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JANUARY, 1911

# EAST AND WEST

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



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EDITED BY

BABA BHARATI

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"THE GREATEST BOOK OF THE CENTURY"

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# Krishna: The Lord of Love A History of the Universe

By BABA BHARATI

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

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**Boston Evening Transcript:**

The volume is remarkable for the completeness with which it covers the subject, the range of the information and the different points of the philosophy and religion which it presents the story of an evolution of the best in Hindu thought.

Bharati's work is distinguished by directness, simplicity and clearness, and his work throughout is marked by a high purpose of one who is devoted, with all the ardor of a strong, manly nature, not to himself, but to all humanity.—Extracts from a column review.

**American Review of Reviews:**

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

**Bible Review, Cal:**

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

**The Outlook, New York:**

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

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# East and West

Combined with "THE LIGHT OF INDIA"

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As it is hard to get Hindoo pictures done here, illustrations are discontinued. Occasional illustrations will be put in.

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# East and West



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Vol. III.

JANUARY 1911

No. 3

## TAKE US BY THE HAND, O MASTER

Take us by the hand, O Master of all lands, and lead us to touch the harp of life. There teach us how to strike the notes in harmony with Thy great Will. O let us sound a chord as deep and true as is the hymn of morning stars, and sweet and pure as angels sing and bards of holy writ bring forth. Make us to hear Thy call in every word that issues from the heart of striving man. Yea, give us wisdom, too, to minister unto its needs. And grant us, Lord, that we may see Thy soft command to love in every eye where unshed tears are held; for, lo, we know that in each soul that breathes and walks, that suffers and that strives, Thou too, art lodged therein; and when they come our way inspire our blind and erring eyes to know Thee when we see. Make our words Thine, Thine that are the same in every Writ, Thine the same in every clime.

## THE MAID AND THE STAR

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

A maiden sang to a golden star,  
That gleamed from out the heavens far;  
"O golden star, so bright you shine,  
Would you were mine and I were thine,"

The far star throbbed in deep delight,  
Then sang to the maiden from its height;  
"O maiden fair, with sweet eyes blue,  
Will you be true, will you be true?"

If I should leave my home for you,  
Leave this dome of billowy blue?  
Say, shall I find within your breast  
A home with love forever blest?"

A tear rose to her eyes, love-wide,  
As to the star the maiden sighed:  
"O star, come thou not down to me,  
But let me grow and reach to thee."



# What is the Truth? \*

By BABA BHARATI

**B**ELOVED Ones of My Lord:—I greet you once more in this chapel with the message of the Lord,—the Lord of Truth, the Lord of love; the Lord of life, one great whole life, of which we are but tiny parts.

We are here to know what is the Truth. Ever since the sun of Truth has been covered by the clouds of material desires man's quest has been—through all the ages—to know the Truth. He wants to have a little light in the darkness of materiality, in which he gropes. There is not a single man, nor a single human being, in the whole world who is not striving to find out this Truth. What is the Truth that he is trying to find out? The truth about existence, the truth about life, the truth about what he is—what is his mission of life, what is his goal of life, what is the object of all his strivings in life?

Even the greatest wretch of a man whom we all like to call in all the metaphors of darkness, even such a man has moments when he would like to rend asunder the veil before his eyes and look into the depth of the mystery which is guiding him from within himself and yet which he knows not of.

It is a solemn problem, dear hearts, this problem of knowing the truth about ourselves, the mission of our life, the goal we are all being rushed to; it is a solemn problem which ought to engage the best hours of our life.

What is the Truth, has been the question in all ages and in our age the most. It has been explained by the messengers of God, by the illuminated saints of all ages, and is being explained today by the illumination of many minds.

We all know the Truth. We all know—from within ourselves we know—and we know from the representations of those that tell us of it. Truth is known within the depth of our heart. Our heart, in its deeper instincts, becomes our great teacher—our greatest teacher.

Back of the heart is another principle, which is the basic principle of life. It is called *Atman* by the Hindoos—Soul, by Christians. Whenever we are troubled by the external phenomena of life, whenever the darkness outside of us grows and blinds us, some of us involuntarily peep into the depths of our own mind, into the depths of our own being, and by its illumination find the Truth.

Then, again, the light that is grasped is lost; because, our mind turns outward again and we have lost that wonderful glimpse

of the innermost of our being. It is lost to the outer ken of our mind. Then once again we grope on in the darkness.

There has not been a single prophet whose mission in life has been to make men love God and love each other that has not told us what the Truth is. The word Truth comes from the Sanskrit word *stha*—that which stands. You will find it even in your own dictionary—*stha*, a Sanskrit word. What does it mean? That which stands for all time, that which endures, that which is all-abiding, abides forever; that which never changes, that which remains in the same aspect and essence always. That is the Truth. I have said—and as you all know—all human beings are striving in the best way they know to find out the Truth, to find out this outstanding fact of existence, this that never changes, this that ever is—in the same condition.

Why are they driven to the search? And their search sometimes is strenuous because of the sorrows of life which urges them to make the search. Unless we have sorrows thickening around us and within us we do not care to know the depths of things. So, sorrows to us sometimes are blessings; sorrows are sometimes pregnant with illumination; sorrows are not to be depised. If a man know the uses of sorrows, he may get out of those sorrows much gladness which he may have been denied before. Yes, when sorrows surround us, obstruct the gladness, the light we have within us, obstruct the happiness we want to have, then we turn to the question, What is truth? What is it we want?

Then, again, a philosophic mind—and every mind, for that matter, is philosophic more or less at times—sees that all things are transient, changeable. He looks at the material world and sees the changes. Nothing stands for a long while. Change he finds to be the law of all phenomena. Then, when the thing he has so long believed to be permanent has suddenly changed, it has changed in its aspect. He pursues his inquiry and finds that everything that is outside of life is changeable, and that the very law of outer things is changeable. This changeableness he sees in everything turns his mind—if he is philosophical at all—to pursue the inquiry in regard to his mentality. He finds that even his mind is changeable. The same law applies, he finds, even on the mental plane. He finds his thoughts are changing, always, always. At times, he finds his thoughts are changing as swiftly as the colors within a kaleidoscope.

Then he probes through the mind and finds another plane back of the mind, the plane of intellect. There, on that plane, when he has concentrated his mind on it, he finds even that intellectual plane is a

\*Verbatim Report of a lecture delivered at the Home of Truth, Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A.



plane of changes. He finds that his decisions about things change. The mind is the instrument of will—of willing and non-willing. The office of the intellect is to decide, and the mind and intellect working together decide things for us. The mind presents before the intellect images and ideas. The intellect decides whether they are good or bad; decides this way or the other. But the same intellect after a time decides about the same things quite differently. In the domain of intellect even there is nothing but change.

So, taking his survey from outermost things to the domain of intellect, into which alone he can pierce, he finds there is nothing but change. "Change is the law of life," he says.

"But what," he asks, "is the unchangeable? Is there nothing that is stationary all the time? Is there nothing that is permanent in its essential essence?"

Alas! he vainly struggles to lift the veil from behind this principle called intellect; and he cannot until he stumbles in his strivings upon the fact, or somebody points out to him, the grand fact that there is an under-current of the Truth—of that which stands forever. In all this changeable phenomena there is an under-current of Truth. He asks what it is. And, if he is intelligent, he finds that it is "attraction," he cannot exist for a moment without being attracted to something, that his mind cannot exist for a moment without being attracted to something, that his mind cannot rest a moment without being attracted to something or other. If you can draw your mind away from all objects of attraction, why, you will be in total absorption. You will be a yogi of the highest kind. So says the greatest of yogis, Pantanjali, in the first aphorism of his age-worshipped book, *Yoga*. Yoga is to stop the thought-currents of the mind. To withdraw the mind's thought-currents withdraw them, from all objects, all things—is the highest yoga.

So, now that I am talking to you, I would ask you if you can remember a single moment in which you are not thinking of something or other, in which your mind is not upon some object either of the external world or of the internal, that is, the mental world.

No, you cannot stop your thought. You cannot prevent your being attracted to something or other that belongs to the outer plane or the inner plane. That is, then, an outstanding fact, that our mind cannot exist without being attracted to something. Let us now analyze that—that quality of attraction that we have within us; that principle of attraction that is within our mentality which betrays itself in all our actions.

Attraction is the attribute of what we call love. We find that we feel attracted to a thing that we love, what we commonly call love. Again, analyzing love, we find that

its chief attribute is attraction. Whatever we love we get attracted to. Whatever we are attracted to we have love for in more or less pronounced form.

This analysis brings us to the fact that there must be something back of this mentality, back of this intellect, which impels us to be attracted to something, to love something. If attraction is the attribute of the mind, of the heart, if it is the impelling force in all our love, then that attribute of attraction must proceed from some principle back of the intellect, for it seems to pervade the workings of all our composing principles, called the intellect, the mind and the senses.

And we have found that wherever we are attracted to we love—we may say we "like," but "like" is but love in less pronounced sense.

So, failing to see behind the veil that shrouds the mystery behind our intellect, we, by analyzing these operations of the intellect and the mind, find out the truth that is behind the veil; and that the Truth pervades the operations of all the other senses, inner and outer. It pervades our whole being and is called, "Love."

We find, if our analysis is careful enough, that love is the law of life, love is the motive of life, love is the mission of life; that we are acting every minute to love something or somebody or to be loved by somebody. The more we think of it the more we get close to the fact that we cannot live without love. We can even live without bread, but we cannot live without love. Does that strike you to be improbable, or to be impossible, to be something which has no foundation in fact? No! Dear ones, most of you have not analyzed carefully. You cannot live a moment without love. You can live without bread for many days, but you cannot live without love. If ever you are convinced, if ever you find, that you have nothing to love and nobody to love you, the moment it is impressed on your mind with all the impression of conviction, you will drop down dead, you will be a corpse.

What sustains you? It is not your bread and meat that sustains your physical body, which is but the encasement of your mental body; and you are nothing but your mind. You are nothing but your mind, nothing but your consciousness. You live in your thoughts, do you not? You are at most times not conscious of your body. Your thoughts are forming your being, your thoughts floating in consciousness. The moment you find that there is nothing to love and nobody to love you, the spring of your inner life will snap and in spite of a vigorous material body, in spite of all the luxuries of life heaped up around you, you will drop down dead. Think of it, think of it, in your sober moment and I am sure you cannot but be convinced of this fact of facts.



What is fact? We in this age talk of facts. We want facts. Facts of what? We demand the facts of the material plane to prove the facts of the spiritual and mental plane. What an unreasonable, unjustifiable demand! There are facts in every plane. What the modern, materialistic scientists call facts are the facts of the physical plane. There are facts of the mental plane which are superior to the facts of the physical plane. They say sentiment is nothing. Sentiments are facts, poor fools! Sentiments are greater facts than the facts brought out by material scientists. One grand, lofty sentiment lifts us out of the mire of materiality, out of the sorrows with which we are beset, out of the pain of disappointments to regions where our mind dwells and we are uplifted; we feel that we touch Heaven. A glimpse of Heaven is vouchsafed to us by the instrumentality of that lofty thought or sentiment. Isn't that a greater fact than all the facts about steam and electricity?

Do the scientific facts of the material world make you happy? When you are sorrowful, with all the electric lights burning around you, and while you are being whizzed on the railroad or floating in a steamer, within a stateroom heaped with luxuries, yet you remain sad, sad for something that has occurred in your mental world, and all your wealth, all your luxuries, you are not conscious of. You are conscious of that one pain that is gnawing at your heart, and the world is empty—empty. But one thought, one grand thought—say, in the Bible—sheds a light; and the more you think on it the more it elevates you out of this darkness caused by the material phenomena, by the mental phenomena.

Facts of the mental world are more valuable to us than facts of the physical world. Sentiments—not semblance of sentiments, which we come across often—are facts. But the sentiment that casts its radiance on our heart and illumines it—the sentiment of love for all things—is the greatest fact, is in fact more valuable to us than all the facts of material knowledge and science.

This, then, we find: that the facts of the mental world are more valuable than the facts of the material world; and the facts of the spiritual world are even more valuable than the facts of the mental world.

And what are the facts of the spiritual plane? Sentiments, or thoughts. The expressions of the laws of that plane are called thoughts, truths and sentiments of that plane. The expressions of the laws of a plane are the truths of that plane; they may be dressed in forms of sentiment and thought. Can you remember one moment in which you have acted without some thought back of that action? Yes, a thought of harmony, peace, goodwill and love, a thought that radiates these four

grand attributes, the highest attributes of our being, is a grand fact of the inner world.

A thought of love, of peace, of goodwill and of harmony, I say again, is the greatest truth; it embodies the greatest truth. Why? Because when we are filled with that thought, when our mind is thinking upon that thought, we are happy, happy beyond expression. When that thought is swaying our mind it excludes all our sorrows, all other thoughts.

Here we have found the clue to the Truth, the answer to the question. What is the Truth? Love is the Truth. Love is the Truth and the Truth is love.

But you ask me, "What do you say? I have seen that love does change in this world." My friend, it is not the love that I am calling love that you see change. Love, to be love, must be absolute, unmixed, changeless. You may love somebody for a long time and you see, at times, your love for that thing or body has changed. You may find that somebody who has been loving you for a long while has changed in his attitude towards you, and you say, "Why, love does change!" No! Do not commit this libel upon love. You had loved with a love, the love that changed afterwards, a love that had a motive, a selfish motive. Your love was mixed with some motives, with some other things than its own essence, and hence that love changed. Love has no cause or motives. The love that you had for somebody had a cause and when that cause was removed the "love" vanished. Your love was not causeless and love to be love must be causeless. Somebody had loved you for some cause; maybe, for your good attributes of mind and heart and head; maybe, for the beauty of your person; maybe, for many other causes that somebody had loved you. And when that somebody doubted about these causes for that body's love for you, the "love" vanished. You have loved, dear hearts, but you have not loved for love's own sake, for love's sake alone, with a causeless, motiveless love, which is a function of your soul, the function of the basic principle of your life. You have not loved for that love alone; and when you do love for love's own sake, love's absolute sake, you will never be disappointed. That love would never change. And if anybody loves you with that love that is pure, the love that is unmixed by any motive or cause, that person will love you forever. That love is its own satisfaction.

Such is love, ever enduring; not its semblance that is called love, the semblance that takes the form of attraction, the semblance that is conjured up by the senses and the mind,—by motives. But the love that is unto itself its own satisfaction, that is unto itself its own happiness, that is unto itself its own reward, will never change,



but will all through this life make you happier than all other things that they say can make you happy. It will make you happy from within yourself, happy with the happiness that not only makes you glad at all moments, but will radiate from you and go to your neighbors and go to all whom you meet. Even, this radiation will go beyond the sphere of your life and touch others in unknown regions.

That is love. That love is God. If you cannot find out what is God, know this to be God—the love that is unmixed, the love that is pure within you, the love that is changeless is God. The God that you see within you is the principle back of all the principles of your life; and that Love, that God, radiates around you; and when you cover it up with the clouds of material desires it cannot work properly and you do not see the way to find it. But the love is there. It is shedding its light all the time—pure love, covered up like the sun by the clouds. It sheds its radiance all the time—but you cannot see the clouded sun, you cannot see the sun of your Soul because of

the clouds of your own making which have covered it.

Just move away the clouds for a moment; withdraw your mind from these material things. For a moment take leave of them and turn your mind upon this thought that is within you, this thought that I have given you this morning, and you will find that you have the **open sesame** to eternal joy, to everlasting happiness. And if you will cultivate it every day you will grow more and more in the service of that love, in the enjoyment of that love, in the power of that love, and will shed the luster of that consciousness around you to those that are groping for this light that is within them; this love, this God, that is within them.

This love is the only true God; this love is the God of the Ancients and the Masters; this Love is the Truth, the Truth of all truths. Get this love and you shall have found the Truth, God, your great object and mission in life.

May the Lord that is within you help you every day, is the prayer of your very humble servant.

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### KRISHNA'S SAYINGS

He who knoweth Me shall see in Me the prison in which all love is stored. He shall see in Me also the Distributor of all that is made of love; he shall see in Me the Enlightener of souls, the Bestower of wisdom, the Giver that fulfills all desires, the Solver of all riddles, and the Interpreter of all strange longings, because from Me all hath sprung, and even that which is in darkness and silence is clear to me. I am the Counselor that hath made all things simple to ye, but ye have made it a perplexity even by the knots which ye have made in your consciousness because ye have thrown away the practices which have brought you unto Me where I have walked and talked with you.

---

That which is born of love must forever remain in love, for it adheres only to its own kind. Man is born of love, hence love is forever within him; it can not be given to him but must be awakened within him. When love hath been covered by man's outward-looking, it is not always brought to his consciousness in the flash of an eye-lash, but taketh even a space of time for its covering to be unwrapped from its roots. The pool giveth forth the waxen water-lily. It grows in stagnant waters a long time before it bursts into bloom. But lo, at its bursting, the slimy waters part for the milky waxiness to rise above the thickened waters, and all look and see the blossom, and the green, stagnant waters can cover that lily no longer.

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Lo, the Eternal **I** am I, and even the Eternal **Isness** of all am I, for where an **I** is, there an **Is** must be, I, being the One, and the **Isness** in the Eternal All of the **I**.



# A Feast of Beauty

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

CALCUTTA is the "City of Palaces," where the descendants of many erstwhile Emperors of India now dwell, the city of temples, the abode of Kali—where millions of pilgrims wend their way daily and weekly, and monthly and yearly, to look with reverend gaze on that Goddess whose Justice is without mercy and whose Mercy is sweet as the sweetness of the newest rose. 'Tis a city where the rich are very rich and the poor so poor that the cost of each meal is the end of their little store of money and each day is but the exchange of time for money, and money for food. 'Tis a city of extremes where each man out of three is a scholar—not merely a student of books but a philosopher who has dug and dived into the lore that is ancient and who, by the light of that lore, has demonstrated the laws of God and man in relation to his everyday living; while at his door squats the other man who has never learned his letters yet, who by the right of his world-old national consciousness has gripped the very secret of living in relation to those laws of God and man that the Sages have taught and Pundits have imbibed. A wonderful city in a wonderful land is this Calcutta. Here life and death go hand in hand as friends and as boon and familiar companions. So ripe is life, so swift is death, so sure and true the white flames of the burning ghat that the saying "Now we are, by night we may have given our bodies back to the elements" is literally true.

Here in Calcutta one views daily, nay hourly, much that might stir the very foundations of silence into song or into sobs. At one side of the lane the wail of a mother for her child, on the other ecstatic song of a joy-mad worshipper of God. Before one passes a woman draped in a sari of rarest gauze and begarlanded with jessamine chain while at her side trots the sweep-er woman child with naught but a key

tied on a bit of string about her straight, little figure. A little group of men carrying on their shoulders the corpse of one who died scarce three hours hence, is met by a bridegroom, also carried on the shoulders of men, in gay apparel to the house of the bride that is to be. Here light and shadow, joy and sorrow, birth and death seem more closely allied than in our more temperate clime.

Here a short time ago an event took place that would only be enacted in India and in Calcutta. It took place at Government House, a colonnaded and laureated mansion all white and spotless, with green shutters and ornamented entrance, surrounded by a lawn of velvety green and great groves of cocoanut and palms and deodars trees, with clumps of swaying bamboos and tangles of flaming Oriental blooms—all enveloped in the ever shifting light and shadows of a Oriental atmosphere. A little while ago, in the magnificent throne room of this Government House a scene that beggars description and shames comparison took place. It was an Indian Ladies' Reception where the Indian women of highest classes and castes were assembled to do honor and bid farewell to that gracious lady, the Vicerene of India, Lady Minto. Maharanis and Ranis, Begums and Brahminis, ladies who traced their lineage back to earth's first aristocratic daughters of a thousand King-Emperors, had come one and all to swell that assembly of lovely womanhood. They came in coaches drawn by four horses, caparisoned in scarlet-and-gold and mounted postillions. They came in palanquins of shell and silver, came in sedan chairs draped in cloth of gold and embroidered in silver and jewels. And some came in motor cars of latest make.

Here were ladies who had gone forth from behind the purdah and mixed with their European sisters in society.



Some had been across the seven seas and thirteen rivers, who had entered schools and colleges, who discussed the topics of the day, who had read all the newest books and more than one had written books, too. Then there were those whose bare feet had never trodden other grounds than those belonging to their fathers and brothers and husbands—*purda-nashin* ladies who had never looked on the face of a man outside of their fathers' and husbands' houses. Here, in this assembly, were the wives and daughters of independent Maharajas and Rajas and noblemen of fabulous wealth and immeasurable pasts that throw their glory into the present. It was a scene long to be remembered. The colors, the jewels, the sweet shy faces of these had rarely, if ever, looked upon a European lady's face, and the keenly intellectual ones of those who have long been the pillars of the society of India. Maharanis there were who carried on their persons jewels that counted into millions, cloth-of-gold sari and jeweled embroideries whose weavings had taken a lifetime and whose years were old as the ancestry that traced its beginning to the early centuries.

Such was the bedecking of these slender-bodied ladies who lifted shy eyes to the face of one or two of the European faces who were privileged to be present and whose gowns, severe and lacking that color that is inseparable from the Eastern woman's dress, must have seemed strangely out of place in that congregation of color and gorgeousness. The thing that strikes the observer in an assembly of this kind is a mass of color that meets each other yet never clashes or breaks in the coming together; never does it offend the eye, never does it kill the other—a pink and gold sari touching its folds with a scarlet and silver one, a green and bronze or a purple and mauve on orange; and blue will mingle and fall into harmony in a most mysterious fashion. Whether it be the art of drapery which these people possess to perfection or the wonderful dignity with which they step forth among each oth-

er, whether it be the glint and glitter of the jewels, the long flowing tresses, the limpid eyes, the softly tinted flesh that flashes through the silken tissues of the sari, the perfect teeth—certain it is the ensemble of this color charms the eye and lacks as little in harmony as a garden of tropical bloom and rich foliage would to an onlooker.

The Indian woman, be she of high or low caste, rich or poor, is essentially feminine and mediative, to say nothing of a grace that is suggestive of the early Roman and Greek goddesses. The carriage of her head is held high on a strong, round neck and slender sloping shoulders and a back straight as a palm. The swing from the hips gives a bold outstepping, and undefinable wild grace that bespeaks that freedom of bodily action so rarely seen in her Western sisters. Her shyness and modesty never makes her awkward. A self-possession and entire absence of self-consciousness surrounds her like a halo. She may not be able to understand what you say and, maybe, unable to make you understand what she says, but her unfailing courtesy and reverend training in the family community which is usually a large one, keeps her from ever being at a disadvantage in a huge congregation of strangers, whether they be of her own land or an alien one.

The Indian lady is soft-voiced, and whether she talks in her own or a strange tongue, her voice is calm and steady in tone. She is thoughtful, modest in speech, and if the conversation does not begin with a word of religion you may be sure it will end with it. But usually with women as with men, no matter what subject you touch upon, you may be sure it will take a religious turn sooner or later. If you talk of their ornaments they hasten to tell you that gold is the metal that God loves, hence it is spiritual and brings merit to the wearer. If you admire the quality of the flowing silk that is worn, they will tell you the Gods love silk, especially that kind that is not procured by the death of the little silk worm. If you are struck by the color of a sari



they will quite reverently inform you that blue is beloved of the Lord Krishna, yellow by the Goddess Radha, purple by Lakshmi, the Goddess of wealth and welfare, and white by Saraswati, the gracious Goddess of wisdom and learning. And so it is in all things, great and small, they see a reason, an object, a merit in the wearing. So, again, with the precious stones they wear, those rare old gems some of which have been worn in the crowns and rings of great rulers.

Only one little Maharani, with a pale olive skin, eyes that reflect Autumn woodlands in their depths, wore a rope of pearls, each perfect one as large as a thumb-nail—glorious, luminous, live pearls that seem to melt and live again as they simmered and glowed against the soft brown neck and fell again in double rows down her breast to below the waist. On her brow another string was caught and braided into her thick plaits that reached close to her knees while, from under a little bead cloth amid the dark curls, a tassel of softest pink pearls fell coquettish-

ly over the ear. Another, a bride, wore emeralds, great flawless gems that sent forth green light at every turn of her head, arms and hands.

One Rani, whose diamonds are famous even in India, this land of precious jewels, wore a rope of them; each stone swung in a bed of gold and encrusted with pigeon-blood rubies that hung from neck to waist, and another wreath in her hair, while her arms and hands were a blaze of light. And so one watched them moving in and out of the marble halls, through pillared arches and palms and flowers less beautiful than they. A gentle murmur of voices, a burst of soft laughter mingled with the strain of hidden music, now and then a gracious nod to the strange European Memsahib, a light touch of the hand was all that told it was not a dream of some Eastern poet's concept—that soft, sweet day on which India's feminine aristocracy came forth from behind the vale to bid farewell to the gentle alien lady who, as Vicerene, was for five years the first lady of the land in India.

## TRUE LOVE

By KATHERINE GREEN PEASLEY.

LOVE is the expression of the perpetual melody of Life in the Whole. It sheds an effulgence upon youth and throws a halo round old age. It is the parent of sympathy, nurse of gentleness, builder of faith, elevator of the intellect.

Truly gifted minds have been the greatest, sincerest lovers; great souls make all affections great. Love wakens all the innate powers of the mind. It expands the heart. Samuel Smiles said

that "woman is an educator in the highest sense, because she educates humanity lovingly." True love forms the great qualities of character, ennobles the possessor of it. Love is the greatest good in the world, the greatest good of man. Love is the highest religion.

Love is the science of the heart, the heart of art. It is the golden ladder whereby our soul ascends to Heaven. Love is all joy. Love is God Himself.



# Mystic Musings

By BABA BHARATI

## ON THE TRACK OF THE "I."

THE other day I was trying to find myself. Who am I? What am I? Where am I? were the questions I was putting to myself in one string. I! I! I! I have been calling myself from articulate childhood up, and yet, thinking over my pipe in the gloaming, I found to my embarrassment, that I did not know a thing about it—about that "I" that I called myself a thousand times a day.

It was the most fragrant and delicious tobacco I was smoking. I felt so happy as the tiny curls of smoke sailed up and forward in the air out of my puckered lips. "I do enjoy this tobacco" I was saying to myself all the while.

And, suddenly, I caught myself asking myself: "Who is enjoying it?"

"Why, 'I'!" was the answer from within.

"I? who is that 'I'?"

"Why 'I'—'I', you fool!"

"Yes, 'I'—I am, I myself am enjoying this tobacco, I know that—there is no foolery about it. But who or what is that thing I designate by that 'I'?"

For a moment there was no answer. There was a vacancy of thought for a few seconds—yet, I was smoking all the same. Then came the slow, soft whisper which nonplussed me:

"Investigate."

"Investigate? How?"

No answer for a long time. Then, I took that "how" of that investigation to my own brain to work it. My Brain asked:

"How is the tobacco you are smoking?"

"Good, sweet, fragrant. Never smoked anything like it in my life."

"Is that so? Then, who is it that is finding it good, sweet and fragrant?"

"Who? Why, my tongue, of course. My palate, if that will suit you; or my taste, if that is better."

"Yes, taste is better; simpler and more to the point to express yourself. Tongue or palate is but the physical medium by which the power of tasting in you cognizes the taste of things, just as this that I am, Brain as you call me, is but the physical medium of your intellect, the power of reasoned decision which is a principle in your make-up."

"That may be all right, as you put it," said I, "but it is a bit abstruse, a bit of abstruse philosophy I am afraid to tackle, or am not in humor for it just now. I want you to be simple and understandable. You ask, 'Who is it that is enjoying this tobacco as good, sweet and fragrant?' I said, 'My taste is enjoying it.' What then?"

"Neither your tongue nor your taste is enjoying it."

"Nonsense! That is as much as to say I am not seeing this curling smoke of tobacco with which the room is filled. That would be sheer nonsense!"

"Leave your eyes alone now. Stick to the taste. You are enjoying the taste of this good tobacco by your mind, not by your taste or tongue."

"Mind?"

"Yes, your mind. If your mind did not enjoy it, your taste or tongue could not. If your mind was away from the tobacco thinking hard of some other thing, you would not know whether the tobacco was good or bad or indifferent even though you puffed at it with all your might all the time? Do you know the taste of any good food that you are eating if your mind is absorbed in thinking of something with which you are sorely troubled? Isn't that true?"

That seemed to strike me as a stunner. What could I say? It required thought. So while I smoked hard I



thought hard, too—thought hard on the proposition so suddenly put to me for my acceptance. It required such deep, delicate analysis of the sensation of that smoking to trace that sensation to its source. For many minutes I was lost in it."

"Hello!"

"Yes."

"Were you smoking while you were thinking now?"

"Yes."

"Were you aware of the smoking while you were thinking so hard on my proposition?"

"Yes, no—that is, I think not."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—I mean, yes, I mean I was not fully aware."

"Did you enjoy the smoke all the same?"

"Perhaps—Yes, perhaps I did."

"What do you mean by 'perhaps'?"

"I mean I must have enjoyed the smoke while I was thinking, now I think if it—but I am not sure, either."

"You are a funny man the way you answer."

"Well, then, I did not, for I was not even aware of my pipe at the time."

"That's good. That's true. Answer me like that and not half-hazardly."

"I will, but you ask questions suddenly and want a prompt answer, leaving me no time to think."

"I will give you ample time to think. Think well, before you answer: So you were not aware of the smoke or even your pipe when you were thinking so hard on my proposition that it is the mind that enjoys the tobacco and not your palate?"

"Yes, I must admit that, but perhaps—"

"No 'perhaps,' please."

"All right."

"Then it is certain that it is the mind that enjoys the sense of the senses, and not your senses themselves."

"Let me see—"

"See what?"

"Well, you see—"

"I see nothing. Answer my question. Is not the mind the sense of the

senses since without its attention the senses sense not for the reason that you are not aware of their sensing? Take time and thought, and then answer."

I took time to think, think analytically. I analyzed by senses and their relation to the mind and found to my wonderment that not only was it true that my mind alone was enjoying the pleasure of the smoke, but that it was my mind that smoked the pipe—yes, my mouth and tongue were part of the stem of the pipe as it were. What a discovery! And, further, I discovered that it was the mind that ate, drank, smelled, touched and heard, the mind that enjoyed the taste or found the distaste of them all. What a wonder! But the pleasure of that wonder I could not enjoy long, for the voice within exclaimed:

"Hey!"

"What!"

"What is your answer?"

"You are right. The mind alone is the de facto senses. The senses are mere illusions. I am glad to have got the reality. Let me enjoy the discovery for a little."

"No time for enjoyment now. You have to investigate further. Answer me now. If the mind it is that is the sense of the senses, who do you mean when you say 'I am enjoying this smoke?'—who is enjoying the smoke? Who is that 'I'?"

"I, of course."

"Again, you are a fool!"

"Why?"

"Who is that 'I' you are calling yourself?"

"Oh, I see—the mind, the mind. The mind is the 'I,' which means 'I am my mind.'"

"That's very good. I did not expect such an intelligent answer from a fool like you."

That "fool" disturbed me, disturbed my conceit, and I almost lost my temper. But no use resenting a voice that came from within myself—an invisible voice, the spook of my own conscience. I submitted, humbly, and was going to say—but I was interrupted.

"You are your mind, did you say?"



"Yes."

"Then is your mind the 'I' that you call yourself?"

"Yes."

"No, your mind is not the 'I.'"

"No? Well, I declare! What and where then is the 'I'?"

"Back of your mind is the 'I.' Shut your eyes for a moment, and turn your mind into your mind and find out what it consists of."

Well, that was a funny proposition it seemed to me at the time. But when I had shut my eyes and tried to see through my mind by my mind it was not so funny at all. I really found after a few minutes' looking in, that my mind was composed of thoughts, ideas and sentiments all floating in something. What was that something? I was asking myself—

"Consciousness," answered the Brain.

"Yes, consciousness," I agreed. These thoughts, ideas and sentiments were floating in consciousness which seemed to be the mind's background, as it were. "Was this consciousness a part of the mind or another distinct and separate principle?"

"Yes and no" was the answer—"Yes, because without it the mind cannot function thought or evolve ideas or feel sentiments into shape. The mind's function is to think of things or objects, but it cannot think without being conscious of those objects, and consciousness, which is the principle that pervades the mind as its basic essence, helps it to think by helping it to cognize objects."

While the brain was explaining this, I viewed the whole process, how the mind was operating with the aid of this thing called consciousness. It was so interesting that I was absorbed in it.

"Now, I will make it more interesting to you. Do you see that there is a center of this consciousness which philosophers or spiritual scientists call the 'EGO' which may also be termed 'self-consciousness?' Consciousness itself is abstract but its center, the Ego, describes the circle of its abstraction and makes it cognizable by the mind. This

Ego is the centralizing principle within you. It centralizes even abstract, all-pervading consciousness into what you call your 'intellect' whose function is to decide. Like a pendulum the mind thinks this and then that, the intellect decides the vacillation and the Ego is the central agent that focuses the intelligent relativity of vacillating thought and decision. This Ego, this self-consciousness, this focusing, centralizing principle in you expresses itself and is known by the 'I—I—I.'"

"Then, is this Ego the 'I'?"

"No, the Ego is not the 'I' you are in search of. It is but the medium of expression of that 'I.'"

"Well, then, it is beyond me. I don't care to know it any more. It seems but a will-o'-the-wisp and I am tired out pursuing that illusion. I want to rest and smoke now."

"All right, rest and smoke, but think of what you have got so far."

But I cared not to think any more. I had my pipe filled freshly and enjoyed it more than ever. This metaphysics or what-do-y'-call-it might be all very well for philosophers. But I am a layman of merest laymen, and wanted just to think plainly, easily and comfortably. Who cares to know where the 'I' is, or what it is, either, so long as I understand that its headed and limbed human body calls itself the 'I' and that 'I' means it—means that he is his body."

"Stop there!"

I started and almost trembled at the sharp, shrill and commanding "Stop there" from within myself. And like a cowering coward I softly asked:

"Stop where?"

"Where you say you are your body. You cannot be your body. That 'I' that you call yourself witnesses and notes the workings of your body. Neither is your mind the 'I' that you call yourself, for that 'I' likewise witnesses, oversees and judges the workings of your mind. That 'I' then is back of your mind and finds out and points out to you the right and wrong of your thoughts, ideas and sentiments. That



'I' is not your intellect because when your intellect's decision is right it says 'Yes,' when it is wrong, it says so. That 'I' oversees and judges the function of that intellect. That 'I,' in the same manner, witnesses and cognizes the different phases of your consciousness. The 'I' that you call yourself, is back of your mind, Ego, intellect and consciousness and is the witness and discriminator of all these inner principles of your being. Now guess what that 'I' is."

While I was enjoying this illuminating exposition of my inner self and grasping the truths revealed therein with all the force of my clear conviction, this challenge to guess what my 'I' was, dazed me into blankness of thought and for a moment I did not know where I was.

"Why don't you call it 'X,' you modern dissembler of Reality?"

"But X is an unknown quantity, and if the 'I' is but the X, nothing has been discovered. I am just where I was. I do not know who or what 'I' am now than what I knew when I started solving the problem."

"No, the problem is solved. If you don't like to call your 'I' by the name of X, call it 'the Soul.' It does not matter what name you give it. Names of things are man-given. Things by themselves have no names. You have stumbled upon the thing that you have been searching, however. The 'I' that you call yourself you got mixed up with your body, mind and intellect. It is the Lord of them all. That 'I' that you call yourself a thousand times a day is the divine spark within you which the Sages call the SOUL. You are your Soul. It is your soul that calls itself 'I'. Have you found yourself now?"

"Yes."

## PSYCHO-PHYSICAL SCIENCE OF BREATH

By THOMAS EDAGR MASON

ONE of the greatest difficulties, in dealing with the theory of a dual subject, a writer is apt to cause confusion in the mind of a beginner in the application of the law by too much theory. It is a fine thing to know the more simplified, the better for practical purpose, the law becomes.

Let us begin with the Physical Law and learn to feel of the physical mechanism mentally. Remember, always, when breathing for Physical, Psychic or Spiritual development, one should finish with the rhythmic, cleansing breath. Center the mind on the base of the spinal column and exhale a little more than one usually inhales in order to throw off the waste matter. To be able to find the "too much and the too little" of any practice in order to attain and retain a poise of equilibrium—that is the desired goal.

Begin the simple method by placing the thumb on and closing the right nostril, inhaling the breath while you count eight to the measure of the heart or pulse beat. Retain the inhalation for the count of four to the same time measure. Then exhale while counting eight.

Now place the first finger over the opposite nostril and repeat alternately the above exercise from four to eight times night and morning until you learn to feel your way and to accurately judge the results produced.

It is a fact that the average American not only thinks too rapidly but does breathe too rapidly as well. The affect of too rapid breathing produces a nervous wreck in

time just as too rapid thinking and excitement is liable to produce a scatter-brain, while the desired affect should be calm breathing and strong nerves, concentrated thought and a clear understanding.

There is no objection to be found in rapid thinking so long as one thinks clearly and orderly.

In 1903 and 1904 I was closely associated with Baba Bharati, a friend from India, who taught me some of the physical laws and natural spiritual laws. We found that in a normal state of rest his average pupil breathed three times to his one. Today I find that the average person in a relaxed physical state, who is unaccustomed to special breathing exercises, breathes three times to my two.

I realize the space is too limited to permit me to go into details of how to obtain through the Psycho-Physical Science of Breath the best results. But I will briefly state that I have found combining stretching and breathing exercises will produce the most graceful and elastic muscles.

Baba Bharati did not claim to be a psychic, as he knew that to be a secondary matter in spiritual attainment. He was a Spiritual Giant, and I have seen him produce greater psychic and spiritual phenomena and demonstrate to a fuller degree the law of mental telepathy than any professional psychic I have met—and I have met some of the best in America.

The Law of Spiritual Love simply overreaches and drags the Psychic Laws along with it.



# Tolstoy:

## A Tribute of Gratitude

By STEPHEN K. SZYMANOWSKI

**M**Y DEAR Baba Bharati:—In the December issue of your magazine, "East and West," you pay a highly eloquent homage to the memory of the greatest thinker of our days, the late Russian nobleman, Count Leo Tolstoy. Being one of the number of those whose thinking faculties were awakened at the dawn of an early manhood to a new life, by the guiding utterances, views, labors and teachings of him whose memory has become a cherished legacy to all thinking men of today, I cannot overlook this occasion, nor can I suppress my desire to join with you in giving expression to the gratitude which the Western world, and in particular that portion of it which constitutes the Russian Empire, justly owes to this truly great man. It is true, men of that spiritual attainment and colossal intellectuality which made Tolstoy what he was, and what he will continue to be to many generations to come, cannot, and decidedly do not, belong to any particular country or nation. Men like Tolstoy belong to the whole world. His heart and soul were animated with that great and inexhaustible love which knows no limit, and which everlastingly extends its warmth to all men alike. Yet, Tolstoy was a Russian. He might have been, as you intimate, in his numerous past existences, a John Huss, a Girolamo Savonarola, or a Giordano Bruno, all of whom, being distinguished religious reformers on the European continent, were burned alive for the views and convictions they advocated and propagated, and which were not in conformity with the teachings of the Church to which by virtue of their birth and surroundings they belonged. But this time Tolstoy was a Russian, and this with a purpose that was as commanding as it was distinctly local. It was his mission to shake up to the core an Empire of absolute autocracy of such a gigantic dimension and structure as the Russian Empire is. It was his personal privilege such as no man, high or low, ever exercised during the whole existence of Russia, to boldly and in unmistakable terms denounce the degeneracy and debased corruption of Russian militarism and bureaucracy and preach peace, love and non-resistance to evil to the Russian peasantry.

Being by birth, education, training and devotion to your ancestral cult a Hindoo, you depicted admirably the personality of Tolstoy, from that particular point of view, and in that particular light which emanates from the oldest and certainly most exalted philosophy of the Vedas. Those who know you personally know well, that the ground upon which you base your teaching is love,

for you speak and preach Sree Krishna, whom you call "The Lord of Love." Owing to the system and methods of our education and training, we may know little, or perhaps nothing, of the Krishna, your God. But certainly we know what love is: A deeply rooted sentiment which places all men without distinction of race and color of skin, on the same level; which destroys classes and elevates masses to the dignity rightly belonging to all men, and directs communities and countries to the enactment of laws and regulations to that effect—is only a judicial expression of it. But, the sentiment which guides nations to the establishment and maintenance of such institutions where the moulding and shaping of individuals take place in a manner that insures propagation and durability of such lofty ideas, is certainly a direct outcome of that love which Tolstoy in the second half of his life so strenuously advocated, and which you in your own way preach. This is the ground upon which the great thinker of the Western hemisphere extends his heartfelt welcome and gladly meets a man of Eastern culture and education, as you are.

In his letter written by his feeble hand in English, and addressed to you, which I had the pleasure of reading at your hospitable house while on a friendly visit to you, he calls you "Dear friend and brother." He does this, being prompted by that great soul of his for whom the elevation of mankind to the lofty principle of self-sacrifice and self-denial for the propagation of universal love, is the most cherished gem. Yet, in this, like in all other of his numerous messages to all men, he is not unconscious of that particular tendency which occasionally accompanies the teachings invested by the charm of nationalism.

What had he in view when he wrote that "You ought to put aside your national traditions and likings and express only the great universal truth of your religion," I will not attempt to analyze. I leave the understanding of it to you. What I wish to bring to your attention in connection with this is the fact, that this saying embodies that peculiar characteristic which is personal to the Sage of Yasnaia Polyana alone, and which is ever present in all of his researches and findings. He is fearless, he is indomitable, when he undertakes to state what he believes to be the truth. While in this attitude he ceases to be a Russian, nor is he the proud descendant of one of the oldest aristocratic families of the great Empire any longer. He is only a man of conviction and strong belief, one who feels and knows that he is only a part and par-



cel of that great whole which constitutes the Universe. Owing to this, his truth has no stamp of nationalism, nor that of any established creed. His truth is absolutely devoid of all conventionalism. It is vigorous and commanding in its tone, and unassailable in its construction. A truth which cannot stand on its own merit; a truth which needs the support of an organized body or bodies, in order to be effective, a truth which cannot be effective without being invested with a sheepish philosophy, is not his. He goes in search of his truth with pick and shovel in hand. He meditates, observes, analyzes, dissects, labors and labors unto his death. In the course of his long and tedious journey, gradually, as he progresses, he tells his eager listeners what he has found in the whirlpool of human doings, and tells it in words and letters, and in a language that is as charmingly simple as it is clear and comprehensive. Faithful and sincere in his pursuits, he propagates his truths, not only by writing, but also by a living example. He discards his costly dresses, luxurious viands, expensive wines and becomes a vegetarian. A blouse of the type of peasants constitutes his evening dress. A pair of coarse boots of the pattern of the villagers covers the nudity of his feet, and quite often he walks from one village to another barefooted, gray with dust, and perspiring freely, to perform a manual labor for one of his neighbor peasants, peasants whom he loves so dearly. This mode of life of an aristocrat of name and fame arouses the indignation and ire of a set of men who remain in slavery to the traditional customs of the country. Voices are heard here and there. Tolstoy has lost his mind! Tolstoy is erratic, unbalanced and what not. "Oh, what a pity!" they cry. The eminent author of "**War and Peace**"—a literary work of inestimable value, the appearance of which created such an untold sensation and literally paralyzed the whole intellectual Russia with the magnitude and scope of its undertaking—is lost to the literary world! The author of "**Anna Karenina**," another gem of his of that period, is no more. He is publishing alphabets and class-books for the primary school, in which he personally teaches the art of reading and writing to the children of peasants. Besides, he is editing a newspaper entitled "**Yasnaya Polyana**," exclusively for the use of peasants. What an irreparable, irreparable loss to art and literature! Even his distinguished contemporary, friend and writer of merit, Turgenev, is greatly alarmed by the eccentricities of the Count, for lying on his death bed, he sends Tolstoy the following appeal: "My friend," writes he, "come back to your literary work! That gift has been sent to you by Him who gives us all things. . . . My friend, great writer of our Russian soil, grant this prayer of mine." But Tolstoy never returned to that class of work which

made him famous throughout the civilized world. It was but true that the author of **War and Peace** and **Anna Karenina** was no more. But instead there was the author of **The Death of Yvan Yilitch**, **Kreutzer Sonata**, **Master and Man**, **The Power of Darkness**, **My Religion**, **Religion and Morality**, and a quantity of similar works which was culminated by the appearance of his latest masterpiece, entitled, **Resurrection**.

"Decidedly," cries one of the severest of his numerous critics, "Tolstoy has become a preacher," and to show the importance of this fact, he reviews the literary life of the great genius, and scrupulously passes before the eyes of his readers in a panoramic view the enchanting pictures of the early productions of Tolstoy. Here is, **Childhood**, **Boyhood and Youth**, an autobiographical fragment, which was only an introduction to a great novel to be drawn from his own family recollections, and never completed, and which, according to the critic, was inspired by the idea of Akssakov's **Chronicle**. Then follows a series of tales like **A Morning in the Life of a Proprietor**, **Lucerne**, **The Cossacks**, all of them reproducing that type, so dear to Lermontov and Pushkin, of the high-born dreamer, whose fanciful aspirations melt away to nothing at their first contact with reality. Olenin, the hero of **The Cossacks**, is another Aleko, or a second Pietchorine, only too happy to distract his boredom and weariness of the great world in the depths of the wild beauty of the Caucasus, until Marianka, the half-barbarous girl, makes him realize the abyss that lies between his own civilized temperament and those primitive elements with which he would fain have mingled his existence.

However, the abyss which lies between him and the rest of the world is not realized by Tolstoy as yet. We find him with his brother Nicholas in the beautiful Caucasus, leading the habitual life of an aristocrat. He drinks expensive wines and plays cards, freely losing money that would equal the fortunes of many land-owners of that country. He remains there till 1853, taking his share in every expedition, bearing all the fatigues and privations of a private soldier. In 1854 and '55, we find him in the Crimean campaign on Prince Gortchakoff's staff. We see him in the battle of the Tchernaiia and the siege of Sebastopol, where he writes his three little masterpieces, "**Sebastopol in December**, in **May** and in **August**." "In these works, mastery of Tolstoy's craft is already evident. His minute description of material details, and his close analysis of psychological motives, even in the midst of a bloody struggle, are absolutely perfect," says the critic.

After the granting of the imperial decree, signed by Alexander II., March 3d, 1861, by virtue of which forty-eight million serfs of Russia were freed, we find Tolstoy among the few land owners who decided to live in the country. Having taken pos-



session of his country home at Yasnaia Polyana, in 1862, being thirty-four years of age—he was born in 1828—he married the daughter of a physician, Sophia Andreyevna Bers, the only lady who entered Tolstoy's family not being a princess by birth, and gave himself up entirely to family life. Eight years after, namely in 1870, the first chapters of his great historical novel, "*War and Peace*," which deals with the Napoleonic invasion and psychological motives of it, began to appear in the *Russian Messenger*. The immense and universal success of this work is too well known to the Western world to need any additional remarks, but this success, as great as it was, did not diminish the interest of Leo Nikolayevitch in his other occupations. In 1875, his second great novel, "*Anna Karenina*," followed, and which marked his final rupture with artistic literature. In the following thirty-five years of his life the great transformation of an aristocrat into an austere ascetic took place. It was during this period that he turned to the religious side of human life. He found his orthodox Russian Church wanting. He readily detected that the religion imposed upon his people was a dead letter. Utterly ignorant clergy, addicted to drinking, were not capable of giving the people what they themselves did not possess. To teach morality only he can who is moral himself. The clergy never realized this truth. The structural management of the Church, such as he found, being in the hands of officials of the government, who manipulated its affairs according to the exigencies of the political situation, was not in harmony with the teachings it pretended to be propagating. It claimed to be the Church of Christ, but actually it was the Church of his Imperial majesty. When the last Patriarch of the Russian Church died, and when the Bishops of the country gathered in Moscow to elect his successor, according to the established custom, Peter the Great, then the Czar of Moscow, and later the founder of the Russian Empire, actuated by sad experiences he had had with the Church, stepped forward firmly, and with his iron will commanded the Bishops to disperse, announcing himself the head of the Church of his Czardom. His successors followed the set ruling, and thus the Church of Russia, being the fifth Patriarchate of the Greek Church, and having its seat at Moscow, was transformed into one of many wheels which make up the Russian Empire of today. Such was the beginning of the nationalization of the Russian Church. The irremediable evil which followed this step was too evident to Tolstoy. The Church was a tool to the militarism of Russia, and as such was not, and could not be, in harmony with the teachings of its founder. Facing a multitude of Clergy supported by the government, and who claimed the privilege of being unimpeachable, he questioned the authenticity of their doctrines. With this

end in view, he undertook the tedious task of a new translation of the four gospels from the original Greek, a work which he accomplished in his masterly fashion. He threw out all that portion of the gospels which contained the marvelous and miraculous and took only the teachings. With this in hand, he boldly attacked the time-honored practices of the Church, and the result was that he was formally and loudly excommunicated by the Holy Synod at St. Petersburg. The great soul of Tolstoy was not shaken by these imprudent and utterly senseless tactics of the clericals. He remained firm on the stand of his choice till his death. The attempt by the clergy during the illness preceding his death to effect a reconciliation, proved futile. Tolstoy lived and died faithful to the truths as he found them.

To analyze the manifold admirable qualities of Tolstoy as a man, a thinker, a philosopher, and a teacher, would be an undertaking of a very serious nature, involving a great deal of time and labor; and this is not the object I have in view. Lovers of justice and rectitude, and thinkers interested in the studies of problems of life as viewed by Tolstoy, will find a mass of literature produced by competent men of all nations to that effect, and in which Tolstoy's life-work is put forward in such a glaring light as to enable the most obstinate to realize the immensity of the good derived from the teachings of this unparalleled sage of Russia.

Once upon a time things went from bad to worse in the management of the Russian government with such a rapid pace that an Eastern story of a land owner who found that his herdsman was bad, because his king was not good, was revived by the Metropolitan of Kiev. This distinguished prelate wrote an eloquent letter to the Czar of all the Russias, calling his attention to the appalling abuses committed in the government spheres, and humbly asked for the imposition of his majesty's command for the re-establishment of law and order. In connection with this, he described the situation as he saw it, and which was the very reverse of what the officials had presented to the higher authorities, and gave such advice as he thought would be of service to his Monarch. When this letter of the highest Church authority in Russia was read to the assembled advisory council of ministers, a commission consisting of two high officials was immediately dispatched from St. Petersburg to Kiev, with instructions to ascertain the sanity of the Metropolitan. It is hardly necessary to add, that the commission in question found the Metropolitan in a state of acute insanity of a type not yet known to pathologists. But, this little incident did not disturb the officials. Then and there they coined a name for the illness of their illustrious patient, and so reported



to the authorities at the capital. And the sanest and the best man of Russia, for having taken an interest in the welfare of the masses and given advice to the all powerful monarch, was confined to a narrow cell in an insane asylum for the rest of his life.

Leo Tolstoy was not Metropolitan. Yet, he told his Czar, courtiers, high nobility, bureaucrats and gendarmes as many bitter truths as the circumstances called for, and as no man in the whole history of Russia ever dared to say openly. His thrilling voice was ever vibrating in the disturbed air of the Czardom in behalf of the oppressed and persecuted. He fought incessantly and valiantly for freedom of speech, thought and conscience. He demanded boldly and indefatigably that the freed serfs of Russia should not be condemned to starvation and death. That they should be given land which unjustly was held by a few potentates. He condemned the debasing corruption in private lives of individuals, high and low. He called for humanitarian treatment for all sorts of exiles at the hand of a barbarous soldiery. He deplored the conditions existing in prisons. He called for, and brought to life, the education of the peasantry. As insulting and humiliating as these demands were to the absolute autocratic monarchy of Russia, coming as they did from a private individual, no living man dared to raise his hand on the great sage of Yasnaia Polyana. Such is the man whom we sincerely admire, and whose thoughts and teachings will go down to posterity as the guiding star for a better, healthier and nobler life.

One more word, which I think will be interesting to the readers of your magazine. Did Leo Tolstoy believe in any marked degree in any of the doctrines of the Vedas?

There are two eminently Vedantic teachings, which are so tangibly displayed by the laws of nature that no man endowed with the power of thinking can refuse to accept them. One is the law which governs the continuity of individual progression and which commonly is known under a misnomer of reincarnation, and the other is the law of causality. I hope I am not intruding in the realm of your teachings when I say that the word "reincarnation" is a misnomer. To our Western mind this word, *reincarnation*, conveys an idea of a purely mechanical function. A soul leaves one body and enters another. But this is not the case, for the process in question is governed by something that is more potent than a mere mechanical adaptability. In these two Vedantic doctrines Tolstoy believed firmly. We have an abundance of sayings in his writings to that effect.

In conclusion, allow me to say a few words in my own behalf. It was many years ago, while I was stationed in the city of Stavropol, situated in the northern part of the Caucasus, when for the first time I read Tolstoy's "*War and Peace*." The subtle and powerful philosophy involved in the psychological phases of the narrative impressed me so deeply and so vividly that I found myself facing a mass of problems of life which called for more consideration on my part than I had ever before given them. This was the first awakening of my dormant thinking faculties, which marked the beginning of a new life, and which I owe to that great man. His master-mind taught me the inestimable art of thinking. I am only one, but there are millions like me, who owe a heartfelt gratitude to the man whose memory will remain a cherished patrimony to posterity.

### "ETERNAL SPRING IN MY HEART"

The greatest French author of his century, one of the greatest minds of the world's history, Victor Hugo, near the close of his life wrote the following thoughts:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers; why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart.

"The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds, which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is a history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. THE THIRST FOR THE INFINITE PROVES INFINITY."



# Western Thief of Eastern Thought

By BABA BHARATI

MARY BAKER EDDY is dead. The successful church-builder of "Christian Science" has gone the way of the others. She died last month, died naturally of old age or disease. But she died despite Christian Science, despite the millions she made and hoarded, despite her great fame and following, despite her affirmation of immortality and spirit-health. She was ninety when she died, Julia Ward Howe was more, Tolstoy was eighty-two. The two latter were not Christian Scientists.

Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy has done this good to dogmatic and conceited Churchianity that the Christian creed she manufactured has given an expanded concept of the Deity, that many adherents of the orthodox church, instead of giving up religion, have gone to her church and thought of God in the abstract in some sort of way. Her creed, however, is narrow in spite of its abstraction in the concept of its Godhead, more narrow in some respects than the orthodox creed in the practical living of it. Yet, she was able to make millions of men and women set their minds, for a little per day or per week, on the spirit of God in meditation, and think that man is spirit and not mere animated matter.

This founder of Christian Science, whatever that may mean, wrote or "digested" a sort of bible by stealing some ancient truths from the spiritual doctrines of India and adjusting them to the New Testament of the Christians in order to wheedle people into her cult, to make the "business" pay. Christian Science is business from start to finish. It was business in the beginning, business in the middle and business now—at the beginning of the end. It was concocted for the purpose of healing ailments of the human body, FOR PAY, done through mental process and without medicine. The plot was made and partly hatched by a doctor, Dr. Quimby, and finished by Mrs. Mary Baker. Quimby's concoction from some Orientalist's translation of the Hindoo "Vedanta" was experimented upon more successfully by the then Mrs. Baker—I mean the spirit-healing-body business. Mrs. Baker then thought business would be better developed by making the disease-healing creed a religion, and, she found, that the most profitable scheme would be to adjust it to the Christian Bible as that book was read by all Westerners and the contents known to everybody: It would take more and would be a greater "draw" to present it as an illuminating interpretation of the Christian Bible than as a new religion. Moreover, there was a risk to call it a new religion in that it would be found out that the doctrine belonged to the world-old Hindoo Vedanta, and as Hindoos, who are born Christians, but according to the so-called Christians of Christendom, are "heathens," the cult would be dubbed "heathen," too.

Hence it was necessary to make it a "Christian" religion than a new one. Here was her genius, genius as it is understood nowadays, the genius of making sure of turning it into a profitable business by appealing to the largest number of people already inoculated with Christian ideas and hiding the stolen truths from the Hindoo "Vedanta" under the words and teachings of Christ Jesus of Nazareth. Her genius is further evidenced in making it principally a disease-curing creed rather than a transcendental religion. In this



lay its success. The genius saw it in advance, acted upon it and money flowed into her coffers with successful healings. Diseases difficult to cure by regular doctors were cured by Christian Science! This gave it the "boom" and the "boost," and grateful patients swelled the ranks of "Christian Scientists." Hindoo ascetic saints still cure diseases difficult to cure by physicians, by mere touch of their spiritual hand out of which flows their deep spirituality which cures everything, disorders of mind and body—all without pay; and prompted out of compassion.

People who are saying that Mrs. Eddy was the founder of a world-religion are entirely mistaken because ignorant of the source wherefrom she stole the very idea, concept and even the process of reasoning of the religion she founded. In her book "Science and Health" Mrs. Eddy defines God as the embodiment of "Life, Truth and Love;" that man is all-spirit, for Spirit alone exists, all else is "Error." These are the fundamental propositions of her religion. Now, see how she has purloined the whole thing from the "Vedanta" of the Hindoos. The "Vedanta" enunciates or defines God (Ishwara) as "SAT-CHIT-ANANDA-SWARUPAM," which means God is the "Embodiment of Life and Wisdom (Truth) and the Bliss of Love;" that He is "EKAMEVADWITIYAM," that is, "One-Without-A-Second;" that He alone exists as Spirit "SATTWA SWARUPAM;" that all else is "MAYA," which means "Illusion" or "Error." The Vedanta says, as did Jesus, "man is his thought." "Whatever a man thinketh, so is he." So says the old Vedantic aphorism: "Yadrishi havanar jasya, siddhir bhavati tadrishi," which means whatever one meditates constantly on, so he becomes.

Thus, the intelligent reader can plainly see from the above that Sir William Jones' translation of the "Vedanta" has served the purpose of Mrs. Eddy's inspiration, and she had good reason to command her adherents not to read the "heathen" Hindoo books—books, which if I mistake not, she called "black magnetism" as she termed "Theosophy" by that appellation. The "Hindoo," from whose principal Scriptures she filched the fundamental principles of her cult, were to be despised as charlatans. But the Hindoos have not complained even though many of them studied "Science and Health" and laughed at the "steal," neither have they so long exposed it. Why? Because they have the idea that the truths of the Vedas are expressions of the inner laws of life, One Universal Life called Creation. Therefore, these truths belong to all creation, to all men of all countries. These do not belong to India or even to Hindoos because their Rishis—Illuminated Saints—have discovered them. Divine truths are anybody's property to be used by anybody for realization of Self, the bottom principle of his being, and then preached and taught to others who are fit to be taught. But first the Realization and then, out of the illumination of that Realization, these truths are to be interpreted for the benefit of those whose soul-hunger has become keen, so keen that their mind constantly perceives and rejects worldly vanities and all comforts of the material world.

The "Vedanta," which means the "End of the Veda" or Goal of Spiritual Wisdom, is not a religion (dharma). It is the science or Essence of Religious Thought, science upon whose principles all great religions are based, the essence which is the first principle of all religions. Religion (Sanskrit, "Dharma") is for the householder, the "Vedanta" for the ascetic. Religion is pre-empted by the Spirit and the Principles of the "Vedanta." A religious devotee by devotion to its principles as embodied in the radiating center of that religion, the Incarnation of God who establishes that religion by living that religion in his thoughts, words and actions—the founder upon whom his mind and heart is concentrated, thereby absorbing His essence and attributes.



Christian Science is not a religion because its process of contemplation provides for no such loving concentration, otherwise called "worship." In the world's distractions, the householder has no chance, anywhere in the world, to realize the abstract spirit of the "Vedanta" which involves drawing the mind completely away from external objects. But he can worship. He can pour out the stream of his heart's devotional feeling upon the image, concept or symbol of Divinity, thereby absorbing the spirit of that Divinity or Deity, and thus, through such daily spiritual worship, spiritualize his mind and heart. In the evening of life he may have time and opportunities to increase the fervor and intensity of his worship and thus build up an unbroken God-consciousness which is the aim and goal of the ascetic's Vedantic contemplation—contemplation of the Abstract essence and the main inner principles of life.

Then there are two schools of "Vedanta" in India, which may be termed as the old school and the new school. The old school says that God is both Spirit and Energy which are inseparable. This Spirit is the substance of the Energy and the Energy is the substance and expression of the Spirit. God in Spirit is Impersonal—All Spirit. God, in the expression of the Energy of that Spirit is Personal, of which the universe is the materialized manifestation. The new school says there is no Energy—all is Spirit. This solid seeming universe does not exist. It is but Illusion—"Maya"—"Error." This is called Maya-Vad or the Doctrine of Illusion—a false doctrine, an error in itself.

It is this erroneous doctrine, only seventeen hundred years old in India, which Mrs. Eddy has introduced into the West through Christian Science. It has got comparatively few adherents in India and is not recognized by the majority of Hindoos, because it is a false philosophy of life. Its practice has produced the worst results imaginable and unimaginable. Its results here will prove even more woeful than what are apparent now. Its contemplation, that man is all-spirit, merely for the sake of securing physical or material benefits, has not made the contemplator practically spiritual in daily action. The average Christian Scientist wants and enjoys matter with perhaps greater zest than the average man or woman. The "all-spirit man" is reserved for talk and forced meditation. In actual life, the coldest commercialism and a hankering for all the material joys and comforts of life are evident in their unwarily expressed thoughts and actions everywhere and in almost everybody. Why not? Why should not they hanker for the comforts of the flesh and material prosperity when the "Mother Founder" of the church showed them the examples of it in her practical living? The woman who hoarded millions through her money-making machine of a "religion" and clung to those millions like a leech, never spending a dollar on practical every-day charity and living in outrageous luxury is the greatest and most luminous example of the poisonous human products of this false philosophy of "Mayavad" which she has translated into Christian Science and engrafted into the best part of the Holy teachings of Jesus Christ, the God-hearted Apostle of Love who lived a beggar's life, clad in rags, never caring to touch a penny and advising his disciples to do the same; not to possess purse or scrip and letting the morrow take care of itself. Jesus the Christ's power of healing, was the power of his deepest spirituality whose inevitable manifestation was his spirit of all-round renunciation.

Jesus did not heal by treating patients by mental concentration on the spirit for days and months, but by simple commands in the name of his Heavenly Father, or by simple touch of his hand, and there was no "cash" either from the cures, cash extorted from patients whether cure is performed or not.



The spiritual effect of the study of the "Vedanta" and its practice is the birth of the spirit of renunciation in the student in regard to material things; but the study of the same "Vedanta," in the shape of "Christian Science" invariably develops a hankering for the best comforts of materiality—from Mrs. Eddy downwards. Bah, it makes one's gorge rise to speak of it any more!

There is a coldness in Christian Science, in its book, in the look and "feel" of the atmosphere of its churches, in the face and presence of its healers, in the unmagnetic spiritlessness of its adherents, which is the expression of the false grip by the matter-fed intellect of a spirit so subtle that only the mind and intellect spiritualized by all-surrendering contemplation and devotion to God can grasp in a long, long time. Why should such coldness be the result of contemplation of God who is Bliss, which is the ecstatic action of Love—action that imparts the warmest joy? It is the expression of "cold cash" dipped in the Illusion of spirituality, and locked up in the steel safes of the Transcendental Error of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, into whose soul may the Lord pour His blessings of Real Love and Renunciation so that she may, in her next birth, build a spiritual church within her own consciousness first and walk in the footsteps of the ascetic Nazarene and thus acquire for herself and help others to acquire the real treasures of the spirit that is God, the spirit that is Life, Life that is all-surrendering, all-sacrificing Love! May she even become a Leo Tolstoy, who was a great spiritual helper of humanity, greater than Mrs. Eddy, both as a teacher and personal exemplar.

I have been advised by dear friends that I must not publish this article lest it would offend the Christian Scientists. But I make bold to publish it even if this magazine goes out of existence for doing so. The idea of making out Mrs. Eddy as second Christ and foolish people watching for her resurrection is too monstrously insane to keep quiet on. Now that I have exposed her "steal" of the fundamental concept and principles of her religion, sensible folk ought to understand the matter in its proper light.

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The man who seeketh to do good, oft doth lose his aim by becoming desirous to reach higher places through that same good.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

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A sharp-edged sword hung at the side will cut the baby's hand as it plays with its sharpness. There again ignorance is punished like sin.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

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Love was My natural gift to one and all of My creation. Who this doth know a treasure hath in truth.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

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Ye, O my children, that jewel shall wear on your brow. I who am All Love ye may wear and I who am love-filled ye may hold. For love must ever fly to love and love much ever draw from love, and love must ever live in love, for life doth spring from love. And I do live in love.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

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Mountains and rocks will melt away,  
Footprints of Glory ever stay.  
Thoughts good and true are living things,  
Words of Truth have immortal wings.

—MARY F. MONROE.



# The Doom of Civilization

By MARY WALTON

ONCE in the Golden past the gods distributed all favors and virtues among men, wealth and nobility to kings, faith and honor to men and beauty and modesty to women. Thus they showered their celestial favors till the heavenly treasure house was all but emptied of its store save one small gift too trifling to bestow on king or knight or maid already so richly endowed with the jewels of heaven and earth. Finally in despair, more as a riddance than a gift, they tossed it to a poor beggar in the streets and straightway this poor wretch, homeless and friendless, pitied and despised, possessed that for which kings prayed and strong men yearned and maidens sighed—that one small virtue of contentment without which all riches are valueless, all honors void. And strangely enough even to this day this priceless jewel is found more often in the peasant's hut than the king's coffer.

Yet contentment, this rarest of rare boons, our modern civilization is seeking to snatch from the grasp of those who have it and withhold from those who have it not. Why? The answer is—With contentment there is no ambition and without ambition there is no progress. A fool's answer truly, for know they not that ambition is a fool's goad and that he who has true contentment has already arrived at the goal of all real progression? What then is this curse of contentment that the modern progressives would wipe from the face of all the earth? For true contentment, be it known, is not stagnation nor vegetation, nor even passive resignation. It is rather a sublime satisfaction with the Creator and His creation, a calm, even a joyous acceptance of the inevitable. It is in fact no passive virtue which one can acquire in an easy chair with folded hands. Satiation has given it to no man, though it has denied it to many, for contentment is not the result of possession but rather

the reward of renunciation. A paradox, you say. Yes, and a still greater paradox, for true contentment is no less a thing than that "divine discontent" that is the upward urge within all mortal clay. It is the acceptance of things as they are with the vision of things as they will be, it is the patience that can plan in the present yet not prepare for the future.

And all this the progressives and so-called reformers would take from the hearts of men and in so doing make their ambition aimless. It is, alas, the spirit of the age that leads them in mad haste and nervous frenzy to seek to turn the very earth on its pedestal and after bestirring the entire West try to "hustle the East," the calm, old East that has seen many whirlpools of civilization arise and subside in the ocean of existence. And what is the method of these erratic reformers in disturbing the philosophic Oriental calm that angers while it baffles them? This is the secret. Judge if the means be noble. It is the one thing that has destroyed the serenity of the West; it is the one thing alone that can disturb the serenity of the East. It is materiality, pure and simple, the contemplation of material objects, the pursuit of material pleasures. And how is this brought about? By increasing people's wants. And how are their wants increased? Ah, here is the inner secret. By providing them with things they do not need.

A Missionary Bishop in the course of an address describing the work of the missionaries among the Chinese, spoke in the warmest terms of the industry and cheerfulness among even the poorest of the Celestials. Then, in the saddest commentary on the life and teachings of the latter-day followers of the lowly Jesus who had no place to lay his head, he said, "Wherever our missionaries go the wants of the people are increased. Once they become



Christianized they are no longer content with what their fathers had. The son does not want to live under his parents' roof after marriage, but now wishes to live in a home by himself, surrounded by more of our comforts and conveniences." Oh, the pity of it, thus to rob a defenceless people of contentment, the greatest jewel of their lives so insidiously that it is gone before they realize their loss! Sad and bitter anomaly, whether in the West or in the East, when we find that the possession of that for which we have bartered our mind's peace can bring us no happiness though the lack of it can cause us misery.

Man was never guided along the upward path by material ambition or lighted by the glare of electricity or aided by the wings of an aeroplane. The prod of such ambition is even a downward thrust, though most of us, blinded by the glare and deafened by the blare of this material life, term all this tumult progress. But, truth to tell, it is the spirit of the age, the Iron Age in which we now are living, the Koli Yuga or Dark Age as the ancient Hindoo Scriptures call it. The Hindoo sages have described this age in detail and prophesied all that will take place in it. That their predictions are all too soon being verified can be seen from these prophesies of the Sage Markandeya:

"The longevity, heroism, intelligence, strength and mind-force of mankind will decrease still more in the Koli. Love of truth will decline in men; decline in love of truth will cause shortness of life; shortness of life will prevent the proper cultivation of wisdom. Man will aggress upon man and develop an irreligious, atheistic and thievish nature. None will care to acquire spiritual wisdom, yet all will be busied in performing spiritual ceremonies for form's sake. The relations of friends and kith and kin will depend upon obligations of money. The generality of people will become fierce and of murderous propensities. People will live in constant fear of losing their lives as victims of their own greed and envy.

Almost all people will be miserly, defame their friends and defraud and steal the money of poor, unprotected widows. Brother will cheat brother. No one will trust another. Owing to the rains not falling in season, there will grow but scanty crops, so that famine-stricken populations of the earth will cry out in hunger and roam upon her surface. Fragrant things will lose their odor, sweet juices will lose their sweetness, seeds will not germinate properly. There will be constant breaking out of fires all over the land. The earth will no longer be adorned by the temples of God. All mankind will be impious and develop frightful characters. Meat will be their food, liquor their drink. The one object of life will be to increase flesh and blood. Pious men will be in mean stations, short-lived and poor; vicious men will occupy high positions, have long life and prosperity. The low will be high and the high low, all conditions will be reversed. All, all people will forsake God and worship Mammon."

The presiding deity of the Koli Yuga is Koli, a being of dark and dreadful mien, a devil in aspect yet really an incarnation of fierce justice and mercy who destroys evil and vice and produces a reaction which results in the establishment of virtue and harmony once more and the dawn of a new Golden Age. Such is the description found in the Hindoo Scriptures of our present age and its ultimate aim and end.

Now comes one of our modern writers, Marie Corelli, denouncing as did the Hindoo sage the evils of our times, predicting the same terrible results and the final hopeful outcome of it all. In her latest book, "The Devil's Motor," she thus pictures the Devil as rushing upon the world in an aeroplane-automobile signifying "Luxury" and "Progress." She describes:

"In the dead midnight, at that supreme moment when the Hours that are past slip away from the grasp of the Hours yet to be, there came rushing between Earth and Heaven the sound of giant wheels—the glare of great lights—the stench and muffled roar of a huge Car, tearing at full speed along the pale line dividing the Darkness from the Dawn.



"And he who stood within the Car, steering it straight onward, was clothed in black and crowned with fire; large bat-like wings flared out on either side of him in woven webs of smoke and flame, and his face was white as bleached bone. Like glowing embers his eyes burned in their cavernous sockets, shedding terrific glances through the star-strewn space—and on his thin lips there was a frozen shadow of a smile, more cruel than hate, more deadly than despair.

"On! Still on!" cries this horrifying Demon, without pause, without pity, without love, without regret! He calls upon his forces destined to work the ruin of Mankind to follow him.

"The Kingdom of Hell grows wide and deep—praise be to Man who makes it!" he cries. "I count up my growing possessions in the everbreeding spawn of human lust and avarice—I breathe and live and rejoice in the poison-vapors of human Selfishness! The men of these latter days are my food and sustenance—the women my choice morsels, my dainty delicacies! Brute beasts and blind, they snatch at every lie I offer them—rejecting Eternal Life, they choose Eternal Death—verily they shall have their reward! Like a blight my Spirit shall encompass them! Whosoever would scour the air and scorch the earth must run on the straight road of his desire with me!"

The great Car flashes along as only Marie Corelli can describe it. "Phantom forms followed it—like rolling clouds jagged with the lightning—the fairness of the world grew black, and sulphurous flames quenched all sweetness from the air."

Miss Corelli pictures the earth as a desolate place, the mountains destroyed, the forests wiped away and the waters dried up. It is nothing but a barren plain peopled with great cities that fill the earth with noise and smoke and confusion.

"No room to breathe—no time to think—no good to serve!" he cried. "Now shall you forget that God exists! Now shall you all have your own wild way, for your way is My way! Now shall you resolve yourselves back to an embryo of worms and apes, and none shall rescue you! Not one!"

"We will have no more virtues!—no more hopes of Heaven! Honor shall be as a rag on a fool's back, and Gold shall be the pulse of life! Gold, gold, gold! Fight for it, steal it!—pile it up, hoard it, count it, hug it, eat it, sleep with it, die with it! Lo, I give it to you in millions, packed down and pressed together in full and overflowing measure—I scatter it among you even as a destroying rain!

"Build with it, buy with it, gamble with it, sell your souls and bodies for it!—there are devils enough in Hell to drive all your bargains! Sneer at truth, defeat justice, snatch virtue's mask to cover vice, drug conscience, feed and fatten yourselves with the lust of animalism, till the cancer of sin

makes of you a putrefaction and an open sore in the sight of the sun!

"Come learn from me such wisdom as shall compass your own destruction! Unto you shall be unlocked the under-mysteries of Nature and the secrets of the upper air!—you shall bend the lightning to your service, and the lightning shall slay!—you shall hollow out the ground, and delve a swift road through it for yourselves in fancied proud security, and the earth shall crumble in upon you as a grave, and the cities you have built shall crush you in their falling!—you shall seek to bind the winds, and sail the skies, and Death shall wait for you in the clouds and exult in your downfall! Come, tie your pigmy chariots to the sun, and so be drawn into its flaming vortex of perdition! All Creation shall rejoice to be cleaned from the pollution of your presence, for God hath sworn to give unto Me all who reject Him, and the Hour of the Gift has come!"

The Car keeps on its course, drawing more and more souls with it. It is a noisy progress—"mingling with the grinding roar of its wheels came other sounds—sounds of fierce laughter and loud cursing—yells and shrieks and groans of torture—the screams of the suffering, the sobs of the dying . . . And he who was clothed in black and crowned with fire snouted exultingly as He dashed along over massacred heaps of dead nations and the broken remnants of thrones."

"Progress and speed!" he cries. "Rush on, world, with me!—rush on! There is but one End—hasten we to reach it! No halt by the way to gather the flowers of thought—the fruits of feeling—no pause for a lifting of the eyes to the wide firmament, where millions of spheres, more beautiful than this which men make wretched, sail on their courses like fair ships bound for God's golden harbors!"

"Up and ride with me, all ye who would reach the goal! Come, ye fools of avarice! Come, ye blown and bursting windbags of world's conceit and vain pretensions! Come ye greedy maws of gluttony—ye human bottles of drink—ye wolves of vice! Come, ye shameless women of lusts and lies and vanities! Come, false hearts and treacherous tongues and painted faces!—come, dear demons all, and ride with me! Come, ye pretenders to holiness—ye thieves of virtue, who give 'charity' to the poor with the right hand and cheat your neighbor with the left! Come, ye gamblers with a Nation's honor, stake your last throw! Come, all ye morphia-fed vampires and slaves to poison!—grasp at my wheels and cling!"

"Change—change and sensation! Roll out your columns of vaporous notoriety, ye printing-presses of the world!—spread with the fame of the Anarchist and the Courtisan—mock and revile the spirits of the wise and true—noise abroad the name of the Murdered, and treat the Poet with derision—give flattery to the rich and scorn



to the humble—teach nothing but the art of lying—add venom to the tongue of scandal—dig up the graves of the great, and kill the reputations of the brave and pure!”

The Devil urges his car to still greater speed followed by the whole world. He predicts the destruction of the world that the entire earth will be burned up, but promises that a new planet will arise and a new humanity nobler than our present race. This book is indeed a vivid denunciation of the state of the world at the present time and is a wonderfully prophetic

vision whether inspired by the ancient Hindoo Scriptures or the author's own inner consciousness. Even the Devil and the deity Koli are identical, typifying the ruling spirit of this dark age. The ultimate optimistic prediction of the outcome is the same as that foretold by the Hindu sage five thousand years ago. It is darkest always just before the dawn. In the blackest gloom there is hope, in the deepest night there is promise of a golden dawn that will dispel all darkness and illumine the world.

## HARMONY

By FLORENCE CRANE

“THE music of the spheres,” is the soul of the Universe. Somewhere in the spheres wonderful harmony of sound is being produced eternally, and from that source has all things been created. The earth and all the planets, the wide-spreading sky above and beneath in the depths of the sea, all that has form and existence is the offspring of this wonderful harmony or music.

That sound or rhythm is creative and potent, we know, for many experiences along these lines have proven it, such as the experiment of placing a pan of sand on the piano and striking the octave, when it has been found that the sand at the instance of the harmonious sound will whirl or move and so likewise from the beautiful music of the spheres were all things created.

All that is beautiful and wonderful is the result of harmony. The highest written expressions from man's soul come in rhythmic measured sound—in poetry. That which fascinates and charms and soothes us most is beautiful music. We are given our breath in measured equal intervals, our hearts beat in perfect time. “The rule of the Universe is order,” or harmony; the ebb and flow of the tide is measured. The moon's journey and the sun's journey, are governed by perfect intervals, the stars in the firmament are governed by harmony, all move in perfect rhythm with the music of the spheres.

The nearer we live to God or to the soul of the Universe the more harmonious do we become, harmonious with nature and with our fellowmen. Statistics say, that Army officers find that the good characters among the soldiers fall very quickly into the measured step of the Militia, but the less desirable men, are detected at once by their inharmonious step and they find that the weaker morally the individual the more difficult it is for him to fall into step. The wonderful power and mystery of rhythm and sound is also demonstrated in the well known fact, that orders are always given to soldiers to break step, before crossing

a bridge, because the power of the harmonious sound of “left-right, left-right,” so forcefully measured by hundreds of feet falling and rising in such perfect time, creates such tremendous vibrations that the strongest and most modern steel structure could not withstand its power, whose volume increases with each step; and thus the bridge would fall to pieces under the mystic power of such forceful rhythm and measured sound.

Another, also well known, fact which illustrates the mystery of harmony lies in the harp experiment. When six or seven or more or less harps are tuned in one harmonious pitch, so that there is no difference in the keynote of each instrument and one note on one harp is struck, it is a fact that each and every harp in the room tuned to the same pitch, of its own accord will respond with the same note.

Such is the power of harmony in the cold inanimate harp. But it illustrates the wonder of wonders, and mystic power of the all harmonious human heart which, when it gives love to others, their hearts respond. The heart that is in tune with all humanity and with God; in tune with the music of the spheres and the soul of the Universe, the heart that carries through the world the mystic power of harmony in the form of unlimited love for all creatures brings the response of love from all human hearts as the string of one harp brings forth the mysterious note from the inanimate strings which of themselves seem to speak a response of sympathy because there is harmony there.

If you would get into the mystic chamber of your soul and enjoy the ecstasy of God-Consciousness you must be in harmony with all humanity. You must love. For love is harmony and harmony is measured perfect rhythm and perfect rhythm is mystic music. The music and harmony of the spheres is the soul of the Universe, but the essence of it all and the force behind it, is LOVE, Love which is all harmonious.



# Mary Magdalene

By DOLORES CORTEZ

(Queen of the Gonzales.)

MARY of Magdala is an inspiration of my own. Although the bible gives but slight mention of this repented sinner, its accounts being rather allegorical, there is truth for the foundation of every myth. Let Mary of Magdala have been the daughter of the Davids, a person who existed in flesh and blood, or merely a principle, I set forth the story representing her as a beautiful Oriental creature with her abundant animal spirits misguided and untamed, whom one glance from the Divine Nazarene had the power to transform and bring into harmony with divine law. I put this tale before the world as an example to the Magdalenes of today.

The sun was setting over Jerusalem. Jetting fountains were sending their streams of water to the skies and falling and spreading in drops of topaz, sapphire and ruby, like tears of angels weeping over the sinful city. The terraced gardens on the palace roofs; the scent of the orange and the lemon trees bordering on the walks; the great scarlet blooms of the centennial lotus; the dark green of the cedars of Lebanon, all, all was breathing with sensuous life. The simple shepherds were defiled by their contact with the exquisite Greek and the luxurious Roman.

The palace of the Davids stood on a rising ground at the edge of the city, prominent in its magnificence. Slaves were arranging cushions under the drooping acacias, preparatory to the coming of their mistress, who this moment appeared walking nonchalantly through the garden attended by a train of servants. She reached the cushions and fell with indolent grace among them, drooping her heavy eyelids like a baccante after the orgy. Little knaves, like bronze Cupids, standing aside of the golden pedestals here and there, upholding cups of incense, were sending perfumes in the air with jewelled rods. Graceful, white, half-naked slave girls were surrounding their mistress like a frame, fanning her and waiting to obey

her slightest wish. Near by, a group of fair maidens under a palm tree, half hidden by flowers, were singing snatches of love songs in low, mellow tones, accompanied by their string instruments—love songs to make the very roses blush.

The beauty among the cushions fell into a dreamy reverie and all became silent. Miriam, her confidante, at length suddenly, yet quietly, approached her and whispered:

"Hark! The music! We must haste to the feast. They are waiting."

A faint melody of harps and lyres was borne to them on the wings of the breezes from the distance.

The splendid creature to whom these words were addressed, awoke from her reverie and turned her shapely head indolently toward the sound.

"Let them wait," she replied languidly, "the waiting will fill them with strong desires."

"Miriam," she went on, "tell Yuba to dress my hair high; its weight is too much over my shoulders this evening. I dreamed last night that invisible hands had piled it on my head in a pyramid," and she raised herself into a sitting posture.

Yuba obeyed silently and the great mass of hair was arranged on the head of her mistress like a tower of gold, held up by two jewelled daggers.

A sound of tramping feet on the street below startled her.

"What is it?" she asked of her confidante.

The latter went over to the railing that surrounded the garden and looked down.

"It is that fanatic whom they call the Nazarene and his crowd of beggars," she replied, turning to her mistress.

"The Nazarene!" reiterated the voluptuous woman. "The Nazarene? It is said that he is the handsomest being God ever created and the only man who has never given a thought to woman. I want to see him."



She rose in all the glory of her beauty and moved with a slow, undulating motion toward the terrace railing. Though of middle stature, she had a magnificent presence and the voluptuous curves of her form were disclosing themselves through the draperies of her rich garment of damask, seal and gold, lined with the palest blue and held together with clasps studded with precious stones. The rosy pink of her dainty feet and nails were gleaming in their elegant sandals. Her jewelled anklets glittered, but her arms and fingers wore no circlets, as ornaments would have marred their dimpled proportions. Reaching the terrace railing, she looked into the multitude below and discovered the man in his loose robes of pure white, evidently the leader and the person called the Nazarene.

"Miriam! See, the Nazarene! He is glorious! His eyes, his hair, his nose, his lips, his whole bearing is perfection; He is the king of the universe! I want to go to him, to bring him to my feet, to take him with me in triumph to the feast! Who has resisted Mary of Magdala?"

Her face was a living flame. With her fine, delicate nostrils dilating, her sensual, scarlet lips quivering and showing her small, even, white teeth; her low brow—even her shell-like ears pulsing and throbbing with life, she was a woman of fire incarnated. Her shapely throat palpitated with passionate thirst and her voluptuous bosom heaved with inward emotion, endeavoring to free itself of the heavy garments that clung about it. Her alabaster flesh was sweet and fresh as a child's and was exuding perfume that drew men involuntarily as the rich, fragrant nectar of a beautiful flower draws a bee. She ordered some of her slaves to follow her and descended the imposing marble steps of the palace with the vigorous, graceful, undulating movements of a young panther. When she reached the street, angry shouts arose from the multitude.

"Mary of Magdala; the harlot of Jerusalem!"

The Nazarene turned his head in the direction of this commotion to find what caused it.

"I will conquer him," whispered Mary of Magdala to Miriam exultingly. "He looked at me."

The crowd grew more indignant at the boldness of the sinner in following their beloved teacher, when the Nazarene turned to her again.

"He is mine! I shall indeed take him with me as a trophy to the feast. The fires of love shall burn forever. Mary of Magdala is not a vampire; she feeds, she increases the vital forces of men. He shall know me even more fully than any other has known." And she grasped Miriam by the hand and appeared like a splendid young feline aroused.

"Stone her!" shouted a man in the crowd.

A look of reproach from the Nazarene rebuked and calmed the indignation of the multitude. He passed onward a few paces when his divine glance once more rested on the magnificent, public sinner.

The latter's step faltered and she trembled—she knew not why. She could not endure the light that shone from this wonderful being's eyes, a light of celestial brightness and that had in it the mysteries of the Infinite. She felt humbled and ashamed. Her eyes fell and saw her bare shoulders and half-nude body. For the first time in her thirty years, she blushed. Quickly she seized the jewelled daggers that held together her hair, threw them from her and the mass fell about her like a mantle of gold and covered her nakedness. She took a few steps forward and threw herself at the feet of the Nazarene, hard, remorseful sobs convulsing her frame. Her shame, her agony, her intense reverence for the being before her swept over her like a storm.

The revulsion of feeling was beyond language. She could only weep.

With pitying gentleness the Nazarene raised her from the ground.

"Go, and sin no more."

The multitude stood amazed. The harlot of Jerusalem was transfigured. A pure, serene brightness was reflected upon her and she stood like a seraph inspired. Her soul had awakened.



# "Atithi" A Wayfaring Guest

By S. MEHTA

As the Kathopanishad, continues until unimpaired and untarnished. When Nachiketas was sent to the abode of Yama—the Indian Pluto—by his own father, the grim deity made himself, as in duty bound, amenable to the observance of this ceremony of respectfully entertaining guests. He therefore entered into the formality of it, and treated the child, Nachiketas, not as he deserved but as Yama could afford to do so.

What has given rise to this time-honored ceremony? It obtained among the Hindus of old; and, as a consequence, other races, too, such as the Arabs, have brought down the institution to the present time. Tracing the institution still backward, it can be easily seen that the giving and taking of gifts was in use among savages; and thus must the sense of doing and returning an obligation have sprung up in a rough measure, along with a gradual development of mental powers. Again, it ought to be rather the sense, however crude in form, of co-operation than of competition, of means and ends, even when, in remote ages, instruments of labor were rude and wages of labor were simple, sufficient and depending upon rough lines of barter. It was, in fact, no longer a struggle of "all against all," but it was an unconscious effort of an individual to adapt himself to the requirements of a society to be developed; and then, the evolution of social mould was being cast according to the wants of each individual.

Expressed in Aryan phraseology, it was an attempt at a formation of complex social machinery that grew latterly out of it, in order that each one individual might coincide with many, most, and even all in the aggregate—the Universal self—on the physical plane of being; as well as of adapting the many to each one taken severally. This was, in brief, remarkably an age of mutual adjustments; and it is not surprising if matters appear to the eyes of a modern observer, to have been carried too far; scant courtesy in this age, is offered to guests at the door; and

even actual bills of money are drawn upon a sojourner for the reception accorded to him. But, during those early ages—"Anas'nan atithi sarvam nas'yati iti pratyav' yah s'ruyate"—it was a divine threat hanging over the head of each householder that all his prosperity would go to ruin, if he passed even a single day without duly feeding a temporary sojourner—"A'gantuka." From the wages of labor, each earning member was enjoined to put a certain sum apart, so as to support those that were in one way or another incapable of earning for themselves at that time and in that clime. A'gantuka, Atithi, Sojourner, Guest, etc., have a broader sense to signify and bring us to recognize the modern highly developed ideal of socialism in which the inept remark that the "fundamental law of life of the correspondence between merit and reward" is contradicted, has somehow or other found a scope. For, it is one who is capable of earning some wealth, who separates a portion of his income to feed others that are needy, though they be incapable of earning anything in the race of life.

At this stage, however, it is necessary to observe that neither is "natural affection for the offspring" stifled, nor is the duty that a householder, even by the dictates of Nature herself, owes to another from among his relations neglected. The Atithi, again, is one who is obliged to halt at a certain place, having come from another and a distant place, and is very likely a stranger and perhaps a foreigner; to have few or almost no means to support himself, especially during pre-railway times when danger, too, lurked in the way of every two miles traveled. Such being the case, each individual among the Aryans must have decided upon proving a substantial help to his brother or neighbor, in pushing forward the course of evolution, mainstay, then, was co-operation of all in order to attain to general, nay, universal bliss. En passant, it will not be amiss to note, that of the two classes of the "Idle Rich" and the "Industrious Poor," of the West, a parallel could be safely sug-



gested in the East, by considering the learned sacerdotal tribe and the valorous Kshatriya class which, by-the-by, ultimately dwindled into the learned lying-at-ease sacred class, and the working class consisting of Kshatriyas, Vaisyas and Sudras. But as long as the basis on which the Hindus held their strength remained co-operation and brotherly help, indisputably so—neither were family ethics confounded with social ethics, nor was charity—the prop of socialism—discarded from the holy pale of scriptural or secular writings. It would, however, be futile to trace the vast roll of civilization and pointing out the various marks of different stages. Be it sufficient only to state that gradually did the bounds tend to become narrow, and each had to live for himself alone. It is then, the vicissitudes of life, and the successive changes of environment, that are responsible for such a wholesale revolution in the course of Evolution.

Be it what it may, there was a vast gulf between the Idle Rich and the Struggling Middle, as well as the Laboring Poor classes. This gulf did not try to part land from land so distinguishably as it does in the civilized days of modern ages. But "Atithi-kriya"—Guest entertainment, Charity and such institutions were sufficient in the East to bridge over the gulf. Pauperism did exist, but the rich could not act so unwisely as to impoverish the lower laboring classes. Letting alone social or religious and political status their hunger was fed and their small wants were duly supplied. Even now, this is not a rare sight in the Hindu home; even yet the institution has far from become extinct. An injunction stands ever prescribed for a householder to adore a guest or an unexpected sojourner and respectfully entertain with dinner, etc., lest all his meritorious earnings go for nothing, and his best prosperity be ruined in a short time. The Hindu home is more or less off the hinges in a certain measure of reasonable prosperous growth. In the West, on the other hand, although evidence could be safely adduced for proving the existence of the custom under reference prior to the chaotic state of scientific

and therefore material civilization, yet the same existence was not so pre-eminent as to leave indelible marks behind; or so characteristic of its healthy influence that there would linger even in the decaying state a necessity for the observance of such a custom. The evil that rooted out such primitive usages lay in the highly cherished love of property, which was sufficient to disintegrate humanity or entirely break up the unity that naturally characterizes the very being of humanity. It was, then, a desire to gratify egoistic instincts that seems to have forced upon each man the motto—"Each one for himself," and set strong to murder the weak, even as lower animals do, in the scientific sense of the term. Contrary to all the workings of the Hindus, the unit-man reckoned himself not superior to the social man, but the society man began gradually to be of no consequence when he retired into his own lair for the consumption of what he earned by dint of labor either physical or intellectual. Here did the ancient Sage intervene and drew out certain injunctions, perhaps being intentionally warned against the danger of general decline of the species. He consequently laid it down that in his lair an individual was welcome to retire, but only after separating a tolerably fair share of his earnings for the weaker and the less capable among his own community.

In other countries, such as Europe, where Plato's Plutocracy was being established, individual gain began to be the sole end of existence. This fact, no doubt, encourages industry, and as a reward among other gains, was skill in science which the people there began to hug to the utmost. The purblind state of the Ancients led them to follow the dictates of sages whom they tried to defy even in the act of preaching sermons of conduct; and the sages led them to the safe haven of rest and integration. The Siren—in modern civilization—seeks in vain to draw such purblind orthodox people—or, call them what you will—in her ever-increasing fold. She has no charm for their ears. Science to them is unintelligible gibberish. Modern aspirations, too, touch no sympathetic chord within their



breasts and their fidelity remains the firmer, the stronger the attack becomes on their religious or traditional truths received as a legacy and preserved as invaluable treasure. It is on account of such traits that India in a hyperbole is termed sarcastically "the Paradise of beggars."

The Hindus, moreover, have been led by a firm conviction that this life of ours is but a dream, a mere somnambulism, in the words of Carlyle; and that life is most blessed when it is offered as a sacrifice to general welfare, irrespective of self. It is on this condition entirely that the propagation of the species depends and not upon competition and survival of the fittest. On that account, therefore, the people of the East laid down their principle of guidance in life, and made it more precious from the temporal standpoint, as well as hallowed it with spiritual worth.

Such were the forms and similarly based were most of the ceremonies that the East had undertaken to perform when society originated and bound people one to another by means of such ties as these. For, in the words of Carlyle once more, it is irresistibly true that: "Outward religion is originated by society, and society becomes possible by religion." It is not, on the other hand, individualization of modern civilized times, but aggregation, nay universalization, if it be so permissible to say, that continues as a potent factor in the existence of society and does not lead it to disintegrate. Nor will it sound strange to the ears of a modern enlightened unit, if it should be alleged that the individualization of a well-known philosopher like Spencer is always accompanied by a greater interdependence between the social units. For never was extreme competition, extreme liberty or extreme individualism admissible to the aforesaid leader of modern philosophy in the West. He plainly gives us to understand that units are sacrificed to the whole, and that even parts more or less large, of each society are sacrificed for the benefit of the society as a whole.

Now, granting for the nonce, that it was a fortuitous wisdom and not a deliberate act of intelligence by which

the early Hindus devised this and similar beneficial laws for guidance, and granting too, for the saks of substantiating the main issue, as well as letting alone what is rather immaterial for the topic in hand, yet it can be safely urged that the law prescribed by the scriptures, stand on very sound bases so that the modern enlightenment of Western science is not sufficiently strong to shake it. For the history of humanity lends validity to it by demonstrating that an institution which is defective comes to be corrected by the hand of Evolution; but if it be beyond correction, and wearily continues "mumbling delirium" or doing mad tricks it must ultimately go to dissolution. It is then a matter of greater probability that the sanctifying of all such laws was the result of a belief in the Infinite assisting the Finite in all graceful movements or, to talk it more plainly, of a faith in Nature's providing man with examples and small patterns of her own Providence, with the early Hindus were quite able to decipher correctly and preach, as well as bequeath the legacy of such sermons to the remaining part and the unborn generation too. Nor has the institution of "Atithi-hood," tended to increase the poor classes and consequently fecundity. For, it is a long argument that would enter into an enquiry exhaustively about all the possible causes that the capable of nourishing Pauperism. And the same leader of Western philosophic thought could be cited to prove that evolution, which begets mental development, stops over-population. Next the poorer classes would be directly increased by supporting the institution of "Atithi" in the wider sense of the term. This and similar reasonings could be refuted by observing that the temporary nuisance, if it be so allowed with impunity to be designated, the courtesy or call it, if need be, the binding is reciprocal, so that the burden is less felt by the middle class. About the richer classes, it need scarcely be observed that they have no merit and consequently no reward; in fact they are not actively working for wages, and hence they have warrant on their part to expect it.



## VEDIC SEED-THOUGHTS

By VISHWARUP CHATURVEDI

Of immortality, O God, may I the grasper be!—Taittirio Upanishad, Part I, Sutra 3.

May Life, that pulsing God that reaches to all space, that knows no boundaries in its wide expansions, in its deeps and breadths, that knows no limits nor defining, that throbs with attributes of its own potencies—may it the soul o'erflow, may it the mind enfold, may it the body permeate, may it the consciousness fill that man the grasper be of immortality. May man the knower be that death is all that dies, that death is but the non-cognition of life, that death is passive life, life negative, for in the universe where life is lord decay is not, nor is there wastage there, nor has annihilation place. 'Tis but the ripening of one state of life to bloom into another stage and higher state. What man doth look upon as death is but the fertilizer to another form of life, and in the new life its fertilizer doth find its larger growth.

The dead thought of yesterday has been the fertilizer and is mingled in the living thought of today. The living loves of today are but the fleshing on the skeletons of loves of yesterday that were deemed dead. The living Christ was breathed into being by the breath of the seeming dead gods of ages past. Civilization of today is permeated by the life of the civilization that is proclaimed dead by a sightless world. Ever the dead past lives young again in the growing present, yet not only lives but grows to stature strong by the yielding of its life unto another growth, for the law of life is growth and that which dies in another's birth but lives therein to greater worth.

May immortality be the grasper of all minds; may life, which is the holder of all men, be known and felt, and all its attributes man's servants be. May man, the miniature-universe, be wise as is the universe without; may he use life as he is used by life, may he its servant and its master be, its lover and its babe; may he partake thereof and give unto even as the universe without that stinteth not in giving or receiving of its gifts. May he be beneath its laws and function 'neath its sway. Thus shall he wisdom have and freedom shall be his, for only he who serves beneath the law of life doth freedom know; he is wisdom-crowned.

Yea, he that has penetrated into the Soul of Life, into the Life of Life, the Source wherefrom Life springs into manifestation, he who has gazed within that Source which is the Source of him and is within him, he surely is the grasper of immortality. He is no more the I that asks what is wisdom and what unwisdom is. He is the I that is wisdom, he is wisdom, the knower and beholder of naught outside of the radiance which is the halo of his knowledge. He is the beholder of Creation and vibrates to it. Creation passes through him and he is part of it; he walks in its laws and is embedded in its harmony. Peace which is the fruition of harmonious activity, is within him and he acts through God and God acts through him.

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