

CHRISTMAS NUMBER  
"The Holy Men of India" } By  
COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER

Volume 1  
No. 3

উগ্রীভ্রসাবনন:

November  
1906

The

December

# LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read

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Edited by **BABA BHARATI**

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## TO THE READERS

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It is an all-round magazine, embracing and dealing with subjects, in its masterful way, affecting the deepest interests of all humanity—spiritual, social and domestic in especial. Although its articles, sketches and stories are essentially Oriental, they throw illuminating sidelights upon human life in the West. For the first time in the history of the world and Western literature, the real facts of the inner life of the East in general and India in particular, are being revealed to Western readers, which is the chief mission of the *LIGHT OF INDIA*, which is the light of the entire East. Hence, it cannot fail to fascinatingly interest the general reader, while those who have real spiritual hunger will find more than enough in the contents of each issue, the greatest treasures of their life the surest guide for their soul's path to its goal.

### THIS CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

This Christmas number is brimful of the most delicious, fascinating and inspiring reading. The Annunciation and Christmas poems and sketch by Miss Rose Anthon, the "Significance of Christmas" by the Editor, "The Holy Men of India" originally contributed by Countess Wachtmeister, "Vedic Seed-Thoughts" by Vishwarup Chaturvedi, "Jim" and "The Baba in the West," "The Christ-Spirit Christmas in India," among the other interesting literature, will appeal to the reader all at once.

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# Nothing Like It

"God bless and prosper you," writes Mr. Vere Goldthwaite, counselor-at-law, of Boston, Mass. "I have read a copy of the **LIGHT OF INDIA**. There is **NOTHING LIKE IT ON THIS CONTINENT**. I would like to write a review of 'The White Peril' if you would care to publish it, showing what a Westerner thinks of your fearless arraignment of our so-called civilization. You are absolutely correct."

## TRUTH UTTERED IN LOVE.

Here is another unsolicited appreciation from a lady from same cultured Boston. "The two numbers of the magazine, the **LIGHT OF INDIA**, have been received," she writes, "and I desire to acknowledge my appreciation of them. Every article is full of interest and the fearlessness of its utterances is just what is needed."

"I am glad to have this kind of reading in my home, and as soon as read it is passed on to others that they also may have the message."

"May God bless you in your efforts to place the truth before the people. Truth when uttered in love is mighty and must prevail."

## FROM LOCAL READERS.

Many are the spoken and written words of warm appreciation from local readers, but we have no room for quoting them all. Only two may be mentioned. "I have never read such severe analysis of our ways of life with so much love for us," was the verdict of a well known man in Los Angeles. Another, a prominent writer, spoke in the same strain. "'Tis wonderfully bold," he said, "yet so wisely, so powerfully convincing. Your 'Jim' must fascinate every reader—a wonderful story."


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# The Light of India

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## BLESSED BE THE NAME.

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

## CHRISTMAS 1906.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

Wake, O hearts of men awake!  
Wake, O sleeping world that prays!  
He that woke in Bethlehem,  
Wakes the glory in our days.

He still lives that man may know  
Of the Love He came to live,  
Rouses hearts to hear the call  
Of the Truth He came to give.

Still across the skies of man  
Glows the Star the Wise Men saw,  
Now as in the days of yore—  
Love is the miracle of Law.

## THE BLESSED MORN.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

"O BROTHERS, arise! arise! Did ye hear or do I still linger in dreams? But now, a voice spake unto me, and such a voice! A voice it was as if the low chants of all our priests had swelled into one chord, and the holiness of all our temples filled it, and the glory of our still nights hallowed it. It came like the echoes of many thunder claps in the far distance and fell on my ear like the coo of a turtle dove at eventide. And oh, it swelled my heart to the highness of the hills, and yet left me much afraid in the loneliness of its silence. O brothers, the hand of fear is upon me, and yet a gladness like unto the first days of spring resteth upon me."

Thus spake the first shepherd, peering into the eyes of the second and third with face that glowed and heart that shrank in quick successive throbs of joy and fear.

"Yea, I heard and mine eyes were wide, and I was not in dreams. The hour was hushed, and it was as if the skies were afire with an hundred high noon suns, or as if the heavens were opened and the gold of their streets had fallen upon our hill-tops, even as the black clouds gather there before the storm breaks. And then it was as if the greatest of them unfurled, and a Being stepped therefrom whose glory blinded all the world, so dark it grew before mine eyes. And when I opened them again, I saw His height was from the hill's base to its crest. All the bloom of a garden rested on His brow, and the gentleness of the young doe was in the eye that shone with many stars. And I, too, heard the voice that spake, O brothers!"

So spake the second shepherd. And a third arose and said:

"All the night has been alive with a stillness as if the heavens were close, and methought I heard the song of many strange birds, and sniffed the odor of strange flowers. And looking into the skies it was as if yon star had grown to moon's estate and threw a path of silver, wide as the road that leads through our city. See! Even now it swells and makes a path of light. Arise, brothers! Let us follow it. The hour is full of prophecy, we will see its fulfillment."

And the three shepherds walked down the path of starlight unto the stable of an inn where a little Child was resting in a manger with Mary, the mother, bending over Him. The wings of a cock close by were outspread and the feathers ruffled as if to fly. Crow after crow joyously thrilled from its long throat. An ass, with gently flapping ears, gazed on the Babe and the mother's happy eyes. A sheep strayed close to the manger's side and, with nostrils quivering and woolly sides swelling, drew its breath in slow, deep gasps of joy, and an ox opened its great eyes slow-gazing at the Child. And Mary crooned a little chant, and the roof of the stable was as naught, for angels' eyes peered upon them from on high.

The shepherds three opened the stable door and entered. The path of light went with them and fell athwart the wide-eyed Babe. The shadow of the shepherd's staff fell on the breast of Him who lay with arms outstretched as if to greet a world. Mary gazed and caught Him to her breast. For lo, it was as if a cross o'ershadowed her sweet Babe.

The shepherds saw no cross. They but beheld the shaft of starlight caught upon His Brow and held until a crown of light it seemed. Fall-



ing at the feet of the mother they prayed; the cock crowed lustily and the soft bleat of the sheep was mingled with the yaw, yaw of the ass. And low and deep and sad the oxen-call fell on the air.

Mary sighed, but saw the cross no more, for the sun's first beam fell on her young Child's head and made a halo of soft gold. She lifted happy eyes to see wherefrom the sunlight came and wise men entered at the door who looked upon them both. They laid the gifts of worth before the young Child's feet, then knelt and worshipped Him. Mary smiled, forgot the cross and looked to see the crown again.

And morning in the East awoke.

### MOTHER OF JESUS.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

Maiden in the Smile of Life  
Clad in loveliness of prayer,  
In thine eye a glory lies  
Like God's fire slumbering there.

Standing 'mid the lilies' bloom,  
Where the cooling slants of dawn  
Throw their shadows on the breast  
Of a May day just begun.

From the twilight's softened gray  
Trembles forth a Being bright,  
Merging darkness into gold,  
Filling dawn with radiant light.

On the golden, vibrant air  
Falls a voice, entrancing, sweet,  
On the soul of thee who waits  
The command of Love to meet.

Waiting in that holy hush,  
Clothed in humble majesty,  
Thou, the chosen of the Lord,  
For His Will that was to be.

On thy brow the crown was laid  
Of a world-wide Motherhood,  
On thy virgin lips the seal  
Of a mystery understood.

Thou art glorified by Him,  
Who by thee was born as Son,  
He who throbbed with worlds of Love,  
He whose Love the worlds have won.

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

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY.

BY BABA BHARATI.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" will be on the lips of everyone in Christendom on Christmas day. Yet how few will stop to think of the deep significance of that blessed day. Even the most devout Christian may miss the depth of that significance. It is to him the birthday of his Saviour. But what is a Saviour, and how does that Saviour save the sinner? What constitutes in Christ the Saviourship?

His modern ministers are answering these questions daily from all the pulpits in Christendom to foster the faith of the faithful. So long as such explanations confirm the faith of the devotee in his Saviour, they must be pronounced good. But we of the heart of the East, who are called heathens by patronizing followers of Jesus Christ, have a sort of right to interpret Christ and Christianity, the concept of which is the offspring of Hindoo thought as old as Mother Earth. To us Hindoos, whose religion is original Christianity, Christ stands out as a greater personality than His modern interpreters proclaim Him to be. The Hindoo's concept of God and His Incarnations are scientific, more scientific indeed than the materialistic science of our day. Hindoo science is mental, but it is not like the mental science that is now being evolved by anybody and everybody in the West. The laws of Hindoo science are practical, in that their workings are perceived by well-regulated human minds the world over, in all ages.

The birth of an Incarnation, according to the Hindoo science, therefore, is a scientific fact. Christ being an Incarnation, His birth was a scientific fact in the world's mental history. It was a revolutionizing event in the mental world of the West. The birth of Jesus Christ was the birth of unbroken God-consciousness to illumine the darkness of the Western mentality. That unbroken God-consciousness was encased in a human body called Jesus. That flesh-embodied God-consciousness was destined to make millions of minds, who would come in touch with it, conscious of God. And it has proved so. Through these two thousand years myriads of minds have caught the light of that lustrous luminary of the firmament within them.

The illuminating radiance embodied as the Babe of Bethlehem was cognized and felt by the purified minds of three Wise Men from the East, and by the unsophisticated minds of some shepherds, and by the inner instincts of some animals who all rushed to the center of that radiance, following a call that spoke within them. That embodied spiritual light was ushered into the world for matter-blinded human beings who could not perceive that blessed Advent because of that blindness.

There let it stand—Christ was unbroken God-consciousness in human flesh. Do not try to gild it. It will be like gilding refined gold or painting the lily. Neither will it take on any gilding. All you can add to that fact is that Christ's unbroken God-consciousness was one of the rarest in the world, that it was one of the most potent of consciousness, that His soul was millions of God-conscious souls in one. Christ's soul was so pure that the Divine Soul shone through



it in its own brilliancy. Hence He was moving Divinity, an Immortal Flame, in human shape, of the Eternal Realm whose undiminished lustre pierced through the vistas of centuries and is lighting the world of today. The birth of such a Baby of God is matter for the greatest universal rejoicing. It means the awakening of God-consciousness in the world; it means Peace on earth and Love and Goodwill among men. The remembrance of this fact through Christmas day is its best celebration. May Jesus keep this remembrance awakened in you all on this His earthly birthday, and through every human day, is the earnest prayer to Him of the heathen Hindoo.

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### A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

BY J. A. EDGERTON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## THE HOLY MEN OF INDIA.

BY COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER.

*(Specially contributed.)*

DURING my visits to India I was privileged to meet some of the holy men who are the Spiritual Teachers in that part of the world, and to realize the feeling of spirituality which pervades the atmosphere at all times and particularly during the hour of meditation and prayer.

When at Benares, I went to the Ganges, before sunrise, to witness the wonderful scene of the Hindoos bathing before their meditation, for no Hindoo would pray to God without having first both bathed and changed his raiments. I sat in the open boat on the river Ganges and saw thousands of Hindoos, with their gorgeously colored turbans and flowing garments, going to the water to bathe and afterwards sitting cross-legged on wooden platforms in an attitude of meditation and prayer. The picturesqueness of the scene, and the effect of the soul-force emanating from so many intensely earnest worshippers seemed to fill the air with spiritual vibrations, which was most enthralling. It was then I realized how Benares was indeed a sacred city to the Hindoo people. Occasionally, some of the devotees would remain perfectly still for an hour, showing how intense was the spiritual exaltation, and that the soul had probably left the body and was in communion with its higher self. Even the sound of a cannon would not have moved them from their attitudes, so intense was the rigidity of the body. While I sat in the boat and watched, there was a feeling of calmness, purity and spiritual absorption which seemed to be connected with the time and place such as I have never experienced elsewhere. The whole scene was one of indescribable beauty and of grandeur. The minarets and towers of the city, the bright colors of the surroundings, the placid waters of the Ganges together with the wonderful sense of spiritual vibrations produced an effect which was simply marvelous.

In Benares I visited a Yogi who lived entirely out of doors in the garden of the Maharajah of Benares. He subsisted wholly on fruit and this visitors were permitted to offer him. Ordinarily he was without clothes which he wore only on special occasions. I talked with him with the aid of an interpreter. He informed me that he had pupils in different parts of India, and though apparently he was leading an idle life in his garden, yet, in reality it was a strenuous one. He was a kind old man with a beautiful smile, and as I was talking to him, he plucked some of the flowers around him and presenting them to me, said, "Will you accept this humble offering? It is the only thing in my power to give you, for I have nothing of this world's goods." His evident simplicity and gentleness of manner gave an added charm to the influence which his spirituality exercised on all who came in contact with him.

In Benares I visited an Indian Princess called "Májee" who was very wealthy but lived in a cave, devoting herself to the study and teaching of Indian philosophy and occultism. She had a magnificent library which she devoted to the use of the students who came to her from all parts of India. She received Mrs. Besant and myself in a room with pillars of stone and stone seats, and after talking to us for a little, invited us to look at her dwelling place. This was a little room cut out of the rock. Here she lived with the greatest simplicity. A few steps downward led to the meditation room, where she spent many hours of the day and night. She told us that she knew Madame Blavatsky and had corresponded freely with her.



Among many curious stories told me when in this part of India, there is one which I may relate as the facts were confirmed by several persons of unimpeachable veracity and repute. Living in a garden that was placed at his disposal near a temple, there was a Yogi who received word that a great Mahatma had arrived and was to be found in a cave within the forest not far from where he lived. He told his disciples that he intended to go and seek the Mahatma, but, as there were many tigers, it might be a dangerous expedition. He asked if any of his disciples would go with him. Two offered to accompany him. They wandered about the forest all day without discovering the cave. But next day they saw a rock with a small opening. As they neared it, they heard the roaring of tigers. The two pupils were so afraid that they ran away. The Yogi, however, was determined to enter the cave, notwithstanding the ominous roar of the wild beasts. He said to himself, "The Mahatma is there; and it is my only chance of seeing him. If the tiger eat me up my chance will be gone for this life. But, at any rate, I must make an effort to meet the holy one and I will enter the cave without fear." He went in and, the roar becoming louder than ever, it seemed as if he could almost feel the breathing of the animals as they approached but did not touch him. He went on steadily until he saw a light, and then, entering a large chamber, found a man lying in the center with his head on a stone evidently asleep.

He rubbed the feet and hands of the holy one, whose eyes opened and the Mahatma then said to him, "Were you not afraid to enter the cave when you heard the roaring of tigers?" "No," he replied, "for it was my only chance of seeing you, and death can come but once to a man." The Mahatma asked him if he had partaken of any food. He replied that he had not tasted food for many long weary hours. The Mahatma then gave him a little white root to eat and said to him, that would be sufficient food to last him for a week. This was found to be the case. He enquired of the Yogi, "What is it you want? As I will not permit any one to stay the night here, so say quickly what is your desire." The Yogi replied, "I wish to be your disciple and to be able to communicate with you at a distance." The holy one then instructed him, keeping him there until the evening, when he told him to go back to the world, and give out to the multitude what he himself had been taught.

The Yogi returned to his garden, and the news of his having met the Mahatma spread all around the country, so that people flocked to him to listen to his wise teachings. He would sometimes talk to as many as 4,000 people and had numerous disciples. After a time he told his disciples that they would see him no more, that he should not come out of the garden which was surrounded by a high wall. He said he would only speak to those who wished to listen to him through a grating in the wall. This continued for some time, until one day he told them that he was going to pass on to higher planes, he was himself going to set fire to his body, and no one must enter the garden until after the smoke had ceased to rise over the wall. Thousands came and remained there during the process of cremation. Later on, when they were able to enter the garden, they saw only the bones and ashes which was all that remained of the Yogi.

One day a young Hindoo asked me whether I would like to see a holy man teaching his disciples. I replied in the affirmative. We drove in a ghari (cab) down many streets, until we came to a place where the carriage could go no further. We then walked through numerous alleys and across a draw-bridge until we arrived at a large court-yard belonging to a house of great dimensions. We went up several



flights of steps and through passages until we reached a room where we found a Yogi sitting cross-legged on a divan, surrounded by many of his followers. The room looked bright and cheerful. I sat down in a corner and quietly listened though unable to understand a word that was said. Indeed, words were not necessary, for the whole presence of the man was very impressive. His eyes shone with a brilliant light, the vibrations from his aura were pure and peaceful. They seemed to draw you away from the petty cares of life. It is a wonderful feature of India that one is constantly coming in contact with those who have reached beyond the cares of life, just as the child reaches beyond its playthings. The more developed Hindoos look upon money, pleasure and business as the toys of life. They can live upon a handful of grain a day; and what more do they want? For, although their bodies are still on earth, they themselves spend most of their time on higher planes of existence.

Again and again I have heard Europeans say how lazy these Hindoos are, for they, the Europeans, being engaged in good and charitable work, or in scientific or literary labor, think that the Hindoos in meditation are wasting their time and are idle, little knowing that they, the Hindoos, are engaged in far greater work than those who are occupied with caring for the body, or even learning for their intellectual needs. Hindoos are sending out, during their meditations, spiritual forces which uplift and elevate the souls of men and prevent them from becoming entirely engrossed in materialism.

The Hindoos are undoubtedly a spiritual race, with large-hearted tolerance toward other beliefs and religious rites. I do not for one moment wish to depreciate the value of science or intellectual study or the modes of life in the Western world. All are in different stages of evolution. The holy man, who is now engaged in sending out spiritual forces, had already in his previous incarnation passed through the same strenuous life that characterizes the American of to-day, and each man, according to his degree of evolution, finds himself, all over the world, exactly where Karma or the law of cause and effect has placed him. But at whatever point of evolution he may be, it is his duty to be ever straining onwards life after life, until at last his soul will reach to the glorious union of its own higher Self. Sir Edwin Arnold has given some glimpses of the great soul-force and has realized the true spirituality of India in his *Light of Asia*.

The love of luxury of the Anglicized Indian is very different from the simple life of the true Hindoo.

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

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

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



## PEEPS INTO THE PURDAH.

BY BABA BHARATI.

### THE HINDOO WIDOW.

THE HINDOO WIDOW is the survival of the oldest world's wifhood. The world that knew that man and woman, once united in holy matrimony, were made one in body, mind, heart and soul unto eternity is represented in the newest world by the Hindoo widow. The Western widow does not know her, for she lives at the antipodes of the Western widow. Yet her true story may prove the most interesting to Western women, for it cannot fail to provide them with a sensation even greater than the Christian missionary's stories about her with which they are familiar. And this story would never have been written had it not been for the totally false colors in which the Christian missionary depicts her and her condition to excite pity in Western lands, with an eye to the dollars for the missionary funds which keep him so comfortably in inexpensive India. Besides, the Hindoo widow would object and be ashamed to be discussed, for she is an old-world ascetic, living away from the new world's ways and opinions. She is too much wrapt up in the practical philosophy which she lives to care to know what the outside world thinks of that philosophy.

The Hindoo widow is a continuation of the Hindoo wife after her husband has dropped his body. The Hindoo wife is the materialization of true conjugal love, the outcome of soul-union, which Hindoo marriage is. To the Hindoo wife, her husband can never die. By the dropping of his physical shroud she misses, of course, his physical self, but the soul of the husband, encased in his mentality, can never be absent from her mind, from her heart, from her soul. She herself is nothing but her mind, her heart and her soul; she herself is not her body. Our heart, the central medium of our soul and consciousness, is all we are, materialized into flesh. This heart again is our organ of attraction; it is by the heart that we are attracted and it is the heart that attracts us. Love, the attribute of the soul, functioning through the heart, is all-enduring, is undying.

The average Hindoo wife is blessed with this soul-love. But the source of the blessing is in her blood, the heredity of the soul-love, for husband, of countless generations of wives, transmitted into her heart through her blood. It is fostered by the atmosphere in which she lives and consolidated by the practical examples of that soul-love for husband around her in the family. It is love that is all-enduring, it is love that knows no break—not even a dream of a break, for it is to her an impossible dream. It is a love that is natural, springing from the inmost depth of the enfleshed piece of nature which she represents. When her husband dies, that love for him remains. There is no reason for it to be disturbed. Her husband has put off his fleshly coat, but his soul, encased in his subtle body—called astral by Theosophists—is alive, for the soul never dies, nor is its individuality, encased in that subtle body, destroyed unless the center of that subtle body, the mind, attains to Nirvana—extinction of all individuality. Therefore, to the Hindoo wife, her husband lives after death, hence her love continues for him. The Hindoo wife's mentality is born of and founded upon the philosophy of life upon which her people have been living from the hoariest of ages. Karma and Reincarnation are the two feet of that



philosophy, and soul-consciousness is its crown. The Hindoo woman is trained from her childhood in this philosophy, from its feet to its crown.

When her husband dies, her grief is overwhelming, soul-piercing, disconsolate. The loss of her husband's physical body, which she has been accustomed to love from her very soul, is a shock that deals a blow to that soul. It is an all-withering sorrow which neither her incessant weeping nor the sympathy of a whole world can ever soothe. Her heart becomes a desert, the world empty, all empty. A spirit of absolute renunciation pervades her whole being. This spirit of renunciation the injunctions of the Shastras take advantage of, for her best good, her highest good. This highest good is the good of her soul which she really is—which man really is. Life is a pilgrimage to the shrine of the soul. The mind is the pilgrim, soul-consciousness is the road, the soul is the shrine and God is its Deity.

When, at the loss of her husband, the world becomes empty to the widowed Hindoo wife, which means that the world becomes void of all interest to her, the senses naturally become indifferent to their objects and the mind, which depends upon the earnest functioning of the senses upon their objects, consequently becomes indifferent to the external world. But the mind is a thinking machine and cannot exist without thought. So, when the senses fail to provide it with thoughts of external things, it goes within itself to function with objects of the internal world, the soul, into which it gets admittance through her pure love for her deceased husband, for pure love is the attribute of the soul.

To discard ornaments for the body and fine raiments and luxuries of life is, therefore, natural to her. Draped in a single piece of white borderless cloth, without any ornament on her body, and living on sufficient and simple vegetable meal, and her mind constantly contemplating on God and the soul of her husband is what fits in with her mind's spirit of renunciation. She shuns all gay company and worldly amusement. But to restore the balance of her mind, lest the mind be unhinged by too much thinking, all suddenly, on spiritual things, she takes up physical occupations. In about one year from the time of her husband's death, during which time her grief for her husband remains very keen, she not only gets accustomed to her new life, but drifts into soul-life.

Study the Hindoo widow in Bengal and you study her in her best aspects. Here she is a genuine product of the Hindoo scriptures, every step and all rules of her life being regulated according to the spirit and injunctions of the holy books, the Shāstras. Here, in Bengal, she rises from her bed before cock-crow, and after saying the waking prayers to God and to holy persons and pilgrimages, she hurries to the bank of the Ganges, if it is near enough, to have her bath. While bathing, she utters many more prayers and at the end repeats mentally for one hundred and eight times the mantram—the mystic words by which she dedicates herself body, mind and soul to her God—the mystic words she has received from her Gooroo, spiritual guide—standing in the holy waters up to the waist. She then chants hymns to her Deity, to Mother Ganges, and the Sun-god, and, filling her joined and hollowed palms with water, and muttering a scriptural formula, offers it as oblation to the souls of the dead of her paternal and maternal families in general, and to the soul of her dead husband in particular, emptying the water every time over the tips of her fingers on to the surface of the river. With the same water-offering she prays for the blessing of long life to God for her dear and near living relatives.

All this she has to finish before sun-rise, for the space of time embracing two *dandas* (48 minutes) before sunrise is reckoned by the



Hindoos as the most holy and inspiring, especially as the gods are said to descend to the earth during that time to have their dip in the Ganges, which, according to the Hindoo scriptures, has sprung and flows from the Lotus Feet (Abode) of Hari (God)—a stream of God's own primal Spiritual Energy. Coming out of the water she wipes her body and wears a dry piece of clean, white, borderless cloth and goes in quest of some fresh and fragrant flowers which she plucks in a devout spirit and puts in a small wicker basket she carries with her. Returning home she sits in "pooja" (worship), cross-legged upon a piece of carpet, and offers the flowers, smeared with sandal wood paste, to the "lotus feet" of Krishna or Durga or Kali—the Motherhood of God, going through enjoined formulas and repeating sacred sentences from the scriptures. The pooja is wound up with prayers to the Deity for the salvation of her soul and that of her dead husband. This occupies her for at least one hour and sometimes two, at the end of which she prostrates in homage, touching the ground with her forehead.

Pooja done, she is free to do her portion of the household duties, and many and varied are these duties she has taken upon herself to occupy her mind. Her God served, she is ready to serve man with her whole will and body, putting her nimble fingers to anything that comes in her way which requires doing or mending. And how quickly she gets through them all, sweeping floors, cleaning utensils, dressing vegetables. Now comes the time for cooking her meal, and, as she has to offer it to her God first before eating it, she has to cook it with purer stuffs, cleaner utensils, and in well-washed apparel. It is a simple fare she prepares of boiled rice and easily digestible vegetables, fried or curried, and dall (lentils). Cooking finished, she places the rice and the curry on a metal plate, and offering them with the utmost devotion to her Deity, she eats her meal in the solitude of her own room, cleans the plate, the bowls and the cooking utensils with ashes and water. And, after washing her mouth of all specks of the food she has eaten, as well as washing her hands and feet, spreads a portion of her wearing cloth upon the floor and is fast asleep in a few minutes.

She wakes after an hour, washes her face and mouth again and takes up some sewing or other light work. This finished, she takes up the sacred *Ramayana* or the *Mahabharata* to read and weep in ecstasy over the many divine acts of the Hindoo Incarnations of God and of the devotees and saints of ancient times. This hour she enjoys most except her hour of worship and shuts the book with reluctance. Before evening she has another bath and, after performing a few more household duties, she takes down her sacred Tulsi rosary from its peg, to count its beads with the sweet name of Hari (God), and not until she has counted it for at least one thousand and eight times does she replace the rosary on the peg. She then takes a slight repast of sweets and goes to bed, but does not drop into sleep before saying her prayers to God once again. The next morning she rises again fresh as a lark before dawn, and hurries to have her dip in Mother Ganges with prayers, and returns home before the male population of the quarter of her residence are up and stirring.

This is but a brief sketch of the Hindoo widow. Her life is saintly, and though she feels the loss of her dear husband, she is reconciled to that loss, and bears up its burden with a resignation born of her belief in her past Karma, actions in her past birth, and by the help of the atmosphere of spirituality of the Hindoo home, and which she creates within her mind by feeding it with holy thoughts whenever it is disengaged from attention to work. Work she knows to be her salvation from mental troubles and she welcomes and takes to it with real pleasure. She shuns all irreligious company and flippant talk, and is never to be found



in gay scenes and amusements. Her virtue to her is the priceless jewel to be preserved unspotted at all cost, not only for the salvation of her own soul but also for her husband's soul.

The Hindoo, unchanged by "civilization" and English education, believes in Manoo, the great Hindoo scriptural law-giver, who says: "The home in which women are ill-treated, and dissatisfied, and widows shed tears for neglect is sure to be cursed or destroyed." He tries to act toward his women and widows so as to profit by the warning of Manoo, and though he never relaxes his control over his women, he treats them very kindly and with deep love and affection, and the widows are revered and provided for with the same affectionate sympathy. All the needs of her religious and pious practices are supplied without a grumble, nay, with cheerful encouragement. Above all, every effort is made to supply her with spiritual environments and to impart to her a practical spiritual training.

The Hindoo widow does not need the pity which her Western sister, in her delusion, would extend to her through the Christian missionary who can never meet or know her, no more than she knows or cares to know him. For the Hindoo widow lives in her own ancient, interior world, and is not inclined in the least to get acquainted with the outer world of today—the world of the senses, shams and sophistry—much less with the world beyond that of the Hindoo religion. And yet, though she never is conceited to claim it, by the standard of her virtues, the virtues of true womanhood the world over will be individually judged through even degenerate ages. When the Western world will learn to respect the individualities of nations, and dive into the inner realms within man, then, and not till then, will it understand and appreciate millions of God's own nuns, called Hindoo widows, whose sacred lives are yet sustaining the sanctity of Hindoo wedlock and womanhood, and whose holy breath and habits have made monasteries of Hindoo homes.

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### SOUL AFFINITY.

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BY MRS. ARTHUR L. SMITH.

Our intellect can never reach  
What intuition would unfold;  
Nor sweetest words of human speech  
The potency of silence hold.

No outward change of time or plane  
Can mar this perfect whole.  
I concentrate on thee, Beloved,  
Come to my heart—thy goal.

The sanctuary of thy great soul  
My inward eyes retain;  
And what is written there, Beloved,  
Shines on my own celestial plane.

Ethereal our vibrations are;  
Each soul absorbs the counterpart  
Of its own perfect self, Beloved,  
So rest we, heart with heart.



## VEDIC SEED-THOUGHTS.

BY BISHWARUP CHATURVEDI.

Now as to knowledge: the teacher [is] the first; the second element the pupil [is]; wisdom their junction; instruction [is] the means whereby they are conjoined. So far concerning knowledge. —Taittiriopanishad, Part I, Sutra 3. (Translation by G. R. S. Mead and J. C. Chattopadhyaya.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

A man who hoards his gold, oft learns to love the smile of his golden sweetheart and develops into an avaricious creature.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

### Notice to Old Subscribers

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# JIM

An Anglo-Indian Romance Founded on Real Facts.

BY BABA BHARATI.

SYNOPSIS, CHAPTERS I TO IV

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.

Mystified by this miracle, Jim turned again to the Yogi, in whose presence he felt himself undergoing a strange spiritual awakening. In the conversation that followed, the Englishman realized that his life was an open book to this Hindoo Saint. Although possessed of an overwhelming desire to become a disciple of the Saint, the latter ordered Jim to return to his home and duties. Before leaving, however, the Yogi told Jim that if his will and determination should endure, they would again meet at a place to which Jim should later be directed. Starting to go, Jim picked up his gun and looked at the deer which had been lying dead a few cubits from where he stood. The deer was gone.

## CHAPTER V.

IN fresh wonderment, Jim tried to think what had become of the deer. For a second, the suggestion came to his mind as to the probability of the Yogi's having removed the dead body of the animal somewhere while Jim was away at the mystic pond. But the next second it dismissed itself by the impression which directly gained on him that the Yogi did not move an inch from his seat until he rose at parting.

Then it flashed through him suddenly, the hopeless spirit of doubt with which the Western mind is filled, the doubt that doubts in spite of overwhelming demonstrations of the truth of a thing. A sad smile flitted across his face as he turned to go. "What wofully perverse creatures we are," he said to himself, "we of the materialized West. Seeing, we see not; feeling, we feel not; hearing, we hear not, and yet we think we are great peoples whereas we are no greater than ants. We are great peoples indeed, great in ignorance the darkness of which we call light—what a dense darkness in the light of the events which have just occurred!"

He mused in this strain for a little while as he went along in a westerly direction as the Yogi had told him, through more or less thick jungle, crawling here, bending there as tree-branches stood in



his way and interlaced vines impeded his progress. His musing was soon marred, however, by a shout which he heard and which came from a few feet from where he stood listening to it. In another moment a Hindoo menial came running to him, salaaming profusely, and said in an excited manner:

"Sáhib! Sáhib! I have been running everywhere to find you for over an hour and I was so anxious about you, scouring the jungle all this time. And, Sáhib, I thought you were devoured by a tiger, you, my mái-báp, you my bread-giver."

And the poor man burst out into tears and sobbed, covering his face with his palms. In the tenderest mood of his heart in which he was at the time, Jim was deeply touched by this expression of genuine affection for him from his servant whom he had never treated before with any real kindly feeling. Along with the majority of the Anglo-Indians, he had looked upon his native servants as poor devils who had to be endured like the heat, because he had to be in the country on account of the handsome salary and social position he enjoyed there; position and money he could not dream of expecting in his own country. Yet it had occurred to him many a time that these Indian servants were wonderfully intelligent, able and devoted, much more than any class of menials he had seen in England. At times he had full evidence of their concern and affection for their master. But sharing the foolish and hardened conceit of the average Englishman in India, he had regarded that concern and affection as born of nothing but their spirit of servility. Just at this moment, however, his heart was, for the first time in his life, softened by the soul-awakening by the grace of the Yogi and, therefore, this demonstration of affection from his Hindoo servant vibrated through him so forcibly that his eyes became moist, and rushing toward him he clasped him in his arms, saying:

"I appreciate your kindness, Mithoo, and your affection, and I never did it before. Pardon me, Mithoo, I have been a Saitán all my life. But now, I know better. You are all gods, Mithoo, a race of gods, with your qualities of head and heart, and we Sáhibs here are veritable Saitáns. Forgive me, oh forgive me, for my past treatment of you."

And Jim burst into tears which moistened the head of his servant as he kept him still in close embrace, with his chin on his forehead.

Mithoo was simply surprised at this wonderful change in his master's temper and feelings, and he did not know what to think of it, although he was blessing all the gods for this sudden transformation in this hard-hearted white man. But such was his natural reverence for his master, a reverence born in his blood and bred in his bone for his bread-giver, that he could not respond to the embrace of his master by embracing him. That would be a lack of reverence which even he, illiterate low-caste man though he was, would never betray. He, therefore, kept touching the sides of Jim with his fingers while he sobbed and wept like a child on his bosom.

Jim the next moment released Mithoo from the embrace, drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and putting it to his eyes stood sobbing before his servant, his servant who had never seen him in the least melting attitude in his presence. Mithoo, also wiping the tears from his eyes, felt like consoling his master with some sweet words. But he did not know what to say, not knowing what the matter was with him. He, therefore, stood before him with his eyes



on the ground and arms hanging limp at his sides, a demonstration of reverential tenderness which the Hindoo alone knows how to make. He did not feel it even proper to ask his master as to the cause of his change or tender feeling. He, therefore, stood there before him in that posture of respectful silence waiting for Jim to explain himself if he thought it necessary.

Mithoo's silent query was felt by Jim and he answered it.

"You are wanting to know, Mithoo," he said, controlling his feelings with an effort and looking at and regarding his servant as a friend, "you are wanting to know what is the matter with me, what has brought about this sudden and extreme change. I will tell you, Mithoo. It is the work of a god, a god-man, a saint that seldom blesses the earth with the touch of his feet. He has changed me from the most ferocious human beast into something like a man, a man who has caught a glimpse of the divine manhood that is within him, by the contact of his personal presence. I wish you had seen him, Mithoo, one of your heavenly beings in human flesh. I do not even think that he is a human being at all or that his flesh is human at all. He is all divine and, Mithoo, he has changed my whole mind and opened my eyes to the glories of my soul. And I am going to live that glorious soul-life, I am going to live with him forever, from now on. I will follow him and his teachings to be something like the god-man he is, and I am going to sacrifice everything for it—wife, child, home, money, everything, everything!"

As Jim was speaking, Mithoo was trembling with emotion in every limb, and as Jim stopped, Mithoo fell on the ground at his feet.

"O Sáhib, Sáhib," he shouted as he rolled on the dust, "O Sáhib, you have become a god yourself and the saint you have seen must be God himself. Ráma has blessed you with a visit. Ráma is an ocean of kindness, Ráma, the Lord of Seeta, the Lord of the Universe, who answers the call of love of even the lowest of the low. Sáhib, you must have had merit in your past birth. Yes, Sáhib, you must have done good work, you must have loved Ráma much in your past birth to have merited the visit of such a holy one of Ráma who has shown you the path of Mukti—freedom. But, Sáhib, you should not leave your home and leave Memsáhib and Johnny Bába. What will become of them? Memsáhib is so good, kind, and loving, like a very Luchmee, and Johnny Bába loves you so much. He is so young, only three years old; he will cry and die for his papa and Memsáhib will die too, she loves you so. And then we shall be so miserable, so unhappy. What will become of us? You are our bread-giver—Undátá. We servants are also your children. All we servants work for you as your sons and daughters. We look upon you as father and Memsáhib as mother and Johnny Bába as our baby brother. Don't leave us, Sáhib, don't make the world dark for us and for your Memsáhib and child. Sáhib, don't do it. It will break our hearts."

This was too much for Jim to bear, this wonderful affection which Mithoo, though a low, illiterate Hindoo, expressed for his hitherto hard-hearted master at the first manifestation toward him of kindly feeling. Jim raised him from the ground and, though trembling with emotion himself, he tried to calm his affectionate servant.

"Did I not tell you, Mithoo," he said in broken voice, wiping Mithoo's eyes with his own handkerchief, "you are a race of gods and we are all saítáns? What wealth of affection you all possess, what undeserved gratitude, for us who treat you with such contempt and cruelty! I have known it at last and I want to be like one of you, to live among you and worship



your God, who has filled you all with so much of His Own qualities. Go I must to join the wonderful Saint. My resolution is made and nothing can shake it, and none can persuade me from it. Now, calm yourself and listen to me, Mithoo. If you loved me before when I did not deserve your love, and if you love me now, as I see you do, help me in my resolution. It flashes through me that you are the one who can help me in this my greatest need in this life. I am going to ask the permission of my wife to let me go back to my Yogi. She will be very much disturbed by it and may rouse the whole cantonment against my step. I will treat her kindly and provide for her, but my resolution will be unshaken. Nothing can bind me to the world any more, Mithoo."

"But, Sáhib," began Mithoo with hands folded, in a voice tremulous with the tender grief he felt, "but, Sáhib, think well, think long before you go, for once you go, you cannot come back. That is the Law of the Holy Road. Therefore, think well and long. I cannot teach you, Sáhib, you are my master. A servant cannot teach a master, but I am telling you the law of ascetic life. I am an ignorant man, a foolish rustic, but we hear from the ascetics about their law, and I know it because my own brother became an ascetic and never came back."

"You can teach me everything, Mithoo," Jim answered. "The most ignorant of your people are wiser than the wisest amongst us, for you all live in an atmosphere of wisdom. I know it now, I did not know it before. But listen, do not try any more to persuade me not to go, for go I must. Now, be my friend and help me. The cantonment people, led by my wife, will make a row, but you be my friend. You buy me some clothes to put on, so I may flee in disguise at depth of night. If you love me, you will do it. Here is some money for you and to buy the clothes for me. And, if you will help me flee, I will give you one hundred rupees."

"No, no," cried Mithoo with his palms raised in protest, "No, no, Sáhib, I do not want a cowrie—not a shell. Leave every rupee for your wife and child. They will need it when you are gone, every rupee. And I will never leave Memsáb so long as I live and so long as she wants me. I and my wife will take care of your wife and child."

Jim embraced Mithoo again and they walked in silence side by side through the jungle toward the city.

## CHAPTER VI.

ONCE they were out of the jungle and had struck a path which lay across a cattle-grazing ground, more than a mile wide, over which they walked toward the spot, where, under the shade of a huge peepul tree, their horses were grazing, Jim became lost in thought of the problem which confronted him, the problem as to how he would put it to his wife, his resolution to study under the Yogi and to induce her to permit him to do so. Would he tell her everything that had happened in the jungle?

His mind answered, "No." And he knew it was right, for two reasons. One was, they would not believe it, she and the whole Anglo-Indian world. They would rather think he was a dreamer, or a deluded fool, or a man who had suddenly turned crazy. They would believe anything but the facts as he would tell them. The second reason was that it would be impolitic to tell the real story, for that would add to the difficulties of his carrying out his resolution. They would call the Yogi an impostor, a black magician, a hypnotist who had designs upon his purse, and perhaps they would try to find him out and put him to trouble.



At this last suggestion he smiled as the answer came from within him, "Who could put such a powerful Yogi to trouble? They could never even find him. It is the rarest privilege to come across such a blessed one." And Jim thought of the privilege he had enjoyed. He wondered what he had done to merit it. He remembered not a single act of special merit in his life which could deserve the privilege of such a Saint's visit, and he came to the conclusion that it was really his extreme wickedness that drew such a being of extreme love and holiness to him.

This conclusion started emotions within him once again, but they were disturbed by Mithoo who was following him in solemn silence, carrying Jim's gun and his own. Absorbed in his thoughts and emotions, Jim was walking absentmindedly past the peepul tree where the horses were grazing.

"Sáhib," Mithoo called out to him, "here are our horses. If you will wait a few minutes, I will saddle them."

Jim pulled out his handkerchief once more, wiped his moistened eyes and, as Mithoo set down the guns leaning them against the trunk of the tree, "Leave them here, Mithoo, those murderous weapons," he said to him, "those instruments of cruelty made by the Saitán. I will never touch mine, and I don't want you to touch yours. It is sin to touch them."

Struck by this fresh evidence of the tenderness which had awakened in Jim, Mithoo stood looking at him with a regard which was akin to awe. He folded his hands to him and said, bowing his head in homage:

"Patron of the poor, that is how our holy ones talk and you have become a holy one yourself, Sáhib, by the touch of that great soul you have met, or else you could not feel such kindness. But let me carry the guns home, for if I do not, Memsáb will take me to task for it."

Jim appreciated the prudence of his servant and the intelligence which prompted it, as well as his anxious concern for him and his. These words of Mithoo had also in them the ring of the assurance of his loyalty and friendship in his coming need.

The horses were saddled and as they rode, the servant following the master, toward the city which was many miles distant, Jim became once more absorbed in revolving plans for the solution of his problem. The more he thought, the more impossible the solution appeared to be. He almost saw all the scenes in succession which would follow the declaration of his purpose to his wife—scenes of raging passion-storms, prospective storms which would have made any heart less stout than Jim's sink back in despair and finally weaken into abandoning his resolution. But Jim felt that he was filled with a force of mind unknown to him before. It seemed to him that the force was from some unknown depth of the mind, a force that nothing could resist, a force which would sweep everything that would come before it even if it were a mountain. All he thought of was the Yogi and his pupilship at his feet—his soul's development. The scenes of passion-storms that pictured themselves before his mind's eye looked hazy, made as it were of dream-stuff, and in that haze, and in that indomitable will he found his way—the solution of his problem.

But whatever he was, wicked or harsh to many, he had a very tender spot in his heart, and it belonged to his wife. Not that he was always kind to her. He was harsh to her also, many times; so much so, that it made her weep very bitter tears and at times writhe in agony. But he had always repented the next moment and taken her to his bosom upon which she would sob away her sorrows inflicted by his temper. Then she would smile through her tears and say to him:



"After all, Jim, you are a good, good, sweet soul. Do you know, Jim, what I think of you at times? I think you are born for a high purpose. There is some greatness lurking somewhere within you of which I catch a glimpse when I think deeply of you over my sewing, when you are away, Jim, in your office. Then a queer sensation creeps over me and I become sad, oh so sad. Why do I become sad, Jim, sad at the glimpse of your greatness? For I love you, Jim, with all my heart, with all my soul, and your greatness ought to make me so proud, make me love you all the more, make me all the more joyous for it. But why this sadness I cannot tell—can you, Jim?"

And Jim would wipe her tears, kiss her rosy mouth again and again with a tenderness he rarely felt, and reply to her in a husky voice:

"I can't, my little darling. It is your love for me, your great love which I do not deserve, which sees any greatness in me. I see in myself all that is bad whenever I find a moment to think of myself, and the moment comes whenever I have been a brute to you. I am a brute, Lizzie, all of me is an untamed brute. I have resolved over and over again to be kind to you, but I have failed, as you know, miserably failed. My brute temper gets the better of me before I am aware of it. It is a curse, Lizzie, a curse that came to me from somewhere, Heaven alone knows. My only consolation is your love, such an all-forgiving love. But I love you, my darling. In my heart of heart, I have a great love for you which my brute temper spoils in its expression. Forgive me, sweetheart, forgive me, out of the largeness of your greater love, out of your love which is like an angel's in its sweetness."

Then his wife would say, twining her arms around his neck, and looking into his blue eyes with her glistening gray ones:

"Don't say that, Jim, don't say to me you are a brute. To me you are all that is good, loving and lovable. I do not see your faults, or perhaps I love even your faults. When you make me weep and cry, my pain is more for the fear of losing you, Jim. That is another queer idea that makes me so sad at times. The fear comes upon me that I shall lose you somehow, some day. I do not know why it comes but it does, and makes me so sad, oh so sad." And she would burst into fresh tears.

All these tender memories of his wife's love for him woke up in his heart as Jim thought of her, and a gush of tears wetted his cheeks. This weakness made him start. He called it weakness, these tears for his wife's love and his for her. It also made him think why he wept at all now. Weeping had through all his life been so foreign to him, foreign to the average Englishman. He had never wept before and even when his eyes moistened, out of his contrition for his wrongs to his wife who made it the keener by her love and forgiveness, he used to feel somewhat ashamed of it, although he could not control it at the time. At all other times he believed in and was proud of the insular stiffness of his English feeling and temperament. None in the world had ever seen him shed tears or show emotion except his wife.

But now, he said to himself, what a change had come so suddenly upon him! It had changed his whole being, nature and temperament. Now he felt like weeping at the least excuse, he felt like weeping all the time. He wept even to his servant, Mithoo, wept like a child. But did he not feel all the better for the weeping? He did not feel ashamed. What a change, what a change! "What a magician is the Yogi!" he exclaimed, "what a moral alchemist! I will go to him and sit at his feet to be fully awakened, and nothing can prevent me."

He had arrived at the door of his house without knowing it, but his horse knew, and had stopped.



## CHAPTER VII.

"You did not bring any game, Jim, and you have returned so early. Why, what is the matter? Why are you so sad?" said Mrs. Lawrence, as her husband entered the darkened drawing-room. She was sitting in her low easy chair as Jim entered, and greeted him with her usual smile-illuminated face and love-filled voice. But as Jim turned round after shutting the door and looked down at the carpet to avoid her glance, she saw his face was most unusually grave and sad. This made her smile vanish in a second, and with a face of serious concern she quickly rose from her seat and ran to her husband.

"What is the matter, Jim, what is the matter?" she exclaimed, twining her left arm around his neck, and with her right caressing his cheek. "Tell me, what is the matter?" she asked again; "why are you so sad? You look quite a different being. Are you sick? Are you hurt?"

For all answer Jim kept his eyes turned away from her and heaved a very deep sigh, at which Mrs. Lawrence became alarmed. She had never seen her husband in such a mood before and she was dying to know its cause. Something terrible must have happened, she said to herself, to make her husband look and feel so. She took him to a sofa, made him sit, and pressed her questions once more, and with tenderest caresses coaxed him to answer them. She turned his face towards her and asked him to look into her eyes:

"Why, Jim, why don't you look at me and into my eyes? What has happened to make you feel so? Tell me, my darling, I can wait no longer; my heart is already breaking at your terrible sadness. Now look into my eyes and tell me all. You have never kept anything from me."

At this Jim looked into her eyes with a stolid look whose depth of sadness chilled her heart into greater alarm and anxiety. And as Jim did not speak a single word, but kept looking at her with that stolid look, Mrs. Lawrence, not knowing what to do, burst out into tears.

"Tell me, Jim, tell me quickly," she sobbed on his breast, "I cannot hold myself any longer. What, in the Lord's name, is it that has made you so sad so suddenly? You went out shooting, and you have come back early without game or gun, quite a different being, sad, so sad, that my heart breaks to look at you, and you will not speak a word. That tells me your sadness is something too deep for expression. I feel it is ominous of something too dreadful to happen. I can bear your silence no longer. Shall I call and ask Mithoo about it?"

"No," answered Jim slowly, in a voice whose tone was sad yet peculiar for a ring of hardness in it. "No," he repeated, "don't call Mithoo. I have come to tell you the whole thing. Wait a moment, let me arrange in my mind what I have to say."

As Jim spoke these words, the peculiar hardness in his sad voice made the heart of Mrs. Lawrence flutter, and, before she had time to think what it might be, Jim spoke again in a fiercely sad voice, his eyes glistening with that sad fierceness.

"Or I might as well tell you at once," he began, "my silence seems ominous, you say. It is. More ominous than you can think. You say I look like a changed being. I am more changed than I look, more changed than you can dream of, and that inside an hour. Would you believe it, inside an hour? The most wonderful thing in my life has happened, Lizzie, the greatest miracle has been performed within me by a man who is God's own man, the highest Hindoo Yogi Saint that treads this blessed land of India. I am no more the same brute Jim that you called your husband. I am more like a man now and if you will allow



me to do as I wish to, I may yet acquire my full manhood. Then I will be worthy of you. Will you let me go and develop into my full manhood under this Yogi? I ask your permission, Lizzie. Will you be an angel, Lizzie, in this as you have been in all things else in the past, an angel-wife—will you, will you?"

And he took both hands of his wife in his hands and held them in almost a fierce grasp appealingly.

Elizabeth Lawrence did not know what to say. She was frightened at her husband's complete change of tone of voice, speech and demeanor. She had heard every word he said, but she failed to understand their full import. The presentiment she had and which she had, in her husband's tender moments, expressed to him many times before, the presentiment that she would one day lose him, the presentiment which in its hazy expression used to make her so sad, was beginning to be clear within her, as if it was on the verge of realization. And whatever Jim said about meeting the Saint Yogi who had transformed him into another being was almost covered by the predominance of her intuition which gained upon her in all its impending cruel fulfillment. Her eyes became fixed upon his vacantly. She disengaged her hands from her husband's and clutched his arms tightly. In a few seconds more she saw her husband's face change—what a change! What a weird change—brown, browner, almost dark; the features became transformed too, and Elizabeth could stand the vision no longer. With a shriek she fell upon the carpeted floor and fainted. Jim found out his imprudence in breaking the matter to her so suddenly, but he had no time nor wit to think of doing otherwise. He raised his wife in his arms and, gathering her to his bosom, kissed her white lips.

"Wake up, wake up, my darling, forgive me," he said to her most caressingly. In a few seconds Mrs. Lawrence gained consciousness and looked wilding about the room.

"Don't be frightened," said Jim, "my own darling, look at me and forgive me. I have been a brute to you once more, but it is not my temper this time, but my imprudence. We will not talk of it now," and he stroked her hair and forehead and kissed her again.

Elizabeth shut her eyes slowly, and said, "Did you say, Jim, you were going to leave me? If you did, do not say so again. Never leave me. I shall die if you do."

For all answer Jim kept caressing her.

"I told you of my premonition, Jim," she spoke again as tears rolled down her cheeks and her voice trembled with fear, "the premonition that vaguely haunted me that I would some day lose you. That premonition is in the full force of its clearness now. It comes to me forcibly that it is going to be fulfilled. But whatever may happen, should it happen that you leave me, the world will be all dark and empty without you, Jim. Don't go, don't go, don't leave me."

Jim looked away from her and kept staring at the other end of the room. His heart was trembling with tenderness, but he felt his resolution remained unshaken. And feeling it, he felt that the Yogi had filled him with the force of will born of his soul-consciousness, which was as calm as it was invincible to any worldly power. His wife caught this in him unconsciously, and said in a calm tone, at which Jim was a little surprised:

"Jim, tell me the whole story from beginning to end. Whatever may happen, I must know the facts which have so suddenly changed you. I have a right to know it, Jim, and do not fear, but tell me all. I will be



a friend to you, Jim, as long as I live and even beyond this life. If that Saint has blessed you with such a miraculous transformation, I bless him for it. But it seems to me he has no right to take you from me. Now tell me all, tell me all that has happened."

Jim thought very quickly, trying to decide whether it would be prudent to tell the whole story, but something told him to do so. The reassuring tone and calmness of his wife also encouraged him, and turning to her he said:

"I do think you have a right to hear all that has happened, and if you will hear calmly I will tell you all. It may help you to understand my present attitude of mind and convince you that I am neither a fool nor a deluded man."

Jim then told his wife the whole story from the chasing of the deer to its disappearance, everything that had happened, not omitting a single phase of the incident and its influence upon his mind.

As he finished, he looked at his wife, who was absorbed in her attention, and waited for her opinion of it. But none came. She was silent as a stone, and with stony eyes directed at the wall sat motionless in her seat.

(To be continued.)

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### THE JAPANESE SPIRIT OF GIVING.

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In *THE HOUSEKEEPER* Miss Marian Bonsall writes entertainingly of the "art of giving" as practiced by the Orientals. "With the Japanese," says the writer, "giving is a passion, an exhilaration, an art." Then she cites numerous examples of the thoughtful and tactful manner in which these people convey their gifts. One story of her own experience she relates in these words:

Nowhere outside of the Mikado's realm does the ruler receive such absolute adoration from the mass of his people; an adoration that extends not only to the members of his household, but to inanimate objects associated with them. A garment worn before the Emperor is too sacred to be worn in any inferior presence; the most insignificant object from his household possesses all the sanctity of a religious relic.

We had accepted the invitation of a humble schoolmaster to visit his aged mother and a cousin who lived with him in a tiny house in a retired street in Tokyo. Poor they were, but polite, even to the extreme limit of Japanese etiquette in depreciating their home. At the parting they gave us gifts, prepared with loving care—fruit, flowers, poems executed with some skill in calligraphy, such as are frequently hung on Japanese walls; and last of all, some little French cakes discolored and dusty with age, so much in contrast to the exquisite freshness of the other offerings that we knew that herein lay some mysterious courtesy. For the fruit and flowers and the poems they apologized profusely, saying, "These gifts are not at all worthy of the name; indeed they are so poor that we are ashamed to give them to you. We do so only because you are so kindly interested in Japanese flowers and poems." Then our hosts hesitated, a hesitancy which seemed to mean that even they could not repress from their speech the value which the simple cakes held for them. "You are our first American guests and we wish to give you something of honor," they said. "We take great pleasure in giving you these cakes, for they were once on the table of the Empress."



## WESTERN POETS AND HINDOOISM.

By ADELIA BEE ADAMS.

THOUGH not until within comparatively recent years have the people of the West begun to sit up and take more or less positive notice of the profound religious philosophy of the older citizens of the earth, yet our poets—early and recent—have ever been holding out to us the beauties of the esoteric ethics of the Orientals. But perhaps because they were poets we have neglected to take them seriously; forgetting that true poets were ever seers, as all ancient seers were poets. And perhaps not until we have more general knowledge of the philosophy of the old religion, shall we be able to really understand our own poets, who, in their most enduring and exalted eloquence—in those flights, the beauty of which make the heart of the reader stand still—must draw their inspiration from the one source—the Universal Light—which they, in glimpses, recognize as the Eternal Truth—by all nations sought after in the name of "religion."

That Shelly was at times consciously gifted with the real soul-vision of the seer, he has hinted in his preface to "Prometheus Unbound." But that admission was but for the few who cared to recognize it. That he was a sympathetic student of Hindoo religion is shown throughout the entire sentiment of that wonderful lyrical drama, as well as in other of his writings. His conception of man as:

"One harmonious soul of many a soul,

"Whose nature is its own divine control,

"Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea"

is pure Hindooism. And read again—in "Prometheus," the dialogue, where the "Spirit of Earth" runs to "Asia," and begins:

"Mother, dearest Mother,

May I then, talk with thee, as I was wont?"

Shelly's belief in the oneness of all things, as well as his acceptance of the doctrine of reincarnation, is shown also throughout "Adonais:"

"That light whose smile kindles the Universe,  
That beauty in which all things work and move,  
That benediction which the eclipsing curse  
Of birth can quench not—"

Wordsworth, too, accepts reincarnation, which is so essentially a part of Oriental philosophy. He says: "Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting."

And Tennyson, in one of his shorter poems, entitled "The Mystic," shows an intimate knowledge of and sympathy with the Ancient religion. Of the "Mystic" he writes:

\* \* \* "He hath felt

The vanities of after and before;

Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart

The stern experiences of converse lives,

The linked woes of many a fiery change,

Had purified and chastened, and made 'free.'"

Emerson, of course, is claimed by the Theosophists, who are striving to interpret the Hindoo religion. And Edwin Arnold labored constantly to interpret the Eastern philosophy, both in his own conceptions of it, and in translations from Oriental literature.

The majority of the better known of living Western poets continue to enrich their poetic outputs with the beauties of thought embodied in the religion of the Orient, and doubtless poets to come shall ever draw their ethereal imageries from the same source, for what is a poet's mission but to express beauty? And what so beautiful as Truth?



## SAYINGS OF KRISHNA.

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He who knoweth himself to be of Me, he bringeth Me even within himself, but he thinketh himself to be separated from Me. Lo, he seeth Me afar off and his soul is ever on a quest which findeth no harbor. Nor doth he know the shadow that hideth him from the burning sun or even the bush in the desert that protecteth him from the sand-storm. He that knoweth himself even the self that is of Me, he hath all his senses in abeyance and hath not the torturous struggles of the enemies that are within his mind. When he seeth himself apart from Me, in whom his self is lost, though he knows it not, because of the clouding of the eye of that self which hath not awakened to find itself enthroned even in its home, which is I.



Yea, he that sitteth in the stillness of his soul, knowing Me in the fullness of My might, in the immutability of My law and the grandeur of My love, he knoweth neither friend nor enemy for he hath been lifted beyond the plane where either friend or enemy, good or evil, life or death exists. For him is the rock of the Eternal visible, and the stem from which the Tree of Life is sprung is readable, and the spaces where stars march are also in his view, for his higher self hath embraced Me, and because of it, he hath absorbed of the wisdom that is ever like a cloud about Me. And he that even looks upon that cloud is blessed, but many times more blessed is he who hath broken them through and looks upon the beauty of My Love in its eternal activity.



He who seeth not darkness or light or even quality that produceth them, but hath reached the Rock of Ages upon which all these are founded and therefore holdeth only the causes of the light and darkness and even the quality that produceth them, he hath found himself safe from all that these causes effect, for he hath come face to face with the Doer of all that is done and is no longer under its laws, and is therefore not disturbed by them. He who is not disturbed by joy or sorrow, by success or failure, or by aught that springs from the mind, he too hath beheld the source of all these conditions and has outmastered them. Yea, for him, that which is of earth is as naught, and even that which is celestial is barren, for his foundation is the Abode in which My Feet are planted, and lo, that Abode is the Permanence upon which all creation stands. And because he hath reached that footstool, he parteth from his beloved as from a breath, and broodeth upon sin and sin's senses as upon a breeze, and upon censure and praise as upon the patter of rain, for he is not of breath or breeze or rain, but of Me. He who meditates on Me Who is Indestructable and Who is the One Beyond All Quantity and Quality, he shall even step over the belt where destruction is.

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

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



## A CHRIST-SPIRIT CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

BY BABA BHARATI.

HINDOO India has a Christian Christmas and a Hindoo Christmas as well. The invasion of modern materialistic ideas of the West have given young English-educated India a taste of Merry Christmas in its merriest phase. Christmas, in the entire Christendom, has in our day been reduced to mirth alone. "Eat, drink and be merry" is now the motto of the Yule Tide. Christmas, alas, has lost all its Christ-spirit for the average Christian. Its very idea in the Western mind is associated with presents, turkey roasts, cakes, champagne and a real good time. Most of these Christmas merry-makers do not think of ever going to church, even on the Christmas day, few think of the Babe of Bethlehem, fewer still care to pray at home or in a public place of worship. But there is this merry side to this merry Christmas which is universally inspiring; even atheists, non-Christians, materialists, agnostics and nondescripts feel the spirit of Christmas merrymaking. All are agreed that the time for a short vacation and unbridled pleasure has come and even bless Christ Jesus for it.

Many English educated young Indians in the presidency cities in India, that is to say, in Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, celebrate the Christmas of their Christian rulers in the fashion in vogue in present-day Christendom. In Calcutta some of these anglicized native houses are decorated outside with garlands of marigold in imitation of the decoration of English homes. Then some baboos (gentlemen) go to some suburban villa and celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ with hard drinking of whiskey and champagne, wound up with a feast of goat flesh, curries and pilao—rice cooked with goat meat. Some of these merry-makers do not enjoy the feast, the "drop too much" robs them of the feast of flesh and they are found under the table. Only these baboos have no table. The native Christian converts, generally drawn from the pariah castes, not only follow this fashion of Christmas-ing, but become rowdy in many cases, to show their fierce love for the gentle Saviour of Nazareth.

Christianity is one of the noblest of religions, but Christianity, as it has been introduced into India by its modern apostles, scarcely ever inspires any sense of reverence. Most of these native converts have taken to it for the impunity with which they can use foods and drinks forbidden by the Hindoo religion, while the average Christian missionary does not show in his own life any practical spiritual regard for his religion or a soulful devotion for his Master in his conduct and home life. Hence the Christian missionary is regarded as the greatest joke by the devout Hindoo.

The Hindoos have, however, their own Christmas, which is a Christ-Spirit Christmas unparalleled in the whole world for its practical feeling of brotherhood. It is called the Dusserah in upper India, Bombay and Madras, and called the Bijayá in Bengal. The Dusserah means the tenth day of the waxing moon of the autumn season which continues for two months in India. The word Bijayá means the day of the victory of virtue over vice. But it is no celebration of an abstract idea which sanctifies the day or inspires the universal good feeling. It is the celebration of the anniversary of a real event which occurred millions of years ago. I am sorry to use the words "millions of years" knowing how it has the tendency of unsettling the nerves of the modern West, as it is hard for it to believe that the world even existed so long ago.



and harder still to take it as a fact that any event which occurred millions of years ago can have any authentic historical record. And yet Hindoo history does possess such records which are implicitly believed in today by every Hindoo, man, woman or child. America is rich with millions of money, while India is rich with millions of years of antiquity. She has kept the records of the chief events of the world from creation down to our day. But her saintly sage historians have not cared to chronicle events, however great, which have no bearing upon the spiritual interests of mankind. They have only kept the records of those events, the knowledge of whose details would elevate future humanity from the mire of materiality into moral and spiritual heights. The ancient literature of the Hindoos is more voluminous than all the literature of the western peoples put together, the huge crop of trash novels and light reading included.

The book which records the event of this Victory of Virtue over Vice is called the *Rāmāyana*, the first of the two great epics of India, known by its name to all western scholars. *Rāmāyana* means the sacred life story of Rāma, the seventh incarnation of God, who was born among men and sanctified the earth by the touch of his holy treading. The primal object of every divine incarnation is to destroy evil and establish good, and secondarily, to give examples of virtuous conduct and actions to all mankind. Rāma's primal object was to destroy evil, which had, before he was born, manifested itself in the form of the demon Ravana, the king of Ceylon, who oppressed the whole world by his aggressive conquests and cruel acts through his psychical and physical powers, as a warrior of matchless might and valor, and until the earth groaned under the load of his vices and cried out for succor to the Most High. And God responded to that prayer and became incarnated in the flesh as Rāma, the king of Ajodhya.

Rāma was the ideal of ideal kings. He loved his subjects more than he loved his wife, children or brothers, as he showed by his actions. Ravana carried away his devoted and beautiful wife, Seetā, while she was alone and unprotected in the wilderness, where for a time Rāma with his wife and a brother, was sojourning to make good a vow of his father. To recover Seetā, he waged war against Ravana, a war in which even the beasts of the forest joined his side to help him, drawn by his love for whole creation. One after one Ravana's great generals and valiant sons fell before the mighty arrow of Rāma, until when no one was left to fight the Divine Warrior, Ravana himself, took up the command of his army. But Ravana was invincible through a boon which he received from Siva, one of the Hindoo Triad, in satisfaction of his devotion and prayers to him. Ravana prayed for immortality, but Siva, instead of granting that prayer gave him an arrow, which he said would be the only weapon with which he, Ravana, could be killed. Ravana, therefore, kept it hidden within a stone column of the temple of Siva, within his palace. This was the secret of his invincibility and seeming immortality.

Rama, being an incarnation of Vishnoo, the Preserver of the Universe, knew of this boon of Siva to Ravana. Siva is a great boon giver, and the force which makes the boons of Siva effective, is drawn from Vishnoo, who is the source of all spirituality, truth and success. Siva draws Vishnoo's essence by his all-absorbing contemplation of him, and Vishnoo is absorbed in Siva because of that contemplation. Siva is Master of Matter, which he has controlled entirely by his spiritual force drawn from Vishnoo, who is All Spirit. Thus Siva's boons have their source in Vishnoo. Rama, being Vishnoo incarnate, knew of Siva's boon to Ravana which came from him originally. Therefore, he could not make that boon untrue by killing Ravana by his omnipotent power.



Here comes the tender part of the play of the Divine Rama on earth. Though God incarnate, he had to play a human part, quite humanly, for human incarnations of the Deity must needs be human, or there would be no necessity or *raison d'être* of God incarnating in human flesh. The whole creation, which is but the materialized will-force of God, is at best his play, the scenes of which find their climaxes by the entry into the stage of these Divine Incarnations, and are illumined by the lime-light of their hallowed actions. Rama, therefore, had to have recourse to human methods and means in order to secure his end, that of destroying the Evil Incarnate Ravana.

The means by which he attempted to gain his end was to worship Divine Energy or the Spirit Energy of Nature, called Doorga in India. Doorga is the consort of Siva. Siva's Spiritual Energy is the Motherhood of Humanity. He worshiped her according to the ritual and formula given in the Vedas, the God-inspired Bible of the Hindoos, which embodies Eternal Truths. According to this Vedic formula for worshipping the Mother of Divine Energy, he had to worship her with one thousand and one blue lotuses, the rarest flower in the world. But he secured the one thousand and one flowers and set to worship the Divine Mother with her symbolic image of clay placed before him. He worshiped for three days, offering a long prayer with each flower, submitted at the feet of the Goddess with all absorbing concentration and loving devotion. On the fourth day he found that the last of the one thousand and one lotuses was missing. He could not account for it, for he had counted them all one by one carefully many times before he commenced his worship. There was no mistake about the counting, he was sure all the one thousand and one flowers were there and yet one was missing. Strange that it should be so! Rama was disconsolate. Not another flower could be had. In his distress he meditated to divine the reason or probable reason for the missing flower. The inspiration came like a flash. His intuition told him that the Divine Mother herself had hidden the flower to make his worship ineffective, for according to the formula the prayers must be made with the full number of flowers enjoined—one thousand and one; one less would make the worship ineffectual.

Here Rama rose to the height of supreme devotion. He would sacrifice anything, his life itself, to make good the loss of the last flower. He prayed to the Divine Mother with tender devotion unparalleled in the history of the ensouled human heart: "O Mother! Thou hast hidden the last lotus to frustrate the object of my worship in order to withhold the boon I ask for. Thou art all Wise, thou art All Just. Who will deny the wisdom and justice of your actions? But I will supply the place of the flower to make my worship complete, if you will be so kind as to accept the substitute. All the people call me "Blue-Lotus-Eyed," and I will offer one of my eyes at your feet—do thou, O Mother, accept it in place of the flower, out of your kindness for this, thy humble devotee."

And Rama took up an arrow and with its point was about to take out his right eye to place it at the feet of the image, when before the eyes of the thousands of spectators, the Divine Mother manifested herself in the clay image. The clay became all flesh—living, quivering flesh. And, with both her hands, the living image caught the hand of Rama with which he was about to tear out his right eye, and drew him to her bosom and said to him with all the tenderness of all the Universe that was within her, "O my Rama, my dearest child! Thou hast won my grace with thy supreme, all-sacrificing devotion. I did steal the lotus you missed, not with the object of depriving you of the boon you asked



for, but to show to the whole world the example of thy all-winning, irresistible devotion and sacrifice to me. This sacrifice shall live through all the ages as a beacon light for all aspiring humanity striving to obtain my grace. This worship of me by you, because of its all-surrendering devotion, will be celebrated by all my devotees every year for three days, and on the fourth they shall feel the Spirit of Peace and Good Will to Men, which you will bring about on earth through my boon by destroying the Evil Incarnate Ravana, whose death weapon you will secure through my grace."

This event occurred millions of years ago, and all through these millions of years, the Hindoos all over their land have celebrated its incidence and significance year by year, and have been blessed by its result—peace on earth and good will among mankind. The three days of worship of the Divine Mother fall on the seventh, eighth and ninth days of the waxing moon of every autumn, and on the fourth day the images are immersed in the Ganges or in rivers or in small lakes. After the immersion comes the blessed Spirit. It engulfs all Hindoo humanity in its tide, the tide of Peace, Love and Goodwill. It is the most sacred day in all India, sacred with the spirit that moves all souls into love and harmony. Not a single unkind word is uttered by any lip, not a single unkind thought lies in any breast. All the people go out to visit, or receive the visits of their friends and relatives. Strangers meeting in the streets shout the name of Rama as a love-greeting and benediction. People embrace each other with the truest spirit of amity and affection. All enmities are forgotten for the day and even enemies, if they chance to meet on this day, embrace each other instinctively, and become friends again. The mutual friends of people who have quarrels and differences between them wait for this day to bring about reconciliation by bringing them together, and they succeed in their blessed object. All India feels one spirit, the spirit of peace, harmony and brotherhood and are swayed by one feeling, the feeling of goodwill. It is a wonderful manifestation of the Divine Spirit through the human heart—this Christ-Spirit Christmas of the creation-old Hindoos—a Christ-Spirit Christmas the lesson of which Christendom may learn to its advantage, the example of which all Christendom may well follow at Christmas.

The Christian missionaries who go to India and try, though with the best intentions, to unchristianize these born Christians, whom they unchristianly call the heathen Hindoos, view in this Christ-Spirit Christmas demonstration nothing but an idolatrous custom, and call the story of Rama and Ravana a myth. But they forget, in their conceited zeal to teach the Hindoos spirituality with which the Hindoos are so very much filled and which the missionaries themselves so much lack, that a myth cannot endure for such a long period of time and could not influence two hundred and odd millions of souls with such a blessed spirit. But myth or truth, the Christ-Spirit manifestation is there in India on the Hindoo Christmas Day, the Divine Dusserah. May Rama bless all humanity with its blessing!

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

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



## THE BABA IN THE WEST.

### CHAPTER III.

#### IN PARIS.

I STEPPED upon the P. and O. landing platform with mixed feelings of interest, doubt and curiosity. That was my first touch with European soil—no hardened juice of earth called wood this time, but firm land—the land of the grand and wonderful West. I was about to enter the atmosphere of the New Civilization which had proved the grave—in the cases of most of my countrymen out there and back—of all Eastern individuality. Would it prove mine? Should I succumb to her irresistible temptations and blandishments or come unscathed out of the ordeal? But, although a prey to such conflicting emotions, there was one thing which I felt somewhat apart from them, which stood out clear of them—I felt, strangely enough, that I was no stranger in that strange land!

#### NOT IN A MOOD FOR A JOKE.

As I was entering the passenger shed, an Anglo-Indian gentleman, whom I had met and talked with on board, remarked, "Well, have you come to your country at last, swámiji?" Perhaps it was meant as a joke. But not being in the mood for a joke at the moment, I failed to catch its meaning. As I look at it now, I think a hatted and coated Indian would have at once smelt mischief in it, and perhaps would have retorted harshly or humorously. For myself, I felt puzzled for a second, and cast down my eyes to take thought. In another second the difficulty was over. As a Baba, I saw I was a cosmopolitan in mind, a citizen of the world in body. In India hunger found me food, and evening a shelter. In the East, wherever I roamed was my country, wherever I rested was my home. If so in the East, why not in the West? It must be so, for the Lord I worshipped was Lord of both the East and the West. Europe was my country as much as India. My friend's question was a divine signal to me. These thoughts passed across my mind within the space of a few seconds, in a kaleidoscopic whirl, and, armed with their result, I looked up to tell him I had indeed come to my country. He had vanished.

#### HEADGEAR THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION.

In a few minutes I was being driven with my companion in a phaeton to the Grand Hotel at Marseilles. On the way, all eyes from street and window were upon us. Our headgear was the centre of that attraction. We had no right, it seemed to imply, to thrust those glittering turbans—emblematic of the gorgeous East—into a sombre Western crowd in that rough-and-ready fashion. But they seemed to be more delighted than shocked, and a few boys followed our carriage to some distance shouting in glee. But the carriage suddenly turning into the Rue Noailles, I forgot to notice this merry shouting any more as the first glimpse of paradise burst upon our view. A dreamy sensation crept upon me. Was I in some dreamland?—a negative impression, which gained positive ground as night came. And glass and colour, men and women, dresses and decorations and shopware, bathed in blazing electric light, wove a woof of phantom enchantment, upon which I gazed spell-bound from the hotel window.



## ENGLISH VERSUS FRENCH—A DIALOGUE.

But this dream of a earthly paradise was best realized in Paris, which we reached next morning. The lofty houses on both sides of the straight, clean streets and broadways excited my wonder as we drove from the station to the Hotel Continental. In the evening we drove to Rue Rennequin to call upon Mme. Mason, wife of my friend, Mr. Mason, who was absent in America at the time. The concierge "lifted" us to the third floor and rang the bell. The maid, a girl of seventeen, opened the door, and in answer to my question, put in excellent English, whether Madame was at home, said something which, to me, was a sonorous sound and nothing more. I felt for the conversational guide in my pocket; it was not there. Then began a scene between two Hindoos and two Frenchwomen, who did not understand a word of each other's language, which must have been a rare treat to the gods, if they had looked on. We talked, shouted, signed, and gesticulated by turns, and the old woman and the young girl did the same for a quarter of an hour to no effect.

"Is madame at home?"

"Oui, m'sieur."

"Has she gone out?"

"Oui, oui, m'sieur, oui."

"Can we see madame now?"

"Oui, m'sieur! Madame—sortie, m'sieur."

Exhausted, the poor girl took us inside and pointed to the number VII. on the dial of a clock, from which light dawned on our dense head that madame was out and would be back by seven.

## ESTIMATE OF PARIS AND PARISIANS.

A fortnight's stay and study with Mme. Mason of Paris and Parisians created some impressions on my slow Oriental mind. Capital city of the entire West and the Far West, Paris was the centre of the new civilization. Her men and manners and things represent, as in a focus, the forces and products of the New Idea of human life as well as its aim and conduct assimilated and adopted by the old. The average Parisian mind is a wonderful weaving of old and new thought. The new may preponderate, but the old is also there, and refuses to budge an inch. Paris is no matter-of-fact London or sensational New York, and yet she is the blending of both on a background aglow with the imaginative Orient. The sheet-anchor of the French mind is buried deep in the ideals, convictions and associations of her antiquity, and however much the modern Frenchman may unconsciously cover this fact by putting on the newest habiliments of science and philosophy, the cat is out of the bag almost through his eyes. His beliefs are the commingled embodiment of two extremes—the solid faith of the past and the baseless scepticism of the present. Strange, incredibly strange, but it is true.

## FULL OF POSSIBILITIES OF GREATNESS.

It is an old Eastern axiom more or less recognized by us moderns that the man who has the courage to explore the end of one extremity can claim the capability of reaching the end of the other. "Ishk" (passion), says Háfiz, "makes a man; a passionless man is a nobody. Passion drops you into hell, but lifts you to heaven, too. A person without passion sticks to earth. He neither rises nor drops, he is of the earth, earthy. He is too much of earth to think of heaven or hell." A people with a long past, the French have got a passionate faith at the back of



their mind. It is at once the cause of their greatness as well as their downfall. As a people they can be depraved, as they are now in many of their tastes, but full of possibilities of greatness, too. Just now most of them are plunged in materialism and disbelief, Parisians in especial, but in religion the people are Catholics because they can never be Protestants.

#### AN ALL-ABSORBING SEARCH FOR PLEASURE.

Going along the Boulevards on the Bois, or strolling about the Tuileries Gardens and Champs Elysée, the instinct of an all-absorbing search for pleasure present in every man and woman sickened me. A people with such a past and such splendid possibilities in future ought to know better than to glory in being fops and flirts and votaries of fashionable dresses and luxurious eating. And yet, barring such thoughts, they present a very brilliant scene whenever you look at groups of these fashionable Parisians sitting outside a café around small tables sipping their cheap wines and chatting gaily. They seem very polite and kind-hearted, too, with the almost Eastern features of their faces and an inviting gentleness of look in their countenance and eyes.

#### FELT MORE AT HOME IN PARIS THAN LONDON.

In France, oddly enough, I felt more at home than in England, though I could not talk a word with the Frenchmen. It seemed to me they have some sort of affinity with Hindoos, which I also mark in the manners of Irishmen. My hostess, Mme. Mason, had a mixed individuality all her own. Born Irish, she is a citizen of the United States, naturalized in France. Her warm-hearted hospitality was prompted by a sincere belief in a cosmopolitan creed and conduct. Of all the women I had yet met in the West, she was well worth knowing and the pleasantest study. In making us comfortable and to feel at home, she strove, as it were, to save the honour of the West from the least breath of unfavorable Eastern criticism. No wonder her endeavor was a brilliant success, as these lines will show.

From Paris to the sea was a rail ride through one whole garden, the verdure of which was so deep-coloured that my eyes almost refused to believe that the shifting scenes on both sides were not artificial. France is the garden of Europe, and a wonderful garden it is—of Nature and culture.

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### LOVE AND WISDOM.

BY H. AYLMER HARDING.

Life is a path to victory. Every hour  
Is but an onward step to future power.  
Life has no failures; every soul who tries  
Draws mystic influences from the skies,  
Measures his might 'gainst fearful odds and wins,  
Proving God-given mastery o'er his sins.  
Man is potentially at heart a king,  
Master of Life and lord of everything.  
Let him but dream and dare and constant do  
Each daily duty till his dreams come true.  
And thus live on content from day to day,  
To prove in Love's sweet service Wisdom's way.



## HAVE YOU LOVED?\*

### II.

Love! With all your heart love somebody. If you do not care to love God, love somebody. But do not humbug yourself that you are loving the right way if not loving from the heart. And I will tell you how you will know as to whether you are humbugging yourself. If you love somebody with all your heart, with all your soul, "from the bottom of your heart," you will find that that realm which is in the bottom of your heart, the love-realm, will shine forth through your mind, will shine forth, and it will go to everyone, everyone; and you will love all, all, by and by, because the door has been opened and the love that is within you will shine forth and you will bless the man, bless the object, whom or which you have loved so whole-heartedly, that you have loved with all your being, with all your soul. You will bless that object or that man, because that man or that object has been the cause of the opening of your love-nature which will go to everybody. You will find the more you love the greater the reward; that it fills you with the happiness which, again, is the attribute of that love; the happiness that never will cease, the happiness that will flow from within out, the happiness that will thrill through every fiber of your being, that will fill every cranny and crevice of your being; the happiness which will illumine you entirely and you will feel that you are independent of everything on earth; independent, because you are not dependent any more for your happiness on any external things if you are happy from within. You know, moments come when you are so happy that you do not like to talk even to your best friends or your best beloved on earth. You want to shut the door of your room and just lie down and enjoy this rare happiness that is filling your being. You want to be alone, alone. Comes this happiness to every mortal in life; it may be but a few times in life, but it does come. It is the messenger of God. It is God's messenger to even his worst and most strayed children. You cannot do without love. You must function that altitude of your real heart; but love with your whole heart.

### HOW TO LEARN TO LOVE.

You may ask me a question; you may say, "How to love. Some of us have tried to love but we cannot love. How is it we cannot love? We want to love. In the way that you tell us, we want to love; but how is it that we cannot love?" A very pertinent question, very natural question, very practical question. I sympathize with any of you that would ask the question, with my whole heart. But the answer is simple; if you will accept from me a little hint, you will get a key that will unlock the mystery. That key is, take half an hour—or I had almost said an hour; but I dare not, you are so busy. I dare not, you are so tremendously busy! You are such busy do-nothings! I say "busy do-nothings," because you do not attend to your best business of life. You are busy with the business of your outer encasement, with the encasement that will be thrown into a wooden box and put under the earth, with perhaps a tear, a real tear, tear of love; or maybe with only a tear of the love of the senses, or love of the matter-fed mind, yes, the matter-fed mind. Take an hour, or half an hour—you are all so busy, busy. You say, "We have no time." But my Sir Man or Madam Woman, I can tell you that you humbug yourselves when you say "We have no time." If you want to give proper attention to your real interest, the interest of your real self

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



which you unconsciously designate by saying, "I;" if you really care to know the interests of that real self—the soul ought to be your first interest—then you will rise an hour before you do—or perhaps you need not be an earlier riser; you will get it out of this business which has hypnotized you. Get the half-hour or the hour, in the first breath of the morn, before you even take your breakfast. Take the half-hour, or hour, and then try to think what you are; and if my suggestion helps you, I will be so proud to know it has done so. Try to know, try to think, that you are your soul; that your soul's interest is your first interest. Then concentrate your mind upon that soul, which is, as I have said, the part of God in you, the part of the all-pervading God, the God that pervades all creation, and that God that pervades you is love; and that part of God that pervades you is your soul, and that is the soul that we call "I." Try to turn your mind in by thinking of that soul, that home of love, the home of the thing that you are seeking in this life. You are trying to find out love, or its attribute, happiness; trying to find what you call pleasure, joy; but you are trying to find that happiness which will never fade, never cease—and you haven't found it. Not even the better-conditioned persons of the world, better-conditioned in the world's goods, they, even, have not found it. They are always trying to get new sources of happiness, new objects of happiness; so they are also in the same condition as you are. So, like the rest of humanity, you are trying to find that, trying to find that happiness; and all of us from creation down to our day, all of us, are trying to find it. And many have found it. But you, you have looked outward and not found it, because the thing is within you, is within you. That soul which is your real being is the home of that unbroken happiness, which, because of its unbrokenness, because of its exquisite taste, is called bliss.

#### LOVE LOVE, THE GREATEST GOD.

Yes, concentrate upon that, for half an hour, upon what is called the soul—which is a part of the soul of the universe. As I have said, it pervades the universe and pervades you, a connected part of the universe. Therefore concentrate upon that soul. If that does not suit you, concentrate on Christ, concentrate on Buddha, concentrate on Krishna, concentrate on any other radiant expressions of God, radiant expressions of the Universal Love, of the all-pervading Love; radiant expressions, more radiant than their brother men. Try to concentrate upon any of these radiant expressions, radiant human expressions of God, whatever, whoever, appeals to you.

But even if none of these incarnations appeal to you, then concentrate on the word "Love." You understand that word "love," with all its meanings, with all its blessedness. None need to tell anybody what love is. Intuitively everybody knows what it is. Intuitively everybody knows; and if that body cannot express it, he feels it, he knows it. It is its own illuminator; it is its own interpreter. Try to concentrate on the word "love," on the sentiment "love;" the love that is the purest, the love that knows no enemy, the love that knows nothing but friends; the love that is a friend of everything, that is the manifestation of friendliness, that is the parent of peace, that is the parent of all that is lofty, all that is good, all that is soothing, all that is thrilling, all that is entrancing; all, all, that you want to call good and agreeable to you. That is the word "love" with all its deep meanings. On that word "love" concentrate half an hour, dear friends. Only half an hour, if you cannot give one hour.



Then along with it read some passages from some book of some of these great luminaries of the mental world, these incarnations. Take any book, the Bible or the Krishna Book or the Book of Buddha; take any, any book. Perhaps you cannot concentrate too long, because you are not accustomed to it—you will get wearied of it and give it up. Then take some poems; take some book that breathes of this love, and a little of the rest of the time employ your mind on it.

Daily, daily practice it and you will be filled with the strength of love every day, with the tonic of the mind you will be filled; and you will not only feel better as you go along life's daily path, but you will be able to love others better than you have done. You will be able also to get through work with a better heart, with a well toned mind, heart and body. That is the best tonic. The Hindoos, the most ancient of all peoples, do it, they take a dose of this tonic every morning for at least an hour. Many give it three or four hours during the day, but they have, fortunately, more leisure than you. Leisure you have abolished in this country. But the Hindoo gives an hour at least to this practice and he is the better for it and he lives his life better, comparatively better. You may say that he may be spiritual, but he is not independent; but he alone knows what independence is; he alone is independent who is independent of his undisciplined mind. He who has mastered his mind is the only free man. If whatever the undisciplined mind prompts him to do he does, then he is a worse slave than all the slaves you brought from Africa or men ever held by aggression. The worst of all slaves is the one who is slave to his undisciplined mind. But one who is master of his mind, one who has disciplined his mind by this love that grows with him, by his consciousness filled with the strength of that love, is a greater master than all the masters who wear a crown.

#### 'TIS NOT A MYTH.

Just concentrate upon that every day, dear hearts, every day. It will grow. Every day it will grow. Every day, if you take care to do it every day, every day. It will grow, grow, and you will find the door of the heart is opening; the door of the soul is opening wider and wider and wider and flooding your heart and mind with its radiance, with its life, with its strength, with its wisdom; and the world, you will find, will burst upon you with a new meaning in it, the world which is vaster than the small world that you knew of before. And then in that world you will live independent of the outer world, and then you will go among men and women and they will see the glory peeping out of you from every pore of your body.

It is not a myth, it is not a myth, it is not some make-believe. It is true. I tell you from experience. It is true. And hence it is that whoever gets it wants to give it, to give it. Of himself give it, give it, because it is a treasure which nobody can enjoy alone; he cannot help it, it runs out of every pore of his body, it wants to go out and envelop everybody, envelop every soul, give it to every soul. Therefore I am telling it to you, I am telling it to you; therefore I want you to take share of it, it is within you that it exists. I only am pointing out where the greatest treasure of life exists, this treasure which is absolute love, this treasure that is the only thing, the greatest thing, the greatest treasure, happiness and bliss of life; that which makes life happy as none other can, that which will make you the lord of all created things, lord of all that men care for. Because, you will not care for all these things. You will be happy from within yourself—happy! the happiest mortal that ever drew breath under God's sun, on God's earth.



## COME, BABES, TO THE MOTHER!

Therefore, take this. You come to me, dear hearts! I give my heart out to you, my soul out to you. I am not a preacher, I am not a talker. I am your friend, your servant. I want to serve you with this little suggestion. If any of you want to come to me I shall be most glad to give you help, to put you on the practical track of real happiness. With all my heart I would serve you. I am servant of all of you, servant of all my Lord's little ones. I am a little one, too; but I have heard the call of my Mother and you have not. I have heard. I too had been playing truant like the other children, playing away from my Mother, God; from my Mother, that is All Love; from my Krishna. My Mother, I had been playing away, mad with my play; and the Lord, the God, the Mother, has been crying and crying, "Come, children! come, children, come to me, to me! Put down your play and drink of the nectar of my breast, eat of the food that comes from my heart! Come, eat the bread and drink the water of My Life. Come, come, come!" Mother, Mother, Divine Mother, had been calling, calling; and heedless I had been, as some of you are, heedless to the cry. All absorbed in my play, I never heard it. But by his grace, by the grace of my Gooroo, by the grace of the best friend of my life, my spiritual guide, my attention was turned to it. I heard the call and I rushed to my Mother; and ever since I have been eating this fruit of wisdom, drinking this milk of love, and I have grown a little better because of the sustenance the Mother has given, I have grown a little better. And that is why I am crying out to you all, I take up the cry of our Mother, and I want you all to come to the Mother, and she will feed you as never have you been fed. She will give you the drink that will satisfy all your thirst. Come, come, O babes of my Mother, suck of her breast and eat out of her hands! And you shall be happy as never have you been happy. This is the only reason for which I am talking to you. I wish that you will hear the call, even as I have heard, and you shall realize all that I have said to-night.

## THE LOTUS.

BY TORU DUTT.

Love came to Flora asking for a flower  
 That would of flowers be undisputed queen.  
 The lily and the rose, long, long had been  
 Rivals for that high honor. Bards of power  
 Had sung their claims. "The rose can never tower  
 Like the pale lily with her Juno mien"—  
 "But is the lily lovelier?" Thus between  
 Flower-factions rang the strife in Psyche's bower.  
 "Give me a flower delicious as the rose  
 And stately as the lily in her pride"—  
 "But of what color?"—"Rose-red," Love first chose,  
 Then prayed—"No, lily-white—or, both provide;"  
 And Flora gave the lotus, "rose-red" dyed,  
 And "lily-white"—the queenliest flower that blows.

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





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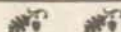
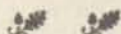
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