

The White Peril

An X-Ray Glimpse
of Civilization

"JIM" MOST FASCINATING ROMANCE OF INDIA:
A REPLY TO KIPLING'S "KIM"

BY
BABA BHARATI

Volume 1
No. 2

उद्दीप्तप्रकाशः

November
1906

The LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read

Contents

	Page.
THEE I WORSHIP.....	35
WHAT AM I?.....	35
BECAUSE.....	36
VEDIC SEED THOUGHTS... 37	
THE COST OF THE CROSS— Rose Reinhardt Anthon.....	39
POSITIVE NOT NEGATIVE— William Walker Atkinson... 40	
THE WHITE PERIL.—Baba Bharati.....	41
A PRIMEVAL EDEN.—Toru Dutt.....	48
SAYINGS OF KRISHNA... 49	
JIM.—Baba Bharati.....	50
CIVILIZATION. — Rosalind Greene Peasley.....	56
THE JEWELRY OF MODERN INDIA.—Sir George Bird- wood.....	
THE CHELA'S GIFT.....	59
THE BABA IN THE WEST... 61	
AMONG THE ADEPTS AND MYSTICS OF INDIA.....	64
HAVE YOU LOVED?.....	65

Edited by **BABA BHARATI**

Published Monthly at the Krishna Home
By The Light of India Publishing Co.,
730 WEST SIXTEENTH STREET
Los Angeles, Cal.

PER YEAR \$1.00 **PRICE TEN CENTS** 3 MONTHS 25c.

IT PAYS TO BUY OF THE BIG HOUSE

BARTLETT MUSIC CO., 231-235 235 BROADWAY
Opposite City Hall

TO THE READERS

This magazine is the only publication of its kind in existence. Its extraordinary uniqueness is in its quality of reading matter. Its thoughts and sentiments, its expositions of spiritual truths, its inspired rhapsodies are from the highest sources of the Spiritual realm. Really illuminated souls from and in India are, and will be some of its contributors. The kind and degree of that illumination the perusal of this number will show, and those who have real spiritual hunger will find in its contents the greatest treasure of their life, the most practical guide for their soul's path to its goal. This magazine is not a business scheme. It is a practical Spiritual Mission.

Subscription, One Dollar per year, or 25c for three months' trial. Those subscribing now will receive Baba Bharati's booklet, "The Heathen Hindoo," free. Fill out coupon attached to this number and send it to The Light of India Publishing Co., 730 West 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal., with One Dollar or 25 cents in money order, bill, check or stamps. Foreign subscriptions, 4s 6d; for India, yearly, 4; 6 mo., Rs. 2-8.

COMBINATION SUBSCRIPTIONS.

LIGHT OF INDIA for one year and "Stories of India" by Rose Anthon, \$1.75.

LIGHT OF INDIA for one year and "Krishna" by Bábá Bharati, \$2.25; paper bound, \$2.00.

Agent in India: S. N. Mookerjee & Co., 12 Sakrapara Lane, Calcutta, India.

THIS NUMBER.

In this number the reader will find some more interesting articles than in the first. The illuminated exposition of "Vedic Seed-Thoughts" by Vishwarup Chaturvedi, the clearest exposition yet published in any language, will make its merit felt and illumination acknowledged on perusal. 'Tis the the whole Truth in a nut-shell, the crown and kernel of all knowledge within reach of every soul-hungry soul. It is an epoch-making exposé for the deep thinker. Another epoch-making article in this number is "The White Peril," a wonderfully illuminated exposure of what is termed "Civilization"—another X-ray glimpse, startling but eminently beneficial. "Positive not Negative" by William Walker Atkinson hits a spiritual fallacy on the head and makes a luminous point in regard to the real trend of Hindoo teachings.

THE STORY OF "JIM."

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

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The present high literary standard of the magazine will be sustained in succeeding issues, varied by articles and contributions of originality and general interest by able writers of both East and West. We have many SURPRISES for the DECEMBER ISSUE which will be a SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER containing many more pages than the first two numbers. Subscribe NOW. Address: The Light of India Pub. Co., 730 West 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal. Home Phone B5365.

The Light of India

VOL. 1.

NOVEMBER 1906

NO. 2.

THEE I WORSHIP.

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

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

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

WHAT AM I?

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

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

Because

'Tis "real" unique. That's why it has gripped the interest of every reader. That's why every copy of the magazine has been sold out. In two weeks all the copies were gone almost from all bookstalls. And the stall-keepers said that was wonderful for the first number of a new magazine.

UNIQUE AND ORIGINAL.

That means the LIGHT OF INDIA has proved its uniqueness—its genuine, inimitable, unmistakable, glaring uniqueness, almost from the moment the reader has looked at it. "Unique in matter and manner, and original from cover to cover." That is the burden of many a message of greeting we have received from prominent and appreciative readers.

BOLD BUT FULL OF LOVE.

"It is wonderfully bold," someone has said, "but how rarely original in that boldness, how full of love and goodwill even its exposures, how soul-illuminating in its expositions."

AN X-RAY GLIMPSE.

"'The World's Spiritual Outlook' is an X-ray glimpse into the conscience of the world today," says yet another. And another: "It is like a sudden flash of the spiritual sun upon the earth-covered average American mind."

UNRIVALED.

Another message has assured us that the LIGHT OF INDIA will remain unrivaled, for "no hustler can filch your ideas to start a bad copy of it, for there are no such materials in any of our writers to make even a show of its sound, hall-marked substance."

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

All this hearty reception and appreciation from friends and readers, together with the quick sales and subscriptions, have encouraged and gladdened us beyond expectation, for which we offer them our most cordial thanks. That a new magazine, so unique in character and so Eastern in conception, should meet with such a warm welcome from Western readers is proof that there has indeed been a real desire and hunger for spiritual truths and views of things as expounded by illuminated Eastern minds. Thoughtful people of the West have begun to see the Truth at the bottom of Eastern thoughts and ideas. The Truth is what stands, what stands exposure, and Truth, in its fullest exposition, is what people here want. They have it and will have it in the pages of the LIGHT OF INDIA. The psychological moment had arrived and the LIGHT OF INDIA made its appearance.

THE LIGHT OF INDIA PUBLISHING CO.

VEDIC SEED-THOUGHTS.*

BY VISHWARUP CHATURVEDI.

Concerning now the world: earth the first element, the second heaven; the interspace [their] junction [is; and] air the means whereby they are conjoined. So far about the world.—Taittiriya Upanishad, Part I., Sutra 3. (Translation by G. R. S. Mead and J. C. Chattopadhyaya.)

There where man functions with material weapons, where that which is his lower self dwells, that is the plane called earth. From that earth derives he the sustenance that maintains the part of self which clings with him to that plane. Yea, it is the playground upon which his senses born of the same material play upon themselves, the storehouse where the senses cognize their own objects, the school in which their self, that lower self, born of the earth-material functions.

That which cognizes the earth are those grosser senses which are made up of even the elements that they have drawn from the earth. As like ever attracts like, so does the earth of man attach itself to the earth of the universe which is the feet thereof. Here earth is the place where man, not yet a man, sitteth even before he hath learnt to stand. Here is the attraction where man doth seem attracted ere his eye hath been unblinded. Here is the garden where the fruits of his appetites are stored, ere yet the hunger that is unsatisfied hath gnawed at the vitals of that which in him hath not yet put forth its hundred tongues. Here functioneth man that knoweth but the color of the footstool of himself, ere yet the unknown stir hath touched the tremulous atom which makes him sniff of the odorless odor that bears an unlikeness to the vapors, heavy and pungent, which have matched the senses that man created to greet even the objects upon which he functioned.

And with that stir awakes in man a finer sense to meet the subtler object unrecognized before. It opens a channel of rarer perceptions, and a plane is born of the higher degree upon which to function. And sitting still on the plane of earth, he lifts his head to the subtler one that now his senses vivify. Here he stretches the hand of a self which motionless lay before, and the hand brings forth, in its yet clay-like fingers, the fruit that was made by its unconscious direction. And with the grasping of the fruit is born the sense to cognize, and cognizing it, an hundred tongues are hanging out ahungered to taste of the fruit and be satisfied.

But yet the channels through which the senses work are unaccustomed to their new creations of objects. And, too, the senses still bear, in their coatings, the odors and acids that cling to their linings when functioning on the plane of earth. The new senses awakened are weak, for the fruits not of earth lend not the strength of their kernels at the first munching. So, watering, the tongues hang forth to partake. And the eye, too, that was earth-turned before, peers to sight the fruit from the plane that is higher. And also

*Under this heading will be published every month the most illuminated interpretations of some sutras of the Upanishads, which form the philosophical part of the Vedas, to show what these seed-thoughts (sutras) of the Vedas are when expanded into trees of illumined interpretation.

the ears follow the trend of the eye. And the nostril expands to catch once again the odorless odor unrecognized, but full of that drawing that loosed the bonds that held it before to the smell of the earth.

And thus hands are stretched and taste and eyes and ears are leaning toward the plane that is subtle. And only the feet of man are still folded on the earth. Thus the senses in union, leaning toward the plane just in sight, man finds in that interregnum, that the grosser senses have lost much of their power. But he, in his great desire to function continuously on the plane that is subtle, has failed to see that the senses are partaking in reality of the objects of their own creation and their striving goes on, either consciously or unconsciously, and notes not that the senses that are gross loosen their hold more and more as they cease to create so largely on that plane that is earth.

And, with the passing of the appetite of the grosser senses for their objects, a partial destruction of the senses and their objects takes place, only to renew themselves once more as a better pleasure ground for the material senses of man, now grown finer, to function with. Thus the material channels of man are ever slaves to his higher ones, and this is so because those born of earth are made of earth-substance which is ever in a changeful state, and those subtler ones function on a plane which partakes, according to their degree of development, even of the plane that is permanent. Hence, when man functions on the plane that is in the interspace between earth and heaven, he hath lost of the material and changeful and taken of the spiritual and permanent. He has added unto the lining of his senses that coating of reality upon which they rested when functioning on the objects of reality, and has invested even the objects of the changeful plane with the semblance of the real, and thus they partake of the excellence of reality.

Now, this being so, the grosser attributes no longer bind his legs beneath him, and he arises from his sitting, and standeth with only his feet on the earth. His trunk only is now on the plane that is the interspace between earth and heaven, but his brow is lifted into the realm of revealed delights and his nostrils sniff the odor that is the fragrance of the flower of his privilege of wisdom that now he has reached. His eye beholds the inward light of the object of his own awakened creations. His hundred tongues become a huge one that tastes ever the feast of the luscious and never-ending array of many kinds of fruit that vary in size and taste and outward skin, but that blossom and ripen and bear fruit even on the same tree. And this feast, too, is but the creation of the hundred tongues that wanted to eat unto satisfaction of the delights of Unbroken Bliss.

Yea, now his breast, too, expands to the breadth of the horizon, and the sea of life, that was without, now swells in surges within himself. The world without, which is but the creation of his senses, be it gross or subtle, is now but an infinitesimal atom compared to the immensity of his world within, that has grown to dimensions immeasurable and infinite, by the limitless plane that the senses, now unlimited, function upon.

Thus, here on this plane where the roots of creation are implanted, where is the starting place of the race and the play of the elements of the universe, the universe without him and the universe within him; here he ripens. And lo, he calleth the wind to cease

its rushing and holdeth the thunder by its source. He draweth the fog in curtains about him and maketh the glare of the sun to be dimmed. From this plane he functions on earth, too, but that which was material, now has become even that of his wishing, and earth to him no more is gross, for he has absorbed the permanent from the realm of reality; and to him naught is changeful, naught is immature, naught is gross, for, looking upon it, he has brought to the object upon which he looked, the law which has made it, the law which operates it, the law which enfolds it, the law that is changeless, immutable, imperturbable, immortal and everlasting. Thus moves he on earth, but partakes only of its laws that have their root in the realm upon which his senses function.

THE COST OF THE CROSS.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

BEHIND the Cross the Crown I see,
 Behind the pain the joy to be,
 Behind the flesh the Spirit bright,
 Behind the death the Life of Might.

Behind the smitten cheek the smile,
 Just hidden from man's sight awhile,
 Behind the piercé hand its whole,
 Behind the battered Man the Soul.

Behind the thorn-crowned, drooping head
 Behold the halo's holy spread!
 Behind the Cross's rugged beam
 The slayer's crime fades as a dream.

Upon the trembling lips, oh hear
 The plaintive wail to Heaven's ear:
 "Forgive them, Father, for this deed;
 My death but fills their mighty need.

"For from my death new life shall bloom,
 And Light shall spring from out this gloom.
 Because of this, my body's pain,
 All lives through Love shall find their gain."

O lips, that sipped the cup of gall,
 O heart that gave to man its all,
 O willing feet that went before,
 To open unto man Life's door!

O piercé side and bleeding brow,
 Though crucified, alive art thou!
 The Stone of Earth is rolled away,
 And through Thy Tomb man finds his Way.

O ye, every step that you take I am with you and lead you to My Great Heart and Joy I bestow and obstacles remove and sorrows erase that you wist not of!—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

POSITIVE NOT NEGATIVE.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

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

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

But, at the other pole of Being, there is to be found a most Positive aspect of Life—and the Oriental Teachings bring out that side very clearly to those who are intelligent enough to grasp it. The teachings that back of all this show-world there is a real world, does not imply that we must needs lie down like a balky mule, and refuse to play our parts on the stage of Life. Those who are following this idea will soon feel the prod of the Master of the Show, and be stung into activity by pain and necessity. The Hindoo teachings do not encourage sloth, laziness, and non-interest. On the contrary, they teach that Duty and Work are a part of Life, and that he who shirks his work, will be sent back again and again to the task, until it is finally performed. The man who absorbs the truths of Karma Yoga is all the better worker because he knows what lies behind work. He works for what is in work, rather than for the rewards, and in this case, as in all others, Love is the strongest motive power known.

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

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

THE WHITE PERIL.

BY BABA BHARATI.

To a student from the East, life in the West is an open book. To the Western student, life in the East is as yet a mystery. The reason is not far to seek. Life is generally lived here upon its surface; while out in the East, life is lived in its depth. The superficial is ever easily seen and understood. The average Westerner is light-minded at best, too light-minded to grasp the serious East—the profound mind of the Real East, a shadowy reflection of which is its external life.

By "Real East" I mean the East that has kept itself unchanged in its main features of life from the hoary ages to our day, and comprises India, Burmah, Ceylon, Siam, China and Japan, all professing the essentials of the Bráhma religion, all following more or less the same ideals of life. Of the inner conceptions of the life lived by these peoples the Westerner knows absolutely nothing, and has hitherto cared less to know anything. The wonderful examples of heroism, intelligence, patriotism and pluck betrayed by the Japanese in their conflict with Russia have, however, succeeded in inflicting a rude shock to this stolid apathy and awakened a genuine interest to unravel the mystery of the Eastern character. It would be a positive benefit if this greatest curse of humanity, war, should prove a blessing in the shape of sustaining this interest until the West has fully grasped the spirit and ideals of the Eastern mind, spirit and ideals which form the backbone and have preserved the life, from the beginning of time, of Eastern civilization; spirit and ideals which form the rock upon which that old, old civilization is based—the rock upon which the surges of the new civilization have beat in vain to break it—spirit and ideals which, if assimilated by the new civilization, can alone insure permanency of existence to the mushroom nations of modern times.

The central point of this curiosity in the Western mind to know the inside of the Eastern character, awakened by Japanese valor and victories over giant Russia, was exposed in a few pithy sentences, expressive of alarm, by a popular London Conservative organ of public opinion. The driving of "thirty thousand European troops," said the paper, "equipped with numerous artillery, from one of the strongest positions in Asia, with but trifling loss, is a feat of arms that proves the redoubtable military qualities of the Japanese and shows that they must henceforth be reckoned not as Orientals but as Westerners." "The second battle of the Yalu," it added, "has proved that there is no abiding line of demarcation between West and East, and that the Western civilization, transplanted to Eastern soil, loses none of its virtues. The world will now have to revise its estimate of Asia, and this means a complete revolution in human thought."

THE WEST'S CANNON-BALL SUPREMACY.

This revision of the original estimate would not have been necessary had not that estimate been clouded by the conceited idea of Western superiority in everything over the East, founded solely upon the possession of fire-arms foreign to the Asiatic. That cannon-ball-idea of supremacy blinded the Western races ruling in the East to the facts that the art of bombarding or firing a rifle is in itself a very easy thing to learn for any man, that it is the human intelligence behind the cannon or the rifle that is the chief requisite for success in modern warfare,

POSITIVE NOT NEGATIVE.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

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

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

But, at the other pole of Being, there is to be found a most Positive aspect of Life—and the Oriental Teachings bring out that side very clearly to those who are intelligent enough to grasp it. The teachings that back of all this show-world there is a real world, does not imply that we must needs lie down like a balky mule, and refuse to play our parts on the stage of Life. Those who are following this idea will soon feel the prod of the Master of the Show, and be stung into activity by pain and necessity. The Hindoo teachings do not encourage sloth, laziness, and non-interest. On the contrary, they teach that Duty and Work are a part of Life, and that he who shirks his work, will be sent back again and again to the task, until it is finally performed. The man who absorbs the truths of Karma Yoga is all the better worker because he knows what lies behind work. He works for what is in work, rather than for the rewards, and in this case, as in all others, Love is the strongest motive power known.

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

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

THE WHITE PERIL.

BY BABA BHARATI.

To a student from the East, life in the West is an open book. To the Western student, life in the East is as yet a mystery. The reason is not far to seek. Life is generally lived here upon its surface; while out in the East, life is lived in its depth. The superficial is ever easily seen and understood. The average Westerner is light-minded at best, too light-minded to grasp the serious East—the profound mind of the Real East, a shadowy reflection of which is its external life.

By "Real East" I mean the East that has kept itself unchanged in its main features of life from the hoary ages to our day, and comprises India, Burmah, Ceylon, Siam, China and Japan, all professing the essentials of the Bráhma religion, all following more or less the same ideals of life. Of the inner conceptions of the life lived by these peoples the Westerner knows absolutely nothing, and has hitherto cared less to know anything. The wonderful examples of heroism, intelligence, patriotism and pluck betrayed by the Japanese in their conflict with Russia have, however, succeeded in inflicting a rude shock to this stolid apathy and awakened a genuine interest to unravel the mystery of the Eastern character. It would be a positive benefit if this greatest curse of humanity, war, should prove a blessing in the shape of sustaining this interest until the West has fully grasped the spirit and ideals of the Eastern mind, spirit and ideals which form the backbone and have preserved the life, from the beginning of time, of Eastern civilization; spirit and ideals which form the rock upon which that old, old civilization is based—the rock upon which the surges of the new civilization have beat in vain to break it—spirit and ideals which, if assimilated by the new civilization, can alone insure permanency of existence to the mushroom nations of modern times.

The central point of this curiosity in the Western mind to know the inside of the Eastern character, awakened by Japanese valor and victories over giant Russia, was exposed in a few pithy sentences, expressive of alarm, by a popular London Conservative organ of public opinion. The driving of "thirty thousand European troops," said the paper, "equipped with numerous artillery, from one of the strongest positions in Asia, with but trifling loss, is a feat of arms that proves the redoubtable military qualities of the Japanese and shows that they must henceforth be reckoned not as Orientals but as Westerners." "The second battle of the Yalu," it added, "has proved that there is no abiding line of demarcation between West and East, and that the Western civilization, transplanted to Eastern soil, loses none of its virtues. The world will now have to revise its estimate of Asia, and this means a complete revolution in human thought."

THE WEST'S CANNON-BALL SUPREMACY.

This revision of the original estimate would not have been necessary had not that estimate been clouded by the conceited idea of Western superiority in everything over the East, founded solely upon the possession of fire-arms foreign to the Asiatic. That cannon-ball-idea of supremacy blinded the Western races ruling in the East to the facts that the art of bombarding or firing a rifle is in itself a very easy thing to learn for any man, that it is the human intelligence behind the cannon or the rifle that is the chief requisite for success in modern warfare,

and that the Eastern peoples possess an abundant share of this prime requisite, perhaps a greater share than the Western people, as evidenced in the recent events in the Far East. Nor are the intelligence and courage of the sons of the middle East a whit less than those of the Japanese. "An Indian Staff Officer," said the London correspondent of a Manchester paper, "who arrived in London yesterday, tells me that the marching capacity, temperance and military qualities of the Sikh, Pathan and Goorka regiments are now manifestly superior to those of the English line regiments sent out from home. This superiority is so well established that the average Sikh soldier begins to look down upon Tommy Atkins as a person who drinks too much beer to be able to march, and who lives too well to be hardened for fighting purposes."

Delusion, when once it gets hold of the human brain, however, is hard to be dispelled completely, even by the aid of the strongest proofs against it. In order to still maintain the superiority of the Westerner over the Easterner, some wise heads even suggested that the Japanese have come from Western stock. The Japanese, said the *St. James' Gazette*, "equally with the British, are of Hebrew origin, and a portion of the missing tribes of Israel, having made their way to Japan across the Asiatic mainland after their migration from Media through the passes of the Euphrates." Even far-fetched evidence has been adduced showing plausible similarity of Jewish and Japanese religious ceremonies and festivals.

THE REAL ORIGIN OF THE JAPANESE.

All this proves how unbearable it is for the European that the Asiatic should suddenly loom so large as to make the European look almost small by his side. But, alas, there is no help for it. The Japanese is neither a Jew nor a Gentile, he is a pure Asiatic—even a Hindoo, not only in consciousness and ideals of life but even in origin. All the puerile speculations about the relation of the Jew and the Jap are born of the dense ignorance of the knowledge of the deep traits and characteristics, common among the principal peoples of the East. These traits of character are to be found in the creed and conceptions of their home-life, the radiating center of all social and political lives of all refined races of humanity, ancient or modern. That the Japanese home-life is essentially Hindoo in spirit and regulations of daily conduct, any European who knows even a little of the home-life of the Hindoos will admit without hesitation. The respective duties, positions and status of its members are practically the same as those of the Hindoo home. Reverence for ancestors and superiors, relations of husband and wife, feelings of homage to priests, holy men and king, etc., all point to their Hindoo origin. Spiritual unfoldment is the central idea and the mind's attainment to the state of renunciation of everything earthly is the goal of life, alike of the Hindoos and the Japanese. The Shinto religion with its ancestor-worship is the survival of the Hindoo religion. As for ancestor-worship, there is no greater or more ardent and regular ancestor-worshipper than the Hindoo who offers oblations to the souls of his remote ancestors daily along with worshipping his God. The feudal system of the Japanese, in which these deluded writers are trying to trace the evidences of the feudal system of Europe, is the remnant of the feudal system of the Rajpoot Chiefs of India, the parent of all feudal systems of the world, as a perusal of Lieut.-Colonel Tod's *Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan* will show. The divine homage paid to the Mikado, the head of that system, conclusively proves the Hindoo origin of the Japanese people. The Mikado is believed by his people

to be the descendant of the Sun, which means that he is a descendant of the Solar race of Rajpoot Kings and his claim to divinity is founded upon the divine prestige still enjoyed by the head of this solar house in India, because of his having descended from Rám Chandra, the Seventh Incarnation of God (Vishnoo). All Rajpoot Princes and all Hindoo India pay spontaneous homage to the present head of that house, the Maharáná of Udaipur, for this very reason of his divine descent.

In short, Hindusthan extended towards the East to Japan, as it extended to the West as far as the Ural Mountains, about four thousand years ago. In the account of his travels in India, the Chinese traveler Hiouang Tshang tells us that it extended to Kabul and Kandahar, in the seventh century, A.D. The sea and the separation from the mainland have helped the Japanese in the preservation of their Hindoo spirit, characteristics and ideals of life. These have been influenced much by the propagation of Buddhistic doctrines, no doubt, but even Buddhism is a branch of Hindooism. Buddha Sakya Singha was the ninth Hindoo Incarnation of God, and the only difference between the parent and its offspring lies in the conception of the Ultimate Principle in Creation; the Buddhist says it is Universal Consciousness (Buddhi), the Hindoo that it is Love of which Universal Consciousness is the first manifestation. As to Gautama Buddha, some say he was of Tartar stock, but "at any rate," says Mr. Okakura Kakuzo, the Japanese patriot-artist-philosopher, in his book, *The Ideals of the East*, "it is certain, whether or not there was Tartar blood in his veins, that he embodied the root-idea of his race, and in thereby universalizing Hindoo idealism in its highest intensity becomes the ocean in which the Ganges and the Hoang-Ho mingle their waters."

"CIVILIZATION"—WORST PHASE OF THE WHITE PERIL.

The spring of the astonishing courage and capacity of the Japanese soldiers and of the intelligence of the Mikado and his advisers is the foundation of Hindoo morals which are the materials of their mind. The Russo-Japanese war was but the development of natural reaction, the reaction of the extremely aggressive action of the European races upon the unaggressive Asians. The real East has never aggressed upon the West, nor has it ever envied its neighbors. But the Western nations have aggressed upon the Easterns from the time of Alexander on. Yet Alexander was a noble-souled hero of the old-world type. The main object of his scheme of world conquest was military glory. The one aim and object of all subsequent white aggressors of Asia was and is material greed. Their old pretexts for molesting the mild Asians were "Trade" and "Salvation of the Heathen Souls"—the thin end of the wedge of war and gun-conquest. To these, new excuses have been added from time to time. The newest is "Civilization"—to force the poison of a raw civilization down the throats of a people enjoying an ideal civilization from time immemorial.

This "civilization" has been the cry of Russian conquest in the East and the justification of the most bare-faced aggression. But reaction is the law of Nature. It has come at last. However much it was regretted, the Russo-Japanese War did not begin a day too soon. This first protest of the East with the sword against the unbearable aggression—political, moral, social and commercial—of the West had at last to be made. The Far East, before the War, was in the greatest peril—was in the throes of the White Peril. The Yellow Peril is fantastic. The White Peril is real. And the worst phase of this White Peril is

its civilization—its new-fangled, soul-killing, unspeakably materialistic civilization.

With her almost inexhaustible patience born of her spiritualized mental equanimity, Asia has stood the selfish rule and aggressive political interference of her European masters and enemies, open and disguised, for a long time almost without a murmur. With her unshaken faith in an ever-just Providence righting all wrongs in the fullness of time, she has endured all such political oppression with a resignation worthy of the wisest mortals on this degenerated earth. But the oppressive influence of this utterly materialistic civilization which forms, in her estimation, the worst feature of the White evil, has been for her too much to bear during the last quarter of a century. The process of spiritual degeneration in the average soulful Asiatic has been developing an alarming stage which justified the wisest among them in hoping that the spirit of reaction could not be far off. The hope has been fulfilled. The reaction, which had its first manifestation two decades ago, is now in full swing. The glamour of Western civilization has ceased to deceive the intelligent Oriental. He has been entirely disillusioned of the merits of the new philosophy of life, which is the parent of selfishness and conceit—the two great enemies of humanity. This disillusion roused the impatience at the inroads of the new civilization into activity. Preachers have been going around denouncing the new civilization and holding up the old before the people in all its radiant colors and pointing out its solid virtues. The spirit of hatred against its introduction has grown more and more intense during recent years, so that all Asia was in a state of seething unrest which burst out in the form of the Russo-Japanese War.

A WAR BETWEEN CIVILIZATIONS.

It is vain to try to search for the true cause of this war on the surface of things in the Far East. That cause lies deep down under that surface. The Orient tries to trace the causes of all external phenomena and human actions to the inner laws of Nature which supply the initial causes from which they spring. All physical phenomena are but the materialized reflections of the operating forces on the moral plane, as the actions of the moral plane are but the expressions of the subtle vibrations of the spiritual plane. Injustice and aggression spring from the violation of the primal laws operating in the soul of Nature—the spiritual plane. Injustice and oppression are born of selfishness which is born of the excessive desire for material gain resulting in the repression of conscience which is the voice of our inmost Nature. What is true of the human microcosm is also true of the macrocosm, for man is but a miniature universe. A century of Western aggression upon the Easterns has created a violent disturbance in the moral plane of Nature, a disturbance which, taking the form of reaction, burst forth on the outer surface of life in all its fury. This bursting of the volcanic wrath of Nature no human power on earth can resist, any more than human power could suppress the recent eruption of Mount Pelee. Japan was a helpless tool in the hands of Nature's moral forces lashed into action from within. All the European Powers could not thwart Japan's triumph and progress in that war, for the simple reason that Nature's forces which backed her operated among the Powers from within, keeping them disunited in spite of themselves.

The Russo-Japanese War, therefore, was a war between civilizations—between the old and the new civilizations. It was a war between the civilization which aspires to plain living and high thinking, and

the civilization which develops the taste for high living and plain thinking. It was a war between Harmony and Discord, or, to put it in the language of the East, between *Atmá* (soul) and *Máyá* (illusion). The attitude of Japan was the attitude of the whole of Asia at bay. The giant of Asiatic conscience, so long wrapped in trance-sleep, has moved a limb; has by moving a limb destroyed thousands of molesting Lilliputians. A moment more and the giant will awake and, filled with righteous wrath, potent with unnumbered ages of spiritual devotion, will clear out the white hosts of disturbance from his abode, which is a school of peace and harmony and soul-culture.

EUROPE'S PRETENTION UNMASKED.

The Westernization of Japan is a world-wide delusion. She is too old and solidly Eastern to be Westernized in a day. She has donned the dress and armours of "Civilization" to fight the battle of Asia's deliverance from the danger of that civilization, to teach its missionaries that Asia is the cradle of civilization, that the Easterns, being the intellectual aristocracy of the world, can, whenever they like, think and act in everything as well as, if not better than, their Western tyrants.

Already she has proved by practical demonstration to the power-drunk, conceit-blinded Europe that its superiority over Asia in bravery and intelligence is the hollowest pretention. With this rude awakening Europe ought to learn, if she has not already learned, that the soul is the seat of highest bravery and the East more soulful than the West; that the East, the home of light and knowledge, is bound to be pervaded by keener intelligence than the West; that intelligence and faith and feeling, and not mere brute-force, are the backbone of true valor; that the lack of modern fire-arms and opportunities of being drilled in modern warfare, of which Asiatics have been deprived by the dominant White races, have so long prevented them from driving out the White Peril from their country in order to be able to live once more in peace and harmony of soul-culture, which is their goal of life. She has shown that the feeling of patriotism, which the Western peoples had so long thought was their exclusive monopoly, is possessed by the reincarnation-believing Eastern races of all-surrendering devotion in a higher degree, and that it is of a type not to be found in the modern West. She has already made England fearful of losing India and all the Western Powers fearful of the awakening of China which, however, has already begun; they are even dreaming of Chino-Japanese hordes sweeping over Europe. But this is a mere dream. The Mikado stands for the peace of Asia, and a better understanding between the East and the West.

ANGLO-INDIAN RULE—A WHITED SEPULCHRE.

And that desperate plunge of Japan into war was also prompted by her fear of sharing some day the fate of China before the war, and some other day, the present demoralized condition of India under England's cannon-ball supremacy—India, the cradle of religion and refinement and learning, the never-aggressive land of kindness and piety; India, only the other day, the peerless land of power, valor, wealth and prosperity, now the poorest and the most miserable, all on account of the White Peril.

What a terrible peril indeed the White Peril in India is may be judged from the effects of one century of British rule in that land where it has firmly established its influence. To the skipping globe-trotter, the outward appearance of that rule seems fair and shining. But if he had a chance of looking behind this delusive exterior, he would find the

shining was that of a whited sepulchre full of inward rottenness. Every one of the five phases of the White Peril—political, industrial, commercial, social and spiritual—can be seen in all its grim effects in India. Political death, industrial destruction, commercial stagnation, social degradation and spiritual demoralization are the ear-marks of British predominance in that unfortunate country.

THE HAVOCS OF "CIVILIZATION" ON THE HINDOO.

But even the woful results and selfish principles of British rule are considered by the true Hindoo as less disastrous than the effects of English civilization on the mind and character and the religious, social and domestic conscience of the people. This new civilization, introduced mainly through an utterly materialistic method of education, is fast removing from their minds the healthy ideals of life and conduct founded upon the wisdom of the illuminated sages of the past. It is destroying their inborn belief in Karma and Reincarnation, the belief that birth in high and low stations of life is not accidental, but is due to the actions of past existences, which enables them to endure the untoward state of things which exist for the moment with comparative contentment, and prompts them generally to good, unselfish actions in the present for the benefit of their future incarnations. It is robbing them of the jewel of their soul, the jewel which they alone, through all the ages, have preserved and enjoyed. That jewel is its faith that God is the only goal of all existence and that temporal power and prosperity are a mere nothing, compared with the priceless privilege of spiritual awakening. It is breaking up their harmonious order of communal, social and domestic life by infusing into their minds the spirit of pure self-aggrandisement. Large joint-families, which were examples of mutual affection and dependence, are being divided into selfish couples with their own immediate issues, poor unfortunate relations being thrust out into homeless helplessness and want.

"CIVILIZATION" IS A MORAL VAMPIRE.

It is alienating the hitherto exemplary love and attachment of grown-up sons from their ideally loving parents, and transferring them exclusively to their wives and children who, in their turn, repay their parents with ingratitude. Gratitude, which is one of the predominant virtues of the race, is being felt as a very inconvenient burden to bear. Respect for superiors and reverence for saints and sages, or rendering honor to where honor is due, are fast diminishing. The "educated" classes, rapidly losing faith in everything relating to religion, have learned to deny the existence of God and to ridicule the very idea of spiritual life. Envy, hate, discord, dissension, greed and selfishness are ever increasing wherever this new "light" is making progress. Money-making is getting to be the one ambition in life, possession of money the recognized badge of respectability. Selfish interest alone is the inspiration of sympathy and mutual helpfulness. Drunkenness has become a fashionable vice, formerly confined to the lowest of pariahs. In short, a race of people possessing the highest, noblest ideals of life, is being daily demoralized by the influence of crude and artificial morals and ideas, yclept civilization. It is eating into the vitals of the parent source of all refinement and culture of the old as well as the new world. The roots of this creation-old Hindoo civilization are buried deep within the soul of the universe, and the spectacle of a day-old child, begotten of delusion, attempting to suck her life-blood, like a vampire, ought to afford mournful contemplation both to good men and gods. And yet

the main boast of British rule in India is that it has conferred upon the people the inestimable boons of "education" and "civilization," which none of the people there dare, under the dread of loaded guns, to pronounce them unmitigated curses.

THE WEST'S CRITICISM OF THE EAST.

The above need not irritate the votaries of Western civilization. It is a true picture and a true estimate of the effects of Western civilization on the East. It is not a bit overdrawn. If any of my Western readers be inclined to feel impatience with our remarks about the characteristics of his dear civilization, let that reader consider that they may be provoking because they have not been expressed before. The superficial West criticises the deep East in and out of season and calls it barbarous and backward. The deep East smiles its bland smile of silence at such criticism. It even excuses its frivolous conclusions about Eastern men and manners knowing its circumscribed mental vision, its small power of judgment, its lack of knowledge of what is real refinement; knowing it to be a mere child. But this silence has only made the child more conceited and emboldened it to criticise the East more and more, until it has come to think that the East is so idiotic that it has not power enough to think for itself, much less to contradict its criticisms, still less to criticise the West, the "superior" West. But things have been put to the extremes. A reply has become necessary. The Far East has replied with the sword. The soul of the East, out of the fullness of its heart, must reply in words of wisdom and loving protest.

CIVILIZATION'S RAVAGES IN THE WEST.

What is this civilization, anyway? I have lived in four of its chief centers for about five years. During this time I have studied this civilization with the little light with which my Bráhmán birth has blessed me. And I must confess that I have been deeply pained by the facts that study has revealed to me. Oh, what saddening facts! One need not go to India to test the truth of my fragmental portrayal of the degrading effects of this civilization upon the Hindoos. Let him look about himself and mark its ravages upon his own people here, how it is sapping the moral foundation of its deluded victims in the lands where it has sprung into being and where it is holding its undisputed sway. And I challenge him to deny that this vaunted civilization of his is dragging him down from his high estate. It has practically abolished the idea of a human soul, and whatever of it is believed in, by some, is its false shadow. It is daily degrading divine humanity into unashamed animality. It has raised selfishness to a religious creed, Mammon to the throne of God, adulteration to a science, falsehood to a fine art. It has turned holy matrimony into a farce, the marriage certificate into a waste paper, conubial blessings into a chance of lottery. It has banished all seriousness out of life and made it a mere plaything. Self-seeking its breath, self-will its law, self-conceit its essence, self-deception its philosophy. It has created artificial wants for man and made him a slave of work to satisfy them; it has made him ever restless within and without, robbed him of leisure—the only friend of high thought. He knows no peace, hence knows not himself or his real object in life. It has made him a breathing, moving, hustling, fighting, spinning machine—ever working, never resting, never knowing even the refreshing rest of a sound sleep. It has made him a bag of live nerves, ever stretched to high tension. He has learned to call license liberty, breach of social laws and shirking of responsibilities independ-

ence, slavery of his own wild will freedom. It has deified sensuality, glorified materialism, beautified sin. It has split human societies into atoms, families into units, fighting against each other. It has sapped the foundation of home-life and, its trunk severed from its roots, its roof-tree threatens to fall, shaken by each passing breeze. Its vulgar haste and love of sensation are invading even the realm of religion which is being classed with fads and crazes. Its boasted scientific inventions have done more harm than good to humanity's best and permanent interests; they serve only the surface-life which alone its votaries live and know. It is hinting at love as a microbe, reducing romance to illicit love. It openly proposes the killing of chronic patients and all old people over sixty. Humility is hateful in its estimation, conceit and brute-force constitute its superior individuality. It has abolished reverence, depth of character, real genius, real poetry and real philosophy. It is establishing the crime of color and poverty. Flattery is its juice of life, insincerity the substance of courtesy. Morality is mere sentiment, sentiment mere weakness, constancy and chastity antiquated foolishness. That which affords instant pleasure is of worth, that which involves waiting to be enjoyed is deemed worthless. Gross, material enjoyment, in short, is its Heaven of Happiness, its Ideal Salvation. In the language of the Vedas, Civilization is *Máyá*—the magic Illusion of Woman and Gold.

This *Máyá* every Hindoo or Buddhist or Confucianist or Shintoist is taught from childhood to beware of and to resist, and the influence of its subtle force is greatly counteracted by the vibrations generated by daily practice of religious formulas and spiritual devotion, which is the machine-like rule of household-life in the East.

A PRIMEVAL EDEN.

BY TORU DUTT.*

A sea of foliage girds our garden round,
 But not a sea of dull unvaried green,
 Sharp contrasts of all colors here are seen;
 The light-green graceful tamarinds abound
 Amid the mango clumps of green profound,
 And palms arise, like pillars gray, between;
 And o'er the quiet pools the seemuls lean,
 Red—red, and startling like a trumpet's sound.
 But nothing can be lovelier than the ranges
 Of bamboos to the eastward, when the moon
 Looks through their gaps, and the white lotus changes
 Into a cup of silver. One might swoon
 Drunken with beauty then, or gaze and gaze
 On a primeval Eden, in amaze.

*A Hindoo poetess, a rare genius whose English poems have attained the highest international reputation. More of her poems will be published in this magazine from time to time.

I am the swiftness in the sailing cloud, the flame struck from the flint. I am the fire housed in every star, the breath I am of every living thing. All things that are, do love, for I am all that lives—I, who am life and love—I, who am love and life, and naught is there besides. The hearing ear I am, the seeing eye, the throbbing heart, I waken in every man the love that reaches out.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA.

HE that willeth that which he knoweth to be My will, willeth the will that is good for him. But he who maketh his will to be the motive power of his existence on a plane that is not of Me, he is on the path that leadeth away from Me, and hard is that path to travel because the light of My Countenance hath been hidden from him. In walking this path, he walketh away from the goal which he now in vain seeketh, and My light shineth at his back and doth not draw him forward by its power, for, each man My will leadeth toward Myself, and he who followeth it, finds himself even before Me, for I canont escape the might and order of My own law.



He who seeketh to find the stillness of the soul that speaks even louder than the clash of thunder and the tumult of the high dashing waves, he must even hide himself from the strife of his own mind, he must escape from the clamoring of his own senses. And when he hath done so, then shall the call of his mind be silenced and the babble of his senses, too, shall be hushed, and he shall know the stillness of all that is without him; and even the everlasting voices that rise high and of glorious sounding he shall hear ever in the heights in which his soul sits. In losing the clamourings of sense-sound, he shall gain the choirs of harmonies which issue forth from each breath of My breathing.



He who hath rent the veils that sway between himself and Me, hath woven the chain that is made of the links of Love and Truth, and hath found the Realm of Bliss, and, having gazed into the Realm of Love, he hath looked into My Eye. And he upon whom My Eye hath rested, hath won Me as his own and hath found for himself an abode in Me, Who is the all of him and the all that is. He that looketh neither to the right or to the left, to the broad or to the narrow, to the low or to the high, but ever attacheth the eye of his mind and the ear of his soul to see Me and catch the throb of My pulse, to him, say I, that inclineth, ever, his spirit toward Me with intent to touch Me, I shall force even Nature to prostrate itself in gifts for his welfare.



Lo, when the yearning for that which is without My world has become quiet, and the appetite for that which is outside of the feedings I have for thee has been stilled, then shall the heart turn to Me in appeal, and in that appeal already the fulfilment is. And when the appetite, too, shall cause the quivering mouth to be opened to Me so that My food may be put therein, yea, even in that impulse of hunger, turned to Me, each appetite shall be full to gorging, for in My eye is the quieting of each yearn, and in My hand is the food that feedeth all hunger. He who knoweth this, yearneth no more nor is he ever again ahungered.



Do thou release thy mind from all that springs from the mind, and even from that which springs from the soul. Do thou, with free spirit and free soul, turn unto Me thy eye and self, and I shall release from thee every weight that is, and sin shall fall from thee, even as leaves fall from the tree whose work for the season hath been fulfilled. Do thou step close to My breast, and unto Me thou shalt cling free as the thought that gave thee existence.

JIM

An Anglo-Indian Romance Founded on Real Facts.

BY BABA BHARATI.

Synopsis of Chapters I and II.

Jim, an English regimental officer in India, had become separated from his companion in his ardent pursuit of a deer. Having killed his quarry, he realized that he was lost in the heart of the jungle and consumed with thirst under a burning sun. In his search for water, he saw an ascetic (Hindoo Saint) sitting under a tree with a bowl of clear water by his side. Jim's request for water was refused, the Hindoo asking why he should give holy water to a "white dog" who had just taken the life of an innocent animal. Jim, enraged at this insult, raised his gun to shoot the Yogi; but on looking into the man's eyes, he felt transfixed and was unable to move. The spell withdrawn, the ascetic then told him to shoot if he would. But the expression of kindness that shone from the Yogi's eyes—the most beautiful smile Jim had ever seen on the face of man, melted the heart of the Englishman and banished all anger.

Advised to look in a direction indicated by the Yogi, Jim saw a path leading to a pond of clearest water, where he soon quenched his thirst. A few steps brought him again to the Saint, but, wondering how this lake with stone steps leading to its edges could exist in the depths of the jungle, the officer looked back from the clearing and found, to his utmost astonishment, that the path and the lake had vanished, and immediately behind him was a wall of tangled forest.

CHAPTER III.

THE astounding miracle turned Jim's helpless mind and eyes toward the Yogi. He rushed to him as if stricken by fear, fell prostrate at his feet, and lay motionless for a long time, how long he did not know. Neither did he care to know what he was doing, or why he prostrated himself thus. His mind was entirely mystified, his thoughts were confused, but his heart was in a semi-trance.

His consciousness, for the time, rested in his heart and was enjoying the soothing vibrations of it. A little more, and he forgot his mind and even his body. He was only conscious of a joyous feeling which was entirely new to him; which was so pleasurable that he did not like to lose it for the whole world. Not that the thought of losing it occurred to him. He felt only that his consciousness was joy itself.

And again he felt nothing. Consciousness itself was gone; so he was conscious of nothing. The next moment, when his consciousness came back to him, he felt it was pure joy. What a serenity in that joy, what absolute harmony!

For many moments he experienced this joyful consciousness and its loss, by turns. Then his whole body convulsed as he began to be conscious of his mind and body, when he once more waked up to things external. He felt his mind was now clear and calm and filled with some of the joy he had been experiencing in his inner consciousness a moment before, while his body thrilled with a sense of pleasure that made it feel pure and fresh and light as a feather. In the inner chamber of his heart he felt the same joyous thrills, but its outer sense was filled with woe, an unknown woe, a deep woe which grew deeper every second and covered the joyousness in heart, mind and body.

But it was not a woe that he had ever felt. An unknown woe, very painful, yet its pain was not the pain such as his mind had

felt when it had been grieved through worldly happenings or circumstances. It seemed to have nothing to do with the mind at all. It came from some region deeper than the mind or the heart. It grew more and more intense and Jim felt he could no longer bear it, that he must relieve himself by giving vent to it in words or else he would burst and die.

As he felt this, he recovered his mind, his lost mind, and thoughts crowded in it. Hundreds of thoughts passed through his mind in a minute, but all of them were filled with one idea, and pervaded with the infinite sadness of that one idea. Every second the idea became clearer and clearer—the idea of his own selfishness, the selfish life that he had lived all through his manhood. The selfishness which had developed in him such a bad and violent temper, that made him so unkind generally, the selfishness which was the source of all the beastly life that he lived. Hundreds of such thoughts were reflected upon his consciousness in the quickest succession and each inflicted a pang upon his soul, convulsing his whole being.

Then they gave way to those relating to his conduct and actions of the immediate past—his cruelty and murderous instincts as they manifested themselves in chasing and killing the deer and trying to kill the Saint. What a Saint! What a wonderful human being, nay, he said to himself, it was blasphemy to call him human. He was divinity itself. What infinite kindness, what a wealth of love, what forgiveness!

As he inwardly felt these admiring sentiments about the Yogi, the Yogi, who was all this while stroking Jim's hair as his head lay at his feet, with an affection which mirrored itself in his smiling face and lustrous eyes, spoke with a melting sweetness which vibrated through Jim's heart.

"Rise, my son," he said; "what is the matter? Why do you prostrate yourself thus? Are you blessed with repentance for what you have done? Yea, repentance is one of the greatest blessings which the Lord awakes in us in His grace. But rise and speak."

At this, Jim's whole body quivered with emotion and he burst out into sobs, and as he raised himself and sat up, tears streamed down his cheeks, and his sobs became so quick and violent that they almost choked him. He sobbed and wept and howled with the pain he felt within him as he sat before the Yogi and looked upon his wonderfully kind and love-lit face.

"O thou greatest Saint that blesseth this earth by thy holy walking!" he broke forth at last, with his hands folded by the force of the spirit of homage and humbleness which he felt within, "O thou truest and kindest friend of all humanity! Thou hast awakened in me, by thy grace, a full sense of my smallness and wickedness. I am wondering now how such a wicked being as myself has deserved to come in touch with thee. I do not even deserve to dream of such holy beings as thyself. The only idea that strikes me in regard to the source of this my good fortune in meeting thee, is that thou hast been attracted to me because I am so wicked, and, therefore, I am the best object of thy grace and blessing. I have no cause for asking thy forgiveness for my conduct to thee. Thou forgavest me before I met thee. Thou hast given me more than forgiveness, thou hast manifested to me thy love, which has already so lighted my consciousness, that my whole wicked self has been revealed to me. Now, my only prayer is that thou make me thy servant from now on;

so that, by thy holy magnetism and teachings, I may get rid of this vile self of mine."

Jim broke down and again sobbed and cried like a child. The Yogi gave him time to recover himself and then replied:

"Nay, nay, my son, thou canst not follow me now. Thou hast duties to follow in this world yet, duties to thy wife and child and an aged mother at home."

At these words of the Yogi, Jim, for the first time, remembered his worldly connections and duties, and yet he felt as if they were mere dreams now. Outside of the events of the last half-hour, and outside of the strong sense of his wickedness, so newly awakened in him, everything had been blotted out. It seemed to him that he was in another world from that in which he first chased the deer, in which he had lived an hour ago. He struggled hard to believe he was the same man. It was wonderful, all this was wonderful to happen within the space of an hour.

Jim spoke as he felt:

"They have gone out of mind, holy one," he said; "it seems hard to remember them."

"But it is not hard for me to remember them," said the Yogi. "Thou art just now under the sway of thy awakened soul. But this sway may not last long. When the soul's influence is over, thou wilt once more revert to thy earthly consciousness and then thou wilt remember thy realations and duties of the world. Besides, we do not pluck a fruit from a family tree before it is ripe. It is of no use to anybody or to itself; it is sour and tasteless, while its seed has not formed within itself the developed germ to produce another tree to flower and fruit like its parent. When the fruit is ripe on the tree, it falls. It is then of use to both man and earth. Go back to thy wife and child, do thy duty to them and let the tree of thy new consciousness grow with the juice of thy awakened soul which Krishna has blessed thee with. The seed has been sown of a better life which, if thou keepest conscious of, will enable thee in time to realize what thou art and thy mission in the world. This realization will bring about the inevitable result—renunciation. Therefore, go back to thy wife and child."

Jim heard every word with the deepest attention, for every word the Yogi uttered seemed to sparkle with their living wisdom. He felt their import illumine the deep recesses of his mind, an illumination which flooded his understanding. The analogy of the fruit and the seed and the tree burst into the clearness of scientific demonstration, till he found it was no analogy at all, but the exposition of the law which operates behind all phenomena of nature. In the wonder and ecstasy of the illumination he became lost for a moment and shut his eyes to enjoy it.

The Yogi spoke again:

"Yes, how wonderful is Nature within! How wonderfully simple are her inner laws when they are seen and understood! What unity in their affinities, operations, and forces! The man who lives on her surface and sees the surface alone, is deluded by the appearance of the variety of the materialized manifestations of the forces of those laws. But the man whose mind dives beneath that surface, finds the internal oneness of the varied-looking external world. The law which operates within the tree to help its growth into ripe fruitage, is the law which operates within a man to bring about the

ripeness of his understanding, the understanding which at last grasps the greatest object for it to understand, the primal principle which is the source, substance and sustenance of all life principles—the soul, whose essence and attribute is Love—the ripe fruitage of human consciousness.”

As the Yogi was speaking, Jim felt his consciousness was expanding into a whole world, into the infinite inner world which seemed to him to be one vast machine whose material was subtle and transparent, whose principle was unity, whose workings were the revolutions of the wheels of cause and effect, whose noise was the music of harmony.

With his eyes still closed, his mind in the trance state of inner experiences, Jim sat motionless as the Yogi spoke more and more, expounding truths with the demonstrated facts of the everyday world, lighted by the radiance of his soul. Jim completely lost all consciousness of the outer world. By and by, the vision of the inner world also vanished. Then there seemed to be a screen of mist before him, whose density melted by degrees into transparency in which the dim outlines of an earthly scene were perceptible. Soon the mist was entirely gone and the scene hardened into reality.

It was a mountain scene with all the grandeur of Nature in the Himalayas in the hazy distance. Just near before him, Jim saw a hut in the middle of a little garden consisting of a few rows of flower plants and a couple of spreading trees. The hut itself was crudely built with slender tree-trunks, reeds, and brambles. Before it stood three figures. One tall, well-built, with a long white beard, browned by the sun; with long matted locks of the same color; broad, shining forehead, the very seat and symmetry of wisdom; wide, long eyes, full-opened and glistening with light and a sad passion; wonderfully regular features in a face smeared with ashes as was the rest of the tall, shapely body scantily covered with a blanket that hung loose down below the knees, back and front; the two arms all bare, the right hand lifted in a gentle posture and pointed to the second figure in front of him.

The second figure also stood with his back to Jim, his head of short brown matted locks bended to his breast; his whole bare body ash-besmeared; with no clothing but a little loin-cloth; his hands were folded. The third figure lay prostrate on the ground as if writhing in some pain and was weeping aloud. The tall first figure was speaking to the second in a tone sad and passionate:

“No, Rám Dás, thou wilt have to suffer for it. Thou wilt have to work out this serious karma, this violent abuse and belaboring of thy spiritual brother. The consequences of the beating thou couldst have easily got over, and even the other abuses can be expiated in this life. But thy calling him a Mlechcha thou wilt have to expiate by being a Mlechcha thyself. That term, coming from thy lips, betrays thy conceit, the conceit of false holiness. A Mlechcha is an unclean barbarian, unclean in mind and body, and an animal in habits and instincts, which ever seeks sensuous enjoyments. That boy yonder is not only not a Mlechcha, but one of the sweetest and most spiritual souls the Lord has created. He is filled with love and devotion and clings to the feet of everyone he meets, with the humility extraordinary in his young age. Whereas, thou, instead of cultivating love and devotion, hast cultivated the conceit of how great thou canst be in performing forms of religious rites and spiritual

practices, void of attention to their spirit. I warned thee several times against the dire result of such misguided practices. It has filled thee with a conceit which has hardened more and more until thou art now face to face with its result. Thou shalt have to be born a Mlechcha and there is no escaping that fate. I am sorry for thee, Rám Dás, but cannot help thee. A vicious boil must be made to burst to get rid of its life-killing poison. But I promise thee one mitigation; thou shalt see me in that Mlechcha incarnation and be awakened again, and in the right way."

Rám Dás was trembling while the other figure spoke, and as soon as he ceased speaking, Rám Dás fell with a shriek to the ground. That shriek vibrated through the whole frame of Jim and such was the sympathy he felt for the fallen figure that he felt as if it was he himself. Then, when he looked at the face of the Gooroo who still stood in his serene posture, he saw that his face was filled with sadness and big drops of tears were rolling down his rugged cheeks. His face was a whole beam of compassion from which Jim derived harmony and hope. Hope of what?

But the scene vanished and Jim slowly opened his eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

JIM found the Yogi sitting before him in the same position, still serene, with the same soft smile spread over his face.

He found his mind and heart pervaded with a more subdued and restful feeling. The sense of mystery had also waned though not entirely gone. His mood was serious, very calmly serious, a seriousness born of a firm determination to live the higher life, to tread the path of the Yogi by becoming his follower.

He was looking at the Yogi's face and eyes and trying to scan the smile playing in both. It seemed full of mystery. It interested him very much, that smile of mystery. When Jim awoke from his vision, he was about to ask the Yogi its meaning, but as soon as he saw that smile, he forgot it. All that the smile impressed upon him was that the Yogi was his greatest friend, the dearest of all he had yet met in this world. And he resolved within himself that he must not lose him or he would die if he did.

The Yogi read his thoughts and said: "Are you feeling better now? If so, go home to your wife and child."

At this, Jim found his voice and said:

"No, holy one, you ought not to be so unkind as to send me away from you after being so kind to me. You know what is in my mind, you know everything. What is it you know not?"

"Nay, I know nothing," replied the Yogi, with a deepening light of tenderness in his face; "I know nothing. He alone knows, the Knower of Everything, He who is Knowledge Itself and the Goal of all Knowledge. He is the Knower within you and within me, and he who knows this and never forgets this Only Knower within him, absorbs all His Knowledge into his consciousness, the knowledge of all the universe—the universe within and the universe without. We blinded little mites of life-forms, when we forgot this fact, we are filled with ignorance which we call wisdom. By realizing this fact and never forgetting it, I know more of you by the grace of His light, than you can imagine. Your name is Lawrence. Your father is dead, your mother is living in England, your wife is here. You

have a child three years old, a son. You are a Captain Sáhíb in Kálá Pultan [native regiment] here in the city. Your wife is a good woman, very loving and devoted to you. She is the daughter of parents who were in the Indian Army before. She is filled with many virtues, and of them all the best is her love for you. You cannot desert her, you ought not to. That will be the greatest cruelty of all cruelties of which your this life is full. You will live a better life now, made better through my grace, by the Grace of Krishna—the Grace which has just given you a glimpse of your soul. Go, live a wise, happy and harmonious life with your wife who will be your best helpful companion.”

Jim was not at all surprised at the Yogi's knowledge of his life and family, for his experiences of his powers and the soul-light awakened within him by those powers, had blessed him with the conviction that he was face to face with one of the radiant human expressions of God. The most overpowering feeling which was working within him then was that the Yogi was his only real friend in the world, his very own, almost his very life. What created in him this feeling of absolute affection for the Yogi so suddenly, he did not know. He knew it was not the miracles which he had performed that were the cause of this affection. They created great impressions upon his mind no doubt for the time, but now he had almost forgotten them. The sense of the Yogi's powers had been swallowed up by the influence of his personality which encased an individuality whose magnetic force drew his heart to him with a chain of iron.

And that all-powerful attraction had wiped out from his mind all memories of wife, child, mother, duties and earthly position. Indeed, the whole world had vanished altogether from his consciousness. All he was conscious of was that the Yogi was his only friend and teacher, and that without him he could not live for a moment any more. When, therefore, the Yogi told him for the third time to go back to his family, he was pained beyond endurance at the prospect of separation from him.

“I cannot, I cannot,” he cried in extreme anguish as he flung himself at the Yogi's feet. “Do not tell me to go, O holy one, my saviour, my one only friend in the world, now that I have found you at last. If you want me to go back to that hell where you know I have lived so long the life of a perfect hell-hound, why did you awaken me out of that hell into this heaven of bliss? You know what a transformed being I am now, by your grace, and how can you have the heart to send me away to live in hell again? Be merciful, O kindest soul that breathes in God's creation, be merciful. Do not forsake your servant, but let him serve your feet for the rest of his life, so that he may live in this heaven which you have created in him. I know I am not worthy of your service, but it is your grace which makes me claim it. Now that I have found you, nothing can separate me from you. If you leave me, I shall kill myself with this gun here before you.”

The Yogi caught the arms of Jim and drawing him to his breast kissed his forehead.

“All right,” he said, as he stood up, still holding him to his breast, “if you are so determined to lead this life which you are enjoying now, go back to your barracks, and tell your wife and superiors of your intention. And if your will and determination still endure, come and see me alone at a place to which you will be

directed, when you have left home, wife and regiment. And now, go. Krishna protect and sustain you!"

He released Jim from his embrace and took up his drinking-bowl. Jim was satisfied because the words of the Yogi had in their spirit and tone the assurance that he would meet him again. Therefore, he did not urge him any more to take him with him. The Yogi was already walking across the clearing and Jim followed him with folded hands, at which the Yogi turned and said in a tone of potent command:

"Nay, don't follow me," and pointing his hand toward the west, he added, "if you keep going in this westerly direction, it will take you out of the woods. Take your gun home, but the game you cannot have. The Lord bless you!"

Then he greeted Jim with a smile of his own soul's blessing, turned, swiftly crossed the clearing, entered the other side of the jungle, and disappeared from view.

Jim stood looking at him as long as he could be seen. When he disappeared, he remained standing motionless for awhile, closing his eyes for a thought, and something whispered to him, as it were, from within: "Don't wait, but go."

At this he started, opened his eyes, and picked up his gun to go. Before he started he looked back at the deer which was lying all this time, a dozen cubits from his gun. The deer was gone.

(To Be Continued.)

CIVILIZATION.

BY ROSALIND GREENE PEASLEY.

"The moving finger writes; and, having writ, moves on."

Today is always a new beginning of life. At every cross-road is a new turning-point, and, at every end, a new beginning.

God's sun shines over us. The day is ours. Let us live today so as to make a joyous tomorrow. Eternity is made up of our todays, for when tomorrow comes it will be today. Forget the yesterdays, as you have nothing more to do with them.

Let us turn our attention to the deep intense-shining light of the Eastern sky. The high, earnest spirituality, with its dazzling sweep of luxurious imagination of the Orient, supplements the positive, material progress of the Occident.

We must be open to truth from every direction and oppose nothing that is good. We stand on the vantage-ground of the centuries; all that the mortal has attained is so much possibility.

The past is the basis from which we must go on to higher truths. Every step onward makes a larger and larger attainment possible. We are products of all that has preceded us. The love and creation of beauty of the Greek; the spiritual purity of Jesus with the great love for all humanity and the living for eternity rather than for time; the lessons of the Hindoo religion and philosophy showing us that the way of life can be made one long ecstatic song, to ourselves as well as to those around us, by developing uninterrupted God-consciousness; these are all behind us and must enter into our life to complete our Civilization and illumine it to find our way to our goal—the Goal of all life.

THE JEWELRY OF MODERN INDIA.

BY SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD.

ART being equal, Indian jewelry is always more interesting than Greek, because it still expresses in direct terms the religious symbolism which has always remained the originating impulse and predominating motive of Indian and all Oriental jewelry and other decorative arts. It was only when these symbols passed into Greece that they, for the most part, lost their religious significance and were manipulated as mere ornamental "motives." In this way the *homa* tree, the "Tree of Life," or "Sacred Tree" of Anterior Asia, in passing over into Greece, became, respectively, the honeysuckle and palmette "patterns" used for the mere architectural ornamentation of the corners of Doric cornices, apexes of pediments, horns of altars, and similar joinings and endings of building construction which call for some decorative treatment that will at once emphasize them as constructive features and mask their mechanical baldness. These "patterns" in Greece possessed no intentional significance other than is due to their harmonious combination of curved lines of perfected beauty. There is no perfected beauty possible, or, what is the same thing, no perfected content in beauty, unless it be symbolical also of "the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven;" but perfected beauty in human art is in itself—albeit unintentionally, if that be conceivable, on the artist's part—but a finer and nobler, if less direct symbol of the very same devout conceptions and emotions as those to which the crude Assyrian and Babylonian forms of the *homa* tree, and Egyptian and Assyrian and Persian and Indian forms of solar discs and "wheels" give suggestion and more or less articulate expression. All great works of art, whether in music, painting, sculpture, architecture or the industrial arts, always arouse the same devotional thoughts and feelings, as if their perfected beauty had breathed into them an indwelling, inherent and essential, vitalizing soul of benignity, purity and candor, the divine grace of which moved those brought under their influence by a positive physical sympathy—that is, actual fellow-feeling, feeling in common, with them. Says the Apostle of God: "Every beautiful flower is an Alleluia!" and recently I have been told by a distinguished Muslim on a visit to this country of a similar traditional saying of the Seal of the Prophets: "Every creature of God, every elemental atom, is an ascription of Glory to God!" And so it seems to me that every human work of perfected beauty is animated and spiritualized by the adoring aspiration of its mute song of joy in its Maker: "Dignare me laudre Te." This, indeed, is the final assay of surpassing genius in art, that through its mastery of an incommunicable style and distinction, it reveals the Author and Finisher of every perfect work as the first, last, and highest source of all that is good, and beautiful, and true. The beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty flow from this divine fountain head in one and the same undivided and indivisible stream.

Hindu jewelry is all symbolical. The turban and the helmet in India have nothing to do with the diadem. This consists of either a muslin fillet or a velvet one, to which are fastened ouches of gold set with various phylacteric, prophylactic, talismanic, or amuletic stones, precious or otherwise. Both these fillets may be worn together, and between them and the turban or helmet are invariably fastened one or other, and sometimes both, of the following insignia of royalty and State—viz., the *kalgi*, or aigrette, formed either of egret's feathers or those of the *homa* bird, or "phoenix,"

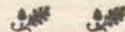
which in fact are the feathers of either "birds of Paradise," or the golden pheasant, tipped with gems, pearls, diamonds, emeralds and rubies, one or other of them or all together; and the *toru*, a form in terms of gold, enamels and gems, of the "Knop and Flower" or "Lotus bud and flower" symbol of the active and passive reproductive powers of Nature, "the Jewel in the Lotus" of the celebrated Buddhistic formula; *Om mani* (Jewel) *padmi* (Lotus) *Hum*.

The symbolic character of the discs and crescents worn by Indian women on their heads is indicated by the names of the sun (*surya*) and moon (*chand*), and the other planets they bear. All the necklaces, zones, armlets, bracelets and rings worn by Indian women are symbolical, and most of them are also, like our wedding ring, ritualistic. This is so even among the Mahomedan, whose common names for necklaces and other similar articles of jewelry are *torviz*, a "fortress," "a refuge;" *tilsam* a talisman; *hijab*, "cover," "a shelter," and, as a generic term, *hamail*, "suspended," our "amulet." Every necklace, zone, armlet, etc., in fact, has suspended from it a case of which ten or more denominations are known, containing, it may be, an extract from Koran, or from some other sacred book, or certain mystical characters, phallic images, tiger's teeth, or claws, and such articles, which are the actual *hamail*, *hijab*, *tilsam* or *tawiz*. Rings are used as talismans by placing some mystic article within, or engraving some symbol on them; and the signet of its owner also confers talismanic power on the ring bearing it. There are certain necklaces worn by courtesans called "danglers" and "dallyers," but even these are worn as philtres ("love"-potions) rather than as idle ornaments. The only article of jewelry in use among Indian women known to me as non-symbolical was the high raised ring with a looking-glass fixed in the "chaton;" but it certainly is not ornamental. A great deal of nonsense has been written about it; but it was used simply as a speculum in certain sanitary ablutions, although when worn publicly it is everywhere the badge of the courtesan class.

Of course, as Hindu women invest much of their wealth in jewelry, to this end heavily weighting their anklets and (in Madras) bracelets; and as they, like other women, take a natural pleasure in the adornment of themselves therewith, the Greek term *keimelion*, "a treasure," and the Latin phrase, "mundus muliebris" (which includes perfumes, *khol* and other cosmetics) both apply also to their jewelry. But, even after 150 years of the secularisation, under the influences of British rule, of the antique religious life of India, only in a secondary sense, everywhere the Hindu jewelry of India still maintains its hieratic forms and their traditionary interpretation in full force.

STORIES OF INDIA

Moral, Mystical, Spiritual and Romantic



A Wonder in Thought, Style and Diction

BY ROSE REINHART ANTHON

FIRST SERIES—PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

"'Stories of India' has the universal note that appeals to all races and climes and defies the tooth of time."—*Current Literature*.

To be had of The Krishna Home, 730 W. 16th street, Los Angeles, Cal.; C. C. Parker, 246 S. Broadway, and the Metaphysical Library, 611 Grant Building, Los Angeles, Cal.; Brentano's, New York; Old Corner Book Store, 27-29 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.; S. N. Mookerjee & Co., 12 Sakrapara Lane, Calcutta, India.

THE CHELA'S GIFT.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

At last he held in his hand the precious vial. It had taken him months to prepare this rare essence, and as the young chelá hugged it in his hands and gazed upon it lovingly, his mind wandered back to the days he had spent in gathering the roses, whose hearts were distilled in these fragrant drops that he prized beyond gold and jewels—because of the motive that prompted their imprisonment.

Each morning of the past months he had risen even before the glad sun greeted the waking earth, and through the dew and the sweet earth-smell he had hurried to a garden where roses bloomed in wild profusion, swaying in rhythmic motion to each soft breeze that entered that paradise of beauty. Here he had culled the choicest on each bush, the one among each cluster that was without flaw. He had examined the heart of each candidate for his choice, and had been entranced by the beauty of the tender drooping white of one, the sturdy red of the other, the calm, exquisite pink in the distance and the retiring, stately yellow off yonder. Each and all had seemed to welcome him, and each and all, when they heard his whisperings as to what his errand was within their world, seemed eager with hope that they, even they, might be chosen and give of the sweetness of their lives for the cause which brought him each morning, radiant and blooming, in their midst.

So, when he had plucked the choicest ones, those of the flawless hearts, he had distilled them; and here he held the fragrance that had oozed out of their loving hearts, and it seemed to him as if their sweetness was but a prayer of thanks to him because he had chosen them for so sacred a use.

Pressing the little vial lovingly on his half-closed eyes and flushed cheeks, and murmuring little words of love to it, he hurried along the banks of the Jumna, too happy to look either to the right or left, but feeling all the beauty which throbbed about him, until he came to a pier which extended a little into the sacred river. Here, on its edge, he saw a man sitting in meditation, with eyes closed, hands crossed, and peace that is not of the kingdom of earth resting upon his brow. The boy looked upon him reverently, and then, drawing closer, said to him, after a faltering pause:

"O, Gooroo, I have something for you. See! Here in this vial I have the sweetness of many rare roses. I have distilled them, and I bring this, their essence, to you so that, in the hour Arati you may sprinkle it upon the garments of the Lord Krishna and oh! I pray, the fragrance may be acceptable to Him and to you. Four months it hath taken me, O Gooroo, to make it; for it is not always easy to find roses whose every petal is without blemish, and whose heart is perfect. But I have done so, after long search, and it has brought me such happiness—the making of this attar of roses—and greater still is my joy in bringing it to you as an offering to our Lord."

The Gooroo looked at the sparkling face before him, and putting his hand on the young head, took the precious vial from the boy's hands, saying kindly:

"When a loving wish, such as thine, is made to serve the Lord, the service is already done, O son. Even before the roses were culled and their hearts distilled into fragrance, the perfume had reached the

garments of thy Lord, and His nostrils had partaken of their aroma, and thy gift of love had been accepted; for each loving desire to serve becomes a completed service even at the birth of that desire."

Then, slowly uncorking the vial, the Gooroo emptied its contents into the Jumna.

For an instant the hands of the boy involuntarily stretched towards the vial, then dropped at his sides; while his heart shrank back, pained and heavy. He felt as if the very aroma filled the air, as the Gooroo poured it from the bottle, enveloped him, and reproached him because of the uselessness of their sacrifice.

But he said not a word, only rose a little listlessly, when the full, vibrating sound of song and cymbal and drum proclaimed the hour of Arati—the Adoration of the Lord—and the Gooroo said to him: "Go, my son, into the temple and worship a while the Lord whom thou hast served so sweetly."

Very slowly and humbly he went to the temple, for he felt he had not been worthy to make this offering to the Lord; else why should his Gooroo, his kind Gooroo, have thrown away the gift that had seemed so precious to him, and had been prepared with such love and care that even the roses had seemed to partake of his joy?

But on entering the temple, he was suddenly aroused from his grief-steeped meditation, for there seemed to come toward him a wave of perfume, lovingly familiar in its fragrance, faintly sweet and penetrating at first, but gradually growing stronger and stronger, until it seemed to him that great clouds of sweetness surrounded him, filling every part of the temple, and caressing his whole being. And looking on the image of Krishna before him—wonder of wonders!—he perceived that from the garments of the Lord issued the perfume of the attar of roses that he had made for this hour.

And beholding the marvel of it all, he understood how the Gooroo, the holy Yogi out yonder, had, in his realization of the Allness of God, the ever pervading Presence of the Lord, made even the elements to become his servants; and, in pouring the attar of roses on Jumna's breast, had really poured it upon the body of the Lord—Who was in all and of all—in the waters of the river as well as in the image in the temple; but that to satisfy the unillumined eyes of the young chelá, he had by his spiritual powers and holy thought made the perfume to be carried on the wings of the winds, even unto the robes of the Lord.

As the boy realized all this, he seemed to hear the hearts of his roses chanting a hymn of love, in the slowly darkening vault of the temple, where he stood in deep prayer.

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

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

THE BABA IN THE WEST.

CHAPTER II.

AFLOAT ON THE WAVES.

"Good morning, sir! Your number, sir?"

"Fifty-one."

"Down the companion to the saloon, sir. Second on your right on the main deck, sir."

Thus said the captain, as I crossed the gangway, pointing the direction of my berth. But I was marking his cheery voice and the merry gleam of greeting in his eyes more than his words at the time, and so, instead of going down by the companion stairs, I moved straight on down the passage. Steward after steward, with smiling face and great ceremony, directed my way as I stood gazing at the numbers on the cabin-doors. "Fifty-one, sir? This way, sir!" and the last steward I accosted—my own—took me into the cabin where my berth was one of the three in it.

But it was hot, and I was perspiring and feeling very uncomfortable. So I strolled out of the room, and made a tour of the vessel, exploring every cranny and corner. As I did so I felt as if I were in a dream. A strange dream it was—a waking dream, with all my senses alert in me. Half an hour ago I was in Bombay. Five minutes ago I was on the barge. From the barge to the boat, and I was—in England.

ENGLAND BEGINS ON BOARD.

What a dream! And yet it was not a dream. It was a reality, a stern reality. What was there to tell me I was in India, or even in Bombay? What was there not to suggest to me that I was in England? The rooms, the furniture, the men, the manners, the voices, the servants, the masters—all were English, downright English, undefiled, unadulterated English. The very atmosphere was English. And the soil? It was English, too.

Why not? It requires no stretch of imagination, no far-fetched reasoning, but a bit of solid, suggestive thought. The ship was made of English wood, and English wood was hardened juice of English earth. I was literally on English soil, and no mistake. Politically, socially, religiously, materially, legally and atmospherically, if not geographically, England begins from Bombay—on board a P. and O. liner.

It is a wonderful object-lesson, too, the creed and conduct of the P. and O. Like the very sea itself, the cause of its existence, the P. and O. is no respecter of persons, though most humbly respectful to its patrons—no respecter of snobs and tyrants, of the arbitrary autocrat, or even the autocratic democrat. Like a master painter, it is an exquisite blender of the rainbow colors of races into one universal white. Like death, it is a stern leveller of all humanity, of the king and the subject, of the lord and the vassal, of the prince and the peasant, of the victor and the vanquished—alike respectful to the Honorable A. N. Curzon, a passenger, and the dishonorable-looking Bábá on board. Like the abstract soul, it is a neuter non-conductor of religious creeds. The creed of the P. and O. is a miracle of impartiality.

THE ASS-MANNERED ANGLO-INDIAN.

But for the brusque ways and bluff manners of a few sáhibs on "furlough" flight homeward, the dream-like reality of this miracle would have sustained itself undisturbed to the end of the voyage. Just as I was seated next morning reclining in my chair on the hurricane deck smoking a cigar—alas, my poor hookah!—some of these lords of creation eyed me with a look in which kindness and goodwill were conspicuous by their absence. Those loveless glances as if questioned my right to be there—and smoking, too, in that easy fashion—on that first saloon deck which, they persuaded themselves to think, was reserved for themselves exclusively. It was anyhow not the place for a "native" with a horrid turban and a coat of questionable cut. Of this here is an instance and an illustration. As I was talking to a gentleman about my intended visit to the United States, he interrupted me, saying:

"You going to America? What for? Top-hat, tail coat, patent-leather boots and grand dinners?"

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? Can't understand? Oh—ah—h'm—see! Dollars, sir, gold dollars, d-o-l-l-a-r-s. Don't a Hindoo worship dollars?"

"No," I replied promptly, "the Hindoo is a witless fool—an uncivilized, prejudiced, superstitious heathen. He worships idols, not dollars. A conservative to his very soul, he would rather eat his rice or roti with a pinch of salt than dine out of his country on turkey roast and nightingale patties; would rather work on three half-pence a day at home than cross the Kálápáni for all the gold dollars in the world. The gold dollars, by the way, are coined for so-called civilized whites, who run to the farthest ends and the innermost bowels of the earth to get them in order to have a grand dinner under a tall hat at home."

THE KÁLÁPANI.

"But what's the Kálápáni?" kindly put in the gentleman with whom I was first talking, with a view to create a diversion and save me from a ruder attack from the other.

"Literally, black water," I explained, "which means the sea, which is blue-black." Just then the dinner bell of the second saloon rang, and the company dispersed. My assailant hurried down to bury his bottled-up hatchet under solid beef and mutton, amply saturated with whisky, and I escaped to my deck-chair and buried these humors of human vagary under the Kálápáni.

Oh, the blue waters! What would I not give to look upon them again. How could the Hindoo sages who made such wise laws, and lived upon such sublime thoughts, I exclaimed within myself, as I sat there, forbid a voyage over such pure-scented, lovely liquid? And at once the answer came—No, the Hindoos did not forbid sea voyage itself, how could they? To them the sea is a god, its water consecrated their divine images—how could its crossing defile humanity? The spirit of the prohibition was against voyaging to barbarous or irreligious or absolutely materialistic lands, never against voyaging to countries of godly peoples.

SOME GOOD SAHIBS.

As I was thus contemplating the wizard charm of the ocean over which our huge floating palace-hotel was scudding away night and day without rest or respite, and regardless of what the human cargo

on its bosom did or thought, or how they danced or fought, Mr. Walter Lawrence, the Viceroy's private secretary, came up to me, his eyes and face beaming with a genuine courtesy, and asked me who I was, which led to a very pleasant conversation for about half an hour. As representative of His Majesty's representative in India, he was the head of the English community on board. That head had a good heart, which made up for all the unkindness of the few, supplemented as it was by the extreme kindness of other tourists and Indian officials—notably of Sir Edward Law, Finance Minister, whose Irish heart and sincere interest in me was a source of great pleasure and consolation to me. Nor is it at all possible for me ever to forget the captain, who not only looked to my convenience every day, but made especial arrangements for me on being informed that it was my first sea voyage. "And as you eat nothing but milk and fruit, I would ask you to try this bit of chocolate," said he cheerily on the first day, as he handed me the little silver-leafed sweet.

GOOROO GREATER THAN THE SPHINX.

Two things had troubled my mind before coming on board. The prospect of squeezing myself between two other passengers in a small hole and sea-sickness. Strange as it may sound, though every other cabin was full and crowded, my two would-be co-sharers had transferred themselves at the eleventh hour to the next steamer. So I had the run of the whole big cabin to myself and three beds to sleep in—morning, noon and night—to the envy of all other passengers, who daily cursed one another for the crowding.

But here was a bit of real miracle. The jolly old man—my Gooroo—had said before I left, "Don't you fear, my child; I shall be with you everywhere, and protect you from every trouble." He was with me all through, and I had the most convincing proof of it. Fifty passengers, we were informed, would come on board at Port Said from Cairo. I turned pale, and, unable to bear the idea of seeing my ten long days' occupancy right to be alone in my cabin arbitrarily invaded by these Egyptian tourists, I went up on deck and sat down facing the sea. Then, entering the interior chamber of my mind, I shut the doors—I mean my eyes. Then, with the key of concentration, opened my instrument—wireless telephone, and began operations.

"Hello! Are you there, old man?"

No answer.

"Hello! hee-lloo! Are you there?"

Sharp a gruff voice came, and made me start:

"What an impertinent fool you are! Why do you disturb me? I am eating."

"A fine one you are to be complacently eating while fifty votaries of the Sphinx and the Pyramids are coming to invade my sacred chamber!" I as tartly responded.

"That means," came the rejoinder, in slow, measured tones, "you are not fit to be what and where you are. It seems you have lost your wits even before the Western breeze has blown on your blessed brains. But do not unnecessarily disturb the other instrument. I will not be able to mend it if it breaks."

"What instrument?"

"Faith—you blockhead! Is the Sphinx with all the Pyramids greater than I?"

"But what about the fifty tourists?"

"They will not enter your cabin if they are a hundred thousand. And now shut up. I am going to sleep."

"This was positive nonsense. The good fifty had perhaps already come on board, a couple of them, perhaps, already lolling on my noon and night beds. But it was useless disturbing the old man, especially when he was in such nasty temper. So I shut up the telephone and opened the door. Before me stood Kenton, my steward, perhaps a bit mystified.

"What is it, Kenton?"

"I came to tell you, sir, that all the fifty have come on board, but none came into your cabin, though the purser showed them the vacant berths."

"Victory to Gooroo!" I shouted with a start as I handed the good steward a tip.

"You are one of the natural good sailors I have seen," said Captain Langborne, as I thanked him when parting at Marseilles, and he shook my hand heartily. "You book yourself for the Egypt, and we shall take you back."

(To be Continued.)

AMONG THE ADEPTS AND MYSTICS OF INDIA.

From the *Occult Review* are culled the following extracts from the wonderful account of Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt's experiences among the adepts and mystics of Hindustan written by himself. The scene is laid somewhere near Srinagar, in Kashmir, where he meets with *sadhus* whom he calls advanced philosophers in the first instance and teachers of a unique type in the second. He says as follows as regards the miracles performed by these people:

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

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

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

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

HAVE YOU LOVED?*

I.

YES, my Lord's beloved ones, I want to begin to talk to you on the sacred theme that I have set for the subject of tonight, yes, even with the Name of Him who is the source of love and of our life, who is the sustainer of all life, who is the seat and soul of all life; with the Sanscrit hymns to that Eternal One, to that Eternal Author and Sustainer of all creation; even with these Sanscrit hymns which have come down to us from ages that you cannot number, even with these Sanscrit slokas I greet you.

This theme, to-night's theme, is the theme of all mankind; it is the theme of all the creation, from its beginning to its dissolution and even after. Love is the theme. When you pronounce this word "love," how full your mouth is! How full! "Love." No other word will fill your mouth as much as this word that has come down from the source of creation, and which means the source of creation, even God. We have made a very trite thing of it in these days when our minds are all frivolous. We have made it almost a commercial commodity in our age, when everything has been reduced to commerce. Even love we have reduced to commerce. It is the word which has never been changed, as never have the laws of the inner world been changed. You cannot change that one word; you cannot distort it; you cannot corrupt it—the word "love."

It is a Sanscrit word and the Sanscrit language is the language of Nature and is the language of creation; is the language of God—is the language of the gods.

MAN LIVES ON LOVE.

The word love—l-o-v-e, you spell it—is in Sanscrit the same word, "l-a-v, lav". Love. Love means God, Krishna. Because God is love, the fountain and source of creation. And God, He pervades everything that is in this whole creation. It is all the sustenance and the substance there is in all the creation, of which we are tiny parts. The whole of creation is one vast, living being, just as you or I. This whole living being is one creation, one living being, of which we are parts, connected parts, pulsating with the same pulse, throbbing with the same feeling, with this vast one life called creation or the universe. "Love, love," we all say. "Love, love," we all cry. "Love, love," is the word in every heart, in every mouth. Why? Because we cannot exist without love. Love is the only life. It sustains life. The only thing that sustains life is love. Food does not sustain it. Food does not sustain it, wholly—I had almost said, does not sustain it at all. If love had been taken out of any of you, the very sentiment of love had been taken out of any of you, you would not live for a minute. You may feed on the most luxurious and most nutritious foods; they will not sustain you for a minute. You'll die. Your life's spring would snap; you will be a corpse.

We haven't in this country any time to think of this and hence it may strike you as something new, something that requires substantial proof. The proof is within you. If you'll only turn your mind inward, reflect for a moment, you'll find that you have been living from the time

*Verbatim report of sermon delivered extempore by Baba Bharati in the Krishna Temple, 730 W. Sixteenth Street, Los Angeles.

that your eyes looked upon the world up to the present time on love alone.

No being can live without love; because, it is the attribute of your soul, which is all you are. You are not your body, you are not your mind, you are not your consciousness. You are your soul. You say "My consciousness," "My body," "My mind;"—then, the consciousness and the mind and the body belong to that soul—to that "My," to that "I."

The attribute of the soul is love; and the attribute of the soul, love, tries to find its kin, find the thing which it is, or tries to find the food upon which alone it can live; because, it cannot live on any other thing than love. Some of you love your wife, some of you love your husband, some of you love your parents, some of you love your children, some of you love somebody else; and some of you love some art, some of you love money; some of you love something, something, something, ever trying to love something. The attribute is functioning; the attribute of your own real self, your soul, is functioning. The moment you will stop this functioning, you will die. You do not live upon food, I said. Just for a moment, imagine that you have nothing to love; imagine all avenues of love closed for good. You will die. In spite of your food, you will die. In spite of all your wealth, you will die. Die off—that very minute. Give this a little thought when you go home and you will find that if the very love that is trying to function, if that love that is always in search of its object, if that dies—you cannot find anybody or anything to love—it will be all empty; life will be all empty in spite of all its material blessings; it will be all empty; you will die—die; a corpse you will be that moment.

PLAYING AT LOVE.

And yet, we know not that we love at all; or when we say we love we love but very imperfectly, not with the same substance that is our being, but with something very much mixed with it, something that has distorted it, something that has made it a make-believe, something that is but the semblance of it. You love with that semblance, with that make-believe of love. I could have almost challenged you to tell me, if you were in a mood for it, if you have a single friend in this wide world—except, perhaps, your parents; except, perhaps, your loving wife or loving husband—if you have loved the husband or the wife and the husband or the wife loves you—if you have got a single friend in the world. You can test it with the only test of love—sacrifice. Sacrifice is the only test of love—all-surrendering sacrifice. That's love's test. That is love's test, the only test, the best test. Why? Because you love not, but play at loving. We do not love with the love that we feel within at times—only at times, unfortunately. The most times we babble forth of love. The most times we talk too much of love. The most times we make too much display of love. We are humbugs. Not consciously, but unconsciously, we are humbugs. We do not know what we mean and the results show themselves. If you love a friend with all the heart, "from the bottom of our heart,"—we use the words so glibly—"from the bottom of our hearts," that person will love you from the bottom of his heart. If he doesn't, even then shall you be satisfied; because, love is its own reward, its own satisfaction, its own sustenance. It is God, which pervades the world as love. When you love whole-heartedly, sincerely, from the bottom of love's own realm in you, you are master, master of this life, master of everything, master of hearts; and you are the happiest mortal on earth, because that love will sustain you when the world fails. If the whole world forsake you, it will be the whole world to you.

You can see even in these days, brotherly love, fatherly love, parental love, the love of the son to father, the love of a brother to brother, the love of a wife to husband and husband to wife, sister to sister, has declined. The whole mind is absorbed in things which do not belong to its best interests, the interests of its root, the soul. We are all trying to live upon the make-believe and semblance of love, and thousands of disappointments we meet; and yet we never are wiser, never profit by our disappointments, which we ought to do. It has been a commercial commodity because of the mind's hungering for material things, material interests.

Has any of you loved with the love that I have tried so faintly, so inadequately, to define? Ask yourself when you are alone. It is all commercial, more or less. What is commercial? Why do I call it commercial? Because the love that you give and receive depends upon some interest, depends upon some gain you or your lover has in view—husband or wife; and now it is, alas! even parents and children, though with these, thank God, it is not yet so bad! People love each other in most cases for the benefits that accrue. It is the age of worry—it is a materialistic age. It is the same thing, East or West, North or South on this planet. I am not singling out America. I am not singling out any part of the world. Everywhere almost it has become the same, the same commercialization of the highest attribute in man.

LOVE IS MASTER AND SLAVE.

Yes, love alone sustains life. Think on that again. I repeat things just to impress them upon your mind. You want to hear some preacher talk half an hour; and he has, poor soul, if he talks truth and facts and important things, he has to make up his lecture and just suit your whim to end it within the half hour. You are all called the greatest hearers, the greatest audiences, of the world. You are a hearing people, and a reading people; but how many sermons have you heard, how many good, substantial books have you read with that sane interest which you should pay to a good sermon or to a good book? You take up a book that would perhaps benefit you, give you the greatest solace of life; you read it as you read your morning paper over the teacup or the coffeecup.

Concentration is exacted only by your material interests, the interests of your body, which is the outermost encasement of your real self; the interests of your flesh-coat, just as that cloth coat is the encasement of your body. The heart functions all the same; the love that is your soul, that is your being, that is your real being, functions all the same. It functions through your matter-fed mind; it functions through your matter-fed consciousness, and gets distorted, mangled, and shows itself in queer ways. It functions, all the same; and it is this love that is your soul, that is your being, that gives you intelligence, that gives you wisdom in your material business, material transactions. That is the only light that you have within you, the light of the soul.

The sun shines all the same, as brilliantly as ever, though the clouds cover it. When the clouds are thick and dark, the light of the sun penetrates through it though dimly; but go behind the clouds and the light is the same as it has ever been, brilliant as ever. So with this sun of the soul. The light of the soul's sun shines through your clouded mind, your clouded consciousness, and gets distorted. As you do not see the rays of the sun when the sun shines through thick, dark clouds, so you do not see the rays of your soul's sun when it shines through your clouded mind.

Yes, love something; love somebody—whoever appeals to you; but love with the whole heart. Not with the make-believe of love, not with

the semblance of love, not with its distorted vision. Not with its make-believe, as I say; not with its false, false substance; but love with your whole heart; anybody or anything, with your whole heart; not from within "the bottom of your heart," as your mouth calls it, but *really* from the bottom of your heart, and you shall see what you shall be. Then you will see that you have pierced the mystery of life, that you have got behind the mystery of life, and you are yourself that mystery.

Love with all your heart. How you talk of the heart, always! how you talk of this heart that you possess! You say, "It breaks my heart." "I feel it from the bottom of my heart." But you mean at most times the physical heart that the doctors tell you you are possessed of. The physical heart is all right. It is the outermost covering of the real heart, as your body is the outermost covering of your real self. Within that is the psychical heart, within that is the spiritual heart. The heart is the door of the soul and the inner chamber of the mind. If you love from the bottom of the heart, you will love from the soul, which is the innermost chamber of the heart. Yes, love with all your heart; love something, somebody; but love with all your heart and you will see the might of love, you will see the potency of that love. You will then find that love is master and love is slave. If you love anybody—man or woman—with your whole heart you are his or her slave. Because love is sacrifice, love does everything for its object. And you are his or her master because your love is such that it will exact homage.


LOVE WITH ALL YOUR HEART.

Christ loved, though he was among people who were blinded, who could not even see his Father—like the owl, they couldn't even see the sun. Christ loved, all the same; but to those amongst whom he lived and had his being, to those among whom he was born, he was not what they wanted. They could not recognize him. But he loved; loved man, loved God. With all his whole soul's love he loved. He has been rewarded as you all know. Through these two thousand years has he reigned. His love has reigned. He has been the conquerer of every heart, whoever has heard of him. He has been the Master and the King of all the crowned heads of Christendom. People may deny him, may not think of him; but even those people cannot but bow to him inwardly because of his unselfish life that was born out of his selfless loving. He loved God and he loved all the creations of God; and the best of God's creation, man, the flower of God's creation, he loved, which he showed on the cross, by his greatest and last miracle. Never he forgot, even under the most horrible tortures, never he forgot his God. Never he forgot to love man, for he said "O Lord, forgive them, they know not what they do!" Such was his love.

(To Be Concluded.)

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.

 The Angel City's Opportunity to See

East India Display

of

Oriental Beauty

In the way of a magnificent collection of choicest productions of East India hand-made rugs, tapestries, scarfs, oriental furniture, metal ware and old armour. The major portion of this stock comprised a portion of F. P. Bhungara's exhibit at the Portland exposition. This exhibit is most interesting because in many cases the finished product that required years of patient labor. See the line

F. P. BHUMGARA & CO.

**Have on Display at Their Los Angeles Store
616 SOUTH BROADWAY**

Mr. Bhungara offers a special sale on Oriental rugs and wishes it understood that this is not an auction sale. He does not name a price with a 33 1-3 per cent. reduction offer. The Bhungara stores are strictly one-price and buyers are fully protected and can depend upon fair treatment.

Among the many beautiful offerings are cashmere shawls, chaddie shawls, Egyptian scarfs, silver and gold brocade scarfs, kimonos of all shades and colors, \$3.50 to \$35.00. Elegantly embroidered nabob jackets, \$3.00 to \$5.00. Hanging and table lamps of rare design, embroidery, vests, etc.

Copper, brass and enameled ware from famous cities of India and Persia, Delhi, Benares, Cashmere, Damascus, etc. Watch our window every day.

STORES AT
BOMBAY, MADRAS, CALCUTTA,
SIMLA, LONDON, NEW YORK

F. P. BHUMGARA
Holds 72 Grand Prizes of Award

F. P. Bhungara & Co.

616 South Broadway.

Los Angeles, Cal.

C. C. LOOMIS
HARRY LOOMIS

AMERICAN
—AND—
EUROPEAN

One of the most
elegant and lux-
uriously furn-
ished hotels in
the United States

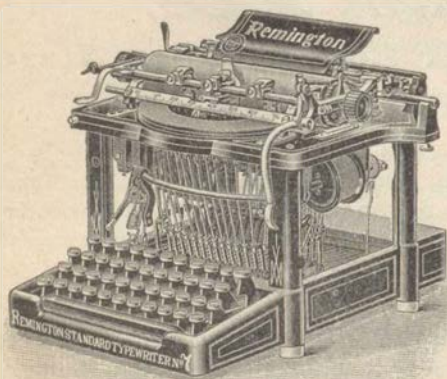
The Most Popular
GRILL in the City

LOOMIS BROS.
PROPRIETORS



The Angelus

**Los Angeles
California**



When the Remington Typewriter offers something new to the public, the public knows without being told that it's something good.

New Models Now Ready

Remington Typewriter Company,
117 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
325-327 Broadway, New York.
Branches everywhere.

Fill out this
Coupon and Mail
with \$1.00 (Money
Order, Bill or
Check) to Man-
ager, LIGHT OF
INDIA PUB. CO.,
730 West Sixteenth
St., Los Angeles,
Cal.

Enclosed is One Dollar for which please send

LIGHT OF INDIA for one year from this month.

NAME

STREET

CITY AND STATE

DATE

"THE GREATEST BOOK OF THE CENTURY"

—*Oriental Review.*

Krishna: The Lord of Love A History of the Universe

12mo, 550 Pages. Prices: Morocco, Three Dollars; Cloth, Two Dollars.

BY BABA BHARATI.

Reviews and Opinions:

Brooklyn Daily Eagle:—An exalted philosophy.

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

Chicago Examiner:—Certainly its ethics are of the most exalted type.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox:—It is most interesting. I find it most clearly and simply told.

It broadens and interests, and so I enjoy your most exhaustive work on Creation.

Henri Pene Du Bois, (New York American):

I thank you with all my heart for your book. It realizes a dream of my teacher, Stephane Mallarme, the poet, for it has three super-imposed texts. One is for the passer-by, one for the intellectual, another is for the artist. And all are excellent. And each one is to be read twice—once for the ideas that are expressed, the other for the beauty of the phrases.

"The Listener," Boston Evening Transcript:

In the spirit of his lordly race, unabashed before modern science, claiming indeed to have anticipated modern science at all points, sturdy in the simplicity and strength of the faith of the antique world, with all the power of singleness of belief in the few grand all-embracing principles, he issues warnings like the prophets of the ancient Hebrews.

In this book "Krishna" is to be found the simplest, most straightforward, most logical exposition of the "Ancient Wisdom" concerning the creation of the universe and evolution thereof, of any the "Listener" has happened to see.

The Oriental Review:

The boldness of the author is simply phenomenal. The world has been looking forward to welcome such boldness. It is the boldness of absolute realization of the Central Truth of Creation, a boldness whose force is living love. It is a boldness which will stagger the spirit of the most captious critic into conviction of the wonderfully luminous interpretations, given in the book, of the spiritual and moral laws and forces of life. . . . Baba Bharati has dealt the final blow to the West's "swelled head" notions of its own superiority in enlightenment in this the greatest book of the century, in which he has mirrored forth the inner machinery and the workings of the cosmos, for the benefit of the soul-hungry students the world over, in the easiest English imaginable. The book deserves the largest circulation. It cannot fail to interest all classes of readers. The prose-poems which embody the life-story of Krishna in Part II and the "Revelations" are chants of soul-thrilling word-music unequalled in English literature.

Boston Evening Transcript:

The volume is remarkable for the completeness with which it covers the subject, the extent of the information concerning the different points of the philosophy and religion giving it almost the value of an encyclopedia of the best in Hindoo thought.

Bharati's style is of singular directness, simplicity and clearness, and his work throughout is marked by sanity, lucid thinking, and the high purpose of one who is devoted, with all the ardor of a strong, manly nature, not to himself, but to all humanity.—[Extracts from a two-column review.]

American Review of Reviews:

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

Bible Review, Cal.:

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

The Outlook, New York:

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

TO BE HAD OF

THE KRISHNA HOME, 730 West 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE, 27-29 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

C. C. PARKER, Bookseller, 246 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

THE METAPHYSICAL LIBRARY, 611 Grant Building, S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SON, 27 and 29 W. 23d St., New York.

JOHN LANE COMPANY, 67 Fifth Ave., New York.

H. JEVNE CO.

Jevne's India Delicacies

When you want the most appetizing and delicious condiments and pickles—just remember the famous India Chutneys are the world's finest products. Remember, too that JEVNE'S is Los Angeles' headquarters for these celebrated goods. Our large stock includes the famous Sweet Cashmere, Bombay; Major Grey's Sweet; Green Mango, hot; Sweet Lucknow; Tamerind, medium hot; Bengal, hot; India Mangoe, etc.

If you have never tried our delicious India teas, you have yet to discover the real meaning of tea goodness. The famous "Light of Asia," "Star of India," and "Lallah Rookh" are the teas which were so highly praised by all who visited the India Pavilion at the World's Fair, Chicago.

Remember this fact—that the name JEVNE stands for QUALITY in all food products—but quality at prices no higher than quality is honestly worth.

Ask for Our Free Catalog.

SMOKE JEVNE'S FINE CIGARS

208-210 S. SPRING ST.—WILCOX BUILDING



UNION TRUST BUILDING

THE OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Established 1885

THIS BANK PAYS

3% ON ORDINARY SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

4% ON TERM DEPOSITS

30,500 DEPOSITORS

ASSETS \$8,000,000.00

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

WM. G. KERCKHOFF, Pres.	J. F. SARTORI
A. H. BRALY, Vice-Pres.	M. S. HELLMAN
W. D. WOOLWINE, Vice-Pres.	W. D. LONGYEAR
CHAS. H. TOLL, Cashier	J. H. GRIFFIN, Sec. & Asst. Cash'r.
	C. W. WILSON, Asst. Cashier.

SOUTHERN

CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK

S. E. CORNER FOURTH AND SPRING

Staub's--The Place to Buy Shoes

We carry a line of shoes for men, women and children that is always complete, always the newest and best in style, and always the fairest in price. We'll be glad to see you any time.

C. M. Staub Shoe Co., BROADWAY, COR. THIRD
LOS ANGELES, CAL.