

"NATIONAL SNOBBERY" by Baba Bharati

Volume I
No. 5

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February
1907

The LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read

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Edited by **BABA BHARATI**

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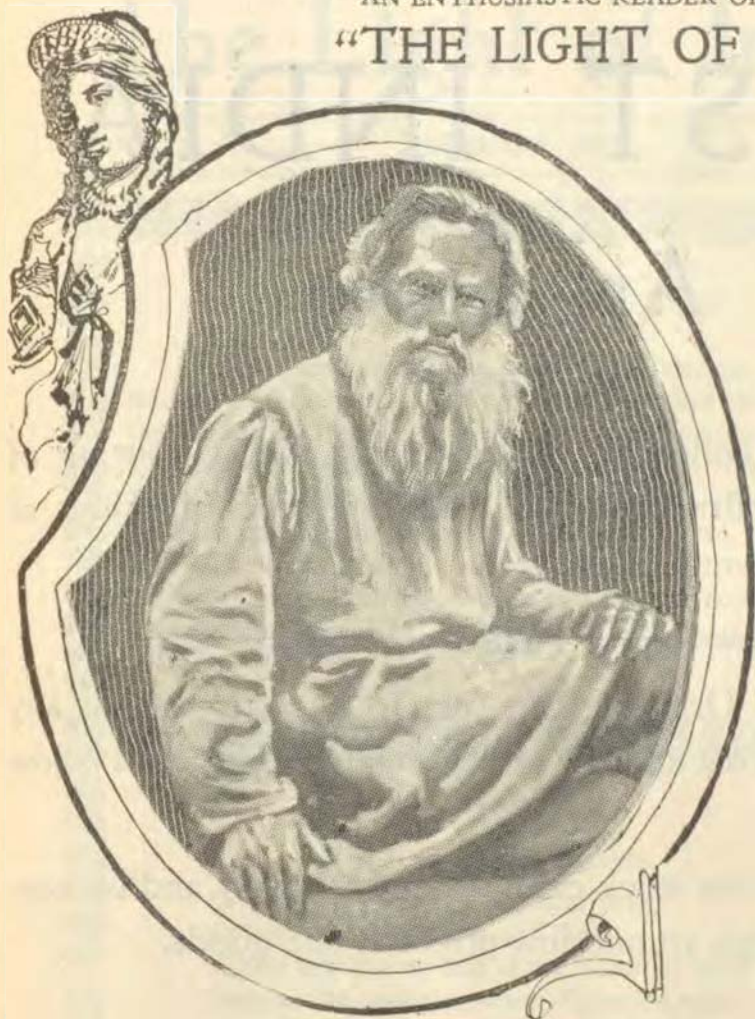
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Count Leo Tolstoy

AN ENTHUSIASTIC READER OF
"THE LIGHT OF INDIA"



Is so interested in it, and so much appreciates its epoch-making article, "THE WHITE PERIL," in the November issue that he wishes to have it translated into Russian.



Here is the unsolicited letter to our Editor, embodying his opinion and appreciation of this magazine, from

That Greatest Western Sage and Thinker of the Age

BABA BHARATI

730 West 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sir:—My father, Leo Tolstoy, wants me to write and tell you that he was very much interested in your Journal, and that he appreciates very much your article, "The White Peril," which he would like to have translated into Russian.

He has asked a friend of his in England to send you his books, which he hopes will reach you safely.

He asks you to pardon him for not writing to you himself, but at present he is not quite well and very busy.

Yours truly,
TATIANA SOUHOTINE

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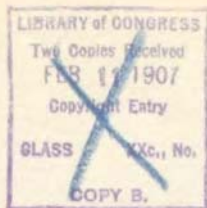
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The Light of India

VOL. 1.

FEBRUARY 1907

NO. 5.

TO THEE WE CALL FOR SUCCOR

O Thou who putt'st the mantle of protection upon the shoulders of those who know Thee and holdest their feet in the hollow of Thy hand, so that their coming and going is not void of Thy guidance, to Thee we call for the Word of Truth that is a light in the path of all who travel therein. To Thee we call for the succor that is already ours, but which, we in our limited sight, fail to catch the radiance of—the radiance which is the life by which we live, the hope by which we reach to Thee, and the love in which our spirit has its being.

INDIA

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

O India! Source of poesy and song,
Of beauty inexhaustible and rare;
Where first the rhythm of the march of stars
Beat on the swooning sense of praying man;
Where seers entranced do chant the hymn of Love
In words that hold the mysteries of life,
That filch from conquering death its victories,
And bring perfection to the clod and gods;
Where wisdom's wonderland of deep delights
Doth flash before the sage's raptured gaze,
And men do prate of gods that walked and talked,
Allied themselves with flesh to show the crown
Renunciation places on the brow
Of him who wears the garb of selflessness.
O India! Thy pedestal is thought,
Thy heart the mysteries the ages wrought.

PRAYER OF A "HEATHEN."

BY J. C. KIMBALL.

THE RECENT death of Protap Chunder Mozoomdar* brings to mind an incident occurring at the parliament of religions in Chicago twelve years ago, which more than anything else I have seen or heard of him, manifested his wonderful spiritual power. In the formal exercises of the parliament, care was taken to exclude all criticism of the so-called heathen religions and all efforts to proselyte their adherents, though now and then such speakers as Joseph Cook and George Pentecost could not resist the temptations to violate all courtesies and "go for them" face to face on the common platform.

But, besides the formal meetings of the parliament, presided over by its officers, a multitude of subsidiary gatherings were held by the different Christian denominations, among them morning prayer-meetings, over which the general officers had no control. At one of these prayer-meetings, quite numerous attended by representatives of the non-Christian faiths, the spirit of proselytism was let loose. The newcomers were prayed for as souls lost in pagan darkness, and exhorted by speaker after speaker to forsake their heathen superstitions, come to Jesus, and be saved from eternal death by being washed in the blood of a crucified Redeemer. It was all doubtless well intended, but an exhibition of the missionary zeal of Christianity in its worst form; and some of us bearing the Christian name could but be pained and ashamed at its occurrence.

Near the close of the meeting, after a specially denunciatory harangue, Mozoomdar arose simply to offer prayer, and with the first half-dozen words the entire atmosphere was changed. There was no allusion to anything which had been said, no petitions in behalf of narrow-minded Christian brethren,—and some of us have had experience of the wounds that can be inflicted by prayers in our behalf—no use of Jesus' words on his cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," but simply a great spiritual nature lifting the whole assembly above all narrow, dividing, controversial differences into the very presence of the grand, uniting, eternal verities—aye, up where he seemed to dwell, into the very presence of the Eternal One Himself. No art could have devised a more effectual answer to what had been said against heathen religion, no wit or logic have put its defenders more to shame or more palpably in the wrong, but the best of it was the feeling it produced that there was no art about it, nothing but the natural outpouring of the man, and that his hearers were made to forget to be ashamed, and we, sympathizers with him, made to forget any exultation over them—forget everything but that we were being lifted into the joy of a worship and into the beauty of a world such as the most Christian of us had never experienced before and never till then known to exist.—*Christian Register*.

*Bhai (Brother) Protap Chunder Mozoomdar was a Hindoo preacher of sublime eloquence and rare intellectual and spiritual gifts. He visited America twice and lectured on spiritual subjects at the chief cities and is remembered by all Americans who met and heard him with the deepest respect and love.

NATIONAL SNOBBERY

BY BABA BHARATI

LIKE individuals, there are nations who are great snobs. Snobs flourish, especially in modern ages, both as individuals and as nations. So long as blind conceit will fill some human minds, there will be snobs galore in the world. So long as that hateful sentiment, uncultured patriotism, will sway the minds of a nation there will be national snobs. Snobbery is born of egotism, and egotism is born of ignorance—ignorance of what true greatness is and consists in. True greatness is the manifestation of inherent goodness and all that goodness implies. Goodness implies kindness, charity, large-heartedness, unselfishness, tolerance, honesty and many other harmonious qualities to which all men bow. Above all, goodness is pervaded by humility. The word *good* is absolutely Sanscrit. It has come into the English language straight from that parent language of humanity. *Good*, in Sanscrit,—spelled “gud” with “d” soft—means that which is mysterious. Goodness is the expression of the hidden and mysterious principle in man—the soul. When the mind of man turns inwards into its root, the soul, it absorbs from that secret principle all the attributes which goodness comprises. The mind is the glass through which the soul reflects its attributes. In itself it is hidden from all cognition, it exists at the bottom of all principles that constitute life. Hence, it may be called the most humble. Hence, all knowers of the soul, all whose minds are pervaded by the reflected attributes of the soul, are humble. Egotism is not possible in them, for the ego that knows only the body and the physical mind is swept away by the radiance of the soul. Snobbery, which is condensed egotism, is much more impossible.

As snobbery in individuals is born of encrusted egotism, born of the ignorance of the true source of goodness, national snobbery is based upon the same ignorance of the real self of man in the majority of the members who compose that nation. This ignorance is due to the purely material ideals of a nation's life. All the nations of Europe are at present suffering from the effects of these purely material ideals. Hence they are filled with egotism which they betray towards each other whenever an opportunity offers itself and are paid back by those nations at whom it is directed in their own coin. Condensed egotism—snobbery—they dare not show to each other much, lest it would lead to enmity and war. Yet, a little of it is let loose now and then by some representative of a nation at another, and a wave of resentment passes over the nation attacked and dashes against the attacker. And after both have abused each other through the press to their heart's content, for a while, it all subsides and, in time, even gives place to temporary cordiality. England and Germany, for instance, will now and then give an exhibition of snobbery to each other, and howl and gnash teeth, only to be pacified by the Kings' meetings, handshakes, and kisses.

But these national snobs have found an outlet for their surcharged snobbery out of Europe—in the East. They give full vent to it at the Eastern nations. They have carried this snobbery to the East on board the gunboat “Greed.” And Western snobbery in the East is solely maintained and its prestige kept up by the guns of that boat. The guns have, in some places, like India, been landed and the gunless inhabitants of that place terrorized and tyrannized over into exploitation of their country and submission to this snobbery. They wanted to land the guns in China and Japan to enjoy the same privileges as those of the

British in India. But the shrewd Japanese got scent not only of the mystery of the making of guns but also of manipulating them. In a little while they began operations with them against the biggest of these Western interlopers, tyrants and snobs, without even a challenge or a warning, and the Western snobs viewed the spectacle with awed dismay. The spectacle lasted for about eighteen months, exhibiting feats of heroism, bravery, patriotism, strategy and gun firing and bombarding, the whole Western world had never seen or dreamed of, nor has it in its annals the story or example of such an all-round crushing defeat as the little brown Orientals inflicted upon one of the hugest armies of Russian giants.

The total annihilation of that giant Power, so long the greatest menace of Europe, had an instantaneous salutary effect upon the snobbery of the rest of the Powers. With the blandest complacency they went forward, not only to shake hands with the Mikado but even congratulated him on his being the head of a first-class Power like themselves. The Mikado smiled his thanks with one of those inscrutable Oriental smiles which the snobs of the West are too much blinded by their conceit to understand—to understand that the deepest mental culture and refinement is its mystery. The Mikado congratulated himself also that the days of Western snobbery and aggression in the Far East were absolutely over. John Bull, trembling to the tip of his toes, begged for an offensive and defensive alliance with his august ally to be able to hold his grip on India, his dearest possession, the country whose spoils and spoliation alone had made him rich and given him the prestige among the Powers. "How d'ye do, Mr. John," said the Mikado, "delighted to have you as a friend again." Both Mikado and John knew the business they were at, and while John went away breathing more freely, though with the cloud before his mind seeming to deepen all the more, the Mikado busied himself straightening out matters at home for the next coup—the coup which would establish the Monroe doctrine for Asia.

Now look at the situation—what a transformation the magic of the machine-guns has made in the East in eighteen months! The Far Eastern atmosphere is not only cleared of all Western swagger but even the tone of all Western Powers is ridiculously temperate. Even China, considered dead only two years ago and its "corpse" about to be cut up by the cannibals of Western greed to be devoured, has not only been found alive and stirring but has even raised her head and is speaking in unmistakable terms of challenge and independence. She has already created an army of 200,000 men drilled in the modes of modern warfare, and before the year is out she may double the number. The only trace of Western swagger still existing in the Far East is in the Philippines—in the conduct of some of the un-American American officials now dominating in that island. But it is moderating, thanks to the Mikado and his generals and admirals. Some Americans are conjuring up visions of a Japanese invasion of their newly acquired colony in the East, unwarranted by the least symptom of any Japanese motive in that direction. But the Filipinos stand the chance of being freed from the thralldom of American "protection," for the conscience of the majority of the American people has been and is in favor of it. And soon that conscience may grow in strength and take action.

In the Middle East, the smooth-faced Briton is still rampant in India. But his swagger and snobbery seem to be daily undergoing modification. His cannon-ball supremacy in that disarmed country has received a terrible internal shock from the moral effect of Togo and Oyama's guns. The Japanese victories over Russia have shot through the consciousness of all Asia like an electric shock and galvanized it into energy.

Even India—absolutely disarmed, gun-dominated, civilization-poisoned, "education"—emasculated, free-trade-looted, tax-extorted, industry-destroyed, European-salary-sucked, poverty-stricken and famine-skeletoned India—has awakened and is pulsating with the throbs of Japanese triumphs. While the war was going on, that recklessly ambitious Viceroy, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, partitioned the province of Bengal, in the teeth of the most violent and appealing protests against the measure of the whole Bengalee people and of officials and non-officials as well. Driven to despair by this most tyrannical action of the government, the people boycotted British goods in revenge and vowed to use indigenous goods only, as far as possible. The cry of "Swadeshi"—which means "own country articles"—rang through the land and spread like wild-fire throughout India. Swadeshi meetings were held by thousands and vows taken to use country goods by every soul in India, vows carried into effect as far as possible. This made all India feel like one being, for everyone—man, woman or child—saw in it the solution of India's poverty. The authorities were taken entirely aback and shamelessly tried to kill the movement by force, prosecution and persecution, but failed. Even the people were astonished at its vitality. They found themselves carried away by the tide of its spirit. That spirit, born of divine dispensation, evolved another sentiment—the sentiment of national unity. It expressed itself in another cry, *Bande Mâtaram*, which means, "Hail Motherland!" And the sentiment has more and more deepened and prompted the people to national and patriotic acts. It culminated in the demand for home rule made by that national assembly called the Indian Congress, which held its last session in December last. Thus in digging for earthworms, as the Hindoo would say, the British in India have drawn out the hooded snake.

In Persia, the Shah, just dead, inaugurated a scheme of reforms for his government along Western lines in order to be able to be abreast with Western nations, a scheme which his successor is going to work out. Thus it seems that the whole East has been filled with a new life by the example of Japan which has revealed in its consciousness all the potent forces of the ages and fired its heart with hope of freedom from European aggression in the near future. In plain language, all Europe sees plainly now that the days of the gun-backed snobbery of the West on Eastern soils are over, and even in gun-kept India about to be over.

What qualities do the Westerners possess which make them feel so very superior to Easterners that they, in and out of season, proclaim it from the house-tops, publish it in books, periodicals and newspapers and shout it from the platform and even the pulpit? In the last analysis it will be found by every clear-minded Westerner that it is through the drunkenness caused by imbibing the raw spirit of a soulless civilization and the delusion caused by the possession of fire-arms that had so long conjured up this phantom superiority. The delusion has been dispelled by the Japanese, but the drunkenness is still in the blood and the brain. The time, however, is fast approaching when it will be cured. Meanwhile, it will be profitable for the reflective minds of the West to compare the attributes of the Western character with those of the Eastern.

In order to be able to make a just comparison, it would be necessary, at the very outset, for the Westerner to give up the entirely foolish idea that the white races of the earth are possessed of natural merits of superiority over the brown and yellow races, as if they are of God's special make—a foolish idea which has made and is making all the trouble between the West and the East. A little reflective thought and a few facts of history will tell him that the very reverse is the fact—that the brown and yellow races, having had the start of civilization and mind-

culture many centuries before the modern white races came into existence, naturally possess many qualities of heart and head and mind which the average white man is deficient in. Some of these qualities the Japanese have demonstrated during the recent war. The belief that the Japanese owe their unheard-of successes in that war to the assimilation of Western ideas is woefully wrong. The Japanese possessed a high standard of civilization—which, for its power of developing the mind and soul and attributes and features of practical refinement, was superior to Western civilization of the day—when the modern whites had not yet emerged from savagery. They had not a single lesson to learn from the West, so far as civil, moral and mental culture is concerned; rather they could and can teach the West many lessons which the West would be the better for learning. All that she cared to learn and came to the West to learn was the art of gun-firing and the most hellish art of modern warfare. She learned them in order to maintain her existence and independence from the encroachments of the greedy Westerners. With her superior intelligence, she learned them in a twinkling, and, in the recent war, showed how she had outmastered her masters in that learning. From her now China is learning that Devil's art to be able to help her in her guardianship of the interests and independence of the Far East and, finally, of the whole East. India's turn to learn will come soon, sooner than the world expects, for we are now living in miraculous days, miraculous in the swift changing of the destinies of snob nations the world over. China and India may demonstrate greater braveries, perhaps, than even Japan has done, because of their deeper consciousness and because they have been aggressed upon more deeply and wantonly than Japan by the national robbers and murderers of Europe.

When the average Westerner will drive out from his mind another foolish—rather puerile—idea that civilization consists in possessing a snow-bleached skin; wearing a turned-front coat and trousers and hat; eating with knife and fork roasted carcasses of huge animals and drinking of ardent liquors; writing and reading all the trash literature of material life which has not a cent of value judged from the standard of permanent interests of man; in denouncing other nations' manners and customs because they are unlike his own; blaspheming the God of the really godly ancient peoples because he himself has but superficial ideas of the Godhead; hunting for material wealth and material pleasures all his life because he knows no better; then, and not till then, will he begin to appreciate that the Eastern's skin is brown or yellow because of his climate, that he wears his native coat or cloth because it suits the conditions of his life, that below that cloth and skin there is a mind richer in thoughts and ideals than that of his, that his ideas of eating and drinking and living may be more in harmony with the laws of Nature, and the literature upon which his mind feeds sheds the light of the spiritual sun upon his mind-lotus opening it petal by petal until the soul is revealed to his consciousness—through which he revels in the ecstasy of God-consciousness, the one end and mission of human life,—that the powers of his concentrated, cultured mind are capable of grasping and absorbing the genius of the Western mind whenever he wishes to do so, that he does not believe in Western progress because it leads into the marshes of materiality and because it is a stage his race has long left behind in its evolution, that the art of cultivating peace of mind and harmony of life is the highest pursuit of human existence and the central teaching of true civilization—then, and not till then, will he stop his snobbish conduct toward the Easterners, and cultivate their friendship to know the true ways of life.

Then will he know that President Roosevelt has done the West the greatest service by indirectly exposing the snobbery of the Western nations in regard to the East by demanding for the Japanese equality of treatment with Americans because they more than deserve it.

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA

THE ONES that are gone before and even those that are yet to come, and the elements that lodge in the corners of the worlds and come and go as My will dictates, all these strive to behold Me even in the expansion of this My universe-self enformed. Yea, they that do deeds that are great and even acts that are full of hardships, it doth not bring them to behold Me thus. But he who sits with self ever directed toward Me in loving worship, forgetting even himself in the search for Me, who loseth all he is in his quest to behold Me, who maketh his soul even a throne for Me to sit within, and keepeth himself free from the hating of all that hath sprung from Me which is all that is—he, even he, may behold Me as thou, the chosen one, hath even now.



He that knoweth himself to be the playground of the Lord's will, he will find himself to be the conqueror of Time. He who knoweth himself to be the lamp in which the light of the Lord burneth even to the extinction of all darkness that may seem to find its way about that lamp, lo, he hath no enemy, nor doth such an one cognize a friend, for he hath made himself to be even the companion of Him who is the Most High and out of whom all that is likened to friendship is sprung. He knoweth not an enemy because he knoweth all that is to be, but the issue of love and, looking beyond the surface, sees only the root of love. Therefore, that which, by the ideas of the senses, is called an enemy is to the one who seeth love in its workings but the branch of love a little covered with the more life but at its heart ever young and nestling in the arms of the Most High in whose womb we travel for ever and ever.



He that knoweth My heart to be the womb of Love from which all universes have sprung, and he who knoweth that naught there is that hath not been conceived in the heart of that womb, he shall be freed from all sensation that the senses cognize, and he shall be made to feel the pulsing even of the joy of conception that is ever going on in My womb. For him the pleasures of the unawakened man are strangers, but he shall know the pleasures of creation of the all-awakened one who knoweth not slumber nor sleep, but is ever the giver of peace and harmony to him who turneth hisward. Each thrill of creation shall he feel, and each and all the wonders of the fulfilment of that creation shall be reflected upon him because he hath placed his faith in Me and I have made him exceedingly joyful.



He who seeth in Me his home and beholdeth in My love his mother and baseth his honor upon Me, and even findeth in My joyousness his children, and in My kindness his master, and in My faithfulness his servant, and in My peacefulness the wife of his bosom, and in My hopefulness even his father, and in My trustworthiness even his friend—lo, he needeth not to seek for mother, honor, child, master, servant, father, or friend, for with all these he is already crowned and all he looks upon shall become these to him, for he recognizes Me in all that is. And all that is scatters these blessings before him to partake of, for such is the bounty of My love that whatever you clothe it with, such it at once becomes, for in the realm where Love and its devotees work there is it ere the thought is registered in ether.

VEDIC SEED-THOUGHTS

BY BISHWARUP CHATURVEDI.

Now as to offspring: the mother (is) the first; the second element the father (is); offspring their junction; procreation (is) the means whereby they are conjoined. So far concerning offspring.—Taittiriopanishad, Part I, Sutra 5. (Translation by G. R. S. Mead and J. C. Chatopadhyaya.)

MOTHER, that which suckles and sustains, is the first element. Per-vading life, that which produces and provides, is the second principle, the father. Their conjunction is the universe. The means by which they are conjoined, procreation, born of the desire for the manifoldness of the two-in-one. Out of the unit the many have sprung.

God is the first element; the radiant energy of God, the second. The third is the atoms thrown into being by the friction of the first and second elements. The friction of procreation is the never-ending activity of life that resists a vacuum.

Man is the creator; his universe, that which is to hold his creation. His creation is himself manifested in actions.

Mind is the creator; his world—creation—thoughts, the actions by which it is manifested. Action is the mother of reaction, and the world—spiritual, mental, physical—the father which provides and protects their manifestation.

Naught is there that was not mothered. Naught was mothered that was not sustained by the second element which is the father of the offspring, and no offspring was that is not the result of the desire of the first and second elements, the two-in-one, for manifoldness.

As the water which droppeth from the vapor-filled atmosphere was mothered by the ocean and drawn by the sun's rays unto heights to drop again as dew to earth, the offspring of the external mother-father Nature, so each action, personal and universal, was mothered by the Mother-Father Divinity in man or Nature (elements).

Out of silence no sound can be born. As there is naught that is noiseless, there can be no silence. The silence is but the sound of Nature's ceaseless activity. Out of a void nothing manifested can issue. A vacuum must ever destroy its own emptiness. So when activity ceases in the mind of man, its vital forces destroy themselves, the Mother-Father spark is dethroned and destruction reigns.

Love is the mother; the father mankind is; the offspring the deed that is a projected manifestation of love, a blessing, a service. Each to-day is mothered in yesterday and fathered in Time, and each yesterday hath given to projection a manifested self in to-day.

Every word that is, was fostered by the parents who conjoined by desire to cheat annihilation, to prevent a vacuum. The wink of the eye is but the desire to create an offspring from that action. The whisper of the night wind reproduces itself in an offspring by that still activity. The beat of the heart is child to one gone before and mother to that which shall follow. The throb of love is the creator of worlds to come, and traces its being to the breath of the Creator.

The sun shall ever be followed by a shadow and a shadow shall run before the sun. Activity is the artery of God that pulses through each desire of the mother-father reproduction in every minute atom that hath sprung from the Universal Parents in their desire for manifoldness.

STORIES OF INDIA

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

THE SPOOK OF THE IDLE MIND.

THE SUN'S rays fell athwart the lane and trembled upon the trees, throwing their dancing shadows over the balcony of the large homestead of a rich merchant who sat idly dreaming away his hours in the cool of the late afternoon after a morning of labourious sojourn in his stuffy office. Suddenly he was aroused from the pleasure of his dreaming by a presence at his side. A man it was, tall and thin, with great hollow eyes that seemed to hold in their depths all shadowland. The merchant had not seen his coming, nor had he heard his approach. He had only felt his presence, and opened his eyes to behold him smiling vacantly at his side.

"Well, my good man, how came you here?" said the startled merchant, "and what do you want?"

"I am looking for work," said the newcomer.

"What can you do?" said the merchant.

"Anything and everything," said the other laconically.

"That is a strange answer. How do you know that you can do anything and everything, and how am I to believe you?"

"Try me, sir, as I have tried myself," grinned the thin visitor.

"What are your wages?" the merchant asked.

"Nothing," was the quick rejoinder.

"What is your accustomed diet?" again the merchant asked.

"Nothing, sir, nor do I want clothing from you nor a place to sleep. I will make only one stipulation in our contract, if you really want me, and that is that you keep me continually supplied with work. Let no moment of mine be unemployed at your own peril, O merchant. This is all I ask."

The surprised merchant thought a moment, then said:

"You are a strange man, my friend. You come to me for work, asking nothing in return for your services but the promise that I keep you constantly employed, giving you neither respite nor rest. Is that it?"

"One thing more," quickly interposed the strange laborer. "You must promise not to discharge me, but you must allow me to leave you without a moment's notice at my own will. Now, is this a bargain, O merchant?"

"Yes, my man, a bargain and a compact which is remarkable and much to my gain. When do you wish to begin your service with me?"

"Now," retorted the new servant. "Give me something to do at once according to our contract."

The merchant, greatly pleased by the willingness of the servant to begin work at once, said:

"See those barns. They number about twenty. All of those I wish to have thoroughly cleansed, arranged and renovated. It will take you at least a half dozen years to do it. So begin with the first one out yonder, that is, if you really mean to begin work at once."

Without a moment's hesitation, the new servant departed, gliding silently toward the barn, while the merchant sat down again on his veranda to congratulate himself on his good fortune in receiving so great a prize as this servant who wished not a moment's idleness nor desired pay, food or clothing for his services. But hardly had these pleasant reveries passed through his mind, or the smile deepened in his eyes, ere the servant again stood before him saying:

"Keep to your contract, merchant. Quick! Give me more work. I have finished the barn and must be given employment at once."

"You are mad," said the master. "You could hardly have reached the barn out yonder, and here you are back and say the work is finished."

"It is, nevertheless, O merchant," retorted the other. "Come and see for yourself, and, in the meantime, give me some work to do. It is our contract, you know. I fulfill my part, do you keep to yours."

By this time the merchant had reached the huge barn and looked in. Yes, all was clean and orderly as if twenty men had worked ten hours a day for twenty days to bring it about. Dazed, dismayed and bewildered, he looked at the man before him and said, "Go to the next barn and put that in order." But hardly had the maddening stranger vanished from his sight ere he returned with the same quest.

"Work, my master, give me more work. I have set to rights the second barn."

And so he went to the third and fourth barns and followed the trembling finger of the master as he pointed out, one after another, the twenty barns.

When the barns were all renovated, arranged and put in perfect order, the merchant gave him other tasks to do. But each and every task was completed to his entire satisfaction, even before he could formulate his thoughts to find another task. And ever at his side was his servant with his request for more work. "Merchant, I must work. Give me work."

At last, the master had exhausted all his means of providing work for the new servant, and the servant grinned a ghastly smile that made the master's blood run cold. He picked up a fowl that clucked past them in secure innocence, grabbed it by the neck and, swinging it above their heads, dashed the quivering thing on the ground at their feet, breaking all its bones, at the same time shrieking:

"Some work, some work. I told you to keep me employed."

He rushed into the house pulling down all that stood in his way. In a little while, the merchant heard his wife and children screaming, and saw them running toward him with the clothes pulled from their sweet bodies and their eyes bulging from their sockets.

"A man, O papa, has destroyed our images. He is pulling down our draperies and breaking all our beautiful things."

The merchant entered his house only to see pots, kettles, images and draperies flying in all directions, and the house fairly littered with broken house utensils. And now he saw that the very rafters of the house were in danger of being pulled from their place, by the frenzied onslaught of the infuriated servant who, through all the destruction he wrought, shrieked out:

"Work, work, I must work."

Crazed with fear, the merchant drew his wife and little ones to him, trying to devise some means by which a greater catastrophe might be averted, when he saw coming straight toward him a man in the saffron robes of a sage who with a kindly voice said to him:

"What is it, my children, that causes your fear and distress? What has happened?"

But ere he had finished the merchant burst forth with the whole terrible story of his wierd experience with the grinning, ghastly visitor.

"Oh, is that it? Well, listen to me. You see that pole in your courtyard. Call your servant and command him to climb up and down, up and down the pole until you tell him to cease. Do this, and you shall see the result of your commands at once."

The merchant entered his house as best he could, by dodging the missiles of his household goods that were flying all about him, and call-

ing at the top of his voice, trying to shout the possessed servant within, who shrieked out:

"Work! work! Give me work. You agreed to give me work. I told you it would be at your peril if you left me unemployed."

The merchant at last reached him, shouting:

"I have work. Come quick. Here is work for you and plenty. To the pole," he said. "Scale this pole. Ascend and descend the same until I tell you to stop."

The servant grinned, showing his teeth and gums beneath his tightly drawn lips.

"Oh, I see, you know me now. Goodbye." And with a ghastly, screaming voice disappeared.

Dumb with terror, the merchant gazed at the sage who stood looking on with calm brow and wise eye, and said:

"Oh sir! What does it all mean? Who is it, and what is it?"

Very slowly the sage answered:

"It is the devil of the idle mind, my son. It is the unchained spook of mischief that ever runs riot when the mind is unemployed. It is the fiend of destruction that destroys the household of our inner self. It is the imp of perversity that denies the existence of the children of our hopes, and chases from the throne-room of our soul its holiest ideals. An idle mind, my son, is the child of the undisciplined. It has its root in chaos and leads unto death."

Just then the happy shout of his little daughter fell on the ear of the merchant. With a rush she bounded toward him and flung herself on his breast. "Come, father, the sherbet and sweets are ready for thee." The merchant had been asleep. The horror had been a dream.

THE SOUL AND ITS GUIDE

BY BRAJABALA DAS.

(A Girl of 18.)

God is Love—All-Love, all-pervading Love. Love is All-in-All. Love or God is our Soul, which is the spring through which the Divine Essence of the Lord—Love—bubbles. In some this love has not found a crevice, or an opportunity to bubble to the surface; while in others the spring is continuously bubbling to the surface, and becomes streams—vibrations—of Love, going out in all directions.

Also, compare the Soul with a lamp, and this essence or love with the oil in the lamp, for without the oil the lamp cannot burn, and without love our bodies cannot exist. The light of the lamp is seen or felt by its radiation, and the Soul's light—love—is seen and felt by the radiation,—vibration—of love. Now when the sun is shining, its radiations being stronger than those of the burning lamp, all that is visible to the naked eye is its flame.

Let the sun represent God and the lamp our spiritual guide or Christ. People suddenly coming from total darkness are blinded by the sunlight. When the sun sets and the earth is enveloped in darkness, a torch—spiritual guide—is held before to guide us on our way. We follow its light until the darkness of night (ignorance) melts before the rising sun—the vision of God, and we are face to face with the Source, Sustainer and Goal of life. Then God and Guide merge into one.

LOSS OF THE CHRIST-SPIRIT IN CHRISTENDOM.

BY P. RĀMANATHĀN, K. C., C. M. G.

(Solicitor-General of Ceylon)

WHAT THOUGH conclaves of learned Bishops, backed by the authority of puissant Emperors, undertook to determine for Western Nations what the Christian Creed should be? It is admitted by some of the most sagacious of Christian theologians to be only a formula of words, difficult to understand and impossible to realize. The great Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, candidly confessed that as often as he tried to meditate, for instance, on the divinity of the Logos, his efforts recoiled on themselves, and the more he thought of it, the less he comprehended it (Athanasius, Tom. I, p. 808). St. Augustine (A. C. 430) also owned that there are more things in the Bible he did not understand than those he did. And we have the testimony in our own days of Cardinal Newman that "every article of the Christian Creed, whether as held by the Catholics or by the Protestants, is beset with intellectual difficulties, and it is a simple fact," said he, "that for myself I cannot answer those difficulties." Thus has dogma taken the place of the quickening precepts of Jesus and Paul. The *Christianity* taught by these masters has been, alas, "killed" (II Cor. 3:6) by unsound interpretation, and there remains now instead *Churchianity* or an aggregate of different literary and historical problems full of vain "questions and *strifes of words*" (I Tim. 4:4), wholly incapable of making man wise unto salvation (II Tim. 3:15). The educated intellects of the Western world, in full appreciation of the fact that, if moral principles and the personal history of the heroes of the Bible were expunged from it, little would remain for intelligent comprehension or practical acceptance, have agreed, some to discredit the lights of the Church, others to view the salvation preached by Jesus as an idle fancy. What disastrous consequences have flown from a want of sound religious knowledge and belief in a future! People have become steeped in worldliness, materialism, irreverence and atheism.

A worldly minded person is a stumbling block unto himself and to every guileless person. He is what St. Paul calls a Lover of Self. To give the full sense of the words in II Tim. 3:2-7: "In the domestic circle, the Lover of Self or self-lover pays no heed to the voice of his natural guardians, is devoid of affection for those whom he should love, is unthankful, not willing to oblige, nor easily pacified. Abroad, he puts on the appearance of goodness without believing in its virtue, is false in friendship, given to belittling others, boastful of his own deeds, unforgiving, scornful, much inclined to the pleasures of the senses, easily urged by external influences, and led away by divers desires."

A person actuated by self-love is a menace alike to the household and state. Mere intellectual education makes the self-lover skilled in the art of doing without compunction what others of fine feeling are ashamed, or have not the heart, to do. He is often a clever rogue—great in evading detection. When selfish persons take to economical life, and deal with the creation and distribution of commodities necessary for the maintenance and comfort of the body, they adulterate food-stuffs, resort to mean devices in production, and charge excessive prices for the articles made or carried. Others resort to what is called "pooling" in America, or the sweeping together of commercial interests so as to form monopolies or "trusts," the profits of which go to enrich them at the expense of the ordinary consumer. They raise and lower prices

at will and care not for the fate of the petty trader. Not content with the advantages enjoyed by them, they invade the political arena and buy up largely the elective power of the people. They then press on all sides upon the government and endeavor to control legislation at their will. In the field of literature, too, their baneful influence is in the ascendant. They form the largest portion of the nation, and their taste for reading is all in the line of sentimental and sensational amusement. Consequently, those who are engaged in the production of books, magazines, and newspapers find themselves obliged to write and publish what is funny, fanciful, and thrilling, to the serious neglect of the higher life of humanity. The materialism of the age has affected the very teachers of spirituality. Many and wealthy are the churches, and learned and eloquent are the preachers, but the congregations and the rulers thereof have agreed to don and doff their religion with their Sunday clothes. The constituted leaders of religion do not appear to have a hold on the people and they are all, with the exception of a few, drifting to the perils of a life devoid of a goal. As to the scientists, who are nobly labouring in the colleges and other places, their discoveries have been applied to the further materialization of the country by sensuous seekers of the "almighty dollar."

Spirituality may be said to be just trying to live in exceptional places only, for the self-lover is rampant everywhere. An undeveloped multitude—undeveloped in love and light, undeveloped in the art of distinguishing between that which is perishable and imperishable—undeveloped in spiritual discernment—has been made immensely powerful by the elective franchise and is rapidly disintegrating the influence for good of the highest and best part of England and other countries on both sides of the Atlantic. In the East end of London and other poverty-stricken cities of the Western world, gaunt women with tangles of matted hair and wild eyes, move through filthy courts amidst filthier men deep in drink, gibbering and cursing. When I turn from this, says a cultured Englishman, speaking of England in particular, and see deadly respectability quaffing its wine and discussing the rise and fall of stocks; when I see the struggle, the fear, the envy, the profound infidelity in which the moneyed classes live; when the faces of their children come to me pleading, pleading—every bit as the children of the city poor—for one touch of nature; of children who have been stuffed with lies all their lives, who have been told that they cannot do without this and that and a thousand things, all of which are wholly unnecessary; of children who have been taught to reverence, ridicule, and sleep in unbelief and act against all their true instincts, till their young judgments are confused and their finer impulses actually cease to be a guide to them; when I hear and see the droning and see-sawing of pulpits, when the vision of perfect vulgarity and commonplaceness called society arises upon me with all its theory of what it is to be a lady or a gentleman, of exclusiveness and of being in the swim, of the drivel of aristocratic connections, of drawing-rooms and animated clothes pegs; when I see the sea of infidelity and of unbelief in externals spreading among town councillors, cabinet ministers, members of Parliament, generals, judges, bishops; when I look for help from the guides and see only a dead waste of simpering faces, O England, whither, strangled, tied, and bound, art thou come? asks this spiritually-minded man.

Similarly situated are other countries of Europe and America. Their governors find themselves paralyzed in the performance of their duty of keeping order amidst this seething, selfish humanity.

Are not the complex problems of Western civilizations due to an imperfect appreciation on the part of the governors and the governed as to what Progress is? Does not true Progress mean growth of the

Spirit in Light and Love? Is not civilization the force intended to develop self-love into neighborly love, and neighborly love into Christly Love, or the love that would labour for others unthanked and unrecognized, just as God works in the world of men for their own good, unseen and caring naught for their praises and abuses? What have the governments of Christian countries done to develop spiritual growth? Is not the first step in this growth the distinction between the perishable and the imperishable, between the body and the spirit; and what book is there in the West which contains so much teaching on Spiritual Discernment as the Bible? Should it not be rightly interpreted and made to be a living force among the people, instead of the discredited book it has become?

It is earnestly submitted that though the dogmas of the Church are, in the words of Cardinal Newman, "beset with intellectual difficulties" and are not to be explained, yet the doctrines of Jesus are neither difficult to understand nor inexplicable, for the simple reason that he taught those who were hungering for Light nothing more than what he actually knew as *real Truth and what may still be verified* by similar seekers. No longer should his authority be made to rest only on the historical problems relating to the authenticity of the books of the New Testament and the dogmas of the Church, for then Jesus and the other Sages of Judaea will continue till the end of time to be impeached. The most certain proofs of their genuineness are to be found in the experiences of those living men who have progressed in spirit and attained the same state which they did. It is only they who can explain the true meaning of the words and acts of Jesus. "God has made us able ministers of the New Testament," said Paul, "not of the letter but of the Spirit; for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." (II Cor. 3:6). Books of Spiritual Knowledge are not to be interpreted by men of worldly learning but by men who by sanctification have attained to a knowledge of God, and to whom the mysteries of the Kingdom of God have been laid bare. As the unwritten Traditional Interpretation of the words of Jesus have been lost to the nations of the West, the only way of restoring the "Spirit" or the true meaning of the words of the Bible is to secure their interpretation by "able ministers" from the East *who are now living, and on whom the effulgence of His grace has been shed.*

They are called in India *Jivanmuktas* (the Liberated Ones) or *Jnānis* (Knowers of God). They are the "anointed" of God. The Western Nations of the world know of only one Christ, but India knows of scores in each generation, busy saving seekers from the perils of atheism and materialism, and leading them to God. May they restore to Western Nations the "Key of Knowledge" (Luke 11:52)—the Key called Knowledge of God—and interpret truly the teachings of Jesus, and the early Sages of Judaea!—From "The Culture of the Soul Among Western Nations," G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Love stoops to the feet of all and embraces life. Love is the source of all. Love is a law unto itself. 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.

Men should be judged, not by their tint of skin,
The food they eat, the vintage that they drink;
Nor by the way they fight or love or sin,
But by the quality of thought they think.—Lawrence Hope.

JIM

An Anglo-Indian Romance Founded on Real Facts.

BY BABA BHARATI.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

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.

Proceeding in the direction the Yogi pointed out to him, Jim encountered Mithoo, his Hindoo servant, who half crazed had been searching for him. An affectionate meeting takes place in which the servant finds his master changed almost beyond recognition. The master, erstwhile hard and unjust, has become kind, considerate and almost brotherly. Jim relates to him part of his adventure, and asks him to aid him in his resolution to give up home, wife and child and join the Yogi. After an affecting scene, Mithoo promises to do so and they proceed homeward.

Reaching there, Jim tries to keep his experience from his wife, Elizabeth, for the time at least. She, quick to note each shade of feeling in her husband, realizes something unusual is on his mind. After much questioning he tells her all, also his resolution to follow the Yogi, with her consent. Waiting for her opinion he finds his wife apparently unconscious, looking stonily at the wall.

Elizabeth recovers to find Jim in the rack of uncertainty between his desire to follow the Yogi and his love for her. She hits upon the plan that he shall go to the Yogi for six months' training and at the end of six months return to her with decision made as to his future course. In the meantime, through the gossip of Mithoo's wife, the barrack people have become acquainted with his intention to follow a Yogi. This rumor, following close upon Jim's request for leave of absence, provokes consternation and his superior officers look upon him as a victim of a Hindoo impostor or hypnotist.

But while the officers are planning ways and means to prevent Jim's departure, he, in the dead of night, and without telling his wife, steals forth to find the Yogi. Before he leaves his home, Mithoo hands him a paper with full directions for the journey and a watchword. Being also admonished to bring no money, Jim gives Mithoo the money he had with him, and darts away and disappears in the darkness.

CHAPTER XI.

JIM RAN and ran for a long while along the road to the jungle that the Yogi's message had told him to take. The night was dark except for the sheen of the stars, the brilliant stars of the deep blue bowl of the

Indian heavens. All was silence save for the buzz of insects, the sleepy chirp of some birds and the heart-thrilling melodies of songsters. The air was breezy and balmy in itself, but now and then whiffs of the strong perfume of mango blossoms intoxicated the senses of Jim as he slackened his pace.

All the time he was running, his mind was absorbed in one thought, in one word—the Yogi. At last he was going to his Yogi, his spiritual master, that wonderful being of love who had transformed his character in an hour, the spiritual alchemist who had turned his heart of iron into gold by a glance.

He was running to cover the distance of the half-way where he would meet the Yogi's messenger as soon as he could. The faster he ran, the slower he thought his pace was. He wished he had wings. His shoes he felt as burdens and twice he thought of getting rid of them, for he felt as if he could run faster without them. Besides, they made noise. This made him check his speed; he walked slowly, so as to make no sound. He did not meet a single human being on the road, but the sound of his shoes aroused some jackals in the bushes on the roadside and made them run across the road to flee to a safe distance. He walked slowly for another reason also, lest he would get tired, for the thought came to him that from now on he would have to make all journeys on foot.

The thought of his wife and child or home never for even a second crossed his mind. He did not even think of himself, who he was, where he was going. He was thinking only of the Yogi, thinking when he would meet him. He walked and walked for miles absorbed in that one thought and its happy anticipations. Now and then he passed through a village which was on the road and stray dogs, roused out of sleep, barked at him, but he hardly noticed them or their bark. A village watchman once shouted to him, from a distance, a challenge as to who he was, but he heard nothing, heeded nothing.

He was now passing a part of the road which was pitchdark on account of the dense foliage of close-standing trees on both sides of the road, whose spreading branches made a canopy overhead. But he walked through the deep gloom fearlessly. He saw through it as if it was all lighted. He was oblivious of the outer world, of his immediate surroundings, oblivious of even the road on which he was walking.

Suddenly he felt his passage obstructed. A tall figure, shadowy in the gloom, stood before him and spoke to him in a low voice, "Have you the watchword?"

Jim started and awoke from his absorption, stopped and took thought for a few seconds, and shouted, "Seetá Rám."

The figure said, "Speak low when you speak. Seetá Rám to you, blessed one. Follow me."

Jim followed the figure in awed silence. The figure was wrapped in a long robe from head to foot and walked and looked from behind as a ghost. But Jim was not thinking of ghosts at the time. He was thinking of the Yogi. He was dying to meet him; so he said, after he had followed a little, descending from the road into the fields covered with ripe crops, "Shall I meet the Yogi now? Is he anywhere near here?"

"No," was the answer, in the same undertone in which Jim had asked the question, "you will see him later on. I will take you to him. Come quickly now, but do not make much noise with your shoes."

Jim did as he was told. He walked swiftly, almost on tiptoe, over a path only two feet wide, on both sides of which tall crops of corn stood in thick profusion. Jim was in the ecstasy of this novel experience and was enjoying it, with the sweet spring breeze blowing in his face, the perfume of mango blossoms drugging his senses. So excited

he was that he did not notice a break in the path, and stumbled and fell. Quickly the figure turned and raised him as he said, "Are you hurt, Sáhib? Your shoes are in the way, Sáhib. Now look at the path as you walk."

"Shall I throw away the shoes here?" Jim asked as he followed.

"No, not here," was the answer, "you will take them off where I tell you to do so."

They had now entered a hamlet, at the entrance of which a dog gave a sleepy growl.

"Stop, Motá, go to sleep. We are not thieves," said the figure softly to the dog who, recognizing the voice of the speaker, did as he was told. A few steps more and the figure turned to the left and stood at the door of a hut, opened the padlock and pushed open the door, slowly, softly, silently. "Come in," he said in a whisper to Jim. As Jim entered he found it all dark. The figure caught him by the hand after shutting and bolting the door. "I will lead you. Come, no fear. Step down here," he said again as he assisted Jim out of the room into a little courtyard, at the other side of which there was another hut, the door of which the Yogi's messenger pushed open and led Jim through.

The hut was lighted by an earthen castor-oil lamp on a low, earthen stand, near which was spread a blanket on the mud floor. The Yogi's messenger, after bolting the door, asked Jim to sit on that blanket, and as he did so the other threw away from his head the blanket-covering, and Jim, for the first time, saw his face and figure. What a beautiful face, what a beautiful figure!

Long matted locks browned with dust was the background of a face whose regular features with their golden color, were as if carved by an ancient sculptor. The long beard and thick, silky mustache intensified the glow of spirituality of the countenance. The flowing saffron-colored cotton robe revealed the contours of a physique as symmetrical as the features of the face. As he sat down and pushed forward the wick of the lamp and made it burn more brightly, Jim, studying that face and that form at closer quarters, was soon lost in admiration. "A holy man," he exclaimed within himself, "from top to bottom, a holy man from top to bottom."

CHAPTER XII.

GREETING HIS admiring eyes with a look and smile of gratitude, the ascetic said, with great tenderness:

"Blessed one, I welcome you to the discipleship of our great Gooroo. You are very fortunate to have met him. He is the touchstone which turns every iron mind of ignorance into the gold of wisdom and love. But we have no time to lose here. I am commanded to cover your white face with this brown paint, so that you can travel with me by rail *gari* to where our Gooroo is. You see, Sáhib, you have a white color, a Sáhib's color and face, so I cannot take you with me in the rail *gari* without attracting attention, and, maybe, your people will have me arrested and you taken back to your regiment. This paint will cover your color and yet will look so natural that it will be taken as flesh color. It is a wonderful body paint which our Gooroo has taught us. I will take it off as soon as I reach the place where our Gooroo is. Are you willing to have it done? For I have no time; we must catch the mail train at two o'clock and reach his lotus feet by five."

Jim smiled and said: "You can do anything you like with me. I am willing to do anything, subject myself to anything to be with the Yogi, our Gooroo. I have no fear, for I am in the holiest company,

whose very atmosphere I do not deserve to enjoy. I have been a brute all my life, sir."

As Jim said the last words his eyes became moist and he bent his head to hide them.

"But you have touched the touchstone and already you are getting to be divine," replied the ascetic in a melting tone of spontaneous sympathy, for his eyes, too, were moist from the vibrations of Jim's voice, "soon you will be in heaven itself. But I must begin my business. Will you please put up your head?"

As Jim did so, the ascetic did quick work with the paint on his face and neck. Then he painted his hands and arms up to the elbows and feet and legs up to the knees, Jim's feet being now bare as he took off his shoes at the request of his companion. He was then asked to stand. As he did so, the ascetic gave him a flowing saffron robe like his own which, when he wore, covered him from neck to foot. His head, ears and back of the neck were also covered with the same-colored cotton cap which holy men in India alone wear. All this took only ten minutes. The ascetic then brought some stones and a small gunny-sack in which he asked Jim to put his shoes with the stones and tie it into a bundle. As Jim did so, the other motioned him to follow him with the bundle.

Noiselessly they passed out of the hut into the street, and with swift steps went back to the dark avenue of trees where Jim had met the ascetic. There stood an ekká, the tiny horse-cart so common in Upper India, hid behind a huge tree. As the ascetic approached it, the driver fell at his feet and bowed low:

"Sheo Saran," said the ascetic addressing him and putting his right hand of blessing upon his head as he rose, "drive as fast as you can to the station."

"Whatever your command," replied the other, with bent head and folded hands, "my horse will run more quickly than the *dák gari* (mail train), the moment you will sit in the ekká."

And the strong, stout pony did as his master had boasted. With the velocity of a whirlwind the cart swept over the road, making all the jackals run away in fright, and rousing most of the nearby villagers and village dogs, with the tremendous noise made by its small wheels, as well as the sleeping crows and owls in the tops of the trees, making them caw and screech.

In little more than an hour the railway station was reached. A very small station next to that of the cantonment city, about eight miles away. The ekká-wallá went in and bought two tickets, the destination of which the ascetic had whispered into his ear. Another ten minutes and the train was in sight.

"Sheo Saran, now we go," said the ascetic, turning to the ekká-wallá, "not a word to a single soul, and go home by another road. You will see me again as soon as Ráma wishes."

"Just as your command is, holy one, your command will obey itself as it did when I gave the Sáhib's servant your letter tonight."

Jim looked at him with a smile of gratitude and returned his salaam by bending his head even as he did to him, a kindness and courtesy he had never shown before in response to the salaam of even a Rajah or a nobleman of the country. Sheo Saran dropped again at the feet of the ascetic, who again blessing him exclaimed, "Seeta Rám" to him.

"Seetá Rám," said the ekká man in response to him, and also to Jim, at which Jim, understanding that it was a divine salutation at the meeting and parting of friends, cried, "Seetá Rám," to him several times, bursting with goodwill and joy.

The train crashed into the station, and Jim and the Saint got into a third-class compartment after much difficulty, on account of the pro-

testations and resistance from the crowd of passengers who had been huddled together along with their huge baggages. There were already ten passengers within that enclosure of about six feet by ten; five on each bench, and the space between the benches filled high and full with bundles of the poor occupants, who all sat bolt upright. So Jim and his holy companion had to stand, there being not an inch of space on the benches or between the benches. They had to move some of the bundles to secure standing-room. The door was shut, the bell rang, the engine whistled and the train moved again.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN THE train moved, the loud protestations softened into growls, which meant that the unfortunate human sardines, packed in that rail-car box, were about to reconcile themselves to their lot. The Saint stretched out his right hand slowly, and said to the grumbling crowd:

"We are sorry thus to overcrowd you, but the station-master put us in here. I know it causes you inconvenience, but we will stand all the way just where we are standing now, and before long we shall be gone."

These few words spoken with absolute kindness and sympathy had a magic effect upon them all, except one who sat in the corner where the two newcomers were standing.

"But you shut out my air, standing before the window. Sweet words do not save me from suffocation."

"Stop, you growling fool," cried an old man on the other side of the compartment, "it is better to be suffocated by holy presence than to draw sinful breath in the free breeze. Can't you see that these are saints? Open your eyes, you old sinner, and look about yourself."

The grumbler man had been snoring away, ensconced in that corner, before the newcomers came. Hence the taunt at the conclusion of the scolding speech of the old man who, with most of the other passengers, envied his sleep.

The grumbling sleeper did open his eyes and looked at the saints, and, with head bent with reverence, said:

"Máf karō, Máhráj, páon lágé, Máhráj—forgive me, holy one, I bow at your feet, holy one."

Jim was standing all this while with his eyes shut as the ascetic had asked him to do before entering the carriage, to conceal his blue eyes. The toning down of swearing protests and growls into such reverential spirit through a few kind words from his companion, gave him a glimpse into the inner consciousness of the native of the country whom he had hated so long. He was admiring this spirit of homage paid to his holy robe, with many regrets for the ill treatment which his native servants and soldiers had received from him. When the growling sleeper touched his knees and paid the homage due to a saint, he felt so ashamed to receive it that he felt like telling him that he was a brute and did not deserve it. But his companion had also told him not to speak, hence he could not express what he felt in his heart. But this restraint filled him with curiosity to look at the crowd, to see what sort of people they were. So he opened his eyes just a little to observe, yet not to be observed.

He saw they were all up-country men of the poor class, with half-soiled turbans and full-soiled cotton jackets over dusty dhotis. Yet some of them possessed such regular and delicate features as most of his countrymen of even rich and high lineage might envy. Some of them were light complexioned, others brown, others quite dark; all of

them had in their face a light which was visible in spite of the dim shine of the oil-lamp suspended from the roof of the next compartment, and Jim sighed as he said to himself:

"After all, man's ideas of men and things are nothing but what he is taught to think. All these years, with my mind stuffed with the prejudiced ideas of others, I thought these people as nothing better than human beasts or semi-savages and treated them as such. But now, with my mind illuminated even a little by its own inner light, the light of the soul, through the grace of the holy one, I see that they are, as a race, far more cultured in mind and body than we. I have seen only a little of them as yet with my cleared vision, but that little is enough to give me a glimpse of their inner consciousness which is so essentially spiritual. And yet, in our bloated conceit, how unjustly and aggressively we treat and rule them. Even in these railway carriages, where they have paid for their seats, and, therefore, have a right to be treated with civility due to patrons, they are pushed, abused and insulted and treated as cattle. And yet, in spite of all this injustice and aggression, how kind, gentle and philosophic they are! How selfish, shamefully selfish, is the policy of our rule all round! That selfish policy pervades the management of even this private railway company. Here in these carriages these poor passengers are crowded together without any regard for their comfort or convenience, while we, Sáhibs, even when we travel third-class for want of money, are provided with exclusive compartments where natives, however respectable, cannot enter. Oh, some day, I feel it, a retribution is sooner or later sure to overtake us."

These thoughts passed through Jim's mind more quickly than it takes to tell, while his companion stood still as a statue, and the passengers were discussing the benefits derived from the association of saints in general and the saints present there in particular. The scolding old man of the corner, who seemed, from a portion of his holy thread exposed about his neck, to be a Brahman, recited his experience with a saint whom he had met in the rail gári a few months before, who told him all his future, much of which had already come true and whose few words of wisdom had illumined his dark mind and chased away all evil thoughts.

"I once met a sádhoo," said another, seated opposite to the old man, "some four years ago who cured my Sáhíb, whom I serve as a domestic servant, of all his badmáshi (blackguardism). He was a great badmásh, a very saitan's son. He would find fault with me for nothing, lose his temper and beat me till I would cry out for mercy. I could not give up his service because my mother was old and ill and depended upon me, her only son, for sustenance. My mother told me many times to give up service under him and seek some other, but I could get no other, and the Memsáhíb was very kind-hearted and loved me and implored me never to leave her. She scolded the Sáhíb many times for striking me, but the beast never knew better. One day a saint came to my mother, while she was weeping, on account of the Sáhíb having beaten me the day before, and said, 'Give this to your son, when he comes home tonight, to wear around his neck and his Sáhíb will never beat him again.' He gave her this amulet," and the man pointed to a square silver amulet fastened around his neck, "this magic amulet, which has cured the Sáhíb of his badmáshi. The charm acted from the very next day, and ever since, four years now, he has treated me with the utmost kindness, loves me as his own son, increased my pay, besides giving me buksheesh every now and then. The Memsáhíb is astonished, but the Sáhíb is more astonished than she and often asks me laughingly, 'Tell me, what has become of my temper? You seem to have turned magician.' I laugh and salaam him but say nothing."

(To be continued)

PEEPS INTO THE PURDAH

BY BABA BHARATI.

THE HINDOO WIFE.

BORN IN mysticism, nursed in mysticism, brought up in mysticism, living and breathing in mysticism—the mysticism which has its origin in the One Source of all Life, God—the Hindoo wife is a mystic all her life all through her being. She is a legacy, to the newest world, of the oldest world's womanhood. In this age of exterior display, commonplace mentality and respectable matter-of-factness, the Hindoo wife has managed to maintain her world-old individuality despite the batteries of a bombastic new civilization bombarding it from all sides.

She may be pitied by her modern sister of the West for her old-worldness, her unprogressiveness, her unassertiveness, and her unwillingness to claim the new privileges of the new woman. But that is not by any means due to the lack of intelligence in her to appreciate the merits of the new forces set in motion in the realm of new womanhood. She has more intelligence than is suspected by her modern Western sister—an intelligence that sees through the new-fangled ideas of life and new propositions of woman's rights, in a twinkling, and disposes of them with a smile that expresses no opinion. The new ideas of woman's life and rights may be good, bad or indifferent, but they do not concern her; that may be the meaning of the smile. Her own ideas of woman's life, aspirations and privileges have become identified with the breath of her being, with every point of her nature, with every corpuscle of the blood of her body, with the very essence of her mentality, and so it is impossible for her not to live by them.

"What a hopelessly confirmed delusion!" some one may exclaim, but the exclaimer ought to ponder for a moment on the fact that the "delusion" has lasted all through the ages, has seen new-fangled philosophies of life rise up all through those ages to demolish it, only to be demolished themselves. The wonder of its vitality ought to grow on one to turn attention to its foundation and its beneficial effects on the lives of its "victims." A little calm and unconceited investigation will clearly show that the old-world Hindoo woman's principles of life are based on the Idea, of which this whole huge One Life called the Universe or Nature is the materialized expression.

Let us now see how the average Hindoo woman lives her daily life, for its picture, true and unvarnished, may afford food for reflection for many a deep-thinking Western mind. The moment she awakes in her bed, very early in the morning, she whispers the name of God and the name of saints and famous sacred women of the past and the names of holy rivers and pilgrimages. Then she noiselessly steals out of her room to greet the other women of the house who may be already up and about their morning duties of the household. If she has overslept herself and is late in rising, she is ashamed of it, for a woman, unless she is sick, must get out of her bed and room with the early dawn. To linger in bed while others are up makes her blush to meet the others. Once out of her room, she washes her eyes, face and mouth with a few handfuls of water and forthwith busies herself with the household duty allotted to her, such as sweeping some floors and, if the family cannot afford a maidservant, she joins the other female members of the family in washing the metal dishes of the past night's dinner. This is done quickly with ashes and earth and plenty of water. Then she turns her attention to other things that need adjusting.

Now comes the turn for her body to be cleansed. She has already washed her eyes, face and mouth, but that was only to take away the spell of sleep and refresh herself. Now the real cleansing operation of the mouth begins. She takes some powdered chalk or charcoal or some scented tooth-powder made of many medicinal ingredients with her own hand and rubs her teeth vigorously with it for many minutes, after which she rinses her mouth more than a dozen times, gargling and scraping her tongue with some reed or brass tongue-scraper. If she belongs to Bengal or any other province of lower India, she uncoils and unbraids her hair and rubs scented cocoanut oil all over her head, hair and body, rubbing it until it is almost dry and her body has absorbed it. She is now to have her bath. If the Ganges or any other river is near by she goes to have her bath in it along with the other women of the house or neighbors, for it is of great merit to bathe in the sacred Ganges; next in ablutionary efficacy is to have a bath in some current water. If she is a villager and the Ganges or any current water is not near by, she has her bath in the spacious pond attached to the female quarters of every village home, walled up high all around to screen the bathers from public view. In big cities or towns where there is no such pond and rivers are far away, the women bathe in their own home in open air, but in secluded places, with two or three large jarfuls of water drawn from the pipe or a well. In the process of her bath, which is always a whole bath from head to foot, she takes off the oil entirely from her body with powdered soap bark or some pulse powder and cleanses her mind with many chants and hymns to God. Those who bathe in the Ganges do not use any cleansing material for their body for that is desecrating the Ganges water which purifies not only the body but the mind and the soul as well. In a Ganges bath she can only rub her body with her long towel or with Ganges clay which has such cleansing properties in it that it even cures leprosy, and many lepers get cured of their dread malady thereby.

Bathing done, she wears a clean piece of cloth washed the day previous in the cleanest water and dried in the sun. She then sits in *poojā* (worship) after saying her mantram 108 times either in a corner of her room kept sacred for the purpose of worship or in the sacred room of worship where the image of some Incarnation of God is kept and worshipped daily. Sandalwood paste, fresh, fragrant flowers and incense help her naturally devout mind into the attitude of worship which, beginning with a scriptural formula, ends with a passionate, soul-stirring prayer to the Supreme Deity, the All-pervading, All-seeing, All-knowing, All-hearing One, the uttering even of whose Blessed Name robs the human mind of its many sins. After this thrilling worship, she prostrates repeatedly before the Omnipotent God, feeling His presence in every fiber of her body. Thus the soul and mind are fed and the whole body entoned by fervent worship of God before the Hindoo wife engages herself in her duties towards man.

She now sits on the floor to dress the vegetables for the morning meal. Potatoes, pumpkins, egg-plant, radishes, cauliflower or cabbage, and spinach, are all peeled and cut into pieces according to the requirements of different dishes she has planned for the meal. Her deft fingers work with them on the blade of the large crescent-shaped vegetable knife whose flat long handle she holds tightly pressed under her right leg while she is chatting gaily with other people who may be sitting around her. The dressed vegetables are then washed in clean, fresh water and piled up on a large round metal salver and sent down to the cook, if the family can afford one, with instructions as to the different dishes, or she takes them to the cook-room if she herself is to cook. The kitchen has been cleaned and washed, as well as the pair

of small, open mud ovens, filled with blazing fire of dry faggots. She sits before the ovens, and soon the soups and the different curried dishes and fried side-dishes and boiled rice are cooked by her expert hands, backed by her inborn genius and cultivated art of cooking. Most Hindoo families live on the strictest vegetarian meals, any kind of animal food being an object of abhorrence to them, but some families eat fish and, very occasionally, curried goat flesh or some game.

The Western reader must have an idea of what a Hindoo family consists of. It does not consist, as in the West, of one's wife and children. Almost all Hindoo families are joint-families, brothers with their wives and children living together under the same roof and eating out of the same kitchen. The expenses are paid out of the common fund, either ancestral or contributed to by the earning members and controlled by the head who is acknowledged by all the other members because of his seniority of blood-relationship, except in some families in the cities and towns, where English "enlightenment" is disintegrating the more or less happy joint-families into individual ones. One or two generations ago, most Hindoo families were very large, some consisting of about a hundred members. Three generations of brothers and cousins would live together under the same roof and with equal privileges, whether they could earn or had money of their own or not. The poison of Western selfishness has entered, with the introduction of English education, into some domestic organisms and is creating the same havoc therein as it has done in the lands of its origin. In such large families, therefore, there are many women to share the daily performance of domestic duties, and cooking is often undertaken by turns, while well-to-do families employ professional cooks. The cleanliness of Hindoo cooking is proverbial, the very despair of all other races and peoples the world over. In most orthodox Vaishnava families, the whole meal is offered to God before being distributed to the members as enjoined by religion.

When the children and the male members of the family are fed, the turn of the women comes. They have already eaten some sweet-meats, as breakfast, at about ten o'clock, which the adult male members do not do. The men generally eat their first meal, breakfast and lunch, between eleven and twelve o'clock, unless they have to go out to work. When the Hindoo women sit in rows to eat, no adult male eye has any right to peer at the operation. To the latter it is an everlasting mystery. But for the fact that the women eat the same dishes that they do, the men have no idea as to the process of that eating except that during the process the merry laughs and sounds of pleasant gossip tell them, if they are anywhere near the dining-room, that the meal is being heartily enjoyed. Should any man enter the room where the women are eating, all hands will stop operations, heads will be bent down and young wives will draw their veils. The Hindoo woman is the most modest woman in the world, and this extreme modesty imparts to her character and personality the most charming grace. Her shrinking delicacy in the matter of eating may provoke her Western sister, who eats along with men, into calling it stupid or absurd. The Hindoo woman's deep culture will forbid her to reply to such a remark, but in her mind she may be calling her Western lady critic altogether too free and forward and, from her own standpoint, the Memsahib's manner of eating may strike her as not only absurd but even ludicrous. So criticisms differ according to different confirmed ideas and habits of thought and their viewpoints.

As she has risen early in the morning, she takes rest after her dinner in a good two hours' noonday nap from which she awakes thoroughly refreshed and goes into the room of some member of the family for a chat. Soon other members drop in and after a good hour's discussion of do-

mestic events and politics of their own home and of neighbors, as women will everywhere, one of them opens the sacred Rámáyana or Mahábháratá, the two greatest holy histories of the world, and reads. Instantly the rest of the company are all attention and many weep in ecstasy of devotion over some of the passages, or some elderly woman of the house or from the neighborhood comes in and recites a story from these sacred books or some Puránas, exciting the devotional spirit of the congregation. At four or five o'clock there may be an illuminating reciter or expositor of the sacred lore holding his recitations in a neighbor's house for days and months together, engaged by some pious lady or gentleman for the spiritual benefit of all who may come to hear him. Seats are provided there for women behind curtains through which they can see the outer male assembly while the latter can only see them indistinctly. The preachers are generally practiced or eloquent orators, and actors to boot. They sway the mind of the hearers with pathetic delineations or "bring down the house" with some humorous episode acted up to nature.

But now is the time for the second bath and the evening duties of the household. The Hindoo wife hastens home, her mind and heart filled with soul-vibrations awakened by the preacher. To say that the Hindoo wife's lot is miserable and lonely is a misrepresentation born of ignorance or wilful lies of Christian missionaries and other Western writers. It is true that the Hindoo home is divided into two apartments, male and female. The women do not encroach upon the male apartments, nor do the men go into the female apartments except for necessity, meals and at night, for rest. The women in the zenana live by themselves the most of the day and the evening forming by themselves a woman's club full of mirth, excitement and interesting features. They live in a world of their own, not only satisfied but generally proud of their lot. Home is practically controlled and queened over by the Hindoo wife, and her husband makes her the queen of his heart and home because of her genuine love and devotion to him and his own folks. There are bad husbands and bad wives, too—what country has them not?—but the percentage is very small. I can boldly say that there are about 90 per cent happy homes in Hindoo India—what Western country can boast of this percentage? True it is that the Hindoo wife worships her husband, who is her lover, father, brother, provider and protector, all in one. And yet she is considered by her husband in every respect his equal; he calls her his "ardhángini"—other half. But this claim of equality the Hindoo woman, through the instinct of her all-surrendering love, never cares to put forward. As Miss Margaret Noble, the only Western woman who has lived among Hindoo women, remarks in her renowned book, *The Web of Indian Life*—"But who talks of a vulgar equality, asks the Hindoo wife, when she may have instead the unspeakable blessedness of offering worship?"

And such worship cannot fail to compel adoration of her from her husband. The Hindoo husband's adoration of his wife is not only sincere but spiritual, for a Hindoo wife is first of all her husband's spiritual partner in life. And in this respect she is the senior partner, for into her hands is entrusted the care of the spiritual welfare of the home and the management of the periodical religious ceremonies—half a dozen ceremonies, on an average, per month—by the help of the family priest. The Hindoo home is a monastic temple of which the Hindoo wife is high priestess. Her genuine natural interest in her religion affords her an ecstatic happiness which her Western sister may well envy. She is a mystic, living and believing in all the facts of the spiritual realm all through her life.

The Hindoo wife is a fragrant, full-blown flower of old-world woman-

hood. But of all fragrant flowers she can only be likened to the lotus, the national flower of India, or as Miss Toru Dutt, the Hindoo poetess puts it—"the queenliest flower that blows." The lotus has endured through all the ages. So has the Hindoo woman who is always a wife—wife to one husband, alive or dead. This again is the characteristic of the lotus who knows but one bridegroom—the sun. The lotus is said to be the bride and lady-love of her one bridegroom and lover, the sun. And such is said to be her love that she opens and reveals her heart with the rising of the sun and closes and covers it when the sun departs. The lotus is a mystic flower because it is, in form and shape, a materialized reflection of the spiritual centers of the universe and within man, the miniature universe. So is the Hindoo wife a mystic woman. The fragrance of the lotus is unlike that of any flower in the world. The softness and sweetness of that fragrance awaken in one divine vibrations. So is the fragrance of the Hindoo woman's individuality whose essence is her soul-consciousness, her God consciousness developed from childhood. The lotus is a divine flower because it is solely used in India for the worship of God. So is the Hindoo woman. She is the *saha-dharmini*—copartner in religion—of her husband, to help her husband and herself along with him to attain to absolute God-consciousness.

The above forms a true picture of the Hindoo wife, as all Hindoos and foreigners who *really* know the inner life of the Hindoo home will testify. When the conceited Western critics of the Hindoo home and women will acquire the decency of not trying to view and judge Eastern ideals, men and manners by their own standard, then they will not fail to find that there is much in the life and conditions of the Hindoo woman which they can envy and emulate to advantage, and that the customs and institutions of a people are outgrowths of their soil, climate, environment, conditions and ideals of life. And the ideals and customs cannot but be pronounced good if their effects upon the people are wholesome, harmonious and uplifting.

ANACREONTIC

BY ADELIA BEE ADAMS.

I sing of Love, of Love and wine;
All potent Love, and wine divine!
That Love for which all Nature yearns,
That Love to which all action turns;

The Love to which each soul has clung
Since from that Love itself it sprung;
Of Love, who sips the wine that grows
More plentiful—the more it flows;

Who grows in changing beauty while
He sips: in love with His own smile.
That smile in which Creation lives
And pours the time-old wine it gives

To Him—to glimpse the light that lies
So deep—so sweet—in His soft eyes.
That Love—the Lover of all souls—I sing;
That wine—devotion—that his lovers bring!

THE BABA IN THE WEST

BY BABA BHARATI

CHAPTER V.

The Characteristics of John Bull.

IN ORDER to demonstrate that the English soil, according to the perfect principles of my special geology, is a mysterious mixture of air, light and motion, I have got only to find these three elements, by means of analysis, in the constitution of its best product, the Englishman, and it is proved. But a Baba's system of analysis is bound to be more psychological than chemical, and its results more of an inductive than a deductive nature. Following the effect to the cause, therefore, I have discovered that, if indeed I am not wholly blind, the last-named element is to be found first of all in all Englishmen.

JOHN BULL IS MOTION.

John Bull, then, is—motion. Start not, Uncle Sam, jump not over me; you have no reason to, if you hear me first. Motion is not your exclusive monopoly, although I admit that you own three-fourths of the world's motion in your lank, nervous, bony body. When I come to talk of you I will render unto you your full dues, and figure out your appropriation of motion. Meanwhile John Bull's motion is by no means negligible for mention, from a philosophic Hindoo's point of view. The little Jap, by the way, is about to outstrip you in your vaunted quickness—so look out!

John Bull himself may deny any other description of him, but certainly he may not grumble or be scandalized to be called—motion. Look around you in the streets; everyone is hurrying. People here never walk, they hurry. They are always in a mighty hurry when moving, as if the world is just on the point of coming to an end and they are hurrying to save themselves. Look at their limbs. The legs do not seem to be made of flesh, such elasticity of step is only possible with India rubber; their hands swing like sharp-swinging spring pendulums. To business or to pleasure they never forget to trot off,—if they had four legs they would gallop. At home or out of it, at office or in the study, slowness of movement is detestable. Haste, haste, as if life depends upon haste.

When the legs are shelved for rest—and the legs of the cab-horse in "Pickwick" deserved less rest than the modern Englishman's—the hands work for both. An Englishman's hands work as fast as magic, if not as lightning. It is his mind that moves his limbs—his mind which is concentrated motion. But what is wonderful in this seemingly mad motion in and about an Englishman is its method. However great the hurry, its action is methodical, like clockwork. Hurrying in the East is almost synonymous with "slapdash;" hurry in England is speed sandwiched between precision and regularity condensed. Thinking or speaking, writing, working or moving, an Englishman will take ten minutes where a Hindoo may take an hour; although it may be doubted if the ten minutes' work is as perfect as the hour's. Motion here has made a slave of time—an hour may be made to yield a day; a day, a month.

HIS OTHER FOODS.

But what is the mystery of John Bull's quickness of motion? It is to be found in his food. Not in his national roast beef, which befores his brain, but the food that he takes through his lungs and eyes, as

regularly as his four orthodox meals through his mouth. They consist of air and light, meals without which he cannot live a minute with even a whole live ox in his belly. In Indian idiom, taking an airing is "eating air." If an Englishman does not actually eat air, he swallows it until his lungs are full of it up to his throat. He loves air for the sake of his life, and loves light because he has so little of it from Nature. His large all-glass windows and gas and electric lights are the chief comforts of his home existence. He requires the open air out of doors to feed his lungs and the maximum of light indoors to feed his eyes, and as both air and light are the fleetest in speed, no wonder they generate the motion of which John Bull is made. This disciplined speed in him is the best factor in all his greatest achievements in every sphere of life, except in the higher spheres of thought and philosophy, which hate motion and fear speed. But high thought and real philosophy John Bull may be excused of. His beef-fed brain is too thick and clumsy for operation along that line.

A MACHINE-MADE MACHINE.

"The man I don't know" said a famous Hindoo philanthropist on being pressed for the shortest definition of a gentleman. All his life this good and great man had befriended people with his money and influence whenever appealed to, but every one of these people, he used to complain, had returned his extreme kindness with aggressive ingratitude. Failing to be a confirmed misanthrope, he continued his services to distressed humanity, only avenging his wrongs now and then by some sweeping sarcasm at any suggestion of possible goodness in mankind. This occurred to me as I was in the throes of a struggle to define in the fewest words the inner Englishman. If I had a grudge or a grievance against him, my task would have been easy enough, and I would, perhaps, have been immortalized for the best spiced epigram in which I could paint him. But painting being not in my line, and failing to possess the requisite modicum of grudge or grievance to procure the spice to inspire the epigram, I have been driven to have him kodaked in my own Oriental fashion. The result is the barest outline process block. John Bull, inside and out, is a machine-made machine.

CAST-IRON MOULD OF MIND.

A machine-made machine may suggest an intricate explanation, and yet it need not. Its meaning is clear unto daylight. Man is his mind, and the Englishman is the English mind. Mind is a collection of thoughts, notions and ideas, and the English mind is a collection of inborn and acquired English thoughts, notions and ideas which form the parts and principles of the machine which produces the modern Englishman. So far the application of the analogy may be universal. I mean, it may hold good for all races of mankind. With the Englishman however, it is a veritable specialty. His general thoughts, notions and ideas being too much accustomed to move in strictly stereotyped grooves, the parts they form of the machinery within him are all of cast-iron moulds, and their process of working, mechanical unto dullness. There is a rigid saneness in his views of matters and things and of manners and men other than his own which, to his foreign critic at least, must strike as far from free or original. The average Englishman has got fixed for him some rules of life and some views of circumstances which he follows by force of blind adoption, and the habit has grown so hard that he can scarcely think and act for himself when a special case confronts his artificially arranged mind and brain. "Oh, has he been speaking a lie? Then, he deserves no sympathy, I have nothing to do with him," says an average member of the intellectual or the middle or the higher working class, and is forthwith angry with the man of the little lie who seeks

his help. Pleading circumstances is of no avail; for tears he has no sight; for plaintive cry for mercy he is deaf. The unfortunate object of his displeasure may be a paragon of virtues in all other respects except in respect of that circumstantial "white lie." But that is enough to brand him as a bad person, and all the gates of the "generous" English heart are barred to him forever. This is only one of thousands of instances of many kinds, singled out to show how the ethical train of English thought run on railroads alone.

JOHN BULL BUSINESS MAN.

The reason for this narrow-grooved volition of the English mind is not far to seek. He is too busy money-making, and pleasure-hunting after the money-making is finished for the day, to think for himself about anything that does not concern his business or his pleasure. But business is first and foremost, and pleasure afterwards, though essential. Pleasure he has named relaxation from business, which he worships as his god. No wonder the Englishman is the best business man the world has ever produced.

In course of business he stumbled upon the sovereignty of India which has made him rich, and which he grips with a tenacity the very despair of the leech—another chief characteristic of John, his out-leeching the leech in gripping and grabbing other peoples' lands and wealth without the least shadow of a claim. He has made it his business and has grown thereby in material goods. Only, business narrows if not actually kills imagination, which John Bull lacks in his mental constitution. Imagination he generally runs down as "rot." "Does imagination pay?" he asks. "Yes, it does," replies the novelist. "It paid me five thousand pounds for my last piece." "Ah, but you forget, my friend," is the ready rejoinder, "you had to dish it up to our taste to refresh our muddled brains for business, a sort of pick-me-up, you know. It was made to the order of business people, for business people, by a business-like author. That's all right; that's business, not imagination. You try your hand at pure imagination, and however sublime its thoughts and flights, we shall promptly put you on bread and cheese, see?"

Thus the English mind is too matter-of-fact at present to allow higher imagination and philosophy to plough its hard soil into a smiling garden of transcendental intellectualism.

LADY PAGET ON REINCARNATION.

The doctrine of reincarnation may be with us a jest or a pretty speculation; but it passes as the deep wisdom of the East, which, according to Lady Paget, who writes of it in the Nineteenth Century, is not alone the kernel of all its philosophies, but is also the inspiration of all its great achievements. Lady Paget is herself a believer in reincarnation.

In the history of the race come periods when men demand, in the Miltonic phrase, that there be some attempt "to justify the ways of God to man." Reincarnation is supposed to supply such a justification, that is supposed by its believers to supply it.

Reincarnation interferes with no religion, as Lady Paget writes. "Reincarnation is not a religion, as many think. It is simply the discovery of a fact which gives a clearer, deeper insight into religion, and into all the unseen springs of life."

The possibility that reincarnation may be a fact is by no means shocking to philosophic western thought. Plato based his celebrated argument for the immortality of the soul upon the evidences of existence previous to birth, and it cannot be denied that he who concedes an after life is not in position to deny absolutely a before life.

Considering reincarnation not as new doctrine in conflict with the dogmas of any church, but as a great natural hypothesis, superior but akin to those great hypotheses, the atomic theory and the law of gravitation, how much the hypothesis of reincarnation explains! Is it not the most comprehensive ethical speculation ever woven by the mind of man? Lady Paget thinks so.

Reincarnation does not admit that the problem of man is to be solved in the limits of the present life. Indeed it regards the sufferings, the wrongs, the humiliations of this life as not in any way final, as not to be redressed here, and as in themselves not bad, but providing good experience for the development of the soul.

"It is only natural," writes Lady Paget, "that those who believe that one short span of life in the body is the only chance they will ever have are discontented and often distracted and despairing if their lot is not a happy one, and also that those who have thoroughly enjoyed themselves are equally unhappy at the thought that they will never have such a good time again. Neither of them can be resigned.

"The happy ones, on the contrary, who have grasped the wonderful mystery of reincarnation, who know that chance succeeds chance, that no effort is wasted, that everything they acquire is laid in store for them, know that it depends upon themselves alone to make their lives more and more happy, elevated and useful."

The existence of evil confronts every thinking man and baffles his powers of explanation. Religious surmount evil by faith; but the so-called philosophies either vainly endeavor to reconcile evil with good, or else, as does Schopenhauer's, frankly accept evil as the truth. Reincarnation, alone of all the secular hypotheses, reconciles the fact of evil with the greater fact of good.

We are not stating our acceptance of reincarnation. We do but let Lady Paget put forward some pleas in its favor in a manner that appeals to the everlasting curiosity of all men who have followed the immortal wanderings of Kim and his Holy Man through the panoramic pages of Rudyard Kipling's greatest novel.

THE MISSIONARY MYTHS ABOUT HINDOO WOMEN

BY BABA BHARATI.

(*Los Angeles Herald*)

As I have said in my last article, the Christian missionaries in the east, especially in India, are wonderful beings in many respects. Their persistency in putting forward the same myths about Hindoo women, even if they be contradicted by the whole world, is wonderful. This persistency is only matched by the profound ignorance of what they are talking about. But the reason of this is not far to seek. The reason is the business-basis upon which the Christian missionary enterprise in India is principally founded and sustained. And like all business people they believe in continuous advertising. They believe that if their myths about Hindoo religion and customs and treatment of women are advertised repeatedly and systematically they cannot fail to induce belief, and funds through that belief. They, therefore, either ignore contradictions or trot out the same mythical facts and stock arguments, however irrelevant they may strike the intelligent reader.

Now as to the points which Mrs. Merrit has attempted to make in her second letter published last Sunday. She says that if Hindoo women "emerge from the household they must be so wrapped in a cloth called a saree as to be able neither to see nor be seen, either groping or being led about, sometimes being allowed the privilege of a small opening for the eyes."

Points Out Inaccuracies

This is partially untrue. While it is true that they are wrapped in their saree from head to foot while walking in public streets, their face from the middle of the forehead to the chin is entirely uncovered; so "groping or being led about"

is an untruth to which even the skipping globe trotter from the west will testify. She says that women's quarters in Hindoo homes are indescribable. And yet when she describes it, it doesn't seem so horrid. She says "no two are alike." Well, that ought to be a recommendation. Here in America the uniform sameness of indoor home structure, the want of variety, almost hurts the eye of the Oriental, who loves variety. The Hindoo homes are built according to Hindoo ideas of house building, in many cases better and more safely planned and built than American flats and some houses. She describes the houses of especially poor people when she talks of "dirty courtyards, dark corners, break-neck staircases," etc. The cause of this poverty in most cases is due to the greed of the westerner, the avaricious English ruler, who is exploiting the country with the force of the loaded cannon, about which Mrs. Merritt has nothing to say.

But that the Hindoo women have no tables and chairs in their room—which they never dream of needing—has awakened her indignation. She ought to be thankful to the male members for furnishing her with a chair which they keep only to accommodate western visitors. Here in America I feel comfortable only when I sit cross-legged upon a rug or mat on the floor, as Hindoo men and women do in India. The floors of Hindoo houses have no rheumatism in them to catch—thanks to the warm and dry Indian climate. Rheumatism belongs to American floors and American climates.

Spiritually Great

It is some relief to read that "in natural endowments Hindoo women will compare favorably with their sisters elsewhere. Their features are most regular and often refined and delicate." Not "often," madam, but generally "refined and delicate"—even the features of the lowest castes. But after this condescending concession she must counteract it by saying in the next sentence that they "lack expression, as might be expected from lack of age and want of intellectual training and being stunted by their unnatural customs." Mark Twain, in his chapters on India in his famous book, "Following the Equator," was so much attracted by the expression of the Hindoo woman's face and her dress that he talks of it every now and then, and was shocked to look upon the scene of a troop of Hindoo convert Christian girls walking the streets in European clothes.

From the viewpoint of the Hindoo the Americans may be said to have no homes, in reply to the remark of Sir William Monier Williams quoted by Mrs. Merritt that there is "no word in any Indian language exactly equivalent to the grand old Saxon word 'home,' the word which is the key to our national greatness and prosperity." Greatness and prosperity—in what? India has been always great and wealthy in spirituality which prevades her home life. She has been most prosperous materially, too, until Sir Monier Williams' race came to set cannon-ball rule there to exploit her.

Says Statements are False

If "the authority in the zenana is with the grandmother, mother-in-law," it is because that authority is generally wielded with the jeweled scepter of love and affection and certainly not by "pure despotism," which is another myth.

But it is a vain attempt to reply to all the false statements of individual missionaries. It would be more serviceable to home-staying Americans to give them a few additional items of true information about Hindoo women. I have stood these heaps of untruths for the last four years of my sojourn in this country with the indifference and equanimity born of my Hindoo forefathers. But, as I have said in my last article, telling the real truths about the matter has at last become necessary. And I would not be true to the country of my birth nor worthy of the least regard of the men and women of that country if I fail to expose the falsity. My replies and explanations are intended to dispel the illusions created by Christian missionaries in American minds.

To call Hindoo women uneducated "argues ignorance in those who say so," as says the American lady whom I quoted in my last article. In the west education is based on the three "R's"—reading, writing and arithmetic—the most inadequate method of training the mind. These alone can only impart a superficial education. Is it education to train the mind so as to draw out its divine part, or is it education merely to enable one to talk and write superficially about superficial things and subjects? Education in India always meant and still means a training which can spiritualize the human mind. Spiritual education is considered to be the only really important education for men and women.

Intellectual Training Poison.

By example and precept, the India women are trained practically by their mothers, when children, to be spiritual. The stories about the different incarnations of the deity and those of saints and their sacred acts and life are recited to them, and spiritual truths are instilled into the young minds at a very early age. It may seem strange to western people how it is possible for such child minds

to grasp high truths of philosophy and spirituality; but such people should remember the depths of heredity in these girl minds, a heredity of thousands of generations concentrated and ready to burst forth into flower at the least touch of the breath which the words of the mother blow over it. Mere dry intellectual training is poison to the human mind, while spiritual education, however meager, builds up the character more harmoniously.

It has been said that in India a woman has no value in herself. That depends upon what womanly value is and how it is appraised. Is it the art and accomplishment of eating with fork and knife around a table, dressed in fashionable clothes? Is it to talk charmingly about things material while not knowing the object and goal of human life?

Is it to go to church—if they go at all—rather for custom's sake as is the fact in many cases, more to show their finery than to worship God? If these be the sum total of womanly values, then the educated woman of the west, among whom the American woman is supreme, have a higher value than the Hindoo. But if womanly value means something more than the flippancy of mentality which the above signifies, then the Hindoo woman is far ahead of her modern sister.

Wives Well Trained.

Trained in religion and domestic duties and in a devotion to her husband which serves her as concentration serves the Yogi, the average Hindoo woman is the best trained product of womanhood. At the age of 14, the age of maturity at which she goes to live with her husband, she is not only a good cook and efficient housekeeper, but an acute financier and sweet talker, a religious devotee and the best comfort and treasure of her husband. She is his light and happiness, a haven of peace. Tired out by work, he comes home to see her sweet face radiant to greet him, with a depth of love which is a religion to her; and he forgets forthwith all the hardness and pain he has experienced through the day. When he is in trouble she is his best adviser. A girl of 16, perhaps, yet she sympathizes with him as a mother of 50; and with the true instinct of woman in true love she never fails to tell him exactly what to do to avoid a failure or catastrophe.

Woman is essentially spiritual because she is essentially devotional. It is this devotional spirit which should be trained in woman so that she may by her touch, by her very association, by words and the warmth of her love, spiritualize the sterner sex. Concentration is the basis of all great characters. It is the first thing required for all success. And when the western woman affects to despise her eastern sister for her devotion to husband and children, which, as I have said, develops in her trained concentration and character, she shows her indifference to this chief essential of wifely outfit.

"What ground is there," I am often asked, "for the opinion so universal in this country that Hindoo men have little or no respect for women?"

That is a question that has confronted me ever since I crossed the seas to the west, and I have often smiled outwardly while pained inwardly at what it means. If respect means the homage of a slave on the part of the man to the woman because she chances to be a woman—a respect which he often denies his God—then Hindoos can be accused of a want of respect for their women. But, truth to tell, the Hindoos pay more respect than any other people on earth to their womankind. By this I mean that the Hindoo knows the internal laws operating both in man and nature. This knowledge was arrived at by the ancient sages through communion with the spirit that pervades the universe, and the records of these sages have been left in books that are studied by Hindoos. We know the manner in which women should be respected, and this respect with us is more sincere and substantial than the so-called respect paid by the most ideal lover of the whole west to his fiancée or wife.

I ask American women not to be deceived any longer by this plaything of an affected precedence which they receive from their men. It feeds their vanity, but has no permanent value. The Hindoo knows his wife to be the Lakshmi of his household, goddess of luck and good will.

"The house," says Manu, the great lawgiver of the Hindoos, "in which women shed tears for willful neglect and widows sigh for bad treatment is sure to be destroyed sooner or later." We regard our wife in the same way as the westerner does his. When we take her anywhere we pay great regard to her comfort; and her wish, whether for a pilgrimage or a beautiful ornament, or anything else that can gladden the heart, the husband accedes to with the greatest cheerfulness and the truest devotion.

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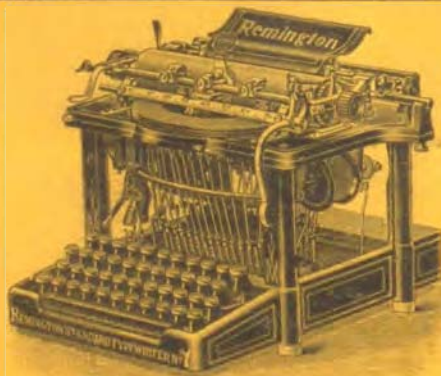
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