterpart in face and grace of his Lakshmee, he shuddered at the thought of the nearing future when she would go to the home of Narayan who was chosen as husband for her even as his own dear one had left her father for his home and then left him for that home where the only sighs that are heard are those that are breathed from the hearts of overmuch loving. Yea, soon she would go forth, this child who had shared in all his poverty and had never known the riches which the daughters of the house of Dubay ever enjoyed. No daughter had ever left the home of his ancestors without a dower of many thousand rupees and rare ornaments, and this last and fairest flower of them all would have to go to the home of her husband empty-

handed with two betel-nuts which the child of a poor father takes to her new home, all devoid of value save for the value of love. Oh, if only the wealth of the past were his again so he might keep his daughter and her husband with him and shower on her the jewels which her glad little heart coveted and which she so richly deserved!

At this, he rose and walked slowly toward the Ganges, just as the sun



"YEA, NARAYAN, SOON THOU SHALT HAVE HER."

threw its rays athwart her breast, making her seem like some huge golden snake that writhed and struggled in the embrace of earth. A long time he stood gazing on its restless flow, his hands clasped and his lips moving as if in silent prayer. Suddenly a great joy came in his eyes and spread over all his face, for a big wave leaped and broke at his feet in a shower of golden spray, and at the same time the "True! True!" of the lizard, that groundling prophet of Nature, fell upon his ear. From the distance the cries of the waterfowl reached him and overhead the silver song of a bird trilled in happy melody. A barge shot down the stream and the merry chatter of the boatmen, those children of the Ganges, broke upon him. Over it all came the glad voice of his little Hira, calling: "Father! Father! come, I would serve thee with sweets and drink." "Han, han—yes, yes," gazing in rapt ecstasy at the hurrying river, called back the father. "Han, Han," echoed the sacred



river. "Han, Han," called the bird, and the water-fowl, too, screeched "Han, Han." Far from the distance came the shout of the children of the Ganges, "Han, Han," as they rowed their boat along. "True! True! True!" again confirmed the voice of the lizard.

"It is a good omen," said Gouri Shanker, softly, "the Ganges, the good mother Ganges, has heard and promises to answer my prayer. Han, Han, little one, thou shalt have thy ornaments, and, instead of a pair of betel-nut fruits, thy dower shall equal that of any daughter of the house of Dubay. And more than that, little one, thou and thy husband shall dwell with me and I shall be blessed in seeing the little ones of my love springing into blossoms at my knee. The Ganges, the good Mother Ganges, hath listened to my prayer and hath promised it to me. Han, han, han, my moon, and the lizard hath echoed it."

## II.

Four times the seasons of rain had come, four times the newest rain-clouds had piled themselves in hills of hurrying blue over the land, four times the rains had showered blessings on the parched earth, and four times the people of India had gathered with grateful hearts to worship at the shrine of the god Indra because of the plenty and prosperity with which he, in his grace, had endowed them.

Four years had passed since Hira had witnessed the marriage ceremony of Pudma, and four years were almost over since she herself had been publicly betrothed to Narayan. Today she stood on the veranda of her father's house, tall and strong and slender as the young palm that threw its shade upon her. Before her stood a young man in all the strength of young manhood and the grace of his Brahman birth.

"Hira mine, hast thou heard that Rama is to wed after the ceremony of Mother Durga? She is to be bride to an up-country Brahman." "Han, han, Narayan, I have heard so," answered Hira, looking wistfully toward the Ganges. "Thy sister, too, weds soon, I hear, and Pudma comes to the house

of her father for a short sojourn at the ceremony of Sarawati, bringing with her two little ones. How happy will be her mother and father to see the two lotus buds."

"Hira, my moon," said Narayan softly, "it is close upon the passing of four years since thou wast betrothed to me and still thy father will not allow the marriage to take place."

"Hush, Narayan, thou art the lord of my life, but my father is good and wise and he knoweth best."

"Nay, Piyari mine, it is said in the colony of white strangers that he hath lost all his wisdom since the thought entered his mind that thou must not wed me until he can give thee the dower befitting his house. My honored father, too, hath lost all patience with him, because of his obstinacy. And but for thee, my jewel, I should rail against him and all the gods because of the obstacles he hath put in our way to happiness."

"Thou art such a mad boy, Narayan mine, in thy impatience. It is true he bids us wait. Durga knows for how long, but he is full of wisdom, my honored father, no matter what the sahibs say. Then, too, Narayan, he is alone. I am all he hath in the world, he that hath had so much and lost all. He cannot bear the thought of me leaving him to go forth to thy house, much less to go forth with only a dower of betel-nut fruit."

"It is rumored, my lotus," spake Narayan, "that he sits at the Ganga's side late into the night. Is it true?"

"Yes, Narayan, he is good and wise and knoweth what is best. See him. So Seeta Ram to the lord of my life, Durga be with thee and make great joy to come to thy heart," and she turned from her lover with a little smile and hurried into the house murmuring to herself: "So long must I wait to go to him, the brave, kindly Narayan, who awaits me patiently and with such great love." The bright eyes closed a moment to keep back the tears that dimmed their still lustre. "But my father's prayer was heard. Mother Ganges answered it and the lizard confirmed it. It will come. We shall both



live with him, my dear father, and he who has had so much and lost so much shall be happy. Durga grant it, Durga grant it."

"If Durga wills," called Narayan, looking after the straight young figure as it vanished into the house. Then with a sigh and a tightening of the lips he waited for the coming of Gouri Shanker.

"Seeta Ram, Narayan. I hear thy father hath chosen a bridegroom for Sundri. She is a Lakshmee, a veritable goddess and blessed is he whose home she graces," said Gouri Shanker, as he neared Narayan.

"It is true. No father ever had a sweeter daughter or brother a dearer sister than is our little Sundri. She will bring luck and the favor of the gods wherever she goes. But tell me, wilt thou not give me my betrothed for wife now? Long have I waited for her. Four times the seeding and reaping times have come and gone and still thou refusest to give her to me as bride."

"Yea, Narayan, soon thou shalt have her," answered Gouri Shanker slowly. "It will come, the wherewithal to dower her as befit her house and thy bride."

"I want no dower. Is she not the rarest treasure that ever came to the house of a husband? What more do I want? She is my dower, she is my blessing. Give her to me now. Withhold not my joy from me longer. I am young and strong and have service that pays me well. In a little while I shall be able to give more than the mere comforts of life to thy daughter. Forgo the thought of a dower, I pray thee, and give me to wife my betrothed."

"Yes, yes, Narayan, thou shalt have her soon. Soon thou shalt have her," said the Brahman, his kindly eye fired with a light that awed the young lover and cut short the words of impatience that rose to his lips. "Yes, my boy, the dower shall be hers and thou and she shall live with me." Slowly he turned from the young man and walked into the house, not without stopping a moment, however, to call back "Seeta Ram, my boy," in answer to the "Seeta Ram," of Narayan.

That night when the sweet Hira worshipped before Durga, Gouri Shanker went forth into the night toward the river. Every night for many seasons he had gone forth thus and sat at the side of the Ganges even as motionless as the north star overhead. Every night he had heard the lone call of the bulbul to its mate; the hoot of the owl from the edge of the jungle had come to him. There he had heard the song of the barge men on the Ganges and the croon of the mother to her sleepless babe from the little homes in the village. There he had sat and had seen the reflection of star and moon grow fainter and fainter on the Ganges' waters and had seen the soft dawn grow bold in the arms of night. Here he had sat when the first villager came for the dip in the sacred waters. Many a time he had heard the chant of some lone hermit as he told his beads on its banks or had watched some pilgrim salute him with folded hands and faithful eye. Here, on this bank he had sat many a night praying to the mighty river. Yes, here he sat night after night with the dying faith in the Ganges' promise to him gnawing at his heart. And here he had felt again the glad hope revive and grow strong, so strong that he closed his ears to the warning of his friends and the good Sahibs for whom he worked as to the fruitfulness of his desire.

But this night when the silver moon threw its silver glimmer over its water making her seem like a dancing, playing maiden, he remembered how the darling of his heart was losing all her pretty ways because of her longing for Narayan, remembered how the sweet eyes that used to sparkle and shine even like the diamond after which she was named, had grown so still and grave that they cast a shadow on his heart, where once they threw a sunbeam. And more than that, he hardly remembered the time when her ringing laugh had last echoed through the house or when her fresh young voice had burst forth in the glad songs that made him young and like a child again.

This night he had seen traces of tears on her cheeks, though she smiled at him



as a sick child when it tried to hide the pain that might cause fear to the mother. Her voice trembled a little, too, when she chanted the sacred song at her bed hour. Yes, his little daughter had waited long for her bridegroom and she was pining for love of him, even as he had pined for the wife of his youth that was gone. Just then a breath of night, cool and sweet, bringing on its wings the fragrance of the mango grove close by, touched his brow like the soft hand of her who was mother to his child. It was as if she pleaded for the happiness of her, the little motherless one, whose

flowing from the Lord of Love in whose Abode thy source is found! O thou, who forgettest us not in the season of drought and rememberest us, too, in the days of famine! O hear me, thy unworthy one. Four times I have watched thy waters swell and overflow thy banks for the good of the people. Four times I have watched thy waters recede and have seen the plenty and



"GOURI SHANKER GAZED AT THE WONDROUS BEING BEFORE HIM."

fate he held just beyond the reaching of her little heart. With a cry he fell before the river, hiding his face from her silver breast, murmuring with fast falling tears: "O Ganga, mighty river! Thou many-armed one who giveth suck to the land which thou everlastingly embraceth! O artery of life that cometh straight from the Lotus Feet of Him whose energy thou art, to meet the need of these children who are favored by the Most High because of thy bountiful waters! O Holy River that bringeth to us, in thy downward curve from heaven to earth, the blessings of many worlds in thy transformation from light to water! O thou that carriest in thy every drop even the love that is ever

blessing of the giving. Four seasons I have watched for the fulfillment of thy promise to me, O Ganga, thou kindly Mother! And many a time on thy side my hope hath failed me and my faith hath grown weary with its waiting. But thou, O Goddess, who art ever mindful of the anguish of thy children, wilt not forget me. Though thy ways are not mine, yet my perplexity is as an open book to thee, which thou readest with the eyes of love, and with thine understanding givest not according to time and place, but according to the well-being of thy child. Thee, O Kindly One, I trust; in thee I have faith, for I have called unto thee and thou hast heard me."



Close to his ear came the "True! True!" of the lizard's prophetic voice again, followed by the breaking of a wave that threw its cool silver spray over his hot face. From the distance the noises of the night came faint and clear, and the cloud that hid the moon's face broke away, illumining all the river with an effulgence that gleamed like a broad streak of softened sunlight. The Brahman lifted his head and gazed up the lighted river, with eyes wide-staring and jaw low-dropping. Floating toward him on that path of shimmering light was a woman's body, face up-turned toward the stars, eyes softly closed, black hair streaming on the water's breast, hands hanging loosely at the side and a smile that seemed to ripple over her face even as the silver waves that lapped and caressed and kissed the sweet burden that they bore nearer and nearer until it reached his feet, where it lay motionless save for the throbbing of the waters that held it.

Gouri Shanker gazed at the wondrous being before him from whose body came the radiance of many jewels that bedecked her, jewels such as he had never seen before, jewels such as he had never known existed outside of the palaces of Raja's abodes, jewels such as were famed in all the world, but which were found only in the Land of the Gods, India. " 'Tis a Rani," he said softly, "who has bequeathed her body to Mother Ganga," and stooping down he grasped the figure by its shoulders and pushed it, in all its jewel-bedecked radiance, down the stream with the water's flow, murmuring a prayer all the while for the safe sojourn on her voyage into that limitless land that she was bound for. But lo, on a sudden the body turned as with the turn of a stream and again floated to his feet! Once more and harder this time he grasped the thing and shoved it with the current, and it seemed to him as if the smile left the face and a frown took its place. Trembling all over he saw it whirled around as if by some under whirlpool and float back to the river's edge where he stood. Once more he pushed it far into the water's lap, and once more it whirled and returned to his feet while the smile again beamed on the softly

curved lips and the light of the moon threw all its lustre upon her. He closed his eyes for a little to shut out the smiling face and wondrous jewels that bedecked her and the glittering light that enveloped her. Then, with a cry of joy, his eyes streaming with tears, he stooped and drew the body unto land. "O fool" he cried, "that recognizeth not an answered prayer. 'Tis the gift of Ganga, the Good Mother, who offers me the fulfillment of my prayer." And he clasped the girdle of emeralds from below the full rich breasts; taking from the slender hands the bangles of gold and rubies; stripping the little ankle of sapphire anklets, and lightly undoing the clasp of rarest stones and bracelets embracing soft arms. From the brow the crown, too, he took, and from out the wet hair he uncured the strings of lustrous gems, from the ears the caps of pearls, then the nose-ring of diamonds, and from the supple feet the jeweled circles of gold.

"Thou hast heard me, O Mother Ganga; 'tis in answer to my prayer thou hast sent her."

"True! True! True!" ticked the lizard. And thrusting the body stripped of its wealth, far into the water, he saw through the silver spray which splashed into his face, that it shot down the stream, swerving not out of its course either to the right or to left, but floating on and on with the stream until lost to sight and light.

The moon hid her face and all her radiance fled from the river. The bulbul ceased her call and the night-bird her song. The night drew her cloak close to keep dawn yet a little with her and one by one the stars fled from her brow. Dawn was waking and all her lovers on earth woke with her and the children of night crept into their places of slumber.

Gouri Shanker took up his load of treasure and hurried toward the home where Hira slept.

"Little Hira," he said softly to himself with bursting heart, "what know the sahibs of the mighty will of Mother Ganga. I know, and thou didst believe that she heard my prayer. She promised this boon to me, the lizard echoed it and here is its fulfillment."



# The Price

By MARGARET ENSIGN LOOMIS

ONCE upon a time in far-away Persia, the hot sun beat down upon a brown, dirty, half-naked little boy. He was about ten years old, but very small for his age. His black stringy hair reached almost to his shoulders and framed a small face which seemed to be mostly two large black eyes. His lips, full and well-formed, were an effective shield for a set of uneven teeth.

His only article of clothing was a very dirty loin-cloth. On this particular day of which we speak Khan was walking toward the stable where he had lived ever since he could remember. He had never known father or mother; he only knew, in a vague sort of way, that children usually had parents, but as he had grown up without them, they were probably a superfluous luxury.

The stable had been his home, the stable-boys his masters, and the horses his friends. Of what lay beyond his small world he knew nothing. Glimpses of Oriental splendor in the streets somewhat appalled him, but by no means aroused in him a desire for possession. As everything comes to him who lives and works, why envy? Khan did not realize all of this, but the seed was buried within him, and by the power of its presence was slowly awakening his consciousness.

There was a certain street down which Khan always delighted in going and a certain house before which he always paused. Today as he passed and looked up at the window, he saw a beautiful form and face behind the curtain. His heart beat quickly and a smile bright as the moon overspread his face. Oh, joyous hour! At last he had beheld the famous dancing girl of whom he had heard such wonderful tales—the beauty whom even princes honored. To see her closer was the one idea that now held the boy. For the

first time in his life, his whole being was stirred with a joy. To see the beauty closer—oh, but how? Hardly realizing what he did, he ran up to the gatekeeper and demanded entrance. The gatekeeper laughed long and loudly at this small naked piece of humanity that demanded an audience with the beauty who was prepared to receive a royal highness that very afternoon. The loud laugh roused Khan and straightening up he asked, "How much to get in?" The question and the questioner both amused the gatekeeper so much that he held his sides in another fit of laughter. He finally managed to reply—"Oh, about ten thousand rupees."

Without another word Khan turned and walked toward the stable. When he reached it he was flogged for being late; but what did a flogging matter, what did anything matter on earth, so long as he got ten thousand rupees? Khan set about earning and hoarding money. The first rupee he earned he carried to a secluded spot and buried. Year after year he earned more and more and always he buried it. At a certain hour each day he went by the house and waited until he caught a glimpse of the well-beloved figure. Some days he went away disappointed and some days he went away with a joyous heart, conscious that he had been recognized. Silently and unceasingly he continued his worship and silently and slowly the years slipped by.

Khan heard strange and unwholesome tales of his beauty, but they had no weight with him. To him a code of morals was unknown. Morals are not needed until man thinks evil. As his love grew and grew, he thought less of the money. It was merely the doorway through which he was to pass into the land of his heart's desire. Forever toiling, forever worshipping, Khan



grew into manhood and became the master of other little boys.

At the end of fourteen years he dug up his treasure and counted it. The impossible had come to pass, ten thousand shining rupees lay before him. The wild joy that he had anticipated when this should come to pass failed to move him. Slowly he picked up his treasure and filled a sack. Carrying it over his shoulder, he thoughtfully walked back to the house that represented the jewel-box wherein the priceless jewel of his life's devotion dwelt. Hardly realizing what he did he carried the money over to the gatekeeper who had refused him admittance so many years before and setting it down before him he said laconically, "Ten thousand rupees was the amount of admission, I believe you said."

The man looked at him in amazement, but before he could speak Khan had disappeared. He carried the money and the news to the beauty. She was greatly interested as she had seen Khan many times. It amused her also, and she sent the gatekeeper to find the strange young man. In about an hour he returned and said that he had found the man but that he refused to return with him. Such a thing seemed beyond reason. Just fancy paying ten thousand rupees and then refusing to see the object for which it was paid! Believing such a thing to be impossible, the man was sent again; but he returned with the same answer. "Impossible! Impossible!" the beauty cried, and immediately threw a veil over her face and started for the street. Her servant followed her, begging and imploring, but she was determined. A dozen feelings hurried her steps toward this man who had given her

an unsolicited fortune to see her and yet refused to come to her.

When the stable was reached the servant advanced and asked to speak with Khan. Khan soon appeared and after a few words the man and woman followed him up some rickety old stairs and into a small room. No one spoke. Provoked beyond all measure at Khan and herself, the woman as a last resort and sure means of victory removed the veil from her face. Khan gazed long at her, studied every feature without any show of emotion. It was a beautiful face, far above his wildest expectations, but in the eyes there was no depth and in the smile no sweetness.

Suddenly Khan's face was a mirror reflecting the joy of a soul awakened. He spoke, but the sound in the room did not resemble the voice of an uncouth stable boy. "O glorious one! I bow before you because God has graced you by using you as an instrument through which to bring another soul to the knowledge of His infinite love. The object that arouses the best in our natures should be greatly respected. I loved you with the love a good man gives to his God; and by the act of loving and believing in the good that I loved, I loved God without knowing it. Through loving you I came to realize that whatever breathes is a part of God, and that whoever loves becomes conscious of the God within him.

"I was told that by paying ten thousand rupees I might see all that I then desired, so I toiled for fourteen years and paid the price. A face, a price, and at the end—God! The boon is infinitely greater than the price, and I am infinitely grateful to you for the boon. I bless you, beautiful one, your beauty has blazed my way to the Lord."

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Love now does mould you; love does enfold you; love does behold you, and bind you, my children. I wear on my brow the great pearl of Love which no god or saint or man or worm or beast or ant can resist. Even I who am All Love do look upon the beauty of My Love and love and love.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.



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