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MARCH, 1911

EAST AND WEST

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



EDITED BY

BABA BHARATI

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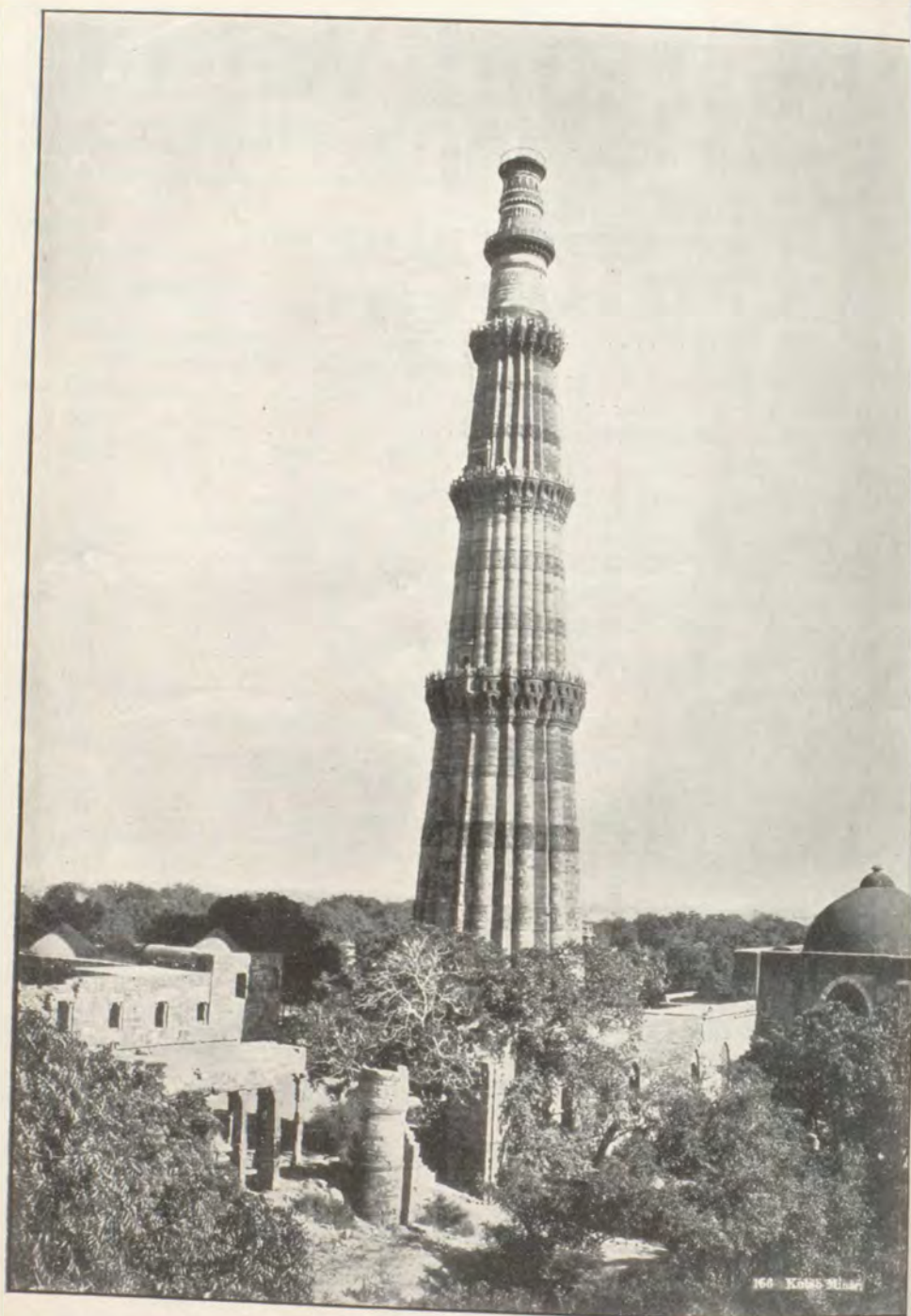
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★ East and West ★

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Vol. III.

MARCH 1911

No. 5

GLORY TO THEE!

Glory to Thee, Thou who art the Centre and the Radiance of all that hath sprung into being, Thou who givest unto all that is animate and unto all that seemeth inanimate the Love which is their creator and their sustenance, their root and their branching, their beginning and their middle and their ending—the Love that is the Principle within them, that reacheth unto inscrutable heights and stretcheth into immeasurable depths, that bridgeth over every chasm and smootheth all that is rough—the Love that maketh the bitter sweet and the unseemly beautiful, that giveth reward unto all that struggleth upward and holdeth the weak in their totterings, that maketh the strong to mount on the rungs of their own endeavor, and the frail to find strength in their own stumblings—Glory to Thee, Thou who bestowest upon Thine own that which is the Crown of Thine own Power!

WHEN THE SOUL SHALL RETURN TO ITS OWN

By ADELIA BEE ADAMS

When the suns of Destruction shall blaze in the sky,
Who then shall be "you," and who shall be "I"?
Where the pedant's proud creed, or the penitent's groan—
When the soul of the world shall return to its own?

Consumed by the fire that enkindled its birth,
Each atom, earth-born, shall dissolve with the earth.
How then shall Idea from substance be shown,
How then shall create from Creator be known.
When the soul of the world shall return to its own?

As the seed of the lotus—whose petals decay
Through heat of the sun that has fed it by day—
Released to the air by that sun's blighting flame,
Sinks back to the depths of the blue whence it came,
So the seed and the soul from the world's vanished breast
Shall sink back to the Ocean of Love, to its rest.

Jesus the Savior *

By BABA BHARATI

Beloved Ones of My Lord:—Today is the most blessed day in the annals of Christendom, aye, it is a most blessed day in the annals of the world. Christ had risen on this day. Jesus, that was born in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago, was crucified by an ungrateful world because of the love that he wanted to give them and they couldn't understand, the love that was absolute, the love that is the goal of human life. And he was crucified and, despite the crucifixion, despite his seeming death, he said he would rise, and he did rise on the third day.

It was the triumph of the spirit over the body; it was the triumph of the soul over matter. And whether it was or not we know today, we who are bending our heads and knees to him today. He who had come nineteen hundred years ago and did one of the most wondrous acts is today worshipped with the flowers of the heart. His lustre has pierced the vistas of the ages and is shedding its rays upon our minds.

Think of it! We forget to think of it. Think of the potency of that love that he showed to the world. The vibrations of that love have expanded and expanded through time, and today the vibrations are within us. The vibrations make us think for awhile better of this life, make us look up to the regions that are above, fill us with the hope that we may have a better life, aye, even on this earth, and after life's work is done on this physical plane.

That Christ was a Messiah or not, that Christ was a Savior or not, is beyond doubt to the soulful one, one who opens his soul to the facts of the spiritual world. If he wasn't a Saviour he couldn't have ruled men's hearts and minds all through these centuries. And today he is ruling us; East, West, North or South, the radiance of his glory is filling the consciousness of man.

This morning I spoke about the Messiahship of Jesus, and in my talk I said that Jesus went willingly to the Cross. The Divine Incarnation, the miracle-worker, the worker of wonderful miracles that the then Western world had never heard of, could have performed the little miracle of escaping from the clutches of his enemies. I said, also, that one who could give life as he did to the dead Lazarus could also kill life if he willed. We all know that it is far easier to kill than to make anything live. Jesus had all the powers born of his sonship of God whereby he could destroy partially or wholly anything he wanted. He could have killed all his tormentors and ene-

mies in a trice; but he came down to earth as love, as a manifestation of Absolute Love—which God is—and his mission on earth was to construct, and not to destroy.

To every question that was put to Him by the children who thought they were adults—these children that didn't know what Christ was—he never made an answer. He knew from the beginning of his career what was to happen; he knew wherefrom he had come; he knew all the incidents that were to come; he knew even of the incidents of the Cross, for he had come with the full knowledge of his mission. He suffered himself to be put on the Cross to work the greatest miracle that he wanted to perform.

I said this morning that all his miracles do not count much, neither did he attach any importance to them. These miracles that he performed were the manifestations of his God-consciousness, his perfect soul-consciousness, his soul that is the part of the all-pervading God in him, who is in every human body, aye, every atom of the universe. This soul he lived in. His mind was immersed in the soul realm within him; that is, saw the God that pervades everything and pervades us. And that portion of God that pervades us as Divine Essence forms our soul; and one whose mind turns inwards and lives in consciousness of that soul, in absolutely unbroken consciousness of that soul, is soul-conscious, and therefore God-conscious.

Christ Jesus was God-conscious all the time from his very birth. He was God-conscious because this God-consciousness, this soul-consciousness, he had developed long, long ago, aeons before he had gone up into Glory there to live for an aeon or more merged in the essence of God; and he absorbed the spirit and power of God, his consciousness was filled with Divine attributes.

This is an Incarnation; and he is detached now and again. Whenever the world needs one of the great uplifters of mankind from the mire of materiality, these Incarnations are sent down to earth. They are God incarnated in flesh. To call them by a human appellation is ignorance, is blasphemy.

Christ was one of the brightest Incarnations because he came filled with the cardinal attribute of God so well manifested in him; and that cardinal attribute is love, absolute, unmixed, limitless love for all that is in all the universes.

I said this morning, also, that he cured people, made the lame and halt walk, walked over waters, and even gave life to the dead, worked other miracles, so that

*Verbatim report of extempore lecture delivered by Baba Bharati in Krishna Temple, Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A.

people who are more carried away by psychical phenomena—as they are today—than in manifestations of Divine Love would come to him, being attracted by the phenomena that he worked; and when they would come to him for the purpose of being cured of physical ailments he would have opportunities to cure their souls, for which he came. All his miracles were natural—they are the manifestations of God-consciousness, unbroken soul-consciousness, that was in him. This unbroken soul-conscious one is filled with the powers of working supernatural acts. So they came. But when their bodies were cured, those to whom the bodies belonged, most of them, went away. And when trouble came he was forsaken; aye, even by his adherents, by his real adherents he was forsaken; he stood alone.

He knew it. And Jesus was the one fitted to perform what he was doing, to work the greatest miracle for which he had come. He had a mission to perform. That mission was to give love of God to man, and love of man to man. The love that he felt within himself, the love of God and love for all creatures—the luxury of that love whose expression is unbroken happiness he wanted to give to man out of his compassion.

But man, deluded man, with his mind incensed with the desires for material things, man drugged and drunken by the enjoyment of material pleasures, wouldn't have it—and finding him authoritative, finding him calling himself the Son of God, finding him doing wonderful things which in their degeneracy they attributed to the powers of the Devil, they wanted to kill him.

Alas! There was nothing left for Jesus, the God-hearted Jesus, but to enact the real miracle, the greatest miracle he came to perform—and that miracle was to show to the whole world his limitless love for God and man under the most painful tortures that the demon in man could suggest.

He said nothing, nothing to all the questions put. "Art thou the king of the Jews?" "Aye, aye, thou sayest so." To most questions he had no answer. He stood his trial without a murmur, without a twitch of his face, without one word in protest. He had come to children that knew not even their object in life, knew not what was their duty in any plane, the physical, moral or spiritual. What could he say to children but his greatest saying on the Cross? When he was pinned to the cross, nailed down and blood flowing, he talked of nothing but to His Lord.

And he said, "O Lord, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Some say that what he really said was: "O God, how dost Thou glorify me!"

They want to put a better construction on Christ's saying. They think that what Christ was reported to have said—"O Lord, why hast thou forsaken me?"—showed his weakness. Then people said, "You have healed others—why don't you heal yourself?" And because he was reported to have said, "O Lord, why hast Thou forsaken me?" some people think that he showed weakness.

He did not; it wasn't his weakness; it was the love of God in His lover. Whenever he felt that the torture pained him, the infliction of the cross pained him, the nails tortured him, he who was in the embrace of His God, in the embrace of His Father, said, like a child says to his dear mother, "O Lord, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Christ, the great Christ who came to save the world—would he care what the world would say when he talked with his Lord. Sincere he was to the soul of his being and he knew not what the world did—whether they jeered or insulted him and put vinegar into his mouth and spat upon him—all that he knew was that while he worked upon earth he hadn't been able to impress upon the minds of men his soul-love, his God-love and his love for man; and that He wasn't going to do what would effectually accomplish His mission; and He said: "O Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do. They are children, just ignorant children; if You gave them Thy grace and light they would know better, Lord. O Lord, Thou didst send me down to earth to give them Thy highest truth, and it is for this that I am suffering these tortures; but, Lord, do Thou give them Thy grace, the grace of Thy love. Turn not away from them, for I came to accomplish what Thou didst charge Me with."

There on the cross Christ was nailed, taunted, tortured, and yet He forgot not His love for God and man. It was limitless love that He manifested. There on the cross was Infinity! You all talk about the word "infinity;" you use the word "infinity," and we all do, and yet we do not know what "infinity" means. Infinity means limitlessness. And even in a finite-looking individual we may have a peep of infinity in the manifestation of qualities. This love of Christ for God and for man was limitless; it was limited to nothing; it was not even limited at his enemies. Even for the enemies who were torturing him he prayed to his Lord not only to forgive but to fill them with his highest gifts. That was limitless love. Did you see a finite-looking being on that cross? Rub your eyes and see there was in that human-looking medium of absolute love of infinite God His greatest attribute manifested—limitless love; it was limited nowhere.

And do you think that manifestation of limitless love was made all for nothing? You have heard from scientists nowadays that not a single vibration ever dies, but reaches unto infinity; and the vibrations of this great expression of the soul, the vibrations of such a tremendous sacrifice, the greatest sacrifice that a human being or divine being could make—wouldn't it expand and expand until it expanded into all infinity, and penetrated through human consciousness, enveloping it with their light?

That was Christ's mission, that when He would manifest to the world His limitless love for man and God, the absolute, purest love that loved for love's own sake, when He would manifest this love, in after days they would think of him, when their spirit of revenge was satisfied, aye, even the demons in human shape would think of the wonderful Jesus, the one that was full of the greatest love that man ever manifested, one of the gentlest, the kindest God-men that ever walked with human feet; when they would think of him they would think of his teachings, and thinking of his teachings they would think of the way he lived, and thinking of the ways of his life they would try to obey his commands—to try to love God with all their heart and mind and soul, and try to love their neighbors as much as possible, if not like themselves. That is the mystery of the lesson of the Cross.

They say Jesus died on the cross and took away the sins of the world. Then are there no sinners now? What is the reason of such a statement; what is the justification, what is the motive of the churches in saying so? what is the use of any more preaching, then? No! All that is nonsense. Here was the mystery, the mystery of the Cross as I have explained it, and this mystery, this lesson has saved millions and millions. Millions have thought of Jesus, loved him and loved his God, and have been saved from inharmony within and inharmony outside which is called sin. Thousands and millions of souls are under the process of being saved from the thralldom of matter and material desires.

Now comes the question of his resurrection. Did Christ die on the cross? They say Christ died on the cross and on the third day he resurrected himself. No greater libel could be put upon the facts of Christ's life and actions. They do not know what they mean when they say so. They quote Christ as saying: "I am the resurrection and the life." They say that He embodied and manifested eternal life, the life that could never die, the soul-life that Christ lived made even His body divine and potent with all the power of the soul. How could eternal life die? Could even His fleshly incrustment die, or be

killed? They know not what they say. The man that could raise the dead could have saved himself from the tortures of men. They lower Christ in the estimation of those who are in the "know" of the mysteries of the spiritual world, of the laws of the spiritual world. Christ never died on the cross. How could they talk of killing the Son of God? Was he not the Son of God—and they say, "The only begotten Son of God?" He never died. No; not even his body was he killed.

After that scene on Calvary hill, one of the greatest scenes enacted in recent times, after he had showed that he loved man and God despite all the tortures that were inflicted upon his fleshly body—he had imprinted his soul-consciousness, his God-consciousness, his limitless love for God and man upon the consciousness of the world so that it would leave a blessing and expanding its illumination more and more would pierce into infinity and form as it were, a luminary in the firmament of human consciousness, a luminary that is eternal, that never sets—after he had manifested it, after he had accomplished his mission for which he came—to give God-consciousness to humanity by imprinting it upon the consciousness of the world so that it would work by itself—he went into what the Hindoos call soul-absorption—"samadhi."

When he had shown that he could stand the tortures and could still love God and man, he wanted to take a rest in the bosom of his Lord; his mind went into the soul realm within him to take rest awhile. Before going into his soul he imprinted upon his consciousness that he would come out of the soul-trance on the third day. Haven't you found that at times when you will imprint upon your consciousness that you will awake the next morning at five or six or seven o'clock, you awake exactly at the time you had recorded on your consciousness? So Christ recorded on his consciousness that he would come out of samadhi on the third day—and he did. He went into this absolute soul-absorption saying, "O Lord, I commend my spirit to Thy care." He went absolutely into the arms of his Lord, into the soul that was within him, the God that was within him.

And there he remained. The world thought He was dead. What a foolish world it has been through these nineteen hundred years, that they could think the Son of God could be killed! Aye, even the body, the soul-conscious body that had the potency within it of the spiritual realm—every atom of that body was ensouled. He went into samadhi, into soul-trance. His body was taken into the sepulchre and there it lay for three days. And when it was said that angels hovered over him, it wasn't imagination, dear hearts, it is true.

he was in the soul realm, and all the beings of the soul realm, all the angels of the soul realm hovered over this One, this Christ, this inspired God-man that had come to give love to the whole world even under the greatest tortures and sorrows.

And when he came out on the third day his mind came out from the soul-realm into the consciousness of his body. The outflow of the magnetism of the soul-realm healed all the wounds inflicted by the nails. The great one that could by a touch heal the sick while he walked on earth—what did he heal the sick by? By the magnetism of his soul-consciousness. And when he came out of that total absorption he brought with him the strongest magnetism of the soul, absolute health or healing, and it healed up all his wounds. He was all whole. He showed it to his disciples; he asked them to touch his body and see that it was no astral body; that it was a substantial physical body and no marks there were on any part of his body.

No! Never for a minute think that Christ died on the cross. Don't commit this blasphemy on the Son of God.

And anyone is a son of God who is an absolute lover of his God, who is in absolute consciousness of his soul, whose mind dwells twenty-four hours in his soul. That one can never die, much less, the Christ that came down from Glory. He could never be killed.

And when his work was done, and when must draw the line. How could he ascend most wretched materials with which he had to work—his disciples, his apostles—when he had filled them with his last grace, with his power, he ascended to Heaven. Some people say: "There we must draw the line. How could He ascend to Heaven?" Aye, he did. It is one of

the powers of the yogi; a yogi can go through space. And Christ who came from glory could go, disintegrating his physical body, giving to the elements all their parts in his physical body, but retained his soul individuality.

The great rishi, Shundeo, made the greatest ascension five thousand years ago, to the wonderment of even all the illuminated souls of the time. He said to Narada, the great divine rishi: "I am going up."

And as he went up he gave back to earth its part in his body; he gave to water its part in his body; he gave to fire its part in his body; he gave to air and water their parts in his body; gave to ether that belong to ether. He went up and up, and gave to the universal-mind its part of his make-up; and he went into consciousness and gave up consciousness' part in his make-up. Finally, he was absorbed in the Divine Essence.

The record of Shukadeo's ascension is a most luminous page in the history of the spiritual world.

I believe in everything that Christ did, because we have the perfect science of the psychical world and the spiritual world. We have kept the records even of events that justify the spiritual laws that were exposed before the world by those who studied them, practiced and realized them.

Christ did ascend to Heaven, and went back to Glory wherefrom he had descended to earth to give the love that was in him, the love that was hungry for the giving, the love that has worked its way into the hearts of millions of people.

May he, my Christ Jesus, the Son of God, the incarnation of love, fill you all with his grace, his love for God and his love for man, even a little this very moment, is the prayer of your humble friend and servant!

THE YOGI

By SADIE BOWMAN METCALFE

I am the smiling sky, the tranquil sea;
The angry storm am I, that breaks o'er me.

I am the radiant star, lighting the sea,
Guiding my boat afar—over the wreck of me.

I am the land I seek, shining through mist and fire;
Aye, even the highest peak am I, of my desire.

Nor shall unfriendly gods, guarding its golden gate,
Lose me my port at last, for I, myself, am Fate!

A Himalayan Paradise

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

A HOLIDAY in Darjeeling in the early Spring of an Indian Season holds for the onlooker a world of interest, a panorama of life, a series of pictures found perhaps in no place outside of this wonderland of India. Out from the hot, hot plains that lie flat and burning and baking under blue, blue skies and a scorching sun up unto a city that crowns the mountains with soft days and cold nights, that is backed by the Eternal Snows and surrounded by range upon range of mountains and looks down into valleys that gleam rich in green tea gardens and rubber plantations. This is an experience which can be bought in a five hours' ride in a tiny train that crooks itself in and out of the bends, that, passing waterfalls and through ravines, leads from the plains to the hill-tops.

In the early spring when the mists of a short winter have unwrapped themselves from the mountain-tops and the snowy range of eternal ice blazes forth in a world of silver, canopied ever in a base of purple, the city below is a bower of bewildering flower-beauty. The gardens are aglow with great heavy-headed roses of such depth of color as are rarely beheld elsewhere. They grow in enormous clusters trailing over arches and porticoes, fences and tree-trunks and rocks—dark-reds, rich yellows, wonderful pinks and lovely velvety white that carry the touch of the golden sun in their hearts. Then as close second come the geraniums, brilliant reds, gorgeous pinks and clumps of white flaunt their beauty in proud defiance to all who would dispute their luxuriant sway, while the pansies lift up their blossoms of purple in gold and brown and mauve at their feet. Never are trees on a mountain side more varied in their shades of green, from faintest new budding traceries to bough deep, deep emerald, than in Darjeeling in early spring. Nor are grasses softer

and more abundant or shrubby trailed with flowered vines, or wild blooms more lovely as they star the wilds. To go through the jungle passed that lead into valleys or into heights, it is as if entering into a garden of lily and rose—where one looks, blooms not back, where one reaches one clasps them, where one steps they carpet the way.

Surely the Himalayas are the Land of the Gods, the abode where dwell Vishnoo in early days, and the home where Eden today is found for him who looks for it on earth! A step from the wilds unto the Mall where a never-ending picture of human interest presents itself. The Mall of Darjeeling is what Hyde Park is to London, the Strand to Calcutta, the Fifth Avenue to New York. Here in the Spring days the sun is golden from the early morning hours until it nestles behind the snow-silvered mountains at twilight and the soft wind brings the sweet and pungent fragrance of the hill foliage on its wings, over and above the ceaseless chatter of the gay folk that have come from the death-dealing plains and the mellow voices of the hill men, the sharp-tongued coolie girl, the chip-chip of the birds are heard and the shrill cry of the forest from the wilds that yawn below. An hour will bring to your eye, on the Mall, a gathering as cosmopolitan as it is picturesque. The dame of fashion is here, the lady of wealth, the personage of great name, and here, too, the man of fame may be spied. The men and women, European and Indian, who swell the population of the station for a week or two are ever evident on the Mall. The shop-girl on her short holiday loiters here and the Indian student or clerk, in white dhoti and bright chadar with tense face and slow stride, may be seen viewing the glory of the ever-changing lights that shift and disappear and come

again on the great mountain sides that hold Darjeeling as a hollow on their breasts.

The school mistress, too, is here with detailing eye, and the ever present tourist mingles with the padre and priest who have run from the baking plains for a short respite. The woman missionary, be-topied and clad in garb of sombre hue, unbeautiful and prim, passes some gentle nun who, with rapt and prayer-filled eye, her silver cross gleaming on linen-bibbed breast, wends her way to the little church that stands on the very brow of the hill. Here the Bengalee Baboo, wrapped in gay colored shawl, turbaned or brimless-capped and thoughtful, passes an able-bodied Lama who mutters audibly his mantram, as he twirls his prayer wheel to the chanting of "In the heart of the Lotus dwells the Most High." The straight and slender Brahmo ladies, with lace-covered head and graceful sari, walk in little groups discussing in low, soft tones of purest English the weighty questions of the day. The coolie girls, with strings of heavy stones encircling their neck and great drooping earrings, gaily woven apron and high boots of scarlet and blue, with huge baskets swaying from brow to back, are carrying burdens and singing and talking all the while. A Tommy coated in red and black whirls by, on a small sure-footed pony all rough with trailing tail and heavy mane leaving the air white with dust. And in the distance, a little train of rickshawallahs are approaching, splendid in dress of purple and red, with headgear of varied hues and flanked by chapprais in gold and scarlet. They are drawing the rubber-tired rickshaw of some grave, dark-eyed Maharani who nestles in her cushioned chariot like some delicate tropical flower in its bed of leaves or like a deep rare pearl in its shell of beauty, while at her side, on a spirited steed, her A. D. C. is mounted.

But the sovereign of all this station is the Baby. Darjeeling and Babyland are synonymous. Here Babyhood reigns, sceptered and crowned, the

King-and-Queen of all the paradise it surveys. The former without the latter would be quite a strange and barren waste. And Babyland, what would it be without the horizon of Darjeeling for its boundaries. The little white-faced wistful-eyed, puny-limbed European child and the soft-bodied, straight-limbed and solemn-faced Indian child come here. And lo, ere a week is passed, the morning is in their eyes, the halo of the Sun is in their looks and the lure of these mountains rests as a rose upon lip and brow!

But let us not forget the little people of the hills, those little merry men and women who, at three or four, are taught to use the bedstrap by which they later make a living. The little, little girl, scarcely able to toddle, has her brow encircled by a band at the end of which dangles a rag doll or a tiny basket, and perhaps in the basket a few pieces of wood or branches of leaves. These are her first lessons as a Coolie bearer. They are a happy lot of youngsters, these hill children, sure-footed as mountain goats, springing from rock to rock in their gambols, sliding down a perpendicular hillside or mounting it again with an ease and rapidity that leaves one breathless to behold. Bright-eyed, sharp-voiced, laughing and dimpling, they greet the memsahib with a little blossom, a quick salaam and a laughing shout of "Buksheesh, memsahib." It is the word they seem to lisp first—"Baksheeth ek paisa, memsahib." Little, sturdy, half-naked yellow-bodied human things with an outlook upon life that is care-free and joyous from the beginning until the end of earthly existence. The cold of the winter has no dread for them, and the spring brings them out of the little planked huts that lean up against the hillsides, garlanded with early spring flowers and the ever saucy glint in sharp black eyes, the ever-ready song on laughing lips. The children of the hills are quite a different type from those of the plains whose faces are solemn and still. It is said the Indian baby is not often heard to cry. They

are slender-bodied with great dark eyes and softly waving hair; a lithsome grace in their firm babyhood and on their faces rests a calm patience that has been transmitted to them from centuries of ancestors that have looked upon life as a means to an end, and that end the untangling of Time's perplexities. Life to these people has been the means of solving the riddle of being and this mystery of thought is reflected in the slow-moving gaze of the child that is the offspring of the Hindu.

But the hill child takes on the wildness, the ever-changing quickness, the fiery temper, and sunny happiness of the Nature of the mountains. Like their burden-bearing fathers and coolie mothers they are honest, open-hearted, quick to resent an offense and quick to throw an arm about the shoulders of a small companion. Like their elders, they are born gamblers. It is not an unusual sight to see a little group of boys, scarcely four years old, with wild flowers stuck behind each ear, cap bedecked with them, a cigarette between lips, throwing dice and disputing their claims, and a little later to behold them belaboring each other over the outcome of the game.

Hopscotch is a favorite game with the girls, while hooky pussy in the cor-

ner, blindman's buff on a still hillside conjures up familiar scenes of our little ones in the Western world. These people of the hills are quite apart from those of other parts of India, even as Darjeeling stands apart and alone in her particular nature and beauty. It is but one of the many heavens of glory that India has for its children.

But India, the land of plenty, is also the land of poverty, the land of spirituality as well as the land of dire distress. As its plains are death-dealing nine months out of the twelve, so a few hours will bring you to the very heart of a life-giving climate where the sun glows soft through cooling mists, and the air comes fresh and sweet and cool from a snow-bound horizon. And the nights of this mountain-top city are the very crowning of beauty. The stars are so low and bright that it would seem one could almost pluck them from their near settings. The moon, when full, is so white that distances are revealed as at twilight. The balm that comes from the hills, the low, long cries of the night creatures, the far-away laugh of a woman, the noise of a waterfall, the cry of a jackal, the hoot of the owl and the whistle of the night bird, these, all these are their own comparison. To know them must be to hear and see them.

Poor and ignorant is the man who seeketh for that which he hath and knoweth it not. Poor and ignorant is the man who knoweth not the nobility of My Love that surroundeth him, with which I crowned him withal.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

When you do come to Me, let all your robes be white, your motives clean. When a man is blind there is a veil before his eyes. I do not mix with earth. Unless all clean and free from earth-nature, how can you understand the words that are born in My Abode?—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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Expanded Spiritual Imagination

By BABA BHARATI

IF crazy politics and frenzied finance will allow a little interval of time for the discussion of the most important subject that affects the permanent interests and supremest weal of mankind, I shall be much obliged. Politics and finance are our important interests, too, for they involve the interests of our bread and butter which sustains our physical self, the vehicle of the spiritual in us. Without the preservation of this vehicle, our spirit or soul cannot find an abiding medium to function through. The Spirit cannot be known to exist without matter, just as light cannot be cognized without shade to contrast it. It is by shining through matter which it pervades and evolves through its energy, that that Spirit manifests its glory. Even God is dependent upon His devotee for His Existence, and the devotee comes into being through matter. Indeed, Spirit is God and matter is His devotee. God is Spirit and Its Energy His Principle, the indivisible and inseparable Twain, the One in the Twain, the Twain in the One. Spirit is the Spirit of the Energy and Energy is the Energy of the Potency of the Spirit. This Energy or Potency of the Spirit procreates Creation which embodies countless universes.

Spirit is God and Energy is His Consort or call it Wife, and the universes are their children. The Consort conceives a universe through her inherent Law (or organ) of Expansion with the seed of the Spirit pervading its generation. There is gestation for a while and then the womb of the Divine Wife throws it out into space, into being.

Thus are born these children of God and His Wife—Energy—Nature.* Many of them born in a divine moment, "with every wink of His eye" as the Wisdom Religion of the Hindoos—The Veda—says—many universes are born in a moment.

How unthinkable grand is this conception of Creation and its inconceivable Source! Our imagination trying to grasp it, swims on its surface for a second and is drowned in the next. Certainly, to the matter-fed imagination, imagination that is finite, being fed on finite matter, it is ungraspable, or "unknowable" as the modern scientist-philosopher has put it. To the imagination that is fed constantly on the Spirit, imagination that absorbs the light of that Spirit by meditating on it, it is within easy grasp. To the spiritualized mental vision it is but sublimely simple.

What is sublimely simple? The brain-dizzying concept that Spirit, the Husband, and Energy (Nature) His Wife, give birth to myriads of children

*The Sanskrit word Prakriti is the original of the English word "Procreate." Prakriti is that which procreates. Prakriti is Nature from Latin "Natura," which is from Sanskrit "Na-chara" that which does not move, that which is fixed for ever—fixed in Spirit as its Force. (Sanskrit "Shakti.") The reason why the "t" in Nature is pronounced "ch" is found in its Sanskrit derivation. Thus will be found the reason why the English word "character," though pronounced "karacter," is spelled with the "ch" which "ch" comes from its original Sanskrit "charitra." Most words in most modern languages are mere corruptions of Sanskrit words. I have traced hundreds of English words to their source in Sanskrit.

called the Universes, large and small. And these Universe-children of God and His Consort are born to live and to die like children of mortals. The earth-children count their longevity by years, the cosmoses count by eons. But the eons have their ends like the years, when the end of the measured eons comes a universe dies. But after the passing of eons, it is reborn again. And all the universes, the chief children of God and His Wife, die to be reborn again like all mortals. Thus re-incarnation is the rule of creation, through and through, from top to bottom, from Eternity to Eternity.

Where are you, Mr. Man of material conceit? Where do you find yourself among these countless universes? Where is your palatial dwelling with all the millions in it, Mr. Millionaire Human, thou developed molecule born of an atom among all the countless atoms of a universe among countless universes? Where are you, Mr. Material Scientist, trying to trace the source of life with your microscope or with the aid of your chemicals and instruments, try with your microscope or, with the aid of your chemicals and instruments, try my soul-inspired imagination which embraces the view of all these swirling universes I do not find you anywhere, where are you hiding now? Come out also, from your invisible hole, Mr. Inventor. I want to introduce you to this Mr. and Mrs. God, these manufacturers of so many universes in a moment. He is certainly worthy of your acquaintance, Mr. American Hurry-Machine-Manufacturer, for his speed is greater than yours. To you God, whoever He is, is mere "Mr.," you know, just as your President is. Mr. God dares not seem higher to your intellectual conceit, and is longing to get acquainted with you, along with His Wife, a privilege for which he will humbly thank you—He, this Parent-President of the Republic of Universes. Say what I may, Mr. Scientist smiles his bland smile of superior intelligence at me taking me for a "crank."

So, I must turn to my brother and sister cranks to talk to them about these swirling cosmoses created "with every wink of the eye of God," the cranks whose faith in such unimaginable wonders is born of their experiences perceived through their spiritual imagination. Imagination is THE thing. The average man is his mind and his imagination is the vision of that mind. A man without imagination is a blind brute. These human brutes get their minds mixed up with their body; they think they are their body. And the mind identified with the material body loses its sense of imagination. The mind that functions its vision of imagination with its senses and instincts in healthy order, "sees from Heaven to earth and from earth to Heaven" as the bard of Avon writes it. When the mind is pure and harmonized in its forces the scope of its imagination is wider, its penetration deeper, yea, it penetrates into the past and the future and sees the lights and shadows of coming events. Aided by his imagination Jules Verne penetrated into the future and caught the facts of the coming inventions and dressed them up as scientific fictions in his story books. Many of these fictions have now become facts of science in these days. The Hindoo poets of old talked of "steady lightening," a concept now realized in the electric light.

When a man's mind thinks devotedly on spiritual things, his imagination's vision is not only more and more cleared day by day, but becomes more and more powerfully subtle. His powerfully subtle imagination pierces through the subtle realms of this One Whole Life called Creation, and after grasping their subtle objects, dives deep into them and finds out the laws and principles operating within them. Thus he grasps the inmost laws of Nature in time and gradually stumbles into the Basic Principle of All Life, of Creation itself, Love Absolute, Love that is God, and shakes hands with Him—with the hands of His heart which then thrills with the influx of that Love that is God. And Ecstasy, which is the perpetual action of that Love, is his portion and prize.

With the light of that Love he gains a clearer vision of the inmost laws of life, of all life in existence. He finds that even an atom has all the potentialities of Creation whose principles it consists of. He then finds that each atom is a universe in embryo, and that that atom, by evolution through the Law of Re-incarnation, develops into the man-stage. In this man-stage the atom manifests its universe-potentialities more distinctly when the man's mind dives into its own bottom by spiritual processes of concentration, and, by constant practice finds that the bottom of his mind is the plane of the Divine Essence of which everything is materialized manifestation. At last his mind merges into that Divine Essence within him, called the soul, and through the union of that mind and soul, his divine vision beholds the miracle of the swirling universes that are being born, that are living, that are dying. In time he is translated to the higher realms whose substance is the inner principles of spiritual life, and there he graduates into the power of a functional creator of a universe, a Brahma, and finds that not only is a man, as man, a universe in miniature, but that when he arrives at the stage of Brahma-hood, he can produce a whole universe by materializing his imagination of one.

Thus the practical Spiritual Scientist not only sees a universe within himself and the play of the myriad universes, but can create one, in a perfected divine consciousness, by manipulating his God-inspired mind upon ether, just as a potter manipulates the clay on the hub of his wheel and shapes the vessels into being.

What an infinite vista of ambition for even mere man! And, Mr. Mere Man, take courage, expand the vision of your imagination by the study of this Hindoo philosophy. This picture of Creation that I have presented to you with all my humility will expand you, dear Mr. and Mrs. Reader. It is a great profit to think of these infinitely grand concepts of life. With a narrow imagination you are a narrow person, like an insect crawling upon the earth seeing nothing but the ground upon which it moves. With a wide imagination grasping these creation-wide concepts, you feel like unto God and can be led into the Center of that Infinity.

Many thanks to those who are sending their renewals now coming thick and fast.

Hinduism in World-Progress

By AMRITA LAL ROY *

WHAT is the great lesson that Hinduism, in its basal theory and divested of all accidental accretions, has to teach to the world? What shall be its part in the evolution of the world-religion, the ultimate synthesis of human thoughts and aspirations, which has been the one yearning of all noble souls? What is the gem it is destined to contribute in the process of the churning of humanity which is going on and which shall bring out its richest treasures, even as the Goddess Lakshmi was the highest product of the churning of the ocean by the gods? The answer does not seem to me to be difficult. It is just what the greatest thinkers of the West have missed in their own civilization, and what the chaste muse of Matthew Arnold means in the following lines:—

Before man parted for this earthly strand,
While yet upon the verge of heaven he stood,
God put a heap of letters in his hand,
And bade him make with them what word he could.

And man has turned them many times: and
Greece,
Rome, England, France;—yes, nor in vain
essay'd
Way after way, changes that never cease
The letters have combined, something was
made.

But, ah an inextinguishable sense,
Haunts him that he has not made what he
should;
That he has still, though old, to recommence,
Since he has not yet found the word God
would.

And empire after empire, at their height
Of sway, have felt this brooding sense come
on,

Have felt their huge frames not constructed
right

And droop'd and slowly died upon their throne.

The civilizations above referred to have had their chances, but have been found wanting by their own thoughtful and aspiring men, and have either died out or are threatened with decay. But Hinduism, which has outlived the storms and floods of centuries like the weather-beaten oak, bids fair once more to rejuvenate itself and world-religions by a live process of reconstruction. If the potency of a civilization is to be judged by its power to organize societies, to smooth stife, and weld together the conflicting parts of humanity, modern Western civilization, with all its resources of science, has not so far proved a success, for it carries within itself the germs of strife and of consequent decay. Brother is armed against brother, and each is ever ready to catch another's throat. Its special characteristic has been the poignant sorrow and desperation of the merciless struggle for existence, against which virtue, honor, and labor often fight in vain. And what can be the best corrective to such a state of things? A leaven of spirituality from the East. The Westerner, with his faith in mechanical resources, is trying to remedy the evil by seeking to command the largest

*Mr. Amrita Lal Roy is a distinguished Indian journalist, known and appreciated throughout India for his sturdy advocacy of his country's cause, unflinching courage of his convictions, the illuminating originality of his robust thoughts, and wonderful finish of his masterly style of English. He was educated in the Calcutta University and also for three years in England, wherefrom he crossed over to the United States and finished his education as a journalist in New York where he was a frequent and welcome contributor to the press of the Empire City. Before leaving America for home his spirited article in the North American Review on "British Rule in India," written with his pen dipped in his heart's blood, made him famous by a bound, in America, England and India.

On reaching India he started a vigorous English weekly called "Hope," which soon commanded a large number of subscribers and a larger number of most appreciative readers. He soon published his "Reminiscences of England and America," a volume which received the highest encomiums from the press. It was through this little paper, "Hope," that Mr. Roy roused his countrymen into forming a stock company, which launched the first private railway enterprise in India. Since, Mr. Roy has been the editor of the Lucknow "Express," the Lahore "Tribune," and lastly of the fearless "Punjabee," which last position he still holds. He may now be called the greatest living Indian journalists.

What, however, has been the strongest point of his character, is that though he lived for three years in that whirlpool of materialism, New York, when a very young man, it failed to make any impression on his mind. He has been a staunch Hindoo in his spirit and consciousness all through his career and now his ripe inner spiritual experiences, intellectual and practical, entitle him to interpret Hinduism with authority. He has been my dear friend through life and I expect to publish more articles in future from his pen.—ED.

number of votes in his Parliament; but the mass of prejudice and selfishness that have always arrayed themselves against the right has to be dissolved, before the assent of the enlightened will in the form of vote can be secured. Otherwise there is always the clash of votes against votes, woman severs herself from man, with whom she is bound in the flesh, and cuts the ancient bond in twain in the scrimmage after votes. The fact is that in the West the only true means of uniting heart with heart has not yet been discovered and made use of.

Love and sympathy, which alone can unite hearts, cannot thrive where men live in greater or less estrangement from the Universal.

Every school-boy knows that the first step in working out a mathematical sum is to present the different numbers of a group in terms of a common whole or denominator, i.e., in plain words, to seek to bring them into some sort of relation with one another by referring to a larger thing which comprises them all. But so long as individual items are taken by themselves and not studied with reference to a larger thing which comprehends them, no living sense of relationship can be developed and no progress made towards their permanent unification or organization. The intuition of love and sympathy has its root deeper in the intuition or consciousness of a common origin. And so long as this latter intuition does not supply the motive power, but reliance is placed only on temporary or accidental external circumstances, all attempts at the successful organization of human society are bound to be abortive.

Here comes in the strength of Hinduism. With the Hindu, unspoilt by Western materialism, the conception of the Universal is not merely not a nebulous hypothesis, but it dominates all his life and conduct. Every principal event of his life is not a mere accident, but is treated as a sacrament whereby he renews and ratifies his obligations to the Universal. He actually looks

upon himself as an instrument to do a higher will, to fulfil a higher purpose. He gets himself educated or acquires knowledge, not for gain of any sort, but only to serve the cause of Truth and hold aloft the torch of enlightenment as others have done before him. That is the true Brahman. He marries and begets children, not for carnal gratification, nor even for the cultivation of domestic and social virtues as the chief aim—essential as they are for the higher evolution of life—but in order to keep going the stream of creation. Every act of his is thus an act of self-dedication to God and the purpose of His universe. All that he does, he does to corporate existence in obedience to a Higher Will. His doctrine is the very antithesis of the gospel of Individualism which is the motive spring of Western civilization, the basic principle of all its progressive ideas.

It can be readily seen that with such habitual abeyance of the Ego, such spontaneous recognition of our affinity with the Universal, how easy becomes the work of knitting heart to heart, of drawing all men together, and of constructing a Society in which each unit shall form part of a harmonious whole. With a faint and feeble sense of the existence of the Author of the Universe, with religion deemed either as an encumbrance or a matter of worldly expediency or convenience, if not a superstition, the much-wished-for social and moral synthesis can never be accomplished. Love can flow from one source alone. It is only by realising and loving a Universal Soul that man can really love his fellow-men, just as through knowing and loving his parents he learns to love his brothers and sisters. Until, therefore, men and women make religion an integral part of their lives, their be-all and end-all of existence, dominating every little portion of it in action, speech and thought—until they live as the Hindu ideal of living has once been—and until they feel their kinship, not only with fellow-men, but even with the brute and inanimate creation—the true so-

cial harmony will ever remain a dream. It has been reserved for Hinduism, we believe, to find "that word, that order, which God meant should be!"

The scattered forces of Hinduism are being rallied together and yoked afresh to the service of the Hindu race as well as of humanity at large. The soul of Hinduism has to be clothed anew to suit the times. The objection has been raised that the upheaval of Hinduism and its world-wide preaching means the flinging back of people to the mysticism of the past ages which will unfit them for the rough struggles of the material world. It is stated that too much of religion has proved the ruin of the Hindus. I for one do not understand the objection that religion should not be the absorbing pre-occupation of man. Such doubts arise only from a misconception of religion in general and of the Hindu religion in particular. The Hindu religion is not limited by any circumscribed sphere of thought or activity, but includes the sum total of man's duties in relation to his fellow-men and the created Universe. Every individual, every unit in Creation, is engaged in performing its appointed task, and the proper performance of the task, in accordance with the laws of Nature, is its **dharma** (righteous duty). In the discharge of that duty consists its religion to this worship. A steadfast devotion to this **dharma** is **the practice of religion, and this alone** is sufficient to elevate man, to awaken all his energies, to subdue his lower self, to curb his egoism, and lead him to the light of Knowledge and Self-realization. It is to him the means of self-culture as well as of the service of his God, State, and fellow-men.

The Hindu preachers should seek to bring home to every one the sublimity, the uplifting character of the ideals of the religion. "Act well your part, there all the honor lies"—may be said to be the sum and substance of the teaching of Kristna in the "Bhagavad Geeta." Aye, the merit lies in the manner of doing your task—the duty of your station or position in life—not in the

nature of the work itself. This is the idealism of the Hindus, and a most practical idealism it is. It invests the meanest labor with such a dignity as no other country knows of. It teaches man to judge things by the spirit and not by the **matter**, and so to **live** in the spirit and not in matter. The Westerners and Westernized Hindus should learn to be true to this idealism and spirituality of religion, and their material affairs will begin to improve correspondingly. The reawakened spirit will fashion and guide the matter according to its needs. For it is the spirit that determines the higher activities. It is the spirit that does, it is the spirit that endures. It is the spirit that sets us to enterprises, to philanthropic work, to patriotic duties, to the service of humanity. It is the spirit that safeguards the interests of the body, so that the body may live and act as an instrument for its work. Let people therefore be placed in intimate touch with the ideals and aspirations summed up in the word Hinduism, so that they may once more secure the motive energy which they have so long sought in other quarters in vain.

People, as a rule, seldom think of the part which religion has played in the evolution of man. History knows that a spiritual revival, more or less deep, has preceded the development of all other activities. In the words of an eminent Christian divine, it was a new religion from the East which flushed with fresh vigor the collapsing veins of the Roman Empire, raised the Teutons from a race of lazy barbarians into leaders in the world's intellectual advance, transformed the cruel and ferocious Vikings into the chivalrous and noble Norman Knights, lifted the Slavonians from polygamy, degradation, and serfdom. According to the same authority it was this religion that gave all which is noblest and most distinctive to the names of France, England, Italy, and Spain. A revival of religion means renewed self-knowledge and self-confidence.

Modern Europeans and Americans,

with their highly developed intellectual and reasoning powers, and their disciples in India and the East, refuse to take spirituality in the form in which it satisfied men when the bulk of the people had not yet fully learnt to observe, to reason, to decide, and to reject. It must be a spirituality in a more scientific shape that can now appeal to them. It is a spirituality which can address its message to the mind, intellect, and heart simultaneously, which embraces all the activities and aspirations of men, that is now necessary to make an impression upon a critical and sceptical world. The spirituality that was revealed in the Vedas, most picturesquely presented in the Puranas (Scriptural Stories) and so ably reasoned out in the Darashanas, can alone now save an intellectual world steeped in scientific materialism. The observations and experiments made in the physical world

have to be explained, amplified, and illumined by those made in the domain of spirituality. That spirit is the **creative energy**, and matter a **mere product**, has to be urged with cogency of reasoning that will carry conviction to obstinate and perverse scepticism. And, above all, a life made every way efficient and mighty by living in the spirit has to be held up as an object-lesson to convince those whose only channel of knowledge is the sense-organs.

Undeniably the Hindu is an idealist by nature. Even at the present day, however high his education and worldly position, his head bows down involuntarily before a holy man, showing thereby that the latter is his ideal, and not his Western-modelled countryman making his pile to get himself the latest luxury and comfort, and strutting about in the pomp and pride of material possessions.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH

By J. A. EDGERTON

I have no creed. The universe wheels on. I am but as an atom 'mid the worlds; and yet I feel the spirit of God within me, and I am satisfied.

I have no creed. Creeds are but words. Love is reality. Love fills the heart with charity, with peace, with faith, with hope, with heaven—Love to the Father, Love to the Christ, Love to our fellows. This I feel within and it shall guide me. He who is ruled by love—by spirit love, not lust, by love divine—he who is ruled by love will not go wrong.

I have no creed. Good is the only rule. For what else live we? Fame? It turns to ashes in the grasp. Riches? They are wrung from the heart's blood of our fellows. Knowledge? It is but a babble of words. But Good—Love—Truth—Beauty—these are the verities; these are eternal.

I have no creed. And yet I fear not death. Death is a shadow. Wrong—Hate—Error—all are but shadows. But I am eternal. Why should I fear the things that only seem? I seek for the eternal; and I will make my heart a precious storehouse for them so that they may abide with me forever.

I have no creed. But I have in me that surpass in words: A faith in God as boundless as the sea; a love that takes in all the human race. I see good in all creeds, good in all living things.

The only sin to me is selfishness; the only happiness the good we do. Oh let us drop these empty forms and sounds, the letter that divides in warring sects; and let us fill our hearts with love to men. Oh build a church as wide as human needs! Imbue it with the spirit not the husk! And henceforth leave the race unfettered, free, to follow out its impulses divine! For God is in us and will lead us on, if we but leave our hates and follow Him.

I have no creed. Or if a creed, but this: I love humanity. My life and all I am I freely give to better make the world, to help mankind. My only creed is love—I know no more—the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man.

Vedic Seed Thoughts

By BISHWARUP CHATURVEDI

May He, the Lord of Power, with wisdom strengthen me.—Taittiriya Upanishad, Part I, Sutra 3.

He has wisdom who sees in man the One of all; and in all the whole of the One; who knows One not separated from all and all not separate from the One; who knows his own breath is the breath of all, and the heart of all is his own heart; who cognizes in the universe his own body and in its laws the laws that are the center of him and the radiation that goes from him. He has wisdom who knows that each atom of life in the universe finds its counterpart in each atom of life within himself, that each atom has its center and its radiance, and that each atom is a universe regulated by its own laws and holding enshrined within itself the Godhead and the possibilities of an Avatar.

He that has wisdom lives each moment a completed creation. He looks not beyond, nor gazes he backward, for the fulness of eternity is his, and each pulsation of his heart is the beginning, middle and end of his being. His eyes behold the wonder of the whole of which he is a part, for the whole and the part is within him even as it is wherever he turns his eye.

Wisdom, the All-Pervading God, is in him as it is in the furthestmost top of the Himalayas' crest, and caresses the soles of the ocean's feet. It is lodged in the poison that is hid in the sack neath the fangs of the slimy cobra, and it is the light that radiates from the being bright that functions on planes where thoughts are worlds and worlds are made of thoughts.

He that is wise despises not any manifestations of God, be that manifestation unawakened and darkened, blinded and enshrouded in ignorance, for he knows that the God in him is the God of all, and the God of all is enshrined in all. He has the universe within him, and the universe of his seeing and hearing is but the reflection of the one He has created within himself. He it is who hath peopled it, and He it is that hath colored it. It is He that hath given it its balance, and its foundation, too, is of His own making. The wise man, knowing this, makes that God to flourish within his universe, so that he may behold Him in the universe, without which is but the shadow of the One within.

He that is wise knows that limitations and boundaries are but the reckoning of the unwise and unwakened man, that the finite is the measurement of his undisciplined mind and that the qualities and quantities are but the reflections of the untutored man. He knows that all is Infinity, for God who is Maker of all, is Infinite and could not have fashioned the finite, for He hath put Himself in all that was of His making, and all that is from Him and of Him.

Just the Man for the Place

A GREAT INDIAN APPOINTMENT

By BABA BHARATI

THE recent appointment of the Hon. Krishnaswamy Iyer, a Supreme Court Judge of India, to a membership of the Executive Council of the Governor of Madras has caused a sensation of the most pleasurable surprise throughout that unfortunate land of alien dominion. The appointment itself is the newest departure from a century-old settled policy of British rule in India. That

policy has so long been the retention of the highest executive administration in the hands of the ruling race. For the last four decades, however, occasional sops have been thrown to native agitation against the unjust monopoly of the pale faces in regard to the higher appointments of State. Some Supreme Court Judgeships, in all provinces, have been thrown open to deserving members of the Indian bar. Indians—Hindoos and Moslems—have been appointed members of the Imperial and Provincial Legislative Councils. Latterly Indian Civil Servants, after passing the competitive examination in England, have been allowed to occupy such high posts as Commissionerships of Divisions. Since a little more than a decade even Uncovenanted civil servants have been getting some of the plums of higher appointments in the judicial service in the shape of District and Sessions Judges, while even Legislative Council Members, hitherto appointed by nomination, through the grace and favoritism of the



THE HON. KRISHNASWAMY IYER.

governmental heads, have been allowed to enter the Councils through votes of popular election.

It was reserved for the Lord Morley the Magnanimous to create the larger councils, just a year old now, in response to most clamorous popular demands and frightened by the spirit of seething unrest which here and there demonstrated itself in bursting of bombs and the shooting of revolvers, which made

the officials carry their lives in their hands. Morley, seconded by Viceroy Minto, went even a step further to conciliate this menacing clamor. He appointed a leading Indian barrister, Mr. S. P. Sinha, first to be Advocate General, and then raised to the legal Membership of the Imperial Council, an appointment which is a concession of great surprise. Mr. Sinha accepted the appointment, at a great financial sacrifice, only to be thankful for the compliment and to please his countrymen. He has since resigned and returned to the bar in which he earns four times the pay of the Legal Member of Council and holds a most distinguished position, in some respects higher than the council position.

In Madras, however, the appointment of the Hon. Shivaswamey Iyer, a high court lawyer, and not an England-returned barrister like Mr. Sinha, to the post of Advocate General was appreciated more. Not that Mr. Shivaswamy was less intelligent and experienced in law than Mr. Sinha, but his appointment to Advocate-Generalship, which made him the recognized leader of the bar, tore down the wall of demarcation between England-educated and India-educated lawyers, a distinction which was most unjust, arbitrary and insulting, in many cases, to the superior forensic ability and acumen of the indigenous product. When these Hindoo lawyers become Supreme Court Judges, then their superiority is unmistakably evidenced. But even the position of the Advocate-General does not afford a key in British India to unlock the ever-closed door of the mysterious engine-room of highest executive inception and initiatives of government. This door has at last been opened partially, just partially it seems yet, by the appointment of this Indian Member of the Executive Council where no Indian has any access. The Indian Members of the Councils of India that Europeans and Americans hear of from this distance are members of the Legislative Assemblies where they are allowed to discuss the making of laws, oppose or second the legal instruments about to be forged and used. But before enforced, they are put upon this legislative anvil for these "Additional" Indian Members to have a say on, this way or that, although it does not at all matter which way, for their even most just and eloquent protests are always drowned by the "Official" Salaried Members who, always in the majority, veto the votes of the others in every case on every occasion. Viewed as representative assemblies of elected members they are the sublimest farces, these Indian legislative council meetings, and the Government has never failed to carry any



HON. P. S. SIVASWAMY IYER,
Advocate-General, Madras.

Such failure, Government is convinced, means loss of its prestige in the eyes of the people. And these be Britishers who have first instituted constitutional government and are proud of their Parliament, with capital P—the Mother of all parliaments!

This bold step, therefore, of admitting a Hindoo into the Executive Council, is not only fraught with danger to that prestige, but has piqued the curiosity of the Indian public as to how the Government will countenance the attitude of this Hindoo Executive Member when he goes full tilt against the official

majority in open council. Of course they know that one Indian Executive Member does not count much against the odds he has to face. Yet the appointment of Mr. Krishnaswamy **does** count much for his fearless advocacy of the cause of his own country, as a Government Official Councillor, is being looked forward to with the greatest interest. Mr. Krishnaswamy has been appointed in the place of the Maharaja of Bobbili who was really the first Indian Executive Member elected last year while I was in Madras. But the Maharaja resigned his appointment the other day. From this distance I cannot positively say what led my friend the Maharaja to do so. That most spirited and ably conducted "Extremist" paper, the "Maharatta," of Poona (Bombay), informingly and pertinently remarks on this point:

The general trend of public opinion was against the selection of this gentleman as the Raja was not then known to be a man of great education and culture, public spirit or even experience of public affairs. Latterly indeed it turned out that the Raja was, notwithstanding all these advantages, a man of remarkable independence of view. But this very redeeming feature proved fatal to the balance of the Raja's position in the Council. When Government appoints Rajas to their Councils, Government naturally expects them to behave only like Rajas. It is theirs but to nod yes, raise their hands and say ditto. Had the Raja been like the bulk of his species, the Madras government would have found no difficulty for their State coach to run as smoothly as before, without any hindrance or impediment from their extra ornamental remount. But apart from the unsuitability of his personal equation to the position he occupied, the Raja found that he had to pull up his conscience and vote with the Government against his convictions on certain matters, simply because the unwritten law of the service requires this subordination of personal judgment. But whatever the reason for his resignation—whether it was due to the Council being too hot or the Nilgiris being too cold for the Raja—the fact remains that the Raja was inclined to make his exit voluntarily as an Executive Councillor, to make room for better men.



MR. JUSTICE P. R. SUNDARA IYER,
Who Has Succeeded Mr. Krishnaswamy
on the Bench.

Perhaps the disappointment caused by the Maharaja's unexpected independence of opinion made the Government think it would be best to offer the appointment to one who would confront them, in cases of necessity, with the

towering virtues of his dauntless individuality. For Krishnaswamy has got to be reckoned with. He is neither an "Extremist" nor a "Moderate," as Indian politicians are now named according to their extreme or moderate attitude toward the Government. He was not classed, even before he was appointed a Supreme Court Judge and when he was a most vigorous political leader, as "agitator" by which appellation patriots of their country are called by the authorities in India. He is known not only as a true patriot but a man of most acute intelligence and luminous wisdom. The next great point in his individ-

uality is his character—a pure, irreproachable spiritual character. Joined to this is his wonderful education, both Sanskrit and English, encased in an orthodox Hindoo consciousness and habits of life. Above all, he is an "orator of splendid degree," as a gifted American called him. His impassioned eloquence and entire mastery of the English language and literature, his hard gripping of facts, his dignified marshalling of points and clear-cut views and arguments in clear-cut words which roll out of his lips like an avalanche have made him very attractively beloved of all his countrymen all India over. To crown all Krishnaswamy is one of God's good men, whose piety and generosity are well known in Madras. I had almost induced him to come to America on a visit so that I might show my friends here what a great Hindoo, unspoiled by Western education, is like. But this appointment takes away that chance for the present, for he has to be in the Council for five years. My chief motive, however, in writing this article is to

emphasize the fact that India has at last got a real champion of the cause of her

people in one of the highest places of Executive Government in the person of Mr. Krishnaswamy Iyer who, outside of all his qualities of heart and head, is a firm and proud believer in the hoary religion, philosophies, rituals and customs of his holy fatherland. I congratulate the Government of Madras on the selection and the acquisition it has made. In Mr. Krishnaswamy it has met the representative of the people at every point, a representative bold yet calm with the depth of wisdom and the keenest political sagacity which will be evidenced whenever opportunity will present itself. I congratulate the southern country of my birth-land on having at last secured a representative who will defend their religious, social and domestic institutions not only with whole-souled conviction in them, but with a tongue eloquent and aflame with the warmest fervor of his heart and the Krishna-blessed inspiration of his soul.



HON. MR. I. V. SHESHAGIRI IYER,
Member of the Madras Legislative
Council.

St. Patrick's Day in Japan

By MARY WALTON

WHAT more absurd or delicious combination to an American than Saint Patrick's Day on Japan's fair Inland Sea, though it would take an Irishman to explain the delightful absurdity of it all. But I defy even the readiest tongued son of Erin to do justice to the subject. The sky is softly blue with white cloud hazes near the horizon's line, the water a rippled azure reflection of the skies, and the many-sailed boats as motionless as painted ships upon a sea of turquoise crepe. The air is crisply cool and our steamer makes her way calmly and serenely through the dimpling wavelets as though she had not just been ignominiously tossed every way for Sunday by the rough rollers of the China Sea.

The forlorn, bedraggled, scarcely recognizable invalids of the past few days can now make as brave sailors as the best, though they know, alas, too well, that after Yokohama their cabin bunk awaits them and the dry solace of pilot bread! But now the delight of going to every meal is keen upon them, and the delicious rapture of inquiring with patronizing, pathetic concern as to the health of some passenger who has missed a meal. Oh, the pride of going to every meal, albeit one dares not linger over the *café noir*! But the eagle eye that notes all those missing in the ranks—well, one might not call such a person mean, but it isn't really nice, you know, especially after all one has gone through. New, pale faces emerge that you remember dimly to have seen at Hong Kong or Shanghai. The black past is buried in the bright present. You stretch at ease in your deck chair with your gay plaid wrapped around you and amiably watch some athletically inclined, American-dressed young Chinamen shoving around wooden disks over the deck in an abandon of delight, their womankind looking on in ecstasy.

Some brave couples pace the deck by the hour, but you sit in your shelter-

ed place and read Munsey's and gaze between spells at the now blue hills in the distance that line each side of the watery way. The most charming little knolls of islands crop up on either hand, some are checkered knobs of green clear to the top. You reflect that such uphill farming ought to develop muscle but decide it is too strenuous an undertaking to consider in your present mood. An angler's life in one of those motionless, phantom ships seems more to your liking. Then you fall to counting the sails and finally conclude that you would never learn to manipulate them or even learn the names of all those little isosceles triangles of canvas in front and the big patched parallelograms in the rear. Somehow rear doesn't seem the nautical term to apply to the back part of a boat—it may be stern, but that sounds a bit pretentious for such a scrap of a boat. There is a tiny fleet of them in a sheltered cove, such a pretty sight, so strangely still, a dream fleet surely that will vanish with a breath. A blue vista lengthens out between two islands, the path flecked with the ghostly sails of tiny craft. Islands and still more islands, all of them little hilltops, bare or wooded with dwarfed pine, with here and there square beds of vegetation making a green stairway up the hill or terracing the lower slopes. Nestled in a hollow at the foot is a group of fishing huts like a huddle of frightened chicks. The tiny rowboats swarm thickly around here propelled by one queer, crooked oar and a solitary sailor who seems to do nothing but stir the water with the bent blade but yet moves swiftly enough over his fishing ground. There are no signs of the trailing nets except some wooden pegs showing above the water a short distance from the boat.

The lengthening day cast a silvery sheen on the waveless water that melted into liquid bronze. The hazy blue hills deepened to purple and raised their

shaggy crests against the rose-gray sunset sky. A curious, twisted pine tree leaned like a bent grand-dam gathering fagots. The sinking sun flashed a golden smile through a rift in the gray clouds then vanished in a rosy sayonara, crimsoning the western sky and faintly flushing the darkening waters. A thundering gong broke the twilight spell and announced dinner, an occurrence not without interest even on the Inland Sea, now that we are all

good sailors. And so ended this one unique Saint Patrick's Day among these lovely emerald islets of the Inland Sea no less green than Erin's own. Thus it ended with no other tribute to the patron saint than a knot of green ribbon worn by a loyal member of the crew. But the memory of that day is verdant even in Japan though the lucky shamrock does not flourish on those isles.

WHY WOMEN HAVE MORE FAITH

By FLORENCE CRANE

HISTORY tells us that it has been the women who have kept the flame of spirituality burning in every country and among every race. It is the women who fill the churches now-a-days, the women who kneel at their bedside at night and lift their hearts to God. It is the mothers not the fathers, before whom the little children kneel to lisp their evening prayers. It is a woman who could not preach a sermon from the pulpit, a woman who knows nothing of theology or perhaps not a single quotation from the Bible—it is often a poor illiterate woman who feels and knows better than the most learned theologian that there is a God. She cannot tell you whether He is visible or invisible, whether He is omnipotent, omnipresent or omniscient, whether He is somewhere in the upper spheres or whether He is here by our side. She cannot tell you why she knows that there is a God, but she KNOWS it.

She knows it by that faculty which all the world knows God has given her, and which she can depend upon far better than she can depend upon her own judgment. She knows that there is a God by intuition. She knows there is a God somewhat as the innocent birds know when it is time to fly south to a warmer climate even before the cold northern winds begin to blow. She knows it in somewhat the same way, that a horse in a strange place will always find home, even when the judgment of the most learned philosopher riding upon it has no idea which way to turn.

The materialist laughs at the woman who displays great faith in a Supreme

Intelligence, because by his judgment he cannot fathom it, he thinks it is not so. But he does not laugh when he cannot explain how it is that the birds know when to fly south, although they have no calendars and his horse knows exactly when it is twelve o'clock, although he carries no watch, and his dog that he took to another city to lose, found home by the shortest route on foot even in a keener way and by a shorter route than the train follows whose way was mapped out by the surveyors who thought they had followed the shortest possible road. They do not know that their own lack of this strange intelligence lies in the fact that they are always trying to think out their own problems instead of having faith in a higher power and letting it think out their mysteries for them.

When we become as the innocent birds and as little children opening our heart and soul and mind in full faith to receive help and sympathy and intelligence from God, the Supreme wisdom pours through us and the spark of divinity within our own soul is blended with the great and all pervading Divine Essence and we are led by the power of God-Consciousness into what is best for us to do.

The dullard speaks and writes words of wisdom, the thirsty find water on the dry desert, the hungry are fed when they seem destined to starve, the desperate are made peaceful, and the prisoners in a den of lions are surrounded by an invisible wall of steel, when in full confidence they open their heart and mind and soul, to the great pervading and merciful Intelligence which we know as God.

Stories of India

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

WHERE GOD IS ALWAYS FOUND.

NARADA it was, Narada the beautiful, Narada the divine Rishi, Narada the lover of song and celestial sound, he who ever held his ear close to the hand of Him who made the elements to give forth the anthems of song, he who with eager hand brought them to echo and re-echo in his harp that was strung with the wires of concentrated sunlight that gleamed and glistened in the abode of the gods. Narada the god who saw the divine humor of the philosophy of God which made the smile to curve on his lips and the laugh to roll from his throat until the hills and valleys of the land of gold throbbed and thrilled with the very joy of it. Narada it was, this singer of love, this warbler of joy, this thunderer of divine wisdom and expounder of divine words to the beings of light in his realm, who one day after hours of revelry in the adoration of love sought to look for an instant on the face of Him who was his Creator and for the loving of whom he was created. Quick as the thought came to visit the abode of Vishnu, so quickly was it fulfilled, for in the realms of the gods the wish and its accomplishments are one, a desire is a fulfillment at its birth.

So, noiselessly as the perfumed breezes that touched his cheek, he entered the inner court of Vishnu, striking his harp to the heavenly sounds that came from the soul of harmony that reigns crowned and sceptered in the courts of Vishnu. He gazed on the white glory of the throne where Vishnu was wont to sit, and lo, he saw not his Master there. Into the bower of crystal and amethyst he looked and there too his Lord was absent. Into the corners of the farthestmost parts of that place he wandered, but not there nor near nor far did he behold Him. And in his breast a sigh arose so deep and long that it shuddered through the walls of pearl and quivered down the

aisles of space unto earth, bringing destruction and moaning in its trail. The harp fell from its accustomed place and hung in his hand untouched; the smile that beautified his lips vanished, and the laugh that bubbled like liquid love in his throat was still. The light in his eyes that men of earth looked upon in darkness and called stars died out, and his heart, that battery of joy and delight, grew still and sad, and men on earth sobbed for the unknown woe that was upon them.

"O Vishnu," he cried. "My God, my Master, my Being, Thou by whom I live, for whom I was made, and by whom I alone can live, where art Thou? Each day I have looked for Thee here, each day the loveliness of Thy face has shone upon me, each day the awful beauty of Thy love has been before me, and now I see Thee not. O Person that embraceth all worlds within Thee, O Soul that draweth all into Thyself, O Love that is the Father-Mother of all that is, O Lord! O Vishnu! I am even as a burnt-out sun without Thee. Where art Thou? The stars and moon have hid their smiles, their songs are hushed, the universe is crumbled. O Vishnu, Thou Beauteous One, appear lest I too wither and fall because Thy beauty is not before me."

A crash of sound as if the harmonies of all creation had crowded themselves in that one peal rent the heavens; a burst of light as if all the suns and stars had woven themselves therein filled the place; a cloud of perfume reaching and spreading on the breast of light, and bearing on its wings the essence from which all aromas were born, permeated all the effulgence of the court; a throb of love that held in itself all the love that the universe ever knew thrilled the space. And Vishnu, the Lovely Vishnu, the Kind Vishnu, the Smiling One, the Conqueror, the Creator and the Merciful, stood before

Narada. Soft and soothing as the voice of mother-love unto its babe He spake, "Thou didst call, I am here."

"Master, King, Father, Lover," he cried, "I sought Thee here and found Thee not; destruction entered into my breast. Vishnu, where wert Thou, my Life, my Sustainer?"

Again the voice spake, and lo, all the little ones of earth, and all the great ones of Heaven, and the shadowy ones of hell, all the creeping, crawling and flying ones, those beings upon the earth

and within it, and in the heavens, those that were in the waters and on it, all the trees and blossoms and stones lifted their hearts to hear the voice that sifted love-laden into each atom and made it tremble in the ecstasy of a new birth.

"Narada, I am not always found on My throne in My Abode of Love, nor am I found always in the heart of gods or yogis. But where My Name is intoned in voice of love in the heart of the devotee, there I am ever and always found, My Narada."

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA

HE that is covered in his spirit is he who standeth even as a tree in an orchard whose one side hath partaken of the sun's blessing and whose other half hath not known its warmth that maketh its juices to flow through its veins the liquid oil, thus moistening and relaxing and feeding its branches. Because of this lack of warmth and sun its branches have become crackling and ready to break at the first wind's shock. They have in their dryness become hard and gray and their veins have become hollow and their sides shrunken and they have borne no fruit and the good gardener hath come with a pruning-knife and cut them off because they were not fruitful. So it is with him who covereth his spirit and will not see what there is for him to see and what there is for him to know and what there is for him to take. The sun is for all that are. Let him hew away the obstruction that keepeth the Sun of Light from shining upon his spirit and mellowing all sides of his spirit.



He who looketh not unto the Giver of Life, taketh the gifts away from the earth and is even in a shroud, for he is a dispeller of good and a usurper in high places. He veils himself in the ignorance of life and walks unawakened in a garden that to him is a desert. For, lo, when he knoweth not the Giver he thinketh even it is his own, and thinking it is his own he hath no one to look to in gratitude for the gift. Having no one to be grateful to, he is barren of gratitude, and being barren of gratitude he hath lost the joy that should be the blood of his vitals. And having not the joy that is the blood of his vitals he is poor indeed and consumed by death; his soul is shrunken and his Self is hidden under an urn of ashes and there is no perfume for his nostrils.



He that thinketh of Me without ceasing, in his heart is love born, and his silence shall be alive with the croonings of love. For him all space shall be alive and he shall from all space draw blessings, for all space shall be filled with the whisperings of love to him and he shall find in these whisperings even the principles of this love. These whisperings shall come from sources that are formful, and these formful ones shall be administering forms unto him and shall even lift him on their shoulders to the places that are tableland and underneath the seas, and to the roots of worlds and the outskirts of Time where Eternity begins. All shall look at him and not know his boons, but they shall follow him and earn love from his being.

Physical Culture in India

By MAUD LALITA JOHNSON

THE East Indian does not need to go to a gymnasium or take a special course in physical culture training. His life from the cradle to the grave is one round of physical culture stunts and "simple life" methods. In regard to food, dress, bathing, exercise and living in general he can give us all lessons, but he would hardly do so by word of mouth, or from the lecture platform for it has all come so naturally to him that he probably does not realize that he has anything to teach us; that he has by nature the things we spend years trying to acquire.

In regard to food he is chiefly a vegetarian, but we can hardly call his diet simple because of the fact that Nature so abundantly supplies him with a great variety of food, but the cry, "back to Nature," is hardly needed in India.

In the matter of dress, the straight piece of cloth draped gracefully about the body fulfills all requirements of comfort and convenience. All the time we waste in taking care of our clothes they can spend in the care of the body and the development of the soul. And the children! Never will I forget the little man who walked past our window attired in a pair of pink slippers and a bright red rose in his dusky curls.

As for cold water baths. Our brown-skinned brother never misses an opportunity for a dip in a pool or bath under a hydrant, even though that pool or hydrant be in the center of a city like Calcutta. He loves the water as one naturally must in so warm a climate and fairly revels in it even as the birds that take their baths in the little pools along the streets.

Exercises for limbering and practice in deep breathing he does not need. Being untrammelled from childhood either by unnatural dress or by false rules of behavior he has grown into natural manhood. One of the exer-

cises given in this country for keeping the body limber and also for certain ailments, the Hindoo indulges in daily. I refer to the position in which they sit, or rather squat. Sitting on the ground with the knees against the chest and the heels against the body with the soles of the feet flat on the ground, a position few Americans could assume even with effort, yet the Hindoo drops into it so easily and so gracefully. And they are very adept at massage. It is a common sight to see two women sitting side by side in the shade of a palm tree or by the side of some modest home and gently rubbing each other's arms. And what Western society woman would not envy her Eastern sister her grace of movement and poise? No doubt the practice of walking barefoot and carrying things on the head have much to do with her grace of carriage. She walks along with a babe astride her hip and a jug of water on her head and seemingly unconscious of either. The Hindoo never carries anything in his hands. If he have only an umbrella and that not in use, he will place it across his head.

The houses are of the simplest kind and devoid of all furniture as we think of furniture. There may be a bed and a rack for clothes, but chairs and tables they do not use. Housekeeping, there, is not a problem. With no laces and ruffles and frills to keep mended, no furniture to dust, few dishes to wash, the housewife has a quiet and peaceful time. She has time to think on the inner life and to find the real joys of being, time to feast on those delights of the soul which we of the West never have time to even taste. I remember one home we saw, the home of wealthy people, but the room in which we were entertained was devoid of all furniture. There were rich carpets and rugs on the floor and beautiful pictures on the wall, but that was all.

VENUS, GODDESS OF LOVE

By RACHEL MAUD PARKER

WHEN the Baba asked me to write something about Astrology, my first thought was, that of all the planets, Venus, would be the one most appropriate for the subject of an article in "East and West." All students of astrology know that the vibrations from the planet Venus governs all things ideal, sweet and lovely, graceful and fair. Everything symmetrical, agreeable, excellent come under the rule of that brilliant and beautiful star known as Venus, also called Lucifer when a morning star and Hesperus when an evening star, the former when it precedes the sun and the latter when it follows the sun. It is the planet of love and governs the Soul apart from the senses. The planet Mars being the representation of the animal soul and Venus of the Spiritual Soul. The following quotation from one of our best modern astrologers gives a clear idea of the important part Venus has to play in the evolution of the Soul: "The refinement and delicacy of the Elysian planet is the outcome of that which began in Sensibility and Sentiment, being formed by the nourishing and sustaining power which has its genesis in that immortal spark in divine fragrance which Venus watches over and protects throughout the long pilgrimage of the soul—from its birth in time ages ago, to its final self conscious realization of its living unity with the One Superior Being. From start to finish it shows forth all which the latent harmlessness and true innocence is the per-

manent possession of every soul, for its essence is love and perfect bliss. Astrologically, this planet is considered benefic, its influence in this respect being second only to Jupiter. Exoterically it is regarded as the planet of friendship, love marriage, pleasure, etc. The pure, chaste, modest woman is distinctly under the rule of Venus and those who are fortunate in having it rising or culminating at the hour of birth, or in conjunction with the ruler of the sign ascending, possess beauty of both mind and body. It is the ruler over Taurus, the second sign of the Zodiac (the sun enters Taurus on the 22nd of April, and passes into Gemini on the 22nd of May) and over Libra the seventh sign of the sun, enters Libra on the 22nd of September and passes into Scorpio on the 22nd of October. Adelina Patti, the famous signer has Venus rising in the Scorpio. This is a good illustration of its close relation to music and musicians. This planet also has special dominion over poets, actors, artists, etc. In every case the native of the Creative Venus takes pleasure in his art, the poet in his intellectual creations, the orator in his mode of expression, the lover in the object of his love, whether it shows as reverence, devotion, or love pure and simple. I am writing this article in the hour of Venus and my greatest desire is that the vibrations of love that will come from the pages of this spiritual magazine will thrill millions of hearts and win them to the worship of the Good Lord, and to the beautiful and pure religion he has come to reach us.

SYMPATHY.

Oh would that from my pen might flow
Sweet soothing music, clear and low,
As from a happy soul, good and true,
And cheer souls to new life, their strength renew,
And with more courage than ever before,
Take up their burdens and go on once more.

—MARY F. MONROE.

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