

"THOUGHT FORCE" by Baba Bharati

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No. 7

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1907

The
LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read

Contents

	Page
GLORY TO THEE	213
THE WAY TO ETERNITY	213
THE RISEN CHRIST	
By Rose Reinhardt Anthon	241
THOUGHT FORCE	
By Baba Bharati	215
THE MYTH ABOUT THE JEGGERNAUTH	
By Moncure Conway	220
THE HINDOO NEW YEAR	221
SAYINGS OF KRISHNA	222
STORIES OF INDIA	
By Rose Reinhardt Anthon	223
VEDIC SEED THOUGHTS	224
EFFECTS OF VEGETARI- ANISM	225
JIM	229
HOME LIFE OF COUNT TOLSTOI—By Pundit N. Krishna	23
EASTER SUNDAY	
By Minnie Esther Bates	239
BABA IN THE WEST	241
BEAUTY AND CHARM IN INDIA	
By Julian Hawthorne	243



Edited by **BABA BHARATI**

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

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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,

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GLORY TO THEE!

Glory to Thee, who art the awakener of the dead self unto the life that is eternal. Glory to Thee, Thou who by Thy love dost roll away the stone from the grave of Time that the revelations of Infinity may illumine the everlasting Now.

Glory to Thee whose feet have made the path unto reality that man may forsake the by-paths of the wilderness to walk in the markings of Thy footsteps. To Thee be glory who hast come down from the uplands of life, through the shadows of the valley of death, to stand again star-crowned before the awakened consciousness of Thy followers.

Glory to Thee whose cross, though heavy as lead upon Thy shoulders, shall become even light as sun-filled down upon the shoulders of those who in the name of Love come after Thee.

Glory to Thee who was ministered unto by beings of light in the tomb where hands of man had borne Thee, and who by the Resurrection hast awakened the victory of Life in death.

Glory to Thee, Thou Martyr of Love, Thou Lover of man! Glory to Thee, Thou Dispenser of Truth, Thou Way-shower to God!

THE WAY TO ETERNITY

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

An angel passed me by in trailing glory clad:
With longing infinite I followed him all glad.

The angel paused and said, "Why dost thou follow me?"
"Oh lead me, radiant one, unto Eternity!"

"Eternity, O child, doth dwell where Life is found,
And by its vital cord earth is to Heaven bound."

"How shall I know the breath that merges man in God,
How rend apart the veil that hides his pinions broad?"

"Fill thou thy heart with love, ease thou thy brother's pain,
So shalt thou find the way Eternity to gain."

THE RISEN CHRIST

EY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

From out the heights where God's eternal thought
Creates eternal worlds a light was wrought;
It fell upon the stone that sealed the tomb
Of Him who conquered Time and banished Doom.

And, lo, within the radiance of that light
That softly fell upon the fleeing night
An angel was, born of the holy smile
Of Him who rested in the tomb awhile,

That He might bring to man the Reign of Peace,
The sweet fulfillment of all prophecies,
The gracious secret of a deathless day
That knows not time nor place nor yet decay.

The angel paused before that sacred place,
And rolled the sealed stone from off its base,
And found within the narrow prison space
All light from Heaven hovering o'er that face.

Yea, God Himself was mirrored in those eyes
That gazed through shroud and stone beyond the skies,
And on His brow triumphant life was crowned,
And lilies bloomed where wreath of thorn was bound.

The King arose He stepped beyond the tomb,
And walked a little in the throbbing gloom,
And lo, where'er His holy feet had trod
A lily sprang to life to sway and nod.

Each petal waxen white as were the feet
Of Him who, wrapt in meditation sweet,
Beheld beyond the broadening horizon
The mystic smile of the New Era's dawn.

And taking from His brow the chaplet rare,
He spoke unto the angel standing there—
The words that broke the stillness of the morn
And echoed through the ages still unborn:

"He who doth die in me shall live again,
This promise do I give unto all men,
And he that bears my Cross, my Crown shall wear,
My Love shall conquer Death and end Despair.

His wreath of thorns a chaplet rare shall be
Of living lilies through Eternity."
Thus spake the risen Lord in accents clear,
And rose unto the Heavens bending near.

THOUGHT FORCE.*

BELOVED Ones of my Lord:—We are all apt to think too much of the physical force that we possess. In this matter-ridden age, we think more of our body than of our mind; we think more of our physical force than of the force of our mind. The majority of people in this age are wrapped up in the contemplation of their body and all that concerns the body. They do not think so much of the mind. Those that think of the mind—the forces of the mind, the mysteries of the mind—form the minority. But, happily, this minority is growing and every day the number of the thinkers who think of the inner forces of the mind is growing. It is a happy sign of the times. It is a change to better conditions in the welfare of humanity. People who think of their body alone, and all that concerns the body, live on the very skin of life, just like the little ants that crawl over the skin of an apple; just like those insects that crawl over the skin of a luscious fruit. The skin is too thick for them to pierce through to get a taste of the sweet juice. So, these human insects at times live only upon the skin, crawl upon the skin, never get into the kernel of the fruit of life, never even know or care to know of it, much less taste the sweet juice which forms its real happiness.

Man is His Thoughts

The very idea is changed, in these degenerate times, the very idea of life and what constitutes life. Most of us at most moments think we are our body and make the most of the body, think the most of the body. In this matter-ridden age, as I say, most of us have strange ideas of facts about ourselves. There are potent facts that stare us every minute in the face, facts that we experience every moment that we draw breath; and yet we leave out those facts, and the Lord knows wherefrom we form theories, spin out theories of life which are founded on imaginary facts and grounds. Man, for instance, is nothing but his thoughts, and yet how many of us bear that in mind,—that we are nothing but our thoughts? Just now as you are all hearing me, just for a second think of it,—that you are nothing but your consciousness and that consciousness is made up of thoughts, ideas and sentiments. Just for this very moment think of it. All through this day most of you, I had almost said all of you, have thought that you are your body. And yet you are nothing but your consciousness. If you were not your consciousness, you would not be able to hear me. It is your consciousness that hears me, it is that consciousness that tries to understand what I say, it is that consciousness that senses everything around and within you.

All Strength Belongs to the Mind

Has the body anything to do with your consciousness? Yes—it is the vehicle through which you, as your consciousness, work. The body is an encasement of the mind. That body is but a medium for mind to act through. Unless you put your mind on the body you are not conscious of the body. Your body is your outer casement, like unto your robe that encases your flesh. When we talk of force or strength, we are apt to think of physical force and physical strength. When we say, "I am weak to-day" we mean weak in body. When we talk of strength we unconsciously think of our physical strength,—as if the body has any strength at all, as if the body has any force at all! No! All strength belongs to the mind. Mark my words! I say again, strength absolutely belongs to the mind, of which our flesh is but an encasement, as a robe. Without the force of the mind the body is a living corpse. These words ought to be spoken slowly, with pauses.

*Verbatim report of an extemporaneous lecture delivered by Baba Bharati in the Krishna Temple, 730 West Sixteenth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

I do not stand here to lecture you. I have come to your land, to your vast land, to your enlightened land and to your great land, to serve you with a few thoughts from the ancient world, from the ancient religion, from the ancient philosophy of life. I put to you again,—all force and strength belong to the mind. There is no strength that the body can claim. Mind's strength it is in which the body deals. Is there any action of the body without a thought back of it? Think of that! A single action no one can perform with the body without being moved by thought, the force of the mind? I have come to serve you with this service,—that in the world before this era of material science people in the West as well as in the East, the North and the South, knew this fact that mind is our real self, mind is man's real self and the body but an encasement.

The subject tonight is Thought Force, the force of thought, which means the force of the mind. Every thought is a current of the mind; every current of the mind is a force of the mind. We all say, "We have thoughts but we do not feel the force of these thoughts,"—at least many of us say, many that live with indifference to life, many that live, as I have said, on the surface of life, that flit from objects to objects, from thought to thought,—ten thousand thoughts in a minute, if that be possible. How can they feel the force of thought? We can feel the force of thought when we have concentrated thought. For instance, fear: fear is a thought. When we are afraid of anything, frightened about anything, we think of that thing concentratedly; the concentration is brought about by the object of the fear. But whatever be the cause of that concentrated thought, it has been brought about and we think of that object concentratedly. We feel the force of that thought through fear. Yes, thought is nothing if it is not concentrated. You hear of yogis, you hear of great yogis of the past, you hear of great men and their wonderful deeds of valor or wisdom, of invention, of art, of science—the source of all their achievements has been concentrated thought.

The Powers of Focussed Thought

Thoughts ought to be focussed. To employ them efficiently, to get the most out of them, the most benefit out of them, you have to focus them. Focussing the light of the sun through a sunglass upon a piece of paper, you make it burn. Has the glass burned it, burned that piece of paper? No. Have the rays of the sun burned that piece of paper? No. It is the focused light of the sun, the concentrated light of the sun, that burns the paper. The rays of the sun have not been able to burn it. It may lie on the ground, lie in the sun for any length of time, it will never burn, the diffused sunlight will not burn it. But you have taken a sunglass and put it over it and the paper burns. The *focused* rays of the sun through that glass have burned that piece of paper. So is it with the rays of the mind, so with the forces of the mind. The forces of the mind are scattered. When you once focus them, they become powerful,—most powerful,—so wonderfully powerful that we call their results miraculous.

Take the instance of a great man, the memory of whose deeds still makes us wonder at his greatness. Take Napoleon Bonaparte. He is now being called the greatest mystery of the Western world. A slightly built "Little Corporal," as he used to be called, more feminine-looking than manlike; and yet what a wonder he was! As a little lieutenant, then, girlish-looking, he took charge of some troops and fought for the king of France. From his look, nobody would give him charge of such a serious emergency. The mob was marching against the king. Even the king and his courtiers trembled at what was going to happen. One of them told the king about the young Lieutenant Bonaparte, in whom he saw some power. Napoleon had not at that time achieved any deed

which might awaken the world's interest in him, but somehow he was brought to take charge of the emergency. And he went at the mob, that girlish-looking mind-master with his wonderful power,—he dashed against the mob, killed most of them, the others were driven out. The king was saved, the situation was won.

Think of that young man's future career. He became in time the awful hero that he was, generating fear in all his foes; the dictator of Europe,—that same "Little Corporal" who became the Emperor of France and the *de facto* dictator of all Europe.

Napoleon was His Focussed Mind

He was backed by nobody,—not by a single friend from the beginning. Who was his backer, who was his friend, who was his patron, who was his supporter? His own mind,—his wonderfully concentrated mind. That mind was encased in flimsy-looking flesh. Slight of build, he looked more like a girl; and yet the power of his mind when it was fully manifested, was such that all the greatest minds of Europe trembled at his name. Napoleon was his mind. Napoleon was his consciousness,—his consciousness that he could do and dare anything he would take to; and he showed it by his actions. Yet, almost at all times he was calm and collected. Never did he lose his temper, never did he fuss. Never did he seem troubled over a proposition. He was a philosopher, as his biographers have called him. Melancholy-looking at times; calm, serene; master of his mind. The forces of his mind were so well regulated that he could focus them at his will in a twinkling, and the focused forces would dive into any subject that would be presented to his mind, and get to the bottom of it and find the solution; and armed with the solution, he would do and dare even the "impossible."

I am talking of Napoleon. Napoleon has been called in Europe and in England a veritable monster. By whom? By the people whom he harassed, people against whom he led the batteries of his mind. Did he lead any batteries of cannon? The batteries of cannon were the outward symbols of the batteries of his mind. The marshals, the generals around him could hardly act by themselves, without looking at, without being inspired by that man of wonderful mind-power. I am not defending Napoleon in his military career but I am giving you an instance, a most luminous instance, of a yogi whose mind was turned toward earthly glories. Napoleon was a yogi in his previous existence. He had cultivated the resources of his mind; he had trained the forces of his mind in some previous existence. He might have been—and I know that he was through some source—a great saint, loving God with all the concentrated force of his mind. Through some karma, through some bad actions summed up, the force of that mind was turned to material glory,—I would not say "greed" for that would be a libel upon Napoleon; he never did anything for greed,—but to material glory. But the force of the mind was there. He could not lose his force of mind trained into concentration. Once you train your mind into concentration you can never lose it. That is an instrument, when once you forge it, will serve you through all existence, through all incarnations, until it finds its right object, the object of all human life, the goal of all existence, the source of all matter and spirit—God.

The doctor who was with him in his prison, in St. Helena, once asked Napoleon, "Your Majesty, tell me how could you do these wonderful things that you did? How could you think on a subject, find a solution and tell people of the results beforehand and obtain those results? Now tell me the source from which you derived these successes; and how you could foretell them."

The Drawers in His Brain

Napoleon said, "I have been telling all through my life to people

that I have never planned for what I was going to do. Indeed, I would stop thinking of the events that were likely to follow some course of action I would take. I let events follow me. I acted out of a concentrated mind; and I don't know how I reaped the successes. My mind would be concentrated on that object only, absolutely; and with my mind on that object I would go on, and the results were the results of that concentration. Look here, Doctor, you seem not to believe what I say. I say also that instead of my shaping my destiny I left destiny to shape my actions, you do not seem to believe. Now, Doctor, I can show you a proof; I can give you a proof right now. I have what I call drawers in my brain, as it were, different drawers. If I want to think of politics, I pull out the drawer of politics and I would think of nothing else but politics; no other thought would come and disturb; the thought on that political subject would flow without interruption, without disturbance. If I would think of my wife, I would pull that drawer that contains my affection for my wife and I would think of my wife and nothing else; nothing else would come and disturb me. Do you think, Doctor, you can believe it?"

The doctor smiled a very courteous smile of disbelief.

Napoleon said, "Right now, Doctor, I am going to give you a test of it. I tell you another thing:—that when I shut up all the drawers I fall asleep at once, that second."

The doctor said, "Your Majesty can show that to me now?"

"Yes, Doctor—Doctor, I shut all the drawers."

And as he did so he fell on his pillow with a thud. The doctor went over to him and examined him in every way, with all the instruments at hand; he examined him for a long time. Napoleon was dead asleep.

I have brought out the case of Napoleon because you all want to know what a yogi is. Many of you seem to have a hazy idea at best of a yogi,—or you would think that these yogis are not possible,—or their wondrous performances are not possible. But here was a great yogi in your history—Napoleon, who is today being discussed as the greatest mystery of the earth.

Yes, thoughts have to be focused,—mind's thoughts are its forces; and these mind-forces have to be focused. If you want to achieve anything by those forces, to compel success, you must focus the forces of your mind and employ them on what you have at heart, what you want to achieve. Do this and success is yours.

Christ Worked With the Same Instrument

I have talked of Napoleon, the Man of War. I will talk to you now of a greater personality than Napoleon,—ten thousand times greater than Napoleon, and to whose name Napoleon bowed low with all humility during his career of humbleness in St. Helena,—Jesus the Christ of Nazareth. Both had the same instrument wherewith to work on earth,—concentrated mind. Napoleon's mind was concentrated upon earthly empire and the glories of battles. Christ's concentration of mind was directed by love of God and the love of man. His mind was bent upon doing that greatest service to humanity—awakening in every human soul he came in contact with the love of God and the love of man. He had the forces of his mind focused, always focused, on God, upon soul, upon the primal essence and principle of life. His mission was peace and good-will and love.

The instrument, as I say, with which the Man of War and the Man of Peace worked was the same,—a concentrated mind. Napoleon is being forgotten, and will be forgotten in time, and even his memory will be covered over with the dust of time. Through two thousand years, through these vistas of centuries, Christ's name has pierced; his glory,

the glory of his deeds, has shone through the corridors of time, and today is illumining the minds of men. His mind thought incessantly of God; it was concentrated upon one subject,—God. Who was that God to him? Love—universal love, love as a basic principle of life, that pervaded *all* that was. He found out—not that he had to learn to find out—he perceived this: that whatever you think on incessantly you absorb. If you think incessantly of material things you absorb the material, and your thoughts are material, your actions are material, your tastes are material, your inclinations are material. If you think incessantly of goodness, you absorb this spirit of goodness, the essence of goodness; and you betray the spirit of your thoughts in your actions, inclinations, tastes and words. If you think of love you similarly betray the essence of love, the expression of love in all your actions, inclinations, thoughts and tastes.

So, he gave out what he called the "greatest commandment" of God,—*"Love God with all your heart, with all your strength, with all your soul, and love your neighbor like yourself."* The last is the corollary of the first. If you love God,—if you really love Him, love with all your mind and strength and soul and body, you absorb God's love, you absorb the essence of God's love, which is present in everything, and hence you are in sympathy with everything around you; you are in sympathy with everything that is, that exists around you, everything over you, everything under you,—everything, what you call animate and inanimate. You cannot but be in sympathy. You have absorbed the essence of God—love. You have absorbed the essence of the Divine Being and that essence is the basic principle of all, of the whole universe called life. If your thought is full of inharmonious elements, the force of that thought in you, the effect of that thought in you, is inharmony and you radiate inharmony around you. Those you come in contact with fill you with inharmony; you beget inharmony in others; and your inharmonious thought-force radiates to a distance. It goes from one thing to another and you poison God's beautiful earth and beautiful creatures with that powerful thought of inharmony. Whereas, if you concentrate your thought and your thought is born of harmony, filled with harmony, filled with the love of peace—even if you do not give vent to it, if you do not express that thought, even if you take the vow of silence,—its radiance will go forth to long distances, you will exhale it, with every breath of yourself it will go forth and touch other objects near and far.

The Drop Becomes the Ocean

Your sciences have told you that vibrations have no confines; that vibrations produce vibrations and these interminable waves of vibrations reach unto infinity. So, the vibrations of your bad thought—inharmonious thought which I call bad—will create waves on the ether and will reach distant places, distant spheres, reach to the ends of the universe; whereas, your concentrated good thought, harmonious thought, makes you a harmonious, happy being; and concentrated inharmonious thought makes you an inharmonious and unhappy being—aye, not only you but others connected with you, even those who come in touch with the vibrations of your thought.

So thought-force, when we cultivate it—and we can cultivate it by concentration, as I have said, by concentrating it into a focus—we must be careful what we concentrate it on. It must be a thought of harmony, of peace, of love—the mother of peace, good-will and harmony. Concentrate upon God. If you do not know what God is, if you have no adequate conception of what God is, know that God is love. That word will suffice to define God—and there are no words necessary to tell you what is love. It is a universal word; it is a word that a baby knows

and a baby feels the vibrations of. It is a word that nobody asks his neighbor to define. It is something that we all know instinctively the moment it is mentioned. This is God. There is no proof needed to establish his existence. Love is the word that is the synonym of God. Nay, more. Love is the source of God, the substance of God, the attribute of God! If you concentrate your mind on that God, Love—you know what it is—you will absorb that love.

But what kind of love should you concentrate upon? Not the love that knows any envy or hate for any one. It must be the love that is unmixed, the love that goes out to every creature; the love that is pure, free from all inharmonious attributes of the mind; the love that, once we feel it, we throb with ecstasy; the love that expands us, uplifts us; the love, once we feel for a little while, when we once concentrate upon and merge in for a moment, we feel as if we are big like the universe; the love that goes to your own kith and kin,—to your own, born of your blood,—and to others that are not so related to you—to all creatures,—to man and beast and flower and plant and tree and sky and earth; the love that you feel to be the one medium which will make your little mind merge in the universal mind, the love that will broaden you daily the more you will concentrate on it,—broaden you; the love that, when you feel once for the first time, will seem to you as a drop; but the drop will expand the more you concentrate on that drop,—will expand and expand and expand, until it merges in the ocean,—the Ocean of Love, God.

THE MYTH ABOUT THE JUGGERNAUTH

BY MONCURE CONWAY

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

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

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

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

THE HINDOO NEW YEAR.

BY BABA BHARATI

THE WORSHIP OF THE ACCOUNT BOOK

THE New Year of the Hindoos begins on the fourteenth of this month. The Hindoos have a solar year and a lunar year. The solar year begins in April and may be called a commercial year. The lunar year regulates the inner life—the real life of the Hindoo, which is mainly religious. The home life of the Hindoo is ruled by religious ceremonies and formulas, customs and habits. The ceremonies are observed according to the time fixed for them in the Hindoo Almanac, in which astrological moments are recorded for the holding of the daily and other periodical ceremonies.

In fact the Hindoo lives even his outer life in communion and consultation with the stars, holding as he does, that the heavenly bodies control the destinies of the earth and her inhabitants. The moment a child is born, the exact time, to the very second, is recorded by the father for the purpose of making a horoscope which, when written by a wise, conscientious, intuitive and skilful astrologer, is a wonderfully correct chart of the future events in the life of the new-comer. Then the initiation into the religious life of the child, when he becomes a boy, takes place according to the hour fixed by the astrologer. So is the marriage hour fixed by the auspicious conjunction of the stars. The hand of the bride must be offered and accepted by the bride-groom at the exact auspicious moment recorded in the almanac.

These conjunctions of the stars in auspicious and marriage ceremonies do not occur every day or every month. Except in the case of a sudden or serious illness, sometimes even medicines are commenced to be taken on auspicious days fixed by the astrologer. This is, of course, in the case of chronic diseases. The death hour of a person recorded for consulting astrology. If the disembodied soul would suffer in the astral plane, or become a malicious earth-bound spirit, haunting the household to which it belongs, it is owing to his death at a bad moment in which he has passed out of the body. Thus astrologically calculated divisions of the lunar year of the Hindoos control their practical inner life.

The solar year, as I have said, regulates the commercial or outer life of the Hindoo. There is no sabbath day in India as in Christendom, although owing to British rule, Sunday is the day of rest from commercial, official or trade activities. But Thursday is the day of *Lukshmee*, the Goddess of Luck, and on that day no important business is entered into for the first time, or any money payment is made, although it is good to receive as much money as possible on that day. New Year's Day is celebrated commercially, especially in Hindoo shops. The shops are decorated inside and out with wreaths of flowers and evergreens, and illuminated at night when they expect all their customers, whether to make payment of all their debts or in part, and every customer goes to these shops with which he has an account, and makes some payment according to his convenience or ability. Each customer is entertained by the shop-keeper with sweet-meats, sherbet and a good long smoke. In some large and wealthy shops the customer-guests of the evening are often entertained with dancing and music.

But the most interesting part of this commercial New Year's Day of the Hindoos, is the Worship of the Account Book. The Hindoos have been famous from time immemorial for the veracity and honesty of their account books. Great and honest minded Europeans and Anglo-

Indian officials have testified to this fidelity of the Hindoo in regard to his account book. "Their commercial integrity," said Sir Erskine Perry, "has always been famous. It is quite remarkable what a principle of mercantile honor has prevailed among them, such as to give security to their papers from one end of India to the other. The sanctity of mercantile books, was such that, in the native courts of justice, the production of the books was quite conclusive as to the veracity of any transaction in dispute. Indeed no Hindoo would think of defiling his account book by making false or erroneous entries, hence their customers have perfect faith in their account books."

I know of one case in which a milkman made some false entries against a customer in his account book, and when the customer disputed the items, he was sued and a decree obtained from the court on the strength of the evidence of the entries in the account book. But when his brother milkmen were satisfied among themselves, that the entries were false, they excommunicated the dishonest milkman; and an excommunication in India is a harder punishment than legal imprisonment.

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA

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

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

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

STORIES OF INDIA.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

WHERE GOD IS ALWAYS FOUND.

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

So, noiselessly as the perfumed breezes that touched his cheek, he entered the inner court of Vishnu, striking his harp to the heavenly sounds that came from the soul of harmony that reigns crowned and sceptered in the courts of Vishnu. He gazed on the white glory of the throne where Vishnu was wont to sit, and lo, he saw not his Master there. Into the bower of crystal and amethyst he looked and there too his Lord was absent. Into the corners of the farthestmost parts of that place he wandered, but not there nor near nor far did he behold Him. And in his breast a sigh arose so deep and long that it shuddered through the walls of pearl and quivered down the aisles of space unto earth, bringing destruction and moaning in its trail. The harp fell from its accustomed place and hung in his hand untouched; the smile that beautified his lips vanished, and the laugh that bubbled like liquid love in his throat was still. The light in his eyes that men of earth looked upon in darkness and called stars died out, and his heart, that battery of joy and delight, grew still and sad, and men on earth sobbed for the unknown woe that was upon them.

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

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

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

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

Again the voice spake, and lo, all the little ones of earth, and all the great ones of heaven and the shadowy ones of hell, all the creeping crawling and flying ones, those beings upon the earth and within it, and in the heavens, those that were in the waters and on it, all the trees and blossoms and stones lifted their hearts to hear the voice that sifted love-laden into each atom and made it tremble in the ecstasy of a new birth.

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

VEDIC SEED-THOUGHTS

BY VISHWARUP CHATURVEDI.

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

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

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

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

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

He that is wise knows that limitations and boundaries are but the reckoning of the unwise and unawakened man, that the finite is the measurement of his undisciplined mind and that qualities and quantities too are but the reflections of the untutored man. He knows that

all is Infinity, for God, who is Maker of all, is Infinite and could not have fashioned the finite, for He hath put Himself into all that was of His making, and all that is is from Him and of Him.

EFFECTS OF VEGETARIANISM ON MIND AND BODY

BY BABA BHARATI

It is one of the happiest signs of the times that the belief, in the Western mind, that meat is more nutritive than vegetables for the human body is being daily exploded by many practical scientists and physicians. The efficacy and superiority of a vegetarian diet has been known to the East, except its Mohammedan portion, since the dawn of creation. The recent examples of the valor, strength and mobility displayed by the vegetable-eating Japanese soldiers in their fight against the meat-eating Russians have proved, almost beyond a doubt, that vegetable food is not only conducive to physical but to moral health as well. Some of the best athletes of the Western world build their muscles on vegetables, another practical argument in favor of vegetarianism.

The Hindoo argument for vegetarianism is that by eating meat one absorbs into his body and mind not only the flesh, in another form, of the animal he eats but also the instincts and passions which permeate every atom of that animal's body. If heredity is believed in—and there is no way to deny its demonstrated truths in our practical life—then our blood contains all the attributes of our mind, which we transmit, through that blood, to our descendants. Similarly, by eating meat, our mind appropriates the instincts of the animal from the blood and flesh-transformed blood—of the animal whose meat it is. Instincts are the expressions of unconscious mentality, which is the mentality of the animal. Animals have a mind, too, but they are unconscious of it, because of the dark attribute of the mind predominant in it. The mind's central principle is the ego, self-consciousness, which is not opened in the animal. Hence, its mind is occupied in functioning its senses upon their objects. Hence, their instincts, born of this functioning of their mind upon sense objects alone, are absolutely sensuous and sensual.

By appropriating, therefore, into his mind these mere physical sense-instincts of the animal from its blood and flesh, man muddles, as it were, the essence of his superior consciousness, purified by his mind dwelling upon and absorbing the expressions and experiences of his inner senses which are open in him. This muddling of his purer consciousness not only prevents or retards his spiritual growth which consists in cognizing, through his intuned mind, its inmost sense, the soul, but fills him with animal instincts which he betrays in his thoughts and actions.

Through a vegetable diet, on the other hand, he absorbs the purest juice of earth which is not only eminently nutritive to his body but helps in clarifying the atmosphere of his mind, because vegetables have only one sense open in them, the sense of touch, by which they draw juice from the earth for their sustenance. Vegetables have a mind, too, as some modern scientists have recently found out, but the vegetable is not only unconscious of its mind but its expressions and instincts are almost entirely limited because of its having no avenues of expression—the senses which are all shut, except the sense of touch, whose operation is stopped the moment it is separated from its root.

It is with great pleasure and appreciation that I present to the reader two articles on the merits of vegetarianism from the pens of two prominent physicians and practical thinkers. The first is taken from the *Cosmopolitan*, and the second from *Chamber's Journal*:

WHY EAT MEAT

BY JOHN H. GIRDNER, M.D.

WHY do people eat the flesh of animals, birds, and fishes? It is not because such food is essential to the growth, development, strength, and general well-being of their physical bodies. Horses, cows, elephants, and their kind have larger and, in proportion to weight, stronger bodies than men have, yet their food is derived wholly from the vegetable kingdom. Furthermore, there are numerous examples of individuals and of nations of men and women who do not use flesh as food, and who show physical strength and endurance equal to the best. As an individual example of physical strength among non-meat-eaters there is Count Leo Tolstoy, who, though far advanced in years, shows wonderful strength and endurance. I know three children, all under fourteen years of age, who do not eat animal food, who are perfect pictures of health, and are developed bodily and mentally much beyond their years.

The Japanese derive their sustenance almost entirely from the vegetable kingdom, and their fighting men gave an excellent account of themselves in the recent war with Russia, a meat-eating nation. The glorious native regiments of the English army in India eat neither meat nor fish. There is abundant evidence that animal food is not necessary to physical growth and physical strength in man. No one who has studied the subject will argue that a diet of flesh is conducive to mental and spiritual growth and evolution. All the carnivorous or flesh-eating animals are vicious, irritable, quick to anger; while the herbivorous animals are gentle and of a kindly nature.

We see the same thing among nations. East India is a case in point. Not only is non-meat-eating a part of the religion of the East-Indians, but they are also non-killers of the lower animals, because they believe that the same spirit which animates the lower animals animates man, and that they differ in degree, and not in kind. India is no doubt the best example of a non-meat-eating nation, and is of the longest standing as such. We find that the native Indians, while possessing splendid physiques, are of a most gentle, tolerant, and forgiving nature. They are in no sense warlike or bloodthirsty. Religion is almost the national occupation in India; the people of all classes show an enthusiastic interest in matters spiritual, which closely corresponds to our own devotion to material growth and development. On the other hand, there is England, a nation of pronounced meat-eaters and animal-killers. She has carried on wars of conquest and extermination in all quarters of the globe, until it has come to be a boast that the sun never ceases to shine on the British national emblem.

I admit that other causes than diet may have contributed somewhat to the differences pointed out; but there exists little doubt that the use of flesh as food for hundreds of generations in England and the abstaining from its use for thousands of generations in India are most potent causes of the marked contrast between the character, disposition, and aims of the two peoples. There is no hiding of the truth contained in the statement that as man eats, so is he. And here I remark that mankind in general offers an interesting commentary—unconsciously perhaps—on meat-eating, by reason of the fact that he himself will not eat the flesh of a meat-eating animal. The greatest gourmand revolts at the thought of having dogs, cats, wolves, vultures, buzzards, or other carnivorous beasts or birds served up to him as foods, that is, he revolts at eating this class of animals and birds if he knows it.

No doubt a vast majority of the people of the Western world look upon vegetarianism with contempt and ridicule, and consider vege-

tarians as a small coterie of cranks and weaklings. It may interest these same people to know that probably one-half of the billion and a half human beings on this globe do not eat meat at all. And vegetarians certainly have nothing to be ashamed of, when Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Seneca, Plutarch, Tertullian, Porphyry, and many other great philosophers of ancient times were strong advocates of vegetarianism, and practiced it.

It is an error to suppose that meat contains more nourishment than other foods. Many cereals, vegetables, nuts, and pulses contain a greater amount of nutriment, by weight, than does meat. The sense of having dined well, and the feeling of general well-being experienced soon after a meat-meal, are caused by the rapidity with which the proteid is given up by the meat cells; and this is accompanied with the liberation of heat, which imparts warmth to the entire system. In other words, meat is a "quick fuel"; hence the frequent advice to abstain from its use in hot weather. On the other hand, a meal derived entirely from the vegetable kingdom will contain a far greater amount of the elements necessary to nourish the body and supply it with energy; they are delivered more slowly, extend over a longer period of time, and are unattended by the quick glow and sense of comfort which followed the meat meal. Eight or ten quarts of oats eaten in the morning will furnish a horse with energy to draw a carriage all day. And everyone who has visited China or Japan is familiar with the remarkable endurance of the vegetarian jinrikisha man.

Non-meat-eaters are of two classes: those who rely wholly on the vegetable kingdom for food, and are called "strict vegetarians," and those who add eggs, milk, cream, and all dairy products to their bill of fare, and are called "lacto-vegetarians." Just here I want to say a word about cooking. Most people boil their vegetables, cereals, and the like in water. This removes a large percentage of the nourishment from them, especially the vegetable salts. Such foods when served consist largely of fibrous materials, while the nourishment is thrown out in the pot-liquor. All vegetables, fruits, and cereals should be steamed, not boiled; then all the nourishing qualities are retained. This is why horses can live and work on grain only. They take it raw; the strength is not boiled out of it.

Finally, in the light of our present knowledge of physiology and the causes of diathetic diseases, it can be asserted that a lacto-vegetable diet, properly prepared, supplies the system with everything it needs, and is an ideal diet both in health and in those diseases due to faulty elimination.

SENTIMENT AND PHYSIOLOGY IN DIET

Two great questions have to be considered in thinking out the diet of human kind, according to that eminent student of the subject, Dr. Josiah Oldfield. There is the physiological problem, he says, of what will nourish the body cells, and there is the interlinked mental problem of what will satisfy the esthetic nature.

Most writers on diet ignore this latter problem. They are quite satisfied to talk about tables of nutrition and percentages of nitrogen and carbon, as if these comprehended the diet question. Those, however, who have studied human beings as living personalities and not as cog wheels have discovered that sentiment plays a most important part in diet. The influence of sentiment on diet is increasing with the evolution of higher art and higher ethics.

Men in the medical profession are constantly faced with sentiment set on edge. Physicians are often taxed to the uttermost to harmonize the physiological food which they want to prescribe and the sentimental

objection to it which patients most acutely manifest. There is the common illustration which every one meets a thousand times in a lifetime, of a girl whose functions need much fat but whose stomach rebels at the very thought of fat meat. The mother tries persuasion and entreaty and threats and penalties. But nothing can overcome the artistic development in the girl's nature which makes her revolt at the bare idea of putting the fat piece of a dead animal between her lips.

But since it is fat that is needed, and not fat meat, the antagonism that exists between physiological needs and artistic sentiment is got over by those who are endowed with sufficient common sense by obtaining the fat from a non-meaty source. Again and again, Dr. Oldfield affirms, he has said to a patient: "Now, what you want is more fat. You must take plenty of fat." "Oh, but, Dr.," is so often the answer, "I can't bear fat." "Don't you like butter?" Dr. Oldfield replies. "Oh, yes, I like butter." "Well," is the rejoinder, "did you ever see any lean butter?" "Oh, no, but I thought you meant fat meat." Dr. Oldfield proceeds, in *Chamber's Journal*:

"There is no doubt about it, hide it as one may, there is something in the very idea of eating a dead body which is repulsive to the artistic man and woman, and which is attractive to the hyena and the tiger. The poet who recognized that there was a tiger side to man recognized too, that it was the lower and the evanescent and the transitional, and that there was also that angel strain in the human race, and that this is the higher and the progressive and the permanent. The tendency of an advancing evolution is to war out the ferocity of the tiger and the vacuous imitateness of the ape, and let the grace of the angel live.

"This law goes as good of food as it does of all other fields of human activity. We are, therefore, perforce driven to face the problem of evolution in dietary, and to ask ourselves in what direction and on what lines this evolution tends. To me, the development of humaneness and esthetics necessarily makes for an increasing bias towards a humane and esthetic dietary. Whether we search in the majestic language of the prophets, or in the sweet melodies of great poets, or in the weighty thoughts of meditating philosophers, or in the fairy visions of romances, or whether we turn to the brush pictures of inspired painters, or to the imperishable mementoes of sculptors' dreams, we find that the aspiration of the upward-gazing man is towards the simpler life in food, and towards a bloodless, guiltless feast, and towards the products of the orchard and the harvest field, and the vineyard and the olive-yard, and away from the shambles and the stockyards and the gore-stained slaughter-dens."

"My opinion, after a quarter of a century's study of diet, is that the future lies with the fruitarian, and that the practice of flesh-eating will become more and more relegated to the lower classes and to the unimaginative-minded."

TO LOVE

To love, to love, is life's great joy
To love with all that in thee dwells;
To love thy God and fellow man,
To love until thy full heart swells
To bursting!

To love the trees, the birds, the flowers,
To love the sunshine, love the showers,
To love with love that's free from self,
To love till love out-loves itself,
That's living!

JIM

An Anglo-Indian Romance Founded on Real Facts.

BY BABA BHARATI.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Jim, an English regimental officer of India has lost his way in a jungle while hunting. He meets a yogi whom he threatens to shoot, at the latter's refusal to give him a drink of water. On aiming, he finds himself suddenly rooted to the spot by the eyes of the yogi. Wonder taking place of anger, he drops his gun and is advised by the yogi to look behind him. He sees a lake where before was a forest of trees. Quenching his thirst, he retreats only to see the lake disappear once more.

Turning to the side of the yogi, Jim experiences a strange spiritual awakening and becomes possessed of a determination to follow the holy one as a disciple. The yogi discourages this project and Jim returns to the world, his wife and child only to gain his wife's consent and rejoin the yogi again.

By some mysterious thought process the yogi has anticipated this step and provided a disciple to escort Jim to his monastery in the jungle where Jim was to meet his yogi Gooroo. Jim enters upon the first stages of his Yogi practices.

CHAPTER XVII.

JIM remained in that posture of body and condition of mind for a long time. When the Yogi passed out of the door, he shut it behind him. Jim kept looking at that door for a long time, how long he did not know, nor did he care to know. His mind was wholly absorbed in the contemplation of the interpretation the Yogi had given him of the word "Gooroo." How comprehensive it was, he was thinking, how clear, how it embodied the central truth of wisdom in a nut-shell.

He was also thinking, as a side-thought, how he felt the voice of the Yogi as coming from within his inner consciousness. He did not know at the time the Yogi was before him and that it was he who was speaking to him the words of the interpretation. And, as he thought and thought on this point, his mind was lost in trying to find the process by which the Yogi had brought it about. How did he make his voice speak from within him instead of outside of him? A soft ray of illumination flashed through his consciousness and he was overjoyed at what it conveyed to his understanding. He was thrilled through his whole being at the discovery of the truth which the flash laid bare.

He discovered the fact that the Yogi's consciousness was merged in the universal consciousness, as his consciousness was absolutely in his soul which was a connected part of the All-pervading, Universal Soul. From this fact—and its expression itself stamped it as a fact—sprang another fact, and that was that the universal consciousness was but the light of the Universal Soul. So it was clear to him how the Yogi could make his voice speak from within his—Jim's—inner consciousness. He could plainly see that the Yogi's consciousness had broken the bounds of his individual ego and, thus being merged in the universal consciousness, he could speak from within an individual consciousness, which, in reality, is an undetached part of that universal consciousness.

How grand the truth was, he exclaimed within himself, but how simple in its grandeur! He remembered having read somewhere that the greatest truth is the simplest when once it is understood, and this practical demonstration within him of that saying filled him with an ecstatic feeling which he enjoyed until his mind switched into another channel of thought. It was the main channel, the thought he was dwelling on before he discovered the source of the Yogi's power to speak from within him. Gooroo, Gooroo! What a blessed friend of

ignorant humanity the Gooroo is, he was now thinking. He applied the influence of that friendship to his own case. How densely ignorant he was of things spiritual. He was not conscious that he had a soul, that he possessed a soul. He was conscious only of his body, that he was nothing but his physical self, filled from top to toe with the darkest conceit of that consciousness. He was a ferocious beast in his temper, a monkey in his whims, a pig in his desires. But coming in touch, even through the means of a demoniac anger in its paroxysm, with the fully soul-illuminated consciousness of the being who was now his Gooroo, his mind was made to turn inwards, and discovered the divine realm which existed all the while within that body-conscious beast. And now that he was enjoying the blessings of that soul realm, it was hard for him to be conscious of his body, and harder it seemed to him even to believe that he was such a beast before.

What wonders, what wonders! How full of undreamed-of wonders man within himself is. "And the greatest wonder is the happiness I am feeling within myself now," he declared, "a happiness I have never tasted all through my life. What conceited asses we Englishmen are when we affect to despise these Hindoos as a semi-civilized people, because their outer manners and customs are not like ours! We call them ignorant because they do not know our language, because they have not studied our literature, literature that is full of all the trash that the diseased brain of man ever concocted to vitiate the consciousness of man. We call these almost divinely intelligent people less intelligent than we, because their intelligence refuses to apply itself wholly to the base use of the material world. Oh, what conceit, what bottomless conceit, what blind injustice!"

Jim was aroused from his sad indignation by a tap at the door. He opened his eyes and, looking at the door, said in English out of his habit, "Come in." The door opened and Shánt Dás entered and approached him smilingly with a bowl of hot milk, and, placing it before him, requested him to drink it. Jim, who recovered his joyous sensation at the sight of Shánt Dás, smiled back most gratefully and said, "No, brother, I do not require any food. The Gooroo has filled me with some nectar which has fed my soul, mind, and body to their entire satisfaction. What a blessed life you all live here, Shánt Dás, and what a fortunate being I am to be admitted to its privileges! I had never dreamed of it. An unclean barbarian like me could never dream of enjoying such a blessing, to be with such a divine being as our Gooroo or with such holy saints like you all. I feel that I shall die of the ecstasy I am feeling now."

"So the Gooroo," said Shánt Dás, "gave you the first lesson. Did you grasp it?"

"Grasp it!" exclaimed Jim. "Did I have to make any effort to grasp it? The blessed Gooroo not only helped me to grasp it but the illumination of its realization has filled me with the joy which made me forget the outer world for a long time, how long I do not know. What is the time now?"

Shánt Dás smiled and said: "We don't keep any count of time here, Sáhib. We have no need to, but it is late in the afternoon now. You drink this milk, even though you may not feel any appetite. Máhráj told me to give it to you."

"Where is the Máhráj?" asked Jim.

"He is gone," was the answer, "he went away soon after he left you."

"Where did he go?" asked Jim.

"I can't tell you," Shánt Dás again smiled as he answered, "nobody knows where he goes or when he will come."

Jim became serious at this and tried to think of something he had

forgotten and, as he thought, the last words of the Yogi came trooping into his memory. He remembered the Yogi's saying he was to take the vow of silence, and think over the lesson he had given him, for a whole year, at the end of which time he would see him again. All this had vanished from his memory because of the joyous illumination of the lesson, the harmonious spirit of which had so much intoxicated him at the time that he failed to be attentive to his last words. A sadness flitted over his face as he told Shánt Dás of it.

"Then he has told you when he will come," said Shánt Dás. "Don't be sad, brother, you will see your Gooroo when you have obeyed his order. Take the vow of silence after you have drunk this milk. The Gooroo has blessed it. It is filled with his power which will support you in keeping the vow. Do not fret thinking that a year is a long time. You will presently be in Eternity in which a year will pass as a day. You are very fortunate, brother, to be in the hands of such a Gooroo, the most loving, the most gracious hands in all the world. Now drink the milk and take the vow. I will attend to all your needs. I will serve you with all my love, my Gooroo-graced love, and before long you will find that you are another being from what even you are now. Drink the milk, I will come again."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THESE loving words and the sweet encouragement of Shánt Dás cheered Jim into taking the vow. He refrained from speaking, when the next day Shánt Dás opened the door and, entering, said:

"You answer my questions by nods. Are you hungry? Will you have some milk and sweets or fruits?"

Jim smiled and nodded, "No."

"Would you like to go out now for a little fresh air and bath?"

Jim nodded, "Yes."

Shánt Dás then took him out to the well and gave him a bath as he had done the day previous. He had another piece of dry cloth to wear, unlaundered but washed and sun-dried. His wet clothes Shánt Dás washed in clean water, and was rubbing them when Jim instinctively thought he should not allow such a saint to wash his clothes, and wanted to do it himself. But Shánt Dás prevented him, saying:

"You are as yet a baby in our charge. We shall do everything for you until you grow and learn how to do it, how to take care of your body and its needs and belongings. You mind your soul now. It is a rare privilege to serve a saint."

Jim was about to reply that he was as much removed as yet from a saint as earth from heaven. But he remembered his vow and expressed it by an energetic shaking of the head.

"That is right, Sáhí," answered Shánt Dás, his face beaming in approval, "how you have got into the spirit of your vow. Shábash, Sáhí, shábash!—bravo, Sáhí, bravo! But I understand your head-shake. If you are not yet a full-fledged saint, you are in the process of becoming one soon enough—all glory to Gooroo! When the fledgling is full grown he may soar up so high that we little sparrows may have to strain our eyes to catch sight of him."

Jim wanted to say something in praise of Shánt Dás' extraordinary humility, but he kept his vow by bowing down to the ground at his feet, instead.

Shánt Dás laughed as he said: "Shábash again, Sáhí, shábash! You are so quickly learning our ways. It is the spirit, Sáhí, the spirit within us that prompts our actions and movements. You had a Sáhí's spirit, before you met the Máhráj and you felt and acted like a Sáhí."

Since the Máhráj has infused into you the spirit of a Hindoo, your feelings and actions have become like a Hindoo's, and since your mind is thinking the thoughts of a Hindoo saint, it is being filled with saintly spirit of which, humility, which you have just demonstrated by bowing to me, is the highest phase."

So saying, Shánt Dás wrung out Jim's wet cloth and, spreading it over the grass to dry, took Jim back to his room which Jim found was already swept. Shánt Dás brought him a cup of sherbet of candied sugar flavored with a few drops of lemon, and asked him to drink it. Jim drank and found it cool and soothing, better than any lemonade he had ever drunk.

When Shánt Dás had left, Jim fixed his mind on his lesson and was soon absorbed in it. Newer truths flashed successively out of the central truth, that the mind's consciousness of its own source, the soul, is spirituality. Thinking on it and trying to understand it more clearly, the idea presented itself to him that the material mind is that which is conscious of the breath of the body, and the spiritual mind is that which is conscious of the breath of the soul. From this he concluded that the spirit is the breath of the soul, the vibrations of the soul. When the mind is conscious of soul vibrations, man, who is nothing but his mind, is spiritual. When it is conscious only of physical vibrations, man, being nothing but his mind, is physical, materialistic.

That may be all right, he said to himself, but how to be conscious of soul vibrations? What is the soul? Where and how to find it? Gradually he remembered that the Gooroo had said that the soul is Love. Yes, he had got it—the soul is Love. Then he would concentrate on Love. But what is Love? the question rose in his mind. Trying to understand it, his mind for a moment got confused. Then that confusion turned his mind outward to the wall in front of him and he saw the letters L-O-V-E in most attractive shade of deep blue, playing, as it were, on a background of luminous white. Presently the letters vanished and the suggestion presented itself that he was to contemplate the word "love" as he understood it.

But what did he understand by the word "love?" he thought again. Had he ever felt love? Yes, he had, when the Yogi infused into him his love and he felt filled with it. What were his experiences of it? Analyzing, he found that he felt within him on these occasions a deep sense of harmony. His mind was pervaded by a deep spirit of peace and a still joy born of that peace. Well then, he concluded, that love was made up of harmony, peace and joy in their deepest degree, and he forthwith concentrated his mind on love, thinking it to be composed of harmony, peace and joy. But he found it hard to concentrate with any effect. His mind flitted from harmony to peace and from peace to joy so quickly that concentration was lost. What was he to do now to concentrate deeply? The answer came from within, why not concentrate on love alone? Does it not sum up its three attributes? True, it did. He would concentrate on love alone.

As he did so, chasing away the thoughts of the attributes as they came trooping up again and again, he succeeded in getting into a deep concentration at last, and soon he was absorbed in the word "love," so much so, that he became unconscious of everything else. He was not even conscious of his mind. He was conscious only of his consciousness which was pervaded by a white light, the light that began] to expand more and more until it became a limitless ocean—calm, waveless, entirely motionless. There was only one bubble and that bubble was his consciousness that floated on the bosom of that calm sea of the most luminous light that he had ever seen. In a little while, the bubble burst and he was nowhere.

How long he remained in this condition of absolute absorption he did not know, for consciousness itself was gone. Late in the afternoon, Shánt Dás tapped at the door and, getting no answer, gently pushed it open, and finding Jim sitting on the blanket, erect and motionless, he crept up to him and looked at his face. His eyes were closed, his face was lighted with a wonderful light from within. His whole form looked calm and steady, like a flame of a lamp entirely undisturbed by the wind. Even his breathing had stopped. Jim was in samádhi—a genuine, total samádhi.

CHAPTER XIX.

FOR SEVEN hours Jim remained unmoved on his seat as Shánt Dás had found him, his mind absolutely absorbed in his inmost being. Shánt Dás attended to him every half-hour. He would slip softly into the room to see if he was awake or stirring. But, no, he did not move in the least for even a second, nor did a muscle in his face or form twitch. At first, Shánt Dás was just a little frightened. He had seen such a samádhi many a time. Many a time he had gone into it himself. But he was not prepared for Jim's experiencing that condition of soul-absorption in a day. It required such a long training in the processes of Yoga to attain to it. Jim had had none of it, and Jim was a Mlechchá, an Englishman at that.

The next moment, however, he was relieved from anxiety and wonder at it, for the thought came that the Máhráj could work any wonders. At any rate, the thought came to him also, that Jim, in spite of his being an Englishman, might have had superior mental potentialities buried within his inner individuality brought over from some past incarnation. Of that the best proof was before him, that total samádhi for hours together, and Shánt Dás bowed many a time before that soul-tranced figure.

At the expiration of the seventh hour, just as slowly as Jim had entered into the samádhi, he awoke from it. In the process of awakening he passed through the same stages through which he had gone into the absorption. He recognized his bubble-like self floating on that limitless ocean of light for a moment. In the next, he found himself thinking on the word "love," then on harmony, peace and joy. The next moment he opened his eyes and looked about the room in calm bewilderment. He felt his senses swimming in the essence of joy born of a peace of unfathomable depth, with the vibrations of which the whole room seemed to be simmering.

As Shánt Dás entered the room, Jim did not turn his head to look at him. When he came near him and, finding him awake, asked how he felt, his joy-filled eyes gave the answer.

"Will you have something to eat?" asked Shánt Dás. Jim nodded, "No." Shánt Dás suddenly turned his head toward the door. It opened and the Yogi entered. They both rose from their seat at his approach, Jim, mechanically, and after Shánt Dás had prostrated himself before his Gooroo, Jim was about to follow his example when the Yogi prevented him and held him in his embrace. While doing so, he turned to Shánt Dás and said, "Warm milk, quick." Shánt Dás ran for it and directly returned with it. The Yogi had made Jim sit down and now asked him to drink the milk. "Drink it slowly," he said, "drink it. It is my order," and he lifted the cup and held it to Jim's lips. Jim took the cup and began to drink slowly as he was bid. Never was milk so sweet to his taste. Was it milk or some other substance? he wondered. It might have been nectar. But while he was thinking

and enjoying the milk, he could not take his eyes off the Yogi whose radiant smile was caressing him as a fond mother would caress her darling babe.

When Jim finished drinking, the Yogi said:

"So you see, I have broken my word. But you have broken the record of spiritual deeds. Great is Krishna who has enabled you to do it. You have been in total samádhi—absolute soul-absorption—for seven hours, do you know it?"

Jim expressed astonishment in his face. Seven hours! He thought when he awoke and Shánt Dás asked him if he would have anything to eat, it had been only a little time that he had been in trance. Seven hours! Was that possible? He turned to Shánt Dás with an enquiring look, at which the latter said: "Yes, Sáhíb, it is to; for seven long hours you have been in samádhi, and I have watched you every half-hour. It is wonderful. Our Gooroo's grace is wonderful." And he prostrated to the Yogi.

The Yogi said: "Few disciples in a day can accomplish what you have done. That takes away the need of the vow of silence I imposed on you. You can talk now, but talk very little and on spiritual subjects alone. You will not have much time to talk. I am going to give you some spiritual practices and habits which you will have to perform daily. Shánt Dás will teach you these practices. I am ready to talk to you now if you have any question to ask."

At this, Shánt Dás rose and went out, and Jim, looking at the Yogi for a while, trying to think of some question and finding none to ask, fell at the Yogi's feet and, clutching them with his hands, said:

"Aré merá Gooroo—O my Gooroo—I have no question to ask, for I am too small a baby of yours to be able to question. All I have experienced of the spiritual realm within me is entirely through your grace. This seven hours' trance state is due to your grace also. Your kindness to me is God's own kindness. I had never thought of God before, never known Him. I do not know Him now, but I have felt His Presence, and that all through your gracious instrumentality. To me, now, you are God. You fill His place. All I need you will bestow upon me, but what I want now is to look at you for a little while, to be in your personal company for some time, although I know, I feel, that you are never absent from me in spirit for even a minute."

The Yogi raised Jim and kissed him on the forehead and said, with his indescribable smile:

"Yes, báchchá, (baby) I love you as my little baby. But you will soon grow and run about and jump and be able to help yourself. What you need now is to awaken your outer consciousness by daily spiritual practices and habits of life, to make that outer consciousness merge with the inner. This you will have to do yourself, guided by me from within and helped by Shánt Dás and his companionship from without. I will go now, for I am needed elsewhere. I will come again and many times and we will have long talks. Krishna be with you."

The Yogi rose. After Jim had bowed to him, he was gone.

After a while Shánt Dás came and asked Jim if he would like to have a walk and an airing.

Jim said, "Yes, I will."

"But wait," said Shánt Dás, "I will bring you another cup of milk and a little sweet, for you need nourishment."

And when Jim had the milk and the sweet he went outside. As he walked, he felt as if he was treading on air. He told Shánt Dás of it and asked him the reason. Shánt Dás took Jim's left arm and, placing it around his own shoulders and putting his own right arm around his back, "Now," he said, "you will feel and walk better. The airy

sensation will soon pass away. Your mind has been wholly absorbed in the soul for seven hours. Your body, so long accustomed to be with the mind always, now misses it, misses the habit of being associated with the mind. The airiness which it feels is the sense of its missing the mind. It makes it feel weak, but it is not weak. It is stronger now than ever it has been. It has been fed by the magnetism of the soul which is the greatest strength we can possess. But it has not yet cognized that magnetism because it has remained so long unconscious of the soul. By and bye, when you employ your body to the service of the soul, as you have employed it so long to the service of your mind, it will know and deal with its new master and feel his power. With that feeling, it will feel strong."

Jim heard his friend with deep attention and wondered at the clearness of his exposition. His mind had been for so long absorbed in the Yogi, it now turned to the Yogi's disciple whom he found, as he was speaking, to be another illuminated man. And, for the first time, he felt curious to know something about him. The curiosity was all the more piqued by another discovery he made in the most prominent feature of his face, the eyes. This discovery he should have made long ago, but he had been so much occupied so long with the things of the internal world that he failed to mark closely anything on the outside of men and things. He had not marked until now, for instance, that Shánt Dás' eyes were deep blue, and this discovery quickly led to another. Looking at his hair, he found it to be chestnut. This made him look at his face and body—at their color. The color was golden.

Is Shánt Dás also a European, or else how could he have blue eyes and chestnut hair? The color of his body might take the golden tinge from being too much in the sun. But those eyes and that hair could not but be those of a European. Jim's curiosity became intense and peered out of his eyes, as he studied his companion several times from head to foot with scrutinizing wonder. He grasped him by the arm and asked, "Who are you? To what race and country do you belong?"

Shánt Dás knew the question before it was asked, from Jim's look of scrutiny. He replied with a laugh:

"I am a servant of all men and of all God's creatures, Sáhíib. I belong to the human race and my country is this universe situated within God's creation. But, perhaps, you want to know in what race and place this physical body of mine was born. It was born of what they call now the Hindoo race, but the place I am sorry I cannot tell you of. It is forbidden. For your satisfaction, however, I can tell you that this body was born in this land of the Hindoos."

Jim looked at the Saint's eyes as he spoke. It satisfied him that Shánt Dás was speaking the truth, and he was ashamed of the enquiring thought that prompted the look. He said in humbleness, emphasizing it with a bending nod of his head:

"Pardon me, brother, for the question. You will have to pardon your baby brother for many such questions of curiosity. I understand your answer and appreciate it. All you saints belong to the universe as a whole, but your blue eyes and chestnut hair made me think you were a European."

Shánt Dás laughed again. "No need of begging pardon, Sáhíib, I have not been offended at your question. But you Sáhíibs seem to think that blue eyes, white skin and chestnut hair are the monopoly of the European, forgetting they are the gifts of the snow. Neither is the snow the monopoly of the West."

(To be Continued)

HOME LIFE OF COUNT TOLSTOY.

BY PUNDIT N. KRISHNA*

THE TWENTIETH century is for sciences and sciences. It is a century for sociology, psychology, biology and all theologies.

Before I came to the United States I never heard the word so commonly used—"graft." I call it graftology—give it a scientific name. This great science of graftology is divided into three branches. The first is called the religious graftology, which is practised by Christian missionaries in the East whom I call religious hobos; the second is political graftology, on which I will not say a word; and the third is pen graftology.

A few days ago, an article was written in one of the dailies of Los Angeles to which two or three of my friends here have asked me to give some attention. In that article the vindictive statements of a German governess, once in the employ of Count Tolstoy's household, but whose services were dispensed with because of incompetency, were copiously extracted by the Editor to prove that Count Leo Tolstoy, the greatest sage of the West, is a "faker." I am a busy man, and possibly I have more to do than I can, therefore I could not undertake to reply to the woman's lying statements and hideous and ugly attacks on my distinguished friend, the greatest living citizen of the world.

When I first went to that man of peace and leader of humanity, I had a letter of introduction from a great friend of his and another letter of introduction from one of the directors of the Siberian Railroad. I arrived at his country house, Russia, Toulá, Yassnaya, Poliana, on a most beautiful August day, about nine-thirty in the morning. I was greeted by Count Leo Tolstoy, junior, who at once expressed to me his great pleasure that a Hindoo had honored by visit their country home and the family of the distinguished author. Soon after that I took a cup of tea, which is always ready in the Count's house from early in the morning to late afternoon for the comfort of his friends and guests and family.

At about ten o'clock, a lady dressed in full black and corresponding to a Catholic nun, came on a visit and was greeted with loving affection and kind "good mornings" by the members of the Count's family. I discovered afterwards she was the sister of Count Leo Tolstoy, and a nun. I was introduced to her and while I was talking to her, in a few minutes came out the first lady of the house. She was a lady full of grace, tall, of strongly-built physique, with a kind smile and of most beautiful, expressive mouth and eyes. She was the Countess, the beloved mother of all the children of the Count, and genuine friend of all the people. As soon as I was introduced to her by the second son of the Count, she said to me that she had never seen a Hindoo in her life, and remarked that my eyes and fingers were exceedingly oriental. By this time, I had become almost a member of Count Leo Tolstoy's family. There were about a dozen grandchildren and about half a dozen children of the Count, and three or four friends.

Now came the Count with the letters of introduction which I had carried to him. He was dressed in an old shirt, a cheap pantaloons hardly worth one dollar and fifty cents in American money, and his long, old boots. The first thing he did was to shake hands with me, and while he was holding my hand he kissed most affectionately the children and grandchildren, and begged me to feel at home and give as much

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knowledge as possible to the members of his family, saying he would be at my disposal in a few minutes. Then he went for his morning walk, which he walks alone. If I ever met a foreigner who could speak English beautifully, with a philosophic expression, it was Count Leo Tolstoy; and he not only speaks English but speaks French and German, understanding thoroughly Latin and Greek. And I found all his children also spoke English, French and German thoroughly.

The Count returned from his walk in fifteen minutes and we started discussing the political conditions of the glorious Orient, the mother of all the religions, the home of civilization, the ocean of wisdom,—and of Russia and Europe. Our talk lasted almost an hour and a half. Then we took lunch which was one of the best enjoyments of my life, for the simple reason that these Christians of Europe and America are accustomed to kill all the animals and birds for their food, and drink the deadly poisons,—whiskey, the outcome of the Irish-and-Scotch civilization, ale, of English civilization, brandy, the outcome of French civilization, rum, outcome of Netherlands civilization, and beer, the outcome of German civilization. In the Count's home, I had the most excellent food served up, the most delicious dishes, containing not an atom of any flesh, but the natural products of this beautiful earth. The Count felt exceedingly sorry that the Europeans should not take the best things from the Orient. He also expressed regret that the Orientals always took the vices of the Westerners.

I cannot go too much into detail, but I will state a few facts of the daily life of this man who is an apostle of peace, a friend of the world and a great exponent of humanitarian ideas.

His life is far more simple than the life lived by General Booth of the Salvation Army. General Booth has the finest automobiles and dozens of private secretaries, while Tolstoy is his own private secretary and his own automobile. The Count has about twenty-five thousand acres of land, inherited from his father. It happened so, a few years ago, that his beloved and loving wife and the mother of his children, felt that if she did not interfere with his uneconomical life the whole family would be in poverty, for the reason that the Count is not only a great philanthropist, but is the worst man to handle money. If he has any, he gives it all away. Therefore, by the wise counsel of his beloved wife he agreed to distribute the family estate in equal shares among his children. If you want to see a family that lives the most simple life, you will see that at Leo Tolstoy's. His country house is the most wretchedly furnished house I have ever been in. It has fifty times less furniture in it than the average house of the average workingman in the United States.

If you go into his own room, you will find the furniture he has is an old wooden couch—which is his easy chair by day, and at night his bed—a couple of old comforts, an old-fashioned book-case, with a few books, plenty of ink, a half dozen pens and about three or four old wooden chairs. That is all there is to his name in all this wide world which he loves so much.

The life of the Countess is almost as simple. She dresses in stuff and style a little bit inferior to those of the wife of the average minister of the gospel whose salary is about seven hundred dollars. The sons use almost the same clothing as the Count, which is the dress or costume of the peasants of Russia.

Count Tolstoy writes and leaves his manuscripts here and there. But while he is absolutely careless about his manuscripts, he is always careful to write them. The Countess keeps and puts them in order, and sends them wherever they are to be sent. As a practical philanthropist, he beats Andrew Carnegie; as a practical philosopher, he beats

the great Kant; and as a friend he is the living image of love—an inspiration for all. His house and hospitality are open to all visitors and friends.

His charities are wonderful, and he has every day a large mail of begging letters from all parts of the world. But the Count meets some queer beggars sometimes. One day, an English woman came from England to see the Count, and said to him that she was very happy to meet a great nobleman and famous philanthropist. She wanted ten thousand pounds, and she thought if the Count would give it to her it would be sufficient to enable her to live in ease and comfort and marry the man she loved. On another occasion, a man from Russia, but living almost twelve hundred miles away, having sold everything to raise enough money for his ticket as far as the Count's home, came with the same story and demand. And so it goes. You will see that he has an average of from five to twenty-five men and women coming to him every day, telling of most pitiable conditions of misery, or the harsh treatment of the brutal soldiers; and as many as fifty letters, some begging him to send all the books and pamphlets he has written, some asking money that will be enough to marry them, some asking for funeral expenses, some begging for railroad tickets, some begging for recommendation to a government position; but hundreds asking for money to get enough to eat for a few days. And the Count responds to most of these as best he may. A little incident of which I was an eye-witness will afford a glimpse into the kind heart of the Count. Some one was stealing apples from a tree in his ground. The Count discovering it gave him more apples than he had time to gather.

Now, it is true that he has an income, from his family estate, of about thirty to thirty-five thousand dollars, which he has divided at the request of his beloved wife among his children—who, by the way, are scattered over almost all Russia, and the only time most of his children can see him is summer, because some of them live far away in the interior of Russia—and yet, not less than three-fourths of the income of his children, as well as of the Countess, goes in helping the needy and the starving.

And yet this great man—the very heart of charity and generosity—is maligned and called a humbug by a woman who served his family for some time as a governess, and who, although absolutely unfitted for her position, was not dismissed but simply relieved of her position. This may not be a wonder. There are more ungrateful and untruthful servants in the modern world than there are just or grateful or truthful ones. The real wonder is that sensible people should believe in this woman's lies without investigation. To say that Leo Tolstoy lives in luxury and does not live what he preaches, is something akin to blasphemy.

Now, my appeal to the men and women possessed of selfish ideas and governed by hatred—like the writer who has written an article to one of the local dailies—is that she deserves the confidence of no sensible man or woman. Count Tolstoy's principles and conduct are the very reverse of what the governess has insinuated them to be. Count Tolstoy is the greatest living man in the West, whom I had the honor of knowing personally, and whose life-long friend is a great friend of mine, in whose house I spent nine months as a guest while I was in the capacity of a professor in St. Petersburg. May the power of true glory create a thousand more Tolstoyes and long live Count Leo Tolstoy!

The services of Tolstoy to the oppressed millions of Russia, and thinking men and women of the whole world, are so unselfish that their memory will never die, even when he will pass out of his fleshly body. If there has ever been a prophet in the modern West who has succeeded

in creating a religion which is the purest in the definition of the word pure, it is Count Leo Tolstoy. He has a regular following of about half a million of Russians, belonging to the highest intellectual class, and thousands more in other countries.

I hope that the enemies of peace, justice and humanity, who are the enemies of Count Leo Tolstoy, will open their spiritual eyes and stop committing the sin of attacking this noblest man of their age. Three cheers for Count Leo Tolstoy and three cheers for Baba Bharati's work in America.

EASTER SUNDAY IN SANTA CATALINA.

BY MINNIE ESTHER BATES

CHURCH today? Yes, today is the day of all days for church-going. Down in the shade of the eucalyptus grove the bell of the Protestant church proclaims that there will be Easter services in the fine, new building. And the gentle-hearted minister who knows the secret of the Oneness of all Life will doubtless have many beautiful and inspiring thoughts to give to his people today. From the north comes the sweet call of another bell, ringing out from a cross-tipped belfrey, set like a watch-tower far up on the hillside. And as its notes die away there will be heard in the church beneath the solemn tones of the white-robed priest as he lifts before the silent, kneeling people the sacred host.

But it is not to either of these that I shall go today—but to the church not made with hands—the great eternal, universal church, the church which has throughout all ages spoken loudest to the heart of man—spoken truest of the great heart of God, and to listen to the sermons it may preach today, I take my way up the winding stage road which leads to the Summit. Past the crowded caravansaries, the tiny vine-wreathed cottages, the throngs of chattering, churchward-hurrying people, past the cross-crowned church on the hill, into whose cool, incense-laden nave I slip for a moment. The altar is spread with all the beauty and splendor the poor, little church can afford; and to the stolid, black-browed Mexicans kneeling so reverently, it must bring visions of the glories of Paradise. With a prayer for the priest and people, and for all priests and all peoples, I go on my way.

Now I can look over all the quaint little town with its rainbow-hued cottages nestling down in their valley like birdlings in a nest. And the rippling waters of the bay come laughing to the very door, as if inviting the merry crowds, which, when the warm breath of summer comes, will sport and play in their cool depths.

But now the scent of the spring flowers is in my nostrils, and the sunshine is in my veins like wine, and the bird-choirs are calling me on to church—to the church in the hills—in the hills of God. They rise up out of the deep blue ocean like sentinel-towers pointing up to Heaven: their massive buttresses of solid rock protruding here and there as if to prove their eternal stability. Where are their bases set? And how many years have they stood 'neath summer sun and winter rain, fanned by balmy breeze or beaten by fierce winds? When did they rear their mighty heads and when will their grave be made?

The road winds ever upward and round and round like a yellow snake spying out the secret places, creeping into the hidden chambers where shy birds and timid beasts have their abode. Now I can look far down into the yawning, rock-ribbed canyons and over range on range of hills and mountains. And far, far over the shimmering sea, beyond a bank of cloud, the glistening snowy peaks of the mainland appear. They look unreal as if floating in space. I wonder if those glorious, shining

things are not the souls of the mountains—of the earth—of nature—come on this Heaven-born day, within range of the vision of man? Or, maybe, they are the altars of Heaven spread with such beauty for this Easter Mass that their splendor shines even down to earthly vision. Listen! Do you not hear the hymns of the angels? The roll and sweep of the music of the universe? The waves of the sunlight bear it on, the blue of the sea echoes it back, and it floats over these hills until my soul dissolved in its harmony. And this is the church of God!

Farther and still farther up through the sweet air, past blooming slope and rocky cliff, 'neath shade of tree and glowing sun, with widening view and shortening turn, the road climbs on, as though the builder thought the gate of Heaven must be near and strove to find it.

At last the highest mount is reached and I lay me down upon the warm bosom of Mother Earth to drink in through every fiber of my being the strength-renewing currents that flow so freely for all who will partake of them.

Mother Earth! Mother of the tiny flower and the giant tree, of the timid mouse and the roaring lion, the tender babe and the sturdy man, the granite rock and the shifting sand. All from thy bosom came, all to thy bosom go.

Men hew thy wood and mould thy steel and probe thy vitals for gold and jewels; they study the stars and weigh the sands to find the secret of thy being. But the secret of thy being is hid in the heart of God. And the Truth of God is shown in thy Truth. Heart-soul of Earth, heart-soul of God—One. Truth of God, truth of earth—One. Man, child of earth, begotten of God—body of earth, soul of God—One.

All is One! This is the Sermon Grand—this is the angel's song. Thou—Earth—wast born of God, man was born of thee: the holy Trinity.

There is no death nor dying—we but go back to Mother's bosom, to Father's house. As the flowers spring up, bloom and fade, so do we grow, work and perish. Some stalks are bent and broken by stormy winds, some lives are crushed and warped by wrong and sorrow. Some blooms bear golden grain, some poison juice; some lives leave blessings, some a curse. But God sent all forth, all to Him return; by devious path or straight, the end none can escape.

As the flowers take their winter sleep so do the souls of men take their sleep when out of the body—to spring forth with the seasons, change to newer, stronger growth. "I—soul—am the resurrection and the life!"

To the Great Teacher who spoke these words the vision true had come—the knowledge of the Oneness of All—of the sleeping and the coming forth—the passing up to Heaven's gate. And to each of our souls in turn will the vision come when we have reached a higher plane. Now we but "Stand on the borderland of the cosmic knowing." Then shall we float in the ocean of knowledge—the vision no longer vision, but reality.

Down the heights at set of sun—the strength of new life in my veins the Glory of God in my eyes, the assurance of Heaven in my heart, to the habitations of men, I come.

Brahma, the Great, sought to awaken from his sleep and said, "Who am I and what am I to be?" "Meditate, meditate," said a voice that filled the heavens, "look within and you shall see." And the great Brahma meditated and looked within, and lo, at the looking, creation began, for he saw within a perfect creation, from which he evolved this—its perfect reflection.

THE BABA IN THE WEST

CHAPTER VII

John Bull Gentleman

WHEN Anglo-Indians in India accused the Indians, in and out of season, of ingratitude for failing to adequately appreciate the "inestimable boon of education" which the British are said to have bestowed upon them, I could never understand what they meant. Indeed, the real import of the charge always seemed to me to be too subtle for my old-world Brahman brain. What was this inestimable boon which the Sâhibs thought or made so much of? I used often to ask myself. It was good, no doubt, and the givers had meant well by giving it to the Indians. But I found from results that it was not applied to the Indian mind in the proper way. In putting this new wine of English education in the old Hindoo bottles, the enthusiastic "merchants" had not guarded against the bottles cracking or bursting. The effect has been best described by an old patriotic Bengalee educationalist. "How is it," he said, "that the being distinguished as young Bengal is not that healthy, harmless and happy animal that old Bengal was? Has the law of longevity undergone some change? Has some unaccountable cause wafted loathsome diseases to our shores? Have we not indented them? Nay insured their delivery by our life-blood and the life-blood of unborn generations? Look at that village patriarch! Sunday or Monday, true to his hour, he was up in the morning, prepared cheerfully to go through a prescribed routine of domestic duties—a perfect stranger to nausea or headache, to lassitude or horror. He did not know the history of the French Revolution, but he did not know dyspepsia; he did not know the theory of maxima and minima, but he did not know tympanitis either. He lived after the old orthodox rules, laughing at liver and dropsy, at consumption and apoplexy, and spurning the aid of rhubarb or calocynth, of quassia and hemidesmes. Now, look at that other picture! Look at that symbol of eccentricity, that impersonation of procrastination, that miserable sport of diabetes and dysentery—that eyeless, toothless, Godless, grey-headed octogenarian of five-and-twenty, and then decide for yourself what English education, merely as such, has done for the country."

Education a Boon

This Bengalee educationalist, if he were alive, and had come here, would certainly, like me, have spoken in a different tune. He would then have seen what a real boon education is in England. Education here commonly means reading, writing and arithmetic—"commonly" I say; I had almost said "generally." You cannot separate the three R's from the idea of education in the average English mind. So deep-rooted, indeed, is this idea that I have found that even intellectual Englishmen are under the impression that no Oriental is fit to be called educated who cannot read or write or figure in English. The reason of this patriotic superstition is to be found in the value of education in this country. It is, indeed, an inestimable boon, a wonderful refiner of the roughness of humanity in England.

The practical English mind makes the most of the three R's when it is imparted in the school. An English school is a machine, at one end of which the raw material—ragged, unwashed, unkempt, filthy, swaggering—is placed in, and in a short time, at the other end, the manufactured product—coat-and-trousered, spotless white-collared,

brushed-head-and-booted—comes out and shakes hands with the machinist, saying: "How do you do, Mr. ? Thank you!"

Gentlemen to a Fault

Strolling about in the streets of London, I have often had such reflections dart across my mind as I met both the raw material and the finished article side by side. This finished article, when born of the gentry or middle-class, is a gentleman to a fault. When born of the working-class, is not only gentle enough, but sufficiently well-mannered—to a stranger at least in their country, or perhaps to an Indian in especial. They are sweet and courteous in the extreme. Ask any of them any direction in this wilderness of houses and streets, and he almost feels it an honor and a real pleasure to help you. He will even go many paces out of his way to be of more practical service to you. If he does not know the direction himself, he will at once break through his usual etiquette and reserve for your sake, and ask any other passer-by about it. In a railway carriage or a tube-car you ask for a match, and at once a lighted match is held out for you to light your cigar. There is indeed a gentleness of tongue and manner about home-staying Englishmen and a sweet light in their faces which make you mistake them to be a different race of people from those who go out and live in India. That the average Anglo-Indian is no index whatever to the average educated Englishman in England is found out in a trice.

When Unspoilt by India

Opinions may be divided about the dealings of the British nation with other nations and peoples in regard to material interests, but foreigners coming to England must admit that the individual Englishman, unspoilt by India, is a "jolly good fellow." His sympathy is quick, and, as in all other virtues, practical. Once his mind is made up, he is your friend, and will do all he can to help you out of trouble. His word is almost his being; once he has given it, he would die to fulfill it. He wants, and almost expects, no praise for having served you even beyond your belief and deserts. He has begun to act while you are talking, and opens his own purse before asking others to join him in charity. He hates a humbug, but even a humbug he will praise if that humbug speaks out his humbugism. Plain-spoken himself, he admires plain-speaking in others, even in a wife about her flirtations with his best friend; and to celebrate this virtue in her, he forgives her and calls her his "darling."

No Room for Snobs

If John Bull is a machine-made machine, as I called him in a previous sketch, some actions of that machine are wonderful in respect of their moral influence. For instance, his very training makes him avoid perpetrating meanness in dealing with the outside world. There is nothing he hates so much as flagrant meanness. Whether in speech or in his dealings he cannot be mean, even to a menial. If he is so, that menial will call a spade a spade in his face. Every human soul here expects and exacts a courteous treatment, even the street sweeper. This is no country for snobs or tyrants. Not that the people are devoid of all notions of swagger or aggression. Oh dear, no! Only they dare not show it to each other lest the other show fight. And John Bull is eminently sensible, you know. He has always an eye for the fitness of things and the propriety of time and place for giving vent to the bottled-up humors of his mind. The bottle is not only well-corked, but well-capped and wire-netted too. The netting is removed after Suez is passed, the cap vanishes at Aden, and bang! pops the cork at Bombay!

Education—The Three R's

Education, I have said, means the three R's. But when to the three R's are added a pair of patent leather boots, a pair of dark trousers, a low vest, a spotless shirtfront, a muslin necktie round a high collar, a swallow-tail black coat and a tall hat, the phenomenon is called civilization. You may be of any color or creed, it does not matter, you are a gentleman, a civilized gentleman. You may be Day and Martin black, vermilion red, indigo blue, jaundice yellow, or tan leather brown—provided you are covered with these armors of civilization in addition to a knowledge of reading, writing and figuring in English, you will not only disarm English reserve, but even be a lady-killer in London. If you are still ambitious, buy and digest an etiquette book, practise knife and fork and a little flirting, and then present yourself on the background of a tolerable bank-book, and *materfamilias* will open her eyes wide and put you down on her list of eligible candidates.

John Bull Cosmopolitan

An inveterate color-hater abroad, John Bull is wonderfully cosmopolitan in appreciating ability of whatever sort it may be, but physical ability he appreciates most. A foreigner can be a second Shakespeare or a better Shelley; he can be a whole encyclopedia of learning, and the English will admire him. But this admiration is neither so lasting, unalloyed, nor universal. Intellectuality, foreign or indigenous, is to the average Englishman little better valued, perhaps, than an article for sale; forgotten after the price is paid. That which creates in him an enduring impression is physical superiority. Ranji, the Hindoo prince, is a great god with the Britons because he has beaten them in their manly national game—the cricket of which they are mad. All the Indian Princes in London for the Coronation were forgotten forthwith, despite their flashing jewels. Ranji never, even if he had left England for good or died ten thousand deaths. The foreigner who will supersede Ranji in the average Briton's estimation ought to be able and brave enough to paint, for one black eye he gets from any Englishman, that Englishman's eye in all the colors of the rainbow. That is the hero-god of the British at present—the hero of brute force.

BEAUTY AND CHARM IN INDIA.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

It is of the charm and beauty of the country that I wished to speak. Where there are in India native people and native buildings, there we find picturesqueness or beauty, or both. The costumes of the Hindoos and Mohammedans are comfortable even to look at; they are the natural dress of man in a warm country, made delightful to the eye by grace of draping and loveliness of color. The only essential part of the men's dress is the loin-cloth, which is usually white, or has been white originally. But their smooth brown skins are adornment enough; the eye soon learns to appreciate the tint and to prefer it to our own blanched aspect. The shades of brown are innumerable, but it never approaches the blackness of the coast negro. The people are naïve in their ways, but carefully observe their own limitations, and never are immodest. I have seen a man, clad in loin-cloth, jacket and mantle, saunter up to the corner of the public garden opposite the hotel in Bombay on whose veranda I sat and take off everything he had on; shake out and refold the garments, and replace them; but he managed so well there was no undue exposure. Still more remarkable was the case of

the young married woman on the platform of a railway station, who also took off every stitch of her clothing and clad herself in other robes; but from her shoulders to her heels not an inch of bare skin was revealed throughout the process; I watched her from the window of my compartment in the train, which was waiting, as did two or three hundred other persons—or they might have done so had not similar spectacles been too familiar. Imagine (thought I) an American lady doing the same thing under similar circumstances in America! The *savoir faire* of this people is incomparable.

But color, often of the most brilliant hue, enters into the outer garments of all tribes, castes and classes. It is never crude, and always is harmonious. The head-dresses are often gorgeous; they are either caps or turbans, and are worn only by the men; the women's heads are protected by their thick black hair or by a fold of the sari cast over them. On the other hand, it is only the women who wear jewelry; they are barbaric with gold and silver bracelets and ankle bangles, with earrings, nose rings, and finger and toe rings. It has been estimated that, on the average, each Indian woman of the hundred and fifty million in the country carries on her person twenty rupees' worth of these ornaments, mostly silver. No wonder the silver problem is obscure in India. In seasons of want this silver comes in hundreds of tons to be exchanged for money, together with buried coins, which also exist in millions. Even apart from the countless hoards of the rajahs, no one can guess how much bullion the country contains.

The gait of Indian women in walking is the perfection of easy grace; they have been barefooted since the dawn of time, and are accustomed to carry weights on their heads. I have now and then seen an American or an English girl walk well; but never in a way to bear comparison with them. The trunk poises lightly on the hips, the leg glides forward smoothly, one elastic foot after another is planted on the ground and spurns it. Their delicate waists have never felt the deadening pressure of a bodice. The vest worn by most Indian women does not come below the curve of the breasts; the body thence to the loins is bare; in some parts of the country no vest at all is worn. The women are uniformly of small stature; and most of the poorer classes soon lose their symmetry of form, owing to child-bearing and other labor. But nothing can be more beautiful in all respects than an Indian girl of the higher caste in her prime; there is a glorious delicacy of loveliness in her every contour and feature; a splendor in her eyes and hair and in the mellow tints of her exquisite skin; a fitness in her garments and a fascination in her motion that belong to no other woman.

Or can any artist reproduce the marvelous effect of a crowded street in the native quarter of an Indian city. Such a sun in such a sky above; and the houses peering close into each other's faces across the narrow crookedness of the way, with their infinite multiplicity of shapes and sizes, their endless variety of line and angle, door and window, balcony and recess, shadow and shine, glow and dark; and all enriched with numberless soft tints, defining and enriching each architectural feature; the low-browed booths, with their squatting merchants, turbaned and caftaned; above, the jutting casements, each with a tawny face peering from it; higher still, the jagged gables and soaring roofs clustering against the sky; and down below, hemmed in, drifting, shifting, murmuring, the swarming street itself, with its myriad types, faces, forms, costumes, colors; men, women, children; Hindoo, Moslem, Jew; slender Parsi and ash-bedaubed beggar; a city of a forgotten epoch, thronging with a population of two thousand years gone by, yet living and standing before your eyes to-day, and painted with tints like molten jewels.

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