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FEBRUARY, 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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By BABA BHARATI

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Combined with "THE LIGHT OF INDIA"

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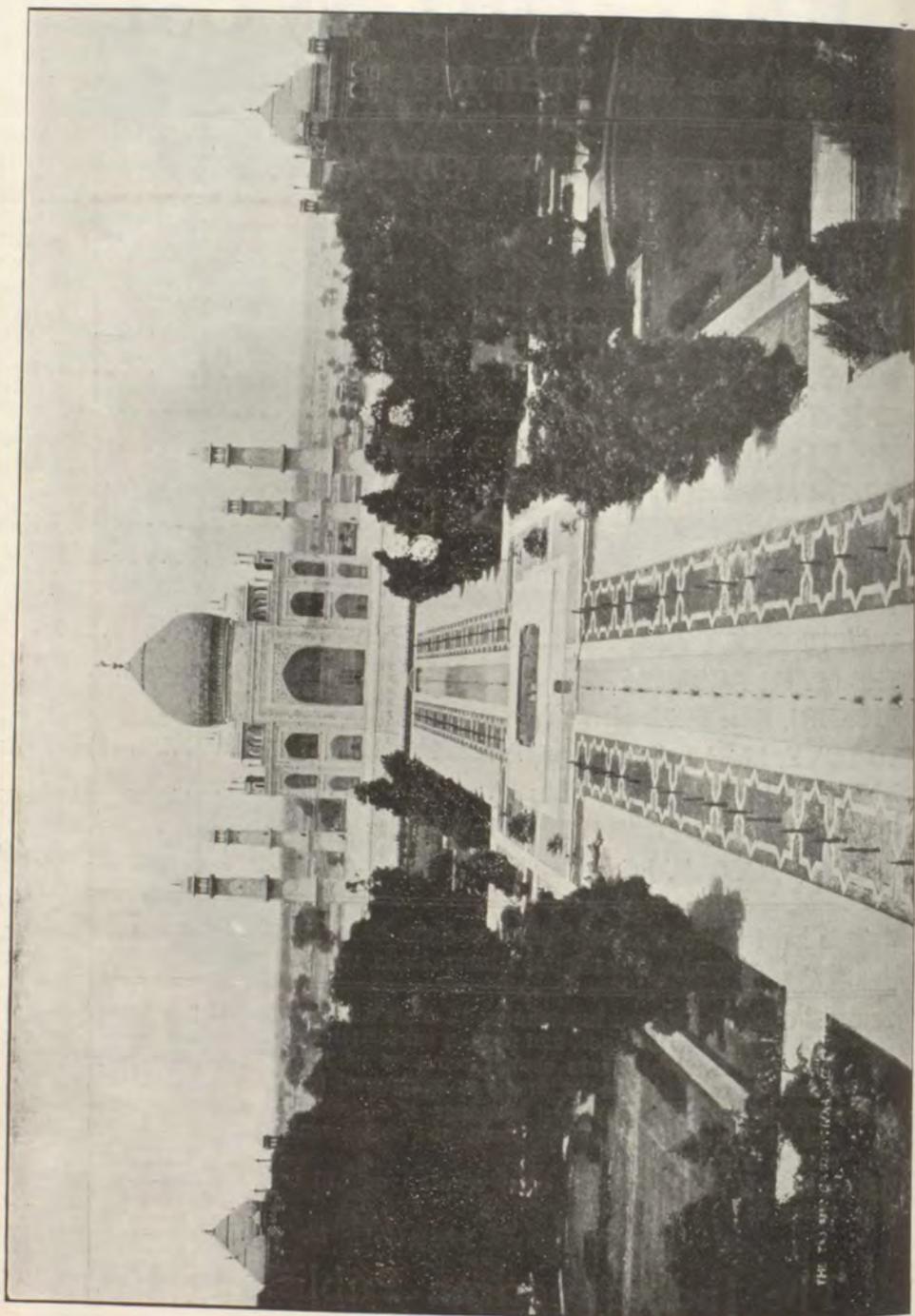
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# ★ East and West ★

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## THEE I WORSHIP

On thee, O Great One, I meditate, Thou who art Ruler over all the worlds that are. Thou who createst all that is. Thou who art the beginning, the end and the interval of all time. Thou who madest the firmament to be life-giving because it was Thy Breath which is Life. Thou who madest the earth from Thy Thought and the creatures from Thy Love. Thou who art the Provider of Life from Thy Bounty, and Blessing of Life from Thy Beauty. Thou who knowest all that was, is and shall be, because Thou art the Cause of all that is and was and shall be. Thou who art the Effect of all Causes because Thou art the Doer and even the Accomplishment of all that exists. Thou, O First and Only Atom, Thou, O Word that is Life, Thou, O World upon World in Thine Own Name, Thou Essence of all that hath given form to Creation from the beginning unto the Eternal End—Thee I worship, upon Thee I meditate.

O Thou who art the Pivot upon which the universes revolve, and yet art that which revolveth around all universes. Thou art the Ether and that which fills it. Thou art the Parenthood of all Birth and yet Thou art the soft, lowly foundling which even I may croon in my empty arms. Thee I worship, upon Thee I meditate.

O Thou Order is all Chaos, Thou Chaos in all Order! Thou Silent rich with Tumult, Thou Tumult in the Silence! Thou Creator of the Formless, Thou Formless in all Creation! Thou who art One in all Abstraction, yet who art the Abstraction of each form! Thee do I worship, upon Thee do I meditate.

## WHAT AM I?

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

A son of Life am I, and so shall ever stay;  
Of the Eternal Light a reflected ray;  
Of the Infinite Spirit an emanation;  
Of the all-wise Love a pure creation;  
A spark am I from the Central Flame;  
When I walk the earth MAN is my name;  
Everlasting, indestructible I;  
A soul, I never was born—I never can die.

# Man and Woman's Mutual Duties

By BABA BHARATI

Beloved Ones of My Lord:—In speaking on any subject, even on trite material subjects, we Hindoos, who claim to be the most ancient of peoples on this present earth, invoke the inspiration and the blessing of the Almighty, of God, the source of all life, spiritual or other. In speaking on the subject of tonight, "Man and Woman; Their Mutual Duties," I have specially to invoke that divine aid, for God is the only illumination of all illuminations on this earth. He is the source of all illumination—even of this physical light with the aid of which we perform our daily life. He is the illumination of the sun, as well as the illumination of this electric light; of all lights; yea, even of the inner light.

The subject is not so very easy to deal with as at first sight it would strike some people. Man's duties to Woman and Woman's duties to Man, forms a theme over which the best of sages of the illuminated world of the past have devoted their attention and wisdom, because it is the relation between man and woman upon which depends the peace of the world, the peace without which no achievement, even of this material plane, is possible. "Peace, peace, peace!" In these three words begins every chapter of the Veda, the Bible of the Hindoos, and every chapter is ended with "Peace, peace, peace!" For the goal of life is peace. It is the nurse of all civilization, parent of all human blessings.

Unless there be peace between man and woman and that peace founded upon harmonious relations between them, there can be no home life, no social life, no national life. There can be no world life. Peace is necessary. To establish that peace we must know what the relations are between man and woman in Nature and try to study those relations with the inner light of our soul, so that we can adjust matters to prevent discord.

"Home" is the word which spells peace, and woman is the presiding divinity of that home. It is for woman that man makes a home; it is for woman that man is a householder. When you name woman you simultaneously name home. When you say "home" your mind is at once associated with woman.

In the Golden Age, the existence of which most of you out here in the West do not believe, in the Golden Age, man and woman lived, moved and had their being on the breast of Mother Earth—which was the veritable Garden of Eden spoken of in your Scriptures—but without a home. There was no need of a home. Men and women lived on Mother Earth, freely, without any conventionalities—without house-

keeping, without the shelter of a roof. Their home was the whole world, the whole universe. The roof of that home was the blue vault above, lighted by God's own lamp during the day, the radiant orb which is the source and sustainer of life; and lighted at night by moon and stars, which hung like lanterns for their need; the trees were the walls of that home, and the fruits gave them food when they were hungry. The streams and rivers supplied them with water. There was no housekeeping; no building of a house with wood or brick. And yet they lived the most joyous life. Life that we, unfortunate beings of this dark age, know not of, cannot dream of. We have an expression "living on air." Verily, these Golden Age men and women lived on air, so to speak. They lived on a subtler thing than air. Even air is a gross thing compared with the food upon which they lived and which nourished them. The food was love, love born of soul-consciousness. Their consciousness was with their soul. Their minds were turned inwards into the soul and with the soul-eyes they looked upon the outer surface of Nature and saw her appareled and bejeweled with that light of the soul within. By that soul-life that they lived within they were made happy, as we unfortunate beings are all trying to become but miserably fail. Happiness: their happiness flowed from within out, whereas we are all trying to be happy from without.

Man and woman lived instinctively knowing their mutual duties. Their teacher was their own soul, their own ensouled consciousness. They lived like moving Vedas, moving Bible. The truths of the Bible were within them, glowing in their consciousness, and formed the mainspring of their actions. Hence they knew what was right. Wrong they did not know, because the soul-light always showed them the path of the right.

But those ages have gone by. We are living, we may say, in one of the darkest ages. Some of you may resent this and say "We are living in an age of light." It is an age of light in some way, say, an age of electric light; an age of darkness lighted by electricity.

The Wisdom-Religion, which the ancient Vedic religion is called, tells its adherents to live a life that is founded upon the inner laws of Nature. When the Silver Age came and with it the obscuration of the light within the minds of the Golden Age men and women, the soul-light was darkened within them with the grossening of the spirit of Nature, they studied; they had to study the Vedas and learn the right life to live.

That light of the Veda told them that man and woman are counterparts of each

\*Verbatim report of an extemporaneous lecture delivered by Baba Bharati at the Krishna Temple, Los Angeles, Cal.

other; the two parts made one whole. Man is positive force, woman is negative force. We have in this age become so conceited that we start and jump at any word that is possible against us; and, if the ladies will pardon me, I'll tell them that when I call woman to be a negative force, I do not mean, nor did the illuminated sages of the past mean that it is anything inferior to man. You know, negative and positive forces in matter fuse into each other, but two positive forces repel. Man is made as much of negative as positive force as woman; only in man the positive force is predominant, and in woman the negative force is predominant. By negative force I mean energy that does not act directly—that acts indirectly. This universe is the manifestation of negative force.

Woman, as I said the other night, is predominant heart; man is predominant intellect. Woman has intellect, too, but it is functioned by heart; man has heart, too, but it is functioned by his intellect.

I will stop just a few seconds to ask you to think over these two statements I have made. I'll repeat it. Man is predominant intellect; woman is predominant heart,—hence man is a thinking being, woman is an intuitional being. Woman functions her intellect through her intuitive faculty; man functions his heart by the force of his positive thought. Is woman, therefore, an inferior being to man? Far from it. Rather the reverse is the fact. The heart is the door of the soul and the inner chamber of the mind. Woman, when she has cultivated her heart, when she has developed her heart, healthily, harmoniously, is nearer to the soul than the man's intellect is. Her intuitions are proverbial, and the source of her inspiration is the soul. The heart feels, the intellect thinks. While man can think by his brain or intellect, woman can arrive at the same conclusion or grasp the same thought, the same idea, through her intuitional heart; and in many cases woman surpasses man in the grasp of a subtle idea. The man asks her, "How did you get it?" surprised at her information. Woman answers: "I don't know; I feel it; I can't tell you how I get it, but it comes to me." There is the negativity; so don't start, don't be cross, Madam Woman. You have got an instrument within you and if you keep that instrument in proper order, if you keep it oiled and working, if you keep it shut from all dust of the intellectual world, you will beat and surpass Mr. Man at every step.

A woman's duties to man is to give him of the treasures of her heart. When man comes home, the woman seeks to make him happy, be she wife, mother, sister or other relative.

Man's duty is to supply the home with all the necessities of life, for which he has

to work with his intellect and body. He wars on the intellectual field, he wars on the material field. His mind is disturbed by the dust of this field of war, he comes home, aye, his heart dust-covered, his energy flagging, to seek peace. There stands the woman, priestess of his hearth and home, and welcomes him and ought to cover him with all the tender attributes of her heart, to make him forget, for the time, the business world; forget all the dust he is covered with, forget all the turmoils, all the pains of the outer business world.

Man supplies the necessities of life, woman turns them into the comforts and sustenance of life. The groceries come and she has to turn them into food for the sustenance of the inmates of the home. But this alone is not her sphere, this is her function on the material plane, the material side of the home. Then comes the moral side, the moral plane, of the home. Man forgets, in the midst of his duties, his material duties, his inner moral nature. He deals with the business world with his intellectuality and with his outer moral nature, but the inner is forgotten. Of that he loses sight. When man comes home woman must help him recover that consciousness of his inner moral nature with the tender attributes of her woman's heart. All the cares of outer life are forgotten. The heart is appealed to, the heart is soothed and morality again lives and glows in the heart. The source of morality is love; the source of morality is in the heart. She humanizes him; makes him happy; makes him forget all his troubles and fills him with energy, moral energy, to fight the battle of life the next day with renewed vigor and refreshed energies.

She has to nourish her children and train their young minds. She it is that makes man, physical, moral, mental, intellectual, spiritual. She makes the man complete. In his younger life, on the soft soil of the young mind, she sows the seeds of his future greatness, of all his triumphs in his future life. She it is that makes man what he is. With her tender care, with her heart's intuition, she feeds the child, but does not over-feed him; she feeds his mind with food easily digestible and which the mind can easily assimilate; feeds the heart with noble sentiments, feeds the soul.

Then, man remembers her all through his life. Whenever his greatness is appreciated by the world, whenever that appreciation turns to his heart, to the source of that greatness, he remembers his mother and he cheerfully gives all the credit of it to the mother that has made him the moral being that he is.

When a man comes home with troubles or fagged out by work, a woman's duty is

not to trouble his intellect, not to disturb his intellect, not to disturb his mind, but to make him happy and comfortable, to talk to him with the heart and in the heart's language.

Many are the duties of a woman, but it is time I should talk about man's duties to woman.

Man's duty, first and foremost, is to understand what a woman is: that predominantly she is heart and essentially soulful. Man ought to know this fact about woman and deal with her accordingly, and then he will deal without a mistake and without creating any disturbance; without losing the peace of his mind and his home. They say woman is unreasonable. Men say woman is unreasonable. Therein they commit mistake. She is certainly unreasonable when you do not know how to approach her, how to reason with her. You must reason with her with the head and heart too; but if you reason with her with your bright intellectual brains, merely, she doesn't know your reasons; she cannot feel them. A woman has to feel a thing to understand it. You will all say there are bright, intellectual women that can talk and think and act as a man does. Some of them, I am very sorry to say, are no women. Others have yet retained the individuality of their heart in spite of their intellectual training. Such an one thinks that she is an intellectual woman, has as much intellect as a man. But other sources of her bright ideas and thoughts are her heart-faculties; they all come from her heart-nature; but she thinks, "It is my intellect, my bright intellect, that supplies me with these thoughts and ideas that people admire."

A man should approach a woman knowing her nature, approach her by the way of her heart, and she will understand all these intellectual flights and complexities more quickly than he does. Let her grasp a thing by her own instrument, not with his.

A man in this country—I won't say the average man—but generally, a man comes home and talks to his wife about business and the troubles he had gone through in meeting with people,—talks to her of politics, of material science. Poor woman! If she is womanly. Out of her love she bears all that and answers responsively; but her heart is hungry, unsatisfied. It is out of her heroic love that she hears all the talk of the gross world, to which she does not belong.

These men should leave their politics, their business, their loud talks and their material science outside the door when they enter the home; for the head is coming to the heart and now let the head talk in the language of the heart, in the ways

of the heart. A man must talk to his wife, to his women, in their own language, in their own ways. Man says, "My wife understands me very well. She talks brightly. She even gives me ideas which otherwise I never think of, on political subjects and all subjects." But the wife is grossened.

Poor woman! Keep woman woman. She can win back her treasures if she loses them. Let her understand through her channels of understanding that her treasures are the cardinal instincts of her womanhood. You have forced upon her intellectual thoughts and she has lost her heart instrument and has to please you, has to try to understand intellectual things through her intellect. You are a man and she is a woman: why do you come to her and talk to her as if she were a man? If you take her for man why is she woman?

There is difference between man and woman. The difference doesn't mean inferiority or superiority. Each one in their own province is equal and superior to the other. Talk to her in the language of the heart. Talk to her on the heart's subjects. Woman is heart-hungry; her heart-hunger is born of her soul-hunger, for she is essentially spiritual. As I said the other night, she is the high priestess of religion through all the ages, as she is a heroine in this land of matter-madness. She is still the high priestess of religion. She it is that has kept up our religions. She it is that is still feeding the altar of religion in every church. Had it not been for her, religion and spirituality would have vanished from the face of this great land, and this great land would have gone down into the waters.

Yes, treat her as a woman. Entertain her knowing she is a woman. Supply her needs: not only material and intellectual, but moral and spiritual: above everything, spiritual.

Once you know this treat her accordingly. You will find what a grand being she is—grandier than when you only knew her and thought of her as pretty. Give her religion. She needs her religion. She is essentially spiritual. Her intuitions show she is spiritual, at heart spiritual. Give her religion, a religion that appeals to her, a religion that is founded upon healthy principles, a religion that is founded upon the worship of God—all love, all divine. Give her that religion: whatever it be—Christianity, Buddhism, Hindooism, or any other ism that has for its center an incarnation of God—the God that is All-Love.

Do not give her a religion, or do you persuade her with all heart nature not to take to a religion that has not been formed out of the radiance of an incarnation of God. An incarnation of God is the center

of a true religion. It is around his personality that a religion grows. Christ was an incarnation and he has left a religion which only shines forth the radiance of his pure, God-loving heart, his man-loving heart. Buddha was an incarnation of God and he is the center of Buddhism. Can you take Christianity without Christ? No. "God is love," some of our new creedists, like the old prophets, may say and propound a new cult. But he has not in his creed, or in his new book, the living element of religion. Christ's sayings are living truths and they are magnetic because they came out of the experiences of his consciousness. A man that thinks deeply on a subject and by that deep thought dives to the very bottom of it, when that man speaks those truths that he has found in the bottom of his consciousness they are potent with the spirit of the realm into which he has dived and his words are but the shells of his spirit-filled sentiments. When that man speaks, whether he be English or Chinese or Hottentot, even, when he speaks out of his experiences of the inner world, the world listens. He may speak in his own language, he may not know your language well but may have picked up your English and speak it in its "pigeon" form. But you forget the language when you see the man and when you see the force of his sentiment, the force that comes from the bottom of his ensouled consciousness. Therefore, there can be no religion unless that religion had an Incarnation to give it to the world.

Yes, give her religion that is a true religion; that tells the world that God is love and that the soul within us is part of Him; that the soul is the home of love; that if you love your God you cannot help loving man and all his creatures; because, that God is all love, pervades all creation, therefore he is within every creature,—or blade of grass, for that matter. When you have given woman that religion, let her be devoted to it. Help her to foster her spiritual instinct; and, then Mr. Man, you be religious yourself.

You have in this country a way of saying, "Oh, religion belongs to women!" as if it is a fad, as if it is something that is not worth a man's while. "Religion belongs to woman!" Mr. Man, you are a brute if you are without religion, if you do not know your soul, if you do not know your God that is within you. Yes, you are a brute. But to save yourself from your brutishness, give your wives and women a religion, and let each make an atmosphere in her own home of a religious, of a spiritual, magnetism; an atmosphere of spirituality, so that when your brute self comes home that brute self will be a little humanized, may be a little spiritualized daily. And when you talk with her, her words coming out of her spiritual devotion

will do the work of a Savior for you. By making your women spiritual you may and perhaps will yourself procure a ticket to cross the world-ocean as she goes with her ticket on the Lord's own ferry-boat of devotion.

If you love a woman you must love her soul, you must love her heart, her mind, her body; but you seem to love her body and her body-fed mind and you are ready to spend a hundred dollars for a gown and not twenty dollars for her religious expenses.

Yes, give her all needed allowance for the spiritual, even if you are material and an agnostic. Some day you will profit by her training, by her devoted spiritual instincts. You say you love her: but you love the matter in her only if you refuse to help her in her spiritual hungerings and you are then a worse brute than the brute that merely thrashes his wife.

Yes, this woman, when developed spiritually, will make throughout this life a better helper for you.

Woman's duties to man are almost the same. The first thing she should create is the spiritual atmosphere in her home life. She must tell her husband to be spiritual, to attend to the duties of his soul; and even when he refuses, stand on your dignity as a wife, as a woman essentially spiritual; and if you stand on your dignity and do not give way that man will soon bow down to your majesty, the majesty of a divine woman, who wants to be divine first and human next. There is a grandeur and a majesty about a divine person before which a material man, or even the greatest blusterer and bluffer, will bow in time.

A man pays so much homage to a woman, to his wife, and a woman, in these days in most cases, accepts that homage because she has no time to think why she is the recipient of so much homage. If she had time to think intelligently, she would come to the unavoidable conclusion that this service and homage that is rendered, is rendered to her flesh, to her physical self. Is not that an outrage! Why should she accept service of a selfish nature? You all say to friends, "I cannot accept this from you until you agree to take something in return." Why do you accept from your husband services which you do not think of returning, services you can very well return in some other ways? That service is very insincere, is mere flattery. And when you, Madam Wife, do not return that service, it is an insult. Man must take care of his women always and serve them in all things in which they need the services of men, the services of the sterner sex, but the softer sex must also pay such services back with their services to man. Your service is in

the home and his services are outside. Let him render you all the services that are prompted by love; that are your dues as a woman, as wife or a daughter or sister. But give him all the services that are due to him as a man, as your husband or your brother or your father.

If men and women know their duties to their soul then they will be spiritual and the light of that spirituality will tell them how to behave towards each other. There will be no lectures needed, nor books to be studied, to know those lessons. Those lessons are within the inner chamber of the mind, in the book that is within the mind, which you read by the light of the soul. When soul-consciousness is the light of life there is no book needed outside. The book within teaches well.

One word more and I am done: A home is not a house. Does a home mean a house?

No. The location of home is not outside the hearts of its inmates. The home is located nowhere, save in the heart. A grand house or a house furnished exquisitely, divided into sitting rooms, dining room, sleeping rooms, kitchen, library, "den" and so on, does not necessarily mean a home. We all know it. If there is discord in that house it is no home. You can find such homes in the hells—you can find them in mere rooming houses. Home is made up of the heart's instincts, made up of love. In one word, a loving couple or a couple responsive to each other's heart, can make a home under a tree or in a tent, make a happy home which may well be envied by palace-dwellers. The home is in your heart. Let married couples when they go to housekeeping, go to form a home life, know this that without love there can be no home. A loveless "home" is like a building of bricks without mortar.

### SAYINGS OF KRISHNA

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



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

# Love is Law

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

## I.

He that knows the Name of Me  
In its Great Entirety,  
Knows its Potency and Worth,  
He hath had his second birth.

## II.

He hath come unto his own,  
And the deeds his heart hath sown,  
He shall view them as they grow—  
Fruits of joy to crush out woe.

## III.

And the hand of him shall pluck  
From Life's tree eternal luck,  
And his wakened soul shall see  
All the wonder yet to be.

## IV.

In the lives that lay before,  
And beyond life's waiting door  
He shall read the blazing thought  
On the rock of ages wrought.

## V.

He the seal of Truth shall break  
That the world to love shall wake,  
And uphold the Ancient Name  
That forever is the same.

## VI.

Where no man-made name hath rung,  
And no human tongue hath sung  
Of the beauties hidden there  
Of the Mysteries, wondrous fair,

## VII.

That the Name of Love upholds  
That the Power of Love unfolds—  
Yea, that Name of Love is Law  
And Creation stands in awe  
Of its Rhythm and its Rhyme  
That hath thundered all through Time.

# The West's Spiritual Trend

By BABA BHARATI

THAT the spiritual trend of the times the world over is towards the Mystical religions based on the scientific philosophies of India, most watchful observers will readily admit. Cultured and spiritual-minded people in the West are finding great comfort in the study of these Hindoo religions and philosophies. Many are practicing its principles. Even the Christian Churches are broadening the bases of their creeds and illuminating the Bible truths with the aid of Hindoo religious light. Those who are still within the churches, and those outside them but still inclined to believe in Jesus Christ, are studying Hindoo religious lore to understand their Savior helped by its illumination. Followers of New Thought, the very substance of which is the old thought of India, are getting tired of the superficiality of borrowed ideas adjusted into a sort of cult or occultism. They want something that is not only deeper, but will spiritually energize the mind into real soul-awakening. And they are finding that the religion of the Vedas, in old or modern phases, is the only scientific system of thought that is satisfying to their hungry and thirsty souls. Christian Science, as I have shown, is Neo-Vendantism adjusted to the Bible, while Bahaism is mostly a mixture of Vedanta and Vaishnavism of the Hindoos.

Theosophy, which is based mostly on Hinduism and has done great work in familiarizing the Western world with the scientific truths of that religion, is trying now to make itself a religion, mainly founded upon the Vedanta, to satisfy its followers here who want something more than ideas of occultism and are hankering to get into the depths of its mysteries to feel the vibrations of their mysterious forces. Conceited Churchianity is mending itself and introducing in its preaching ideas from the oldest religion of the world to suit the altered taste and attitude of mind of its congregations. The following letter received from an appreciative reader will be found interesting:

I am grieved beyond measure at the Christianity I see practiced. Except the few faithful, even the people around me who claim to be such Christians and who keep the Bible around all the time, talk and smile behind my back—a woman with the trouble I have had—why, they haven't got plain animal sympathy. I would like you to talk to them on Christianity and Jesus Christ, their own religion and Savior and teach them something about both.

There are great spiritual changes going on in this country. I know people of all creeds and watch them. The Spiritualists are fast going toward Oriental, especially Hindoo, lines. The Christian Scientists are growing fast in the occult knowledge. Even the Christian ministers talk now of the "Incarnation," meaning the Christ, and are broadening very, very much. The Theosophists—well, they are all filled up about there going to be a Coming Christ of the age. He is shortly to appear, but they do not say outright when or where.

Also the Christian Scientists have grown so in this country that the Roman Catholic Churches notice it. You see, Mrs. Eddy has practically made herself another Pope, and it is the only thing that has grown fast enough to warrant the notice of that institu-

tion. I guess it is the only thing that has promised enough growth to make the others shaky about what is coming next. I think there is an inner war between the two. I know people intimately who are versed in both, and I "size them up."

The other day something happened in the other church. Episcopal Bishop Lawrence forget himself and in questions, brought in something about evolution, etc., then made a statement about the story of Adam and Eve being allegorical and so forth. Imagine what this has created. Papers are full of it and every one is talking. It is indeed very widely discussed. What the outcome will be I do not know. Don't you see this will shake the entire foundation of the Church or else he will have to retract for the whole church and its preaching is built on the Bible literally. Now, this man pulls its very legs out by his statement! Another minister, Dr. Gordon, created a similar sensation a year or two ago, and he has preached so broadly that the whole church has shifted. Some left, some continued, others went in.

All this shows the trend of the times. We are certainly in an age of transition and people are beginning to wake up. The old narrow way is practically a thing of the past. They want a scientific religion, a natural and cheerful religion.

Look at our country clubs and athletic sports crowded on Sundays, men spending their Sundays out of doors exercising! It is an out-of-door age. Out of doors is getting to be the craze of the people and it is having its effect on them, clearing their minds and heads. They are not afraid. They are not afraid any more to find out or think about religion for themselves. Almost everybody in this West is crazy on the mental—to study mental science, and they are running to Hindu philosophy which offers them an exact science of mentality. This Hindu religion and its scientific philosophy, illuminated by ascetic Sages like you, will and are helping the hungry souls here to get the concept of true religion, Christianity included.

What the West needs is a optimistic **Spiritual** religion, **Scientific** in construction. The Western minds are getting tired of eternal damnation and hell-fire or possible bliss in Heaven after death. They all want something cheering and tangible here and now. Yes, **now**, for nobody wants to wait for anything here in the West. The craze for speed is invading all spheres of life, even religion. They are demanding quick soul-unfoldment, at least the practical beginning of it—a beginning that must be felt and enjoyed. The Hindoo religion satisfies all the needs. It is optimistic in its core and scope. Not only the Kingdom of Heaven is within man, but it is accessible here and now in this life.

It even stretches before the religious aspirant a vista of spiritual promotion to the very Incarnationship of God. Yes, John or Brown has the potentialities in his soul for some day returning to earth, after the highest spiritual elevation, as a veritable Savior of mankind—a Christ. In this very life, along with the daily performances of spiritual practices, according to Hindu Spiritual regulations, the joy of the awakening soul can be felt at once. Its mystical mantrams—spiritual sound-potencies—when practiced regularly, are magical in their effect upon the human consciousness and even health. Its scientific concepts and construction appeal to the intellect of even an intelligent materialist. The Hindu religion is religion, Philosophy and Science—the three in one. It is the greatest and most effective system of transcendental thought for developing God-consciousness or Soul-consciousness, the same thing.

Its law of Karma and Re-incarnation absolutely explain all the mysterious causes of human fate and events. It scientifically enunciates laws by which the latent powers of the human mind can be developed into forces for enacting what are called miracles, but what the Vedas call "natural phenomena" which are mere manifestations of concentrated thought-force.

What, above all, it quickly brings about within its followers is the atmosphere of spiritual love thickening into the Love Absolute, whose attribute is unbroken happiness, the natural search of all souls in the Universe. It preaches that mere intellectual grasp of wisdom, even the highest, is but a stage in spiritual growth. God, the Embodiment of Absolute Love templed in the human soul, can be grasped by the intellect, but can never be enjoyed until He is felt in the heart. Intellectual spirituality does not beget love. The central abode of love is the heart. When God-love is grasped by the heart, then does it move the whole mind into spiritual thought and action which help to build character with the brick and mortar of harmony and righteousness.

By instinct the God-hungry souls of the West are turning to the old, old religion of the Vedas and the works of the illuminated Hindu saints for the satisfaction of their hunger. The world's events are marching rather rapidly in these days, and so, in a few more years, India will have conquered the souls of the majority of the Westerners by her old and irresistible weapons of wisdom and spiritual love. She is the heart-soul of the earth, hence her function has been to vibrate Spiritual energy through the veins and arteries of Mother Earth to the rest of the world. The whole East, except its Mohammedan portion, is Hindoo. In less than a quarter of a century the whole West will be more or less pervaded by Hindoo spiritual thought, the parent of all religions, ancient or modern.

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## INDIA

By ELSA BARKER

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

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

# Vedic Seed-Thoughts

By BISHWARUP CHATURVEDI

Now as to knowledge: the teacher [is] the first; the second element the pupil [is]; wisdom their junction; instruction [is] the means whereby they are conjoined. So far concerning knowledge.—Taittiriopanishad, Part I, Sutra 3.

As light is cognized by its opposite, darkness; as its presence is noted by its absence; as its extensions are measured by its limitations; so wisdom is traced by ignorance, illumination by its void and its existence by its non-existence. Where a teacher is, there also students are found; and where students congregate there knowledge must be paramount; and where knowledge stalks, there a path will be made to lead to wisdom's gate.

Where Nature is, there, too, its offspring is found; and where she and her offspring are, there activity functions. Thus Nature is the teacher, the offspring the student, and wisdom the activity that yokes them.

The seed is the teacher, the tree the student, and the growth is the wisdom that results from their conjunction.

God is the Teacher, man the student, His wisdom the magnet that attracts them.

Heaven is the teacher, earth the student, the firmament the wisdom which stretches between them and causes the universe to be of many worlds.

Mind is the teacher, body the student, wisdom the thought that transmits its like to each, causing its creation and destruction to be.

Soul is the teacher, heart the student, wisdom the cord that joins them, by which man converses with gods.

The teacher is the world within, the student the outer world, wisdom the call that merges the outer with the inner.

Self is the teacher, flesh the student, wisdom is that which causes the flesh to cease its outer play, and dwell on the exquisite drama within that ceases not ever its play or is weary.

Teacher is that which is permanent, student is that which is temporal. Wisdom through instruction it is that causes the temporal to be lost in the deeps of the permanent.

Creation is teacher, student the creation, wisdom is the knower of creator and creation.

Thought is the teacher, deed the student, wisdom the eternal activity that converts thought into deed.

Light is the teacher, darkness the student, wisdom the measure by which the limitation of each is cognized.

Teacher is illumination, student ignorance, wisdom the law that weighs and measures it.

Teacher is the actor, man the act, wisdom the activity that manifests both.

Knowledge is the outcome of instruction. Instruction is that which binds pupil to teacher. Its goal is wisdom, that plane where knowledge, grown to gods' estate, functions.

Wisdom is the uncovering of the Soul. It is the outcome of meditation upon God. It is that which couples man with Law. Illumination it is that binds teacher and student together in their revels of wisdom.

Knowledge is tall and straight and hard and unbending. It carries the load of its own building upon its back like the snail that carries its world. Knowledge is pompous and loud of speech and ever alert to defend the storehouse where its treasures of many minds are stored. The fruits of knowledge are temporal and linger not, but, with lightning swiftness, change with the passing of dancing sun-motes, or melt, from the eye of the mind, like the frosts at the foot of the mountain's slope.

Wisdom is pliable and is deep and broad and sways like the ocean's wave and the mountain winds. It bends and touches the worlds from side to horizon, and reaches from worlds through their firmament unto their base. It carries Eternity on its breast, and nurses the universe in its birth and passing. Wisdom is soft of speech, for it is the voice of Love. It is far-sounding, for it hath sung through aeons and aeons. The ear of the child hath caught it, and it has fallen on the heart of the sage like moonlight. The foundation of Life it is; all that is, has sprung from it.

The weight of knowledge is heavy and it weareth its bearer down. It tingles the blood and fevers it too. The instruction of knowledge is ever changeful, for it touches on that which is made or marred by the passing of seasons, and taketh its creation therefrom and is clothed with insecurity. The treasures of the Everlasting are wisdom's dower; the glory of Love's revelation is wisdom's beauty. The joy of youth's never-ending freshness is its coolness, and it tingles the blood of man with the Life that is deathless, the bliss that is entrancing, and the peace that is born of its unchanging normality. Wisdom shoulders the Rock of Ages and knows not the thumb-worn pages of Time in its passing. It knows that the Beginning is now, and that the end is not to come. The expansion of wisdom spreadeth over all, leaving no void. Its measurements fit space and it shrivels not.

Knowledge is the embodiment of many lives that have lived and are dead. It thrives on the fleeting events of man and the world. Its foundation is without stability, and its crown is the halo of a fleecy mist that appears and vanishes at the kiss of the sun. Knowledge leads to the gate of wisdom. When the burden of its gathered pack becomes too heavy, then man drops it together with the mantle of his own pride's making, and empty-handed enters to bathe in the golden waters of wisdom whose every drop holds the illumination of what is, was and shall be; the Creator, creation and the laws of its operation. Wisdom is Life and the hand of death hath no place in its precincts. Its stability is the vantage of its worth, and its diadem is the aura of its own illumination.

# True Selfishness

By MARY WALTON

THE command, Be selfish, hardly seems necessary in this day and age when self and self-service are uppermost in the minds of all. And yet never has it been more necessary for men to be truly selfish than right now in this age of grab and greed. But to be, "truly selfish" one must first know what the "true self" is. What indeed is this self that must be served first always, whose concern is our greatest need and highest welfare, whose claim outweighs that of stranger and kindred, friend and foe alike? Is it the body with its clamorous demands ever unsatisfied, that would feast on others, famine, and joy in another's sorrow? Can this body be the true self, this body that at best flourishes but a few years only to return again to the earth and its elements? No. Instinctively we feel that the true self must be something higher than this perishable clay. It is the mind, perhaps, with its wonderful intelligence that controls the senses and directs the body? But no, back of the mind is a still higher power, scarcely cognized, which animates and guides the mind. And this highest force we call the soul. Unchangeable, unaffected by birth or death, imperishable, this then must be the "true self," the real I, whose consideration should be our chief thought and highest aim in life.

Once having determined the true self we should endeavor to learn how to be truly selfish. But first let us try to answer that wondering why—why should we consider our Self first before thinking of others? At first glance it hardly seems noble or altruistic not to consider your neighbor's needs before your own. But if we ponder a little, the fact becomes clear enough that we must possess something before we can give it, must first be enlightened ourselves before we can enlighten others. Right here, perhaps, we can see some divergence in the Eastern and Western conception of life and religion. The West-

erner, when awakened somewhat to man's highest needs, would at once hasten to awaken others before he has as yet found himself, would try to preach what he has not yet practiced and seek to prove to others what he has not yet proved for himself. This attitude and action toward others explain the somewhat crude missionary zeal of the West and betray to these older religious peoples only the neophyte, if not the bigot, in spirituality. For the Easterner has learned, through ages of spiritual culture, the processes of soul-realization which will eventually enable the seeker to be conscious of his real self. Once he has mastered these laws he can aid others and be a true guide, not a stumbling-block. The West cognizes this quickly enough in things temporal, and for that reason has unmeasured material success. In music, in art, in science, in all branches of learning only those who have proved their mastery of a subject are recognized as authorities; no dabbler, no novice is given serious consideration. It is clear to all that a true teacher cannot impart knowledge that he does not possess. One cannot pour water from an empty vessel. Yet in general the modern West has not applied this rule to things of the spirit as they did in the time of the early Christians, and as a result there are more preachers than pastors, more salary-seekers than saints. They fail to appreciate the fact that Christ, an Incarnation, born with the realization of a Savior, yet withdrew from the world and in meditation prepared for His mighty mission. Yet, too often now these young theologues think a college course quite sufficient preparation for a spiritual career. And is it to be wondered that the Oriental only smiles tolerantly as at the prattle of a child when he is informed that the holy men of his land, who are in constant communion with God, are selfish because they think first of saving their own souls before seeking the sal-

vation of others? For the Oriental rightly maintains that this true selfishness is most unselfish and also declares that still more subtle truth that great thoughts are the most beneficial force in the world, of more real soul-help than the greatest deeds of kindness or philanthropy. This truth is being "discovered" by psychologists and thinkers of "New" Thought and is revolutionizing long accepted ideals and beliefs.

So let us, in our efforts to help oth-

ers, not forget to be more truly selfish toward ourselves. Let us not in mistaken zeal, sacrifice our own highest interests to the lower interest of others. Let us seek first the things of the spirit for ourselves, for once we gain them we must share them with all alike, as the rose its fragrance and the gem its radiance. And surely in our effort to be truly selfish we will at last become unselfish, for we will have realized that the true SELF is the One in all.

## THE ASCETICS AND MYSTICS OF INDIA

By DR. HEINRICH HENSHOLDT

"I have never know a sanyasi to accept money, either before or after a performance.

"I myself have repeatedly tried to tempt them with as much as five rupees at a time (which is more than a wealthy native would ever dream of offering, as a present on such occasions) but the money was always refused, kindly but firmly. How, then, do they manage to exist? They live principally on rice, which they obtain in precisely the same manner as the religious mendicants, viz., by begging. They are, in fact, traveling teachers, at least the greater part of them, while the rest are hermits, who live in the jungle or in the hill-country, in solitary huts and caverns, which they quit comparatively seldom, to carry some mysterious message to the outer world.

These quiet, unobtrusive men, with their fine, intelligent faces—foreheads which reflect the wisdom of a thousand years—actually obtain their food by begging. This may seem incredible, but it is true. The reader may be naturally inclined to ask: "Why don't some of them go to Europe or the United States, and by exhibiting their powers make fortunes?" He might as well ask why the Old Testament prophets, or the apostles of Christ, did not turn their peculiar gifts into a money-making business. These men are beyond the desire of making fortunes—something which it may be difficult for Europeans or Americans to realize. They look upon the brief span of life which separates us from eternity with altogether different eyes, and their contempt of wealth is only equalled by their pity for those who are incessantly engaged in its pursuit. Thus they would not do for our peculiar civilization. Besides, imagine one of these philosophers exhibiting his marvels in one of our theaters with handbills or posters printed advertising the same, and all the paraphernalia of our sensational booming. The idea is simply preposterous!

"These men have a mission to perform in their own country, and, like the prophets of old, they work miracles in order to arrest the attention of the people. The miracles, in fact, are their credentials. Miracles were the credentials of the prophets of old, and it is to be doubted whether Christ Himself could have produced much of an impression upon the Jews of Palestine if He had not worked His miracles. This the Gospel explicitly tells us, for we usually find the record of the performance of a miracle followed by the word, 'and he (or they) believed in Him.' It would thus appear that Christ's miracles were largely intended to demonstrate His divine character and to open the eyes of the multitude."

# Trotting Out Another Christ

By BABA BHARATI

MY article on "Western Thief of Eastern Thought," published in the last issue, has evoked warm appreciation and congratulations from many unexpected quarters, somewhat contrary to expectations. I have been commended for justice and reason of the article. It was just the thing needed, say most friends. I offer my thanks and gratitude to all these readers, and can assure them that in exposing such claims as Mrs. Eddy's and of her followers I was not at all actuated by prejudice or malice which does not exist in my consciousness. Even her total "steal" of the Hindoo Neo-Vedantic doctrine she was quite welcome to, if she had lived, moved and had her being in the real spirit of the Vedanta, a spirit which all ardent students of that ancient spiritual thought cannot help acquiring, viz., Renunciation of all material thoughts and things. If she had not been mercenary, if she had not hoarded the world's goods by selling her creed of renunciation, she could have rendered great service to the Western world surfeited as it is now with unshakable desires for them.

But the chief reason for which I wrote that article was the fact that her followers were boldly calling her "the Second Christ," and some of them even watching for her resurrection. If Mrs. Eddy was the Second Christ, with her practical worldliness and love of money, the First Christ, Christ Jesus of Nazareth, ought to suffer terribly in the estimation of the world. If Mrs. Eddy, the "Second Christ" is a reflection of the First, that First must have been as miserable a representative of God as Mrs. Eddy. And yet he was not. He was one of the most radiant expressions of Lord God, this Jesus of Nazareth. He was the living and moving embodiment in human flesh of the truth. What is the Truth? Love is the Truth. Absolute Love, Unmixed Universal Love is the Truth. Jesus lived this Truth, manifested this Truth, spoke this Truth, acted this Truth. And the Truth of which he was such a radiant expression in thought, life and action poured out Its vibrations through him into ether and human consciousness and through these two mediums Its vibrating light has pierced through nineteen centuries and is today illumining the firmament of human mentality the world over. And this in spite of his crucifixion with which his earthly career had culminated. The lesson and the miracle of the Cross was the lesson and miracle of His undying, unswerving love for God and man. This love and its light is the inheritance of the world. The crown of thorns with which his head was circled have blazed forth as the crown of living stars before which the crowned heads of Christendom have bent in homage. This miracle of the Cross, this divine manifestation of limitless love for God and man proves the Divine Incarnationship of Jesus the Christ.

The records of this Jesus the Christ's life and teachings have formed a book which is the only great book which the Western world possesses, a book which that Western world can hold up against the Sacred Books of the East and declare in triumph: "We have this Scripture equal to yours." And this

Scripture, embodying the life and teachings of the Nazarene, offers a concept of spiritual life and a process of mental mechanism through which the goal of that spiritual life can be attained. But this whole process of developing God-love and man-love radiates from its source and center, Christ Jesus of Nazareth.

This is the First Christ of the western world. Had the late Mary Baker Eddy the qualities and consciousness of this First Christ even a one-hundred thousandth part to deserve being called his second manifestation?

Now, I have to talk of the third Christ that some good meaning people are trotting out, I mean the Bahaists or Babists. This Abdul Baha, Son of the late Bahauallah, they claim to be the third Christ. A Los Angeles lady, after mildly reproving me—the only reproof I have received—for writing what I did about Mrs. Eddy last month, has bombarded me with literature and “tablets” of Abdul Baha, with certificates from his disciples testifying to his being not only the last but the greatest Incarnation of God. This lady herself goes one better. She asserts that the other Incarnations—Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, etc.,—were mere candle flames. Abdul Baha, the Saint of Acca, in Syria, is the sun. Men are foolish if, in day light they choose to shut their windows and live and see by candle light. The best thing for us devotees of Krishna, Buddaha and Christ is to open the windows and let the shine of the Sun in, the Sun with a capital S, the greatest Incarnation of God—Abdul Baha!

Think of it! Think of this greatest Incarnation of God—this Abdul Baha—this Spiritual Sun compared with whom even Krishna, Buddaha and Christ are mere candle flames! They are not even electric lamps or even gas jets—why, not even some sort of crude coal oil lights. They are mere wee weak flames of tallow candles!

But all this perfectly insane talk about this greatest Incarnation manifested as Abdul Baha would not happen if these Bahaists had the least idea of what an Incarnation of God is, what is his make-up, how he incarnates—what is the process through which God takes birth in human flesh—what are his attributes and signs, what is the principal test by which he can be known to be a true Incarnation of the Diety. Even the Christian preachers, scholars, high priests including the Pope, does not know it. Even the word “Incarnation” they did not know and have recently borrowed from the East to call Jesus by. But to save their soul, they cannot interpret the process of the Diety incarnating in flesh, can never make it clear either to themselves or to others even after studying the Sacred Books of India, the Land of Incarnations. Much less can these Bahaists attempt to do so, the Bahaists at Acca, not to speak of the American section. If they knew it they would know the signs of the God-man and recognize him. If they knew it, they would not call every saintly person a “Son of God.” This Abdul Baha seems to be a saint no doubt like his father. He has a sweet, nervously spiritual face, judging from a photograph I have seen of him. His message of love and wisdom are good and breathe spirituality. He seems a good, godly man and, unlike Mrs. Eddy, talks **natural** transcendentalism.

But his religion as he presents it is a bouquet of flowers of wisdom and love-expressions culled from the gardens of Hinduism, Sufism, Buddhism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. In his attempt to enunciate the evolution of man from the mineral he presents a half truth because, taking the idea from Hinduism, he wants to hide the source of his knowledge and eliminates from it the principle of re-incarnation by which the atom evolves into a human being through mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. That reincarnation is the process of this evolution he suppresses, because its acknowledgement will dub his religion as Hindoo. Sufism he has exploited more than any other religion in constructing the love-phase of his cult. Now, Sufism is nothing but Vaisnavism, the devotional phase of Hinduism, which some itinerant ascetical Hindoo devotees taught in Mohammedan countries, to some Mohammedans who, in turn, adjusted it to the Koran. But whatever be the make-up of Bahatism, its ideas, ideals and sentiments are good, and the saintly man who promulgates it certainly adds his vibrations to its ethical teachings.

What, however, constitutes the Divine Incarnationship of Abdul Baha or his revered father I can not understand. It strikes me that it is American sensationalism that trots him out as not only an Avatar but the greatest one that ever descended on earth. Like Eddyism, Bahatism seems to be syndicated. I hope poor Abdul Baha, the good saint, will some day be saved from this syndicate and be allowed to live his Godly life radiating his soul-consciousness to the soul-hungry ones of the Lord in some normal way. I salaam to him.

## THE MYTH ABOUT THE JUGGERNAUTH

By MONCURE CONWAY

ALMOST all of the facts in regard to Indian religion have been colored by missionary partizanship. The sentiments expressed by Bishop Heber in a famous hymn—

What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;  
Though every prospect pleases  
And only man is vile.

are only too typical of a certain kind of missionary spirit. Ever since our childhood we have been nurtured on stories of Indian idol-worship and the bloody car of the Juggernaut. But even the humble Indians do not worship idols in themselves. The images are covered with symbolic ornaments, representing the character or legendary deeds of this or that divinity. Each divinity has a certain day in the month and a certain hour when he or she enters his or her temple, and by a temporary trans-substantiation enters the image. After receiving due offerings the deity departs, and from that moment until the return of their festival, the image is without any sanctity whatever.

I found learned men in India, both native and English, puzzled by the evil reputation of Juggernaut and his Car, throughout Christendom. He is a form of Vishnoo, the Lord of Life, to whom all destruction is abhorrent. The death of the smallest creature beneath the wheels of the car, much more of a human being, would entail long and costly ceremonies of purification. It is surmised that the obstinate and proverbial fiction about the Car of Juggernaut must have originated in some accident witnessed by a missionary who supposed it to be a regular part of the ceremonies. There have been suicides in India, as in Christian countries, from religious mania, but the place where they are least likely to occur is in the neighborhood of Juggernaut. The effort to prove that human sacrifices occurred under the Car of Juggernaut has totally failed.

# Soondri

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

THE early dawn was stirring and spreading on the breast of night, stretching its long gray arms earthward, as if to embrace the sleeping world and tip, with the shadowy smile of morn, the low hills that surround a little town in India, where Soondri, a hill maiden, had come to the home of her husband, to live and love and suffer and hope.

Sitting at her window she saw, not the sweet dawn's breaking, nor the birds as they lifted their pert heads from beneath their wings with a chirp and flitted from branch to branch before they burst into glad song at its coming. Nor saw she the flowers in her courtyard that opened their hearts to drink more fully of the cool dawn, ere the sun came to steal it from their moistened petals. Nor did she hear the noises of the night die softly in the distance, as if to give way to their kin that woke with the day, who faintly at first, but louder and louder answered, with cry, call and bellow the first salutation of the coming day. She only knew that another night of waiting had passed and she was still alone—that another day was before her that would doom her to pain and disappointment.

She shrank nervously from her window as she heard the chatter of the maidens of her household. They were hurrying through the courtyard to their morning bath, and she caught their swift, pitying glance on beholding her wan face and tearless eyes, which, for many mornings, they had seen looking straight ahead, as if to penetrate space and annihilate time in her desire to behold the one for whom she waited, and waited in vain.

Everybody in the town knew the sorrow of Soondri, knew that though she was wedded to Mulraj, the richest and handsomest man in all the country round, yet, hers was the saddest fate of all sad women—that of an unloved and neglected wife.

But it had not always been so. Four years ago, the sweet, dark-eyed child had left the beautiful up-country home of her father, to come to the house of her husband, as an honored and loved wife. She had been so happy in her new life and her husband's love that she had almost forgotten to weep for the dear ones of her earlier home.

For four years her husband had never wearied of showering his love upon his lovely bride, and she loved him to the exclusion of all in the world. She had simply lived for him, in him and through him.

Her lover-husband was all the world to her and all her world centered in him. But now it was all changed. In an evil hour he had looked upon another face, and forthwith loved that other and had forgotten his wife and their dear hours of love. The serpent had entered their paradise.

Her life was without its loved object and her shrine devoid of its idol. Yes, it was as if displeasure of all the household-gods had fallen upon the heart of Soondri. Day after day passed, and night after night, and she saw him not. Or, if he came for an hour, he hid his face from her and never cast his eyes toward her, never even entered the inner apartments of their home. Rumors came to her as to where he spent his days and nights, that set her brain on fire and clutched at her heart and seemed to tear its strings asunder.

But this morning a new thought was in her mind and a new strength in her heart, for, as she knelt before the picture of Kali, the Good Mother of all the suffering little ones of earth, a light had come into her soul.

A little glimmer of hope had come, that might rend the dreadful darkness that enveloped her day and night and break the hopeless stupor of pain that was slowly eating her life. Anything, anything was better than this hunger for his love that was never satisfied. This waiting for his coming that ever ended in disappointment, this dull gnawing at her heart that burned like a smoldering fire, entered her breast like the slow thrust of a dull and rusty blade.

If she could but look upon his face, though he loved her no more, was better than never seeing him at all. If she could hear his dear voice, though its tones were not for her, was better than this silence which made all the world empty to her. If she could be near him, though he wanted her not, would be better—Oh, many times better—than this absence that made life void for her. Yea, though the pain of it would rend her heart, she would act upon the thought that had come to her, as she pleaded for succor at Kali's feet. She would do so, even if it killed her, for death, too, were better, far better, than life without him.

Rising to her feet, she parted the curtains that led into the next room, calling softly, "Moti, come Moti. I have need of thee." In an instant there entered a brown-eyed maid, slender, young and swift. Her eyes traveled over the face of

wiped from his memory in those hours of this forbidden passion.

As Soondri looked on their revelry, she tried in vain to find the virtue that bound Mulraj to the dancing girl's side. All she had beheld this night was shameful and shameless, but something else there must be, something above and beyond this wanton passion that held him to her, a slave. Surely the man she loved, the lover of her life, could not leave her to revel in the mire of an unholy pleasure such as this. And though she was near to fainting beneath the torture of it all, yet somewhere, she felt, she must find the secret spring of good, the well-spring of a god-given virtue that made Panna the beloved of her husband's heart.

The second night came and was but a repetition of the first. But on the third, there came that which made the horror of it all more deadly than the other two, for, above the singing and dances, amid the kisses and carousal, Soondri suddenly heard the coarse raillery of the woman, whose brain was heated by the demon of drink and whose heart was sickened by the flattery of her enamored slave, that hung upon the fumes of the wine-drugged senses, even as a fly on the poisoned sweets that will destroy it.

Soon the raillery grew into anger and the anger into rage. Louder and louder grew the voice that hurled coarse insults upon Mulraj; grosser and grosser the words that framed them, until it seemed as if a fury had taken possession of Panna and spit its fire in words from her lips and flashed its anger in lightening from her eyes. Soondri saw her husband flush beneath the taunts and abuse heaped upon him. Then, as if used to such paroxysms of rage, he waited a little until the tempest within her had spent itself somewhat. And as he laughed over Panna as if to console her, Soondri saw Panna with a cry of rage and malice raise her clinched fists and beat him repeatedly on the breast, shrieking all the while:

"Oh, you maudlin fool! A bad husband you are, and a worse lover. I hate you, you weakling, who desert your wife to fawn at the feet of a dancing girl. A Kshatriya you, you worse than an outcast. I hate you, who leave to pine a wife in your home and dally in the lap of one who despises you. I——"

Stopping suddenly in her harangue, she followed the gaze of her lover who was looking fixedly at the boy whose eyes rested upon the angry woman as if frozen with horror at the vulgar and harsh tirade that came from those full red lips.

"You poor little dog, I have frightened you, haven't I? How you tremble, you little pigeon-hearted fool! You are more a girl than a man. How he stares," said Panna turning to her lover. "Here, Mulraj, give him a glass of wine."

"No, no," gasped the youth, "I am not frightened, only a little ill and so tired. It will soon pass away."

"Go," said Panna, kindly, "go to thy home now and rest. Next time I will guard my tongue a little better in thy presence. Thou art a pretty boy and I like thee well. Here is a rupee, now go, have a good rest and come tomorrow."

Soondri turned to leave the room just as Panna threw herself, smiling stupidly, in the arms of her lover, all her rage and passion gone. But though her lover held her in his arms, his eyes followed the figure of the retreating boy. But his mind traveled beyond the boy, out of the house, across the village, into the inner apartments of his home where he had often looked into a pair of eyes, deep, pure, soulful, eyes that resembled the one glance he had caught from the eyes of the boy at the first outburst of Panna's rage—eyes that had looked on him only with love, eyes that never reproached him, eyes that once had been the day-star of his life but now, alas, whose glance he dared not meet because of sin and the shame, yea, the crime that was lurking in his! And as Panna pressed her flushed cheeks and hot lips close to his, he thought not of her, but in his breast there was a great cry for Soondri, Soondri, his wife, the luck of his home; Soondri, the angel of his heart, the rarest pearl that ever graced a man's home.

Soondri staggered out of the house looking not to see if Moti and her brother awaited her at the accustomed place. She passed through the straggling and belated wayfarers, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but moving with a power not her own. Her limbs were numb, her brain was numb, her heart and soul were numb. She could not think or weep or hope or love. All was dead within her, because all that had made life worth living for her had died that night. One thing she remembered as if from the habit of her life, and that was the name of Kali, Kali, at whose feet she had received the idea of serving the dancing girl. Kali saw it all. Kali knew and understood. "Kali, Kali," she repeated over and over. "Kali, Mother Kali," the night-birds seemed to trill.

"Kali, Mother Kali," the soft breezes murmured. "Kali, Kali," the flowers whispered. The moon seemed to say it and the whole world breathe it.

She arrived at her home and entered. She did not look to see whether Moti had left the house to meet her, or whether she still slept in her room. She only threw her numbed body upon the silken cover of her bed and fell into a sleep, deep and sound, resembling a stupor.

The hours of the night passed and she woke not. The morning sun streamed into her chamber throwing its radiance across the slender figure, still clad in the dress of a serving boy, and she still slept. But when

her mistress as if to ascertain by that look, the exact state of her feelings and minister thereto, saying: "Thou hast suffered again, sweet mistress; wan is thy cheek and thine eye is full of fever. Come, let me give thee a bath and cool thy brow and drive from thee the heat thy many nights of sleeplessness have brought upon thee."

"Nay, Moti, 'tis not a bodily fever that consumes me. 'Tis the fire in my heart, that water cannot quench, nor sleep destroy. But come, tell me again, what said thy brother of this dancing girl, this Panna, whom he is servant to?"

"O mistress, he says that she is very good to look upon, and that she has fear of no one, but that all men love her because of the laugh on her lips and the fire in her eyes. He says that when she stamps her foot at them, they, poor fools, run to do her bidding. He says, too, that when she dances, it is as if a great red rose swayed to the motion of the twilight breezes, or like the shadow that the swinging vines throw on the sun-lit pavement of the courtyard."

"But, Moti, is she good and kind and loving?"

"She is kind to those who serve her, but he says, she calls those lovers, who follow her, fools and dolts, and leads them a merry chase and laughs at their protestations and rails at them like a spit-fire if they dare disobey her."

"And, Moti dear, what about him, your master? What says he about him?"

"He, my mistress, is her greatest slave and she calls him her greatest fool."

"Send thy brother to me, Moti, and as thou lovest me say naught of what thou hearest and seest hereafter."

"No, my mistress," said the maid, as she passed through the curtains and into the servants' quarters. "No, sweet mistress," she repeated to herself. "Nothing would I say to wound thy already bleeding heart. But, oh, may the great Goddess of Luck bring him, the blindest fool among husbands, to know thee, as thou art, the sweetest woman who ever loved and was neglected, who prayed and was forgotten."

Soondri stood a moment and looked after her maid, then turned and threw herself, face down, upon the bed, sobbing. "Oh, wherein have I failed? How have I lost him? He called me the fairest of women, the best loved of his heart, so many, many times. And I found my all in him. Wherein is my mistake? What is the virtue of this woman who holds him? She may be of low birth, a woman of low morals and many lovers, but somewhere within her must lurk the virtue that took him from me and holds him to her, he, a man among men, a lover among lovers."

That night when the town was ablaze with lights, a youth of tender age and timid

manner was seen to enter the door that led to the home of Panna, the dancing girl. Across the street stood a woman with a veil drawn close over her weeping face, gazing after the figure that entered the hall. Near her was another youth who murmured:

"Weep not, sister. Thou wouldst do naught but aid her in her desire. Panna is kind and she will believe all her new page tells her and neither she or thy master will recognize her. Who knows what it may bring forth? Come, let us go and take rest and call for her again when her service is over."

"But, brother, think of it. Think of the pity of it all, she so delicately reared, so tender of body, so sweet of heart, so pure of mind, to serve one of Panna's stamp, to stand by as thou hast done and see that blind fool with her. Oh, it is the greatest of sins, and it will kill my beautiful mistress, it will kill her."

Moti sobbed as if her heart would break as her brother led her back over the way they had so lately traversed. While she sobbed for the sorrow of her mistress, Panna, seated on her couch, was saying to the little page who stood before her with downcast eyes and beating heart:

"So thou art come; come to serve me, to take the place of thy brother who is ill. Thou art a pretty boy and full of much grace and delicacy. Thou shouldst have been born a girl."

She laughed and chucked the boy under the chin. "Well, be not afraid, but do as I tell thee and see that thou breathest to no one what thou seest in this room. So mayest thou say and serve me until thy brother is well again. Here, take this and go until I call thee."

She gave him a coin. Nodding her head and showing all her pretty teeth, she dismissed the boy.

And thus began the martyrdom of Soondri. Hour after hour of the following night she stood beside her husband and the woman he loved and served them at their bidding. She saw the fire, in the eye of the dancing girl, that drove men mad. She saw the grace that chained them to her side. She saw the lips that made them slaves; and heard the warm laugh chuckle in her throat, that echoed in their hearts long after it rang through the room. She saw the full red lips, moistened by the glowing wine, temptingly held toward her husband, and crushed beneath the warmth of his. She heard the songs roll from her tongue until the room became alive with the spirit of the words, and she saw the wine mount to her head and it was as if an hundred imps of desire peeped from out of her half-closed, languishing eyes. She saw her body glow and palpitate in the arms of her husband. She also saw that all of the four years of their love was

the sun was high in the heavens and the world was still because of the heat which mantled it, Soondri stirred on her bed and sighed deeply. Her sleep was over but her eyes still closed. O, Kali, would that she need never open them again to this world that was hollow to her, would she might sleep and dream forever the dream that had been hers these sleeping hours. For it was as if he, her husband, was beside her and looked on her with eyes that wept, because of the hurt he had done her. It was as if he had bent over and kissed her many, many times; and as if his tears fell upon her face. Why, she must be dreaming still, she thought, for even now, tears fell upon her face, and a voice, his dear, never-to-be-mistaken voice, vibrating with pain, came to her still numb senses.

"Soondri, was it thou, was it thou? How couldst thou, my wife, how couldst thou go to serve her?"

"But thou didst love her, my husband, so she must have been more worthy of thee than I. She must be endowed with rare virtue to have won thy love, and this being

so, I could serve her and love her, because she was loved by thee. Then, too, dearest," she sobbed, "I wished to look upon thy face and hear thy voice and be near thee, though thou didst love me no more and wanted me no longer. So I went to her and to thee, my beloved," and she closed her streaming eyes and shuddered as if to blot out forever the scene and pain of the past days.

"Soondri, my wife, thou more than mortal woman, I am not worthy to touch the dust of thy feet, these little feet that my sin has led into the mire to view my degradation and sin. Never will the powers of light smile on me again. Never, though I live through eternity, will I be able to forgive myself for the torture and horror, the sorrow and humiliation thou hast undergone. O wife, let me consecrate the rest of my life to thee and thy happiness—let me—"

But he could say no more, for Soondri put her head on his breast, saying, "Thy love is worth it, my husband, and my love is strong enough to bridge over even death—for the wealth of it."

## TO LOVE

By MAUD LALITA JOHNSON

To love, to love, is life's great joy

To love with all that in thee dwells;

To love thy God and fellow man,

To love until thy full heart swells

To bursting!

To love the trees, the birds, the flowers,

To love the sunshine, love the showers,

To love with love that's free from self,

To love till love out-loves itself,

That's living!

Humility is the softened shadow that is cast by My Love. Lowly it lieth on the ground; yet he that is weary and full of the hate of the world doth seek it and rest in its shadow and strength he doth gather and peace he doth draw from the nurse, all gentle, that gladdens his day.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati

Then know you too, O listen all, that oft the eyes of earth-sense are thickened with the gray of truth misunderstood, why do ye not rise to meet the love that stretches out to you? Why are the plumed wings not outspread? Why the spirit-forehead stands on tiptoe?—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

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# Mystic Musings

By BABA BHARATI

I was thinking of the Glass Fly, as they call it in India, a fly whose body and wings seem to be of the color and transparency of thick glass. This creature enacts a wonderful miracle with a cockroach. While flying or moving on the earth it sometimes espies a crawling cockroach, suddenly darts at it and stands before it with its glistening glassy eyes fixed upon those of the cockroach. The cockroach then suddenly stands still as if influenced by magic and views his visitor with unabated wonder or horror. Whether the beauty of the glass fly excites that wonder or horror the cockroach alone knows except the all-knowing God and He will not tell us.

But the effect of the meeting of these two insects is more than magical. After some time the glass fly flies away, but the cockroach remains there, hypnotized into the stillness of death by the glass fly. It remains in that posture for days together, for days and days during which gradually its wings drop away one by one, first the outer, then the inner. It is then reduced to its little inside body, sans all that covers it. Then begins the miracle. That little cockroach's body changes its shape and color, is finally transformed fully into a glass fly, wings and all, and flies away.

What deep psychical and spiritual lessons this transforming and transformed insect imparts to us human beings if we are alert, intelligent and receptive enough to understand and absorb it into our consciousness! The scientific truth of the fact, as enunciated by Hindu philosophies, that whatever one thinks deeply and constantly upon, one absorbs the essence, appropriates the attributes and unconsciously copies the character of is most practically and powerfully illustrated and demonstrated by this cockroach contemplating the glass fly so concentratedly. That the cockroach meditates on the glass fly with absolute concentration is evidenced by the absolute stillness of the cockroach for days together after it has met the glass fly in the eye. Again, that the cockroach thinks of nothing else but that fly is demonstrated by its being transformed into its body and being. Thus it must absorb the essence of the glass fly's consciousness, attributes and individuality in the process of that all-absorbing meditation of it or it cannot become the glass fly absolutely. How clear is the demonstration of the fact, how perfect the illustration, how absolutely convincing the truth of the Hindu aphorism—"Whatever one thinks, so one becomes"—of Christ's saying, "Whatever a man thinketh, so is he!"

Does the cockroach think so concentratedly of the glass fly dazzled by its beauty? It does not seem so. It seems rather positive that it is led into this concentration of the glass fly thought through fear. For at most times the moment the cockroach sees the glass fly than it runs away from it, and when the glass fly chases it, either it gets into some hole if nearby or dodges to look away from its eyes. But such is the magnetic influence of the glass fly that it succeeds at last in making its victim stand steady and gaze into its eyes. The result I have described.

Thus we have stumbled into another fact: Whatever we concentrate on deeply, whether through love or through fear, we absorb its qualities and character of all the same. In fact, says the oldest Hindoo books, fear and hate induce greater concentration than love. We think more concentratedly of the enemy we hate or the object or person we fear than we do our friends. To put it more simply, we think more and oftener of our enemies than of our friends. Jealousy, for instance, which is but a form of hate, fills and consumes our consciousness more quickly and surely than love when it is not fully developed and love takes time to develop.

But what I have been trying to establish by illustration of the glass fly and the cockroach is that by constant and concentrated thinking men can become God-like or the Devil himself. As it is not profitable to become the Devil, we need not try that, especially because the natural trend of man's wish is to become happy. The Devil is not a happy being as he is filled with inharmony with which he, in turn, fills those who follow him. I have taken the word "Devil" here advisedly, because it is the best understood term of the English language, otherwise I would call it "Maya," the Illusion of Ignorance of the Truth, the Permanent Central Force of Nature—Love, whose cardinal attribute is Absolute Unbroken Happiness. This happiness we are all seeking from birth to death. That Truth, that Love is God the Good which, in Sanskrit, means the Mysterious One, the unseen Author, Lord and Operator of the whole of life called Creation.

If we can think of that God with absolute all absorbing concentration as the cockroach does of the glass fly, we are sure to become like Him by the process of our inner consciousness being transformed by the absorption of His essence and attributes in time by graduating from the earth-plane to the higher spiritual planes and at last merging into the Primal Energy-plane of the Diety.

But we poor human beings of this materialized times are daily distracted by the stress and turmoil of a thousand things and so have neither the poise of the mind nor the leisure to sit in absolute absorption of divine contemplation. But we can think of Him lovingly as constantly as our worldly avocations will allow. Even that helps to build God-consciousness, a little daily. In the evening of life, we can get more leisure to devote more constant and concentrated thought to Him and before we depart we may develop love for God to the extent that we may not have to reincarnate on the earth-plane but be translated to the upper spiritual spheres or even to the inmost Abode of the Lord.

The transformation of the cockroach into the glass fly by mere process of thought ought to prove to us the claims of the Hindu Yoga System of concentration, the process of which develops the powers, psychical and spiritual, by which man can assume other human forms at will or even animal form if needed. Histories of all countries contain records of such events which happened in the past ages, and if modern man had only studied to know the infinite potentialities of his mind he would know the laws which govern it. He would then practice the scientific rules by which the forces of the mind can be harmoniously focussed into concentrated thought which can do and dare even the impossible from the mere physical point of view, enact phenomena that are called miraculous in this age.

# Positive and Negative

By WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

ONE sometimes hears the criticism directed against the Oriental Teachings that they are not adapted to the needs of Western life—that they are apt to cause one to sink into a negative, spiritless condition and unfit him for the activities of Life. There is some excuse for his idea which is entertained by a number of our Western people, because of the one-sided presentation of the teachings on the part of some. But there is another side which is ignored by these superficial teachers and observers. And I shall say a few words upon this "other side."

The doctrine of Maya or Illusion has been made the most of by some of these teachers, and the untrained mind being told that All is Nothing, and that nothing is worth while, is very apt to yield to the repeated suggestions and lapse into a state of listless, effortless existence—a bore to itself, and a burden to others. Some call this the Higher Life, and imagine that they are several planes higher up than the busy living people around them. They have absorbed and practiced the Gospel of Nothingness until they become Nothing, indeed. The saying "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," has another exemplification here. One may dwell upon the Negative aspect of things, until he becomes absolutely negative.

But, at the other pole of Being, there is to be found a most Positive aspect of Life—and the Oriental Teachings bring out that side very clearly to those who are intelligent enough to grasp it. The teachings that back of all this show-world there is a real world, does not imply that we must needs lie down like a balky mule, and refuse to play our parts on the stage of Life. Those who are following this idea will soon feel the prod of the Master of the Show, and be stung into activity by pain and necessity. The

Hindoo teachings do not encourage sloth, laziness, and non-interest. On the contrary, they teach that Duty and Work are a part of Life, and that he who shirks his work, will be sent back again and again to the task, until it is finally performed. The man who absorbs the truths of Karma Yoga is all the better worker because he knows what lies behind work. He works for what is in work, rather than for the rewards, and in this case, as in all others, Love is the strongest motive power known.

The man or woman who absorbs the real teachings of the Orient finds within himself a source of Power and Strength, that is bound to manifest itself in his life. He finds within himself the very essence of Positivity, and he cannot help letting it manifest and take form in action. We have heard much of the passive, negative, plastic, dreamy Hindoo, from our strenuous English brothers, who are unable to recognize any other form of strength except their own. But those who have studied the spiritually developed Hindoos, are able to see beneath the surface, and to see there a positive strength that is none the less active because calm. Strength does not lie in bustle and noise. The strongest forces in Nature are the silent ones. And the silent man is more apt to have within him the real elements of strength, than is his noisy, boasting, rattling, banging neighbor.

If you are fortunate to know Baba Bharati, personally, you will have a practical demonstration of the truth of what I have written. In him you will recognize the intense, positive power of the spiritually developed Oriental—a power that is making itself felt strongly even in the land of the strenuous and the noisy. Still waters run deep, and the greatest Natural force, Gravitation, is noiseless, calm, constant, but most decidedly positive.

# The Taj Mahal

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

AN American visiting India some time since bought photographs of the Taj Mahal, and after studying them decided not to go thither—not because the pictures were not beautiful enough, but because they were so beautiful that he did not believe the reality could come up to them—so he went home, having lost one of the most exquisite pleasures that can befall a man in this world. No picture, and no description, can do justice to the Taj Mahal.

I came to a gate, as it is called—anywhere else it would be called a palace. It is of red stone, inlaid with white marble in arabesque designs. So superb was it that I wondered at the temerity of the architect who had dared to make the approach to his masterpiece so near the limit of what the human mind can endure of loveliness in stone. The gate is one of three, all similar, yet different. It brought me to the garden, half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, through which you must pass to reach the immortal tomb.

Down the midst of the entire length of the garden is a stone-rimmed tank, perhaps twenty feet in width. Water-plants grow in it, and gold-fish swim among the slender stems of the flowers. At either side it is bordered by rows of black cypresses; and the garden is full of serried trees and beds of smiling flowers. It is a great living rectangle of deep green and bright color, flung down before the snowy splendor beyond.

But as you pass through the soaring arch of the gate your eye falls upon the polished surface of the long-drawn water, and in that mirror you see the spirit of the Taj, the dream of an enchantment too fair for this world. Do not look up yet to determine whether the dream has a reality beyond it. As you pace along you feel that alabaster mightiness ascending skyward; but school yourself awhile

before you presume to accept its celestial challenge. Half-way down the garden is a raised marble platform with seats upon it; it bridges the tank. Take your place in the center of it, and then summon all that is pure and lofty in your heart, and lift your eyes and look.

So perfect are the proportions of the edifice and its surroundings that the Taj does not seem over-large; the eye compasses it in a long glance, and it takes its place forever in the soul as the divinest of mortal visions and memories.

It stands aloft upon a great platform, paved and faced with white marble, upon which the sun of India rests. White marble are the four exquisite towers, slender as stems of Oriental palm, which swell at their summits into marble blossoms, lifting their perfume to the sky. And marble, pure as alabaster, is the Taj itself, the symbol of the believing spirit which survives death, and is already touched with immortality.

The dome, formed like a mighty bud about to be unfolded, seems translucent. It shines with a soft luminousness; it is as if about to part from earth and ascend heavenward. You lose the sense of the crystalline stone of which it is wrought, and feel only the soaring thought that conceived it.

The design of the building is as simple as it is matchless; as simple as a flower. Domed pavilions surround the central dome. The facade centers in a pointed arch, the panels, inlaid with precious marbles, of hues like precious stones, forming a flowing pattern refined as the tracery of ferns. This delicious venturing of fairy color vivifies the grandeur into beauty that is absolute. It wins the heart like the innocent sportiveness of infants in the austere presence of death.

Midway in the base of the arch is the door of entrance—a little rectangle

of dark in the tender whiteness. It gives the finishing touch and the scale of the whole. Visitors ascend the screened marble steps of the platform and pass across the snowy pavement to this door; and as I looked I saw a group of native women, looking at that distance as if clothed in jewels, or like the mingling petals of gorgeous flowers—yellow, purple, scarlet, white, green; or like painted butterflies alighting, so elfin small, but yielding just the element of delicate splendor that the marvelous spectacle required. They glowed athwart the glistening terrace, and vanished slowly, one after one, within the little door. Beauty abides within the Taj as well as without; and after sitting long to gaze in the garden, I traversed the remainder of the cypress avenue, and myself gained the little door—little now no longer—and passed through into the dim but clear interior.

The outer walls of the Taj are paneled with marble screens, pierced with carving, through which filtered the white sunlight from without. There are inner screens similarly pierced, so that the light which rests upon the tombs themselves has filtered through three of them. An octagonal structure, higher than your head, surrounded the marble sarcophagi, inlaid with precious stones. It is a marvel of arabesque and flowers wrought in polished marble, through the interstices of which you may pass your hand. That inner screen alone is unique in the architecture of ornament.

After the first few moments the dimness becomes wholly transparent, so that the smallest details of beauty are visible. It is a wondrous light, such as might dwell in the windings of a pearl shell. It pervades all places equally, defining the subtlest hues of the gems inlaid upon the sarcophagi, and reaching to the farthest confines of the hollow dome. Except upon the tombs and upon the screen, there is not an atom of color in the whole gracious interior.

The sarcophagus of the Sultana, for whom the Taj was built, rests in the exact center of the floor and of the entire structure. The pattern of the tessellated pavement centers there. But close beside it stands the other sarcophagus, slightly larger, but in other respects its counterpart. I need not repeat the touching glory of these royal lovers. The husband lies beside the wife whom he adored, whom he made immortal, and through whom he himself achieved immortality. From an architectural standpoint he is an interloper there; but love is a higher law, and justifies his presence, and brings the Taj closer than ever to our hearts.

The old priest who acts as guide and guardian, after he has explained what little needs interpretation, lifts up his quavering voice and sends it forth in a long, undulating cry. It is not in itself a musical note by any means; but no sooner has it left his lips than it becomes transfigured into such music as elsewhere cannot be heard on earth. It mounts into the dome, wandering and returning, becoming every instant purified into more exquisite and fine-drawn perfections of enchanted harmony, and still lives and vibrates in a magical remoteness, the more ravishing the more remote; and sighs itself into silence that yet seems spiritually vocal, and is gone at last—or is it gone? If you have known what it is to love and to lose, you cannot listen to this divine vanishing without a swelling of the throat. If such be the voice of sorrow, surely she must sing in heaven. Wisely and lovingly did the old builder build; for he has made the groans of bereaved mortality take wings beneath his dome, and become divinely reconciled with the soul of all beauty.

The Taj Mahal belongs not to the Sultan and his Sultana, but to all true lovers in the world. When we create true beauty, it ceases to be ours. It is the home of lovers; free to all, yet sacred to each. It is the incarnation of the holiest and purest elements of human life.

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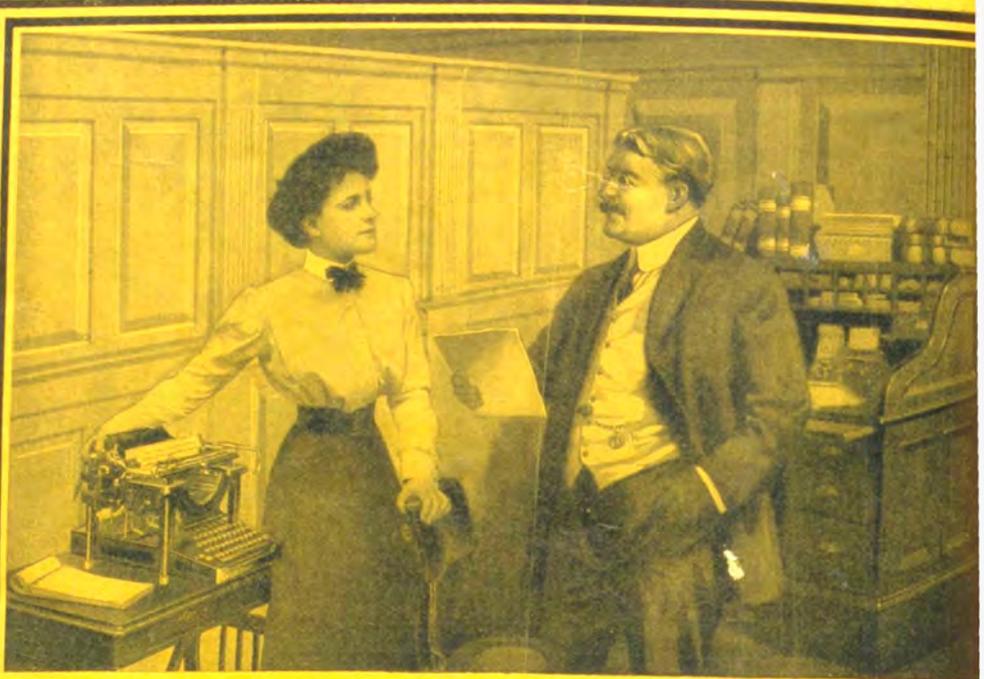
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