

"SAGES, SAINTS and SONS of GOD" by Baba Bharati

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No. 8

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MAY
1907

The
LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read

Contents

	Page
DO THOU AWAKEN US	249
THE SONG OF MY SOUL By Elsa Barker	249
SAGES, SAINTS AND SONS OF GOD By Baba Bharati	250
SAYINGS OF KRISHNA	256
PASSING AWAY OF THEO- SOPHY'S PRESIDENT	257
FRENZIED FINANCE	260
JIM	262
JAPAN'S MESSAGE TO THE NATIONS	272
STORIES OF INDIA By Rose Reinhardt Anthon.	274
BABA IN THE WEST	277
TO INDIA	279



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DO THOU AWAKEN US!

As the Spring calleth the blades of grass to awaken to the smile of the sun or the drenching of the rain each day, do Thou, O ever glad and youthful Love, awaken us to the sweet security of the smile of life and the frown that our clouded eyes may spy lurking behind it. Do Thou who makest the young fruit tree to bend low with the stress and winds of storm so that it breaks not, do Thou make us to bow to Thy will, resisting not its dictates, lest in our ignorance we dash against the current of our good and fail to near the smooth ways and pleasant pastures Thou dost in Thy wisdom prepare for us.

Thou who makest the food to be in the breast of the mother at the coming of the young, make us to realize that each need hath its supply even before its want is uttered, teach us to know that about our ignorance Thy wisdom lies, about our weakness Thy strength is woven, about our helplessness Thy help looms nigh, and that Thy peace overshadows all our tumult.

THE SONG OF MY SOUL

BY ELSA BARKER

Long did I wonder what my soul might be.
Was it a pale reflection of the light
Of God upon the surface of our night?
Was it the promise of eternity,
Now hidden by the world-veil from our sight?

There came no answer, though I questioned long,
Until one day I heard my soul's own song:
"I am the spirit of Love that bides in thee
And in all things, quivering to reunite!"

SAGES, SAINTS AND SONS OF GOD.*

BY BABA BHARATI

BELOVED Ones of My Lord:—The subject to-night is the sublimest subject, and I—poor, unworthy human being—do not feel I am competent to do justice to its treatment. It is not a false humility of mine, it is not a pretense for humility. But if you'll all think a little deeply, you will admit that for any of us, however wise we may be, to judge who are sages, who are saints and who are saviors, is something too ambitious. And yet I have called in the aid of these Sanscrit hymns to the Lord; I have called in the aid of Brahmâ Himself too, as I call for all your blessings, to be able to put before you a clear idea of a sage, a saint and a savior.

The Modern Sage

A Sage we sometimes see in this West. A Saint we may see if we look for him, somewhere—though I do not know where—in this matter-covered West. Saints there were by the hundreds and thousands in this West just a little while ago. We have the records of their life in the Bible and other books; but the modern, materialistic spirit has killed the Western saint out of existence. He has no place where he can live the life that he wants from his very soul. He does not get the atmosphere, neither the seclusion from the peering eyes of a curious world. Yes, the saint that used to be called the friar and the monk and the hermit, that we have read of in the books, has almost disappeared. But we may find saints, thank God! There are thousands of such, even in America: I have no doubt about it. And but for their devotion to their soul and to their God, Christ Jesus, and to the spirit of the universe—the innermost spirit of the universe—but for their whole-souled thought and devotion, this country would not be on the surface of the waters.

What is a Sage? The modern "sage," as he is called, is no index to the real article. The modern sage is called a sage because of his collection of wisdom. I have seen the "sages," these modern sages of your western lands—at least a few of them. They are no index to the real sage of the past centuries, even in the West. This modern sage, now-a-days, is either a writer or a thinker; or perhaps a speaker, here and there. Most of them are writers—write books and publish them and sell them. And people read them. They just write what the people would take. They suit their thoughts to the people's whims. Why? They have their eye to what the book is going to put into the pocket. Even the best of them have sold themselves to the mania for fame, name and money.

The modern sage's mind is the antipodes of originality. He knows no originality. You meet one sage who has been called great by all the newspapers, by all the friends you have met whom you think are competent to judge sages—you meet one of them, as I have met many, in New York and London—and they try to impress upon you what a great sage he is. But we from the East, when we come with a little wisdom, which our blessed gooroo and religion have put into our consciousness, we find in a trice that the man, this modern Western sage, is nothing but a bundle of ideas and thoughts of others. He has not a single thought which he can claim as his own. He may have read all the ancient and modern authors. He is almost an encyclopedia of what they thought or said. He has read them all, taken their best thoughts that have

*Verbatim report of an extempore sermon delivered by Baba Bharati in the Krishna Temple, 720 West Sixteenth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

struck him as profitable in his life, profitable in his outer life, profitable to his material life, and put them into the pigeonholes of his mind. The moment you ask him any question, he takes out a bundle from the pigeonhole and says something. It may be borrowed from Carlyle, it may be borrowed from Emerson, it may be borrowed from Hegel, from some materialist or some priest, of the past or of the present, but he stamps his ego on it and passes it to you. You at once, if you are alert, if you know what a sage should be, find him out. Others of the same mind, others whose minds are constructed on the same principles as his, hang on his words while he is talking and they call him great. But they go home and they have forgotten him.

That is the modern sage. He does not think for himself, poor soul! He thinks with the others and does not take even the kernel of the thoughts that he has studied. He takes the outward dress of the thoughts, and he lives on the conceit that he has read so many, so many, authors, so many thinkers, and therefore he should be declared one of the greatest thinkers of the day.

There Were Sages in the West Before

A little before, perhaps a century before the wave of materialistic thought swept o'er your land—there were sages in these lands. Also these sages studied the books of the past, the books of the wise men of the past; but they took the kernel out of those thoughts and they concentrated their mind upon those kernels. They thought of the gist of all the thoughts; they used to go near the bottom of these things and thoughts and get a hazy glimpse of the underlying spirit of all thoughts, get a hazy glimpse of the realm from which all thoughts and things have sprung. With that hazy glimpse, they used to talk originally. Thoughts and ideas they had studied of others they boiled down their consciousness, and out of them they made something, some substance that was their own. Yes, they used to eat these kernels; and when they went into the stomach of their mind they used to digest, to assimilate them and turn them into the force of their mind—a force of their own. The truths might have been the same as those whose thoughts they had studied, but they were embodied with their own mentality, presented with original phases, different from those whose books they had studied. And these sages were of very great usefulness to mankind, to all their fellowmen. With that glimmer of the essence of truth they saw things plainly. They could advise you on any subject and make you take the right path, make you take the right course; had themselves been guided by that light, however faint it was; led the right life, went along the right path, and they had guided others also along the same path.

The modern sage does not live what he teaches, what he thinks, what he writes; does not always do this. Not that there are not some who do; but most modern sages do not always do it. The ancient sage used to live what he thought because, he could not but live them, live his thoughts, because the thoughts within were his own. They prompted his actions, they became part of his being. He lived, moved and had his being in their essence. They guided his action; he could not overstep their bounds. This was the sage of the past. These past sages have left books. They are most useful, because they disclose this glimmer of the essence of things. These sages were, however, of the world. They had not gone deep into the soul of things. Therefore they lived on the outer surface of life. They lived with the world, their mind anchored to the realm nearest the soul. They could not renounce the world. Their mind had not dipped into their soul and did not live always in that soul-realm. Hence they had not the renunciation that the saint has.

What is a Saint?

Now comes the Saint. The saint is a sage of a higher degree. But the saint is, also, greater than the sage. The saint lives within that realm, the innermost realm of the mind, which he has discovered by deeper concentration than the sage could summon to his work; has gone deep into things; has gone deep into his own mind and pierced the shrouds, the external shrouds, which hid the foundation of things; has gone into the realm absolute, out of which all the relative things and thoughts have sprung. In that absolute realm, having once discovered it, having once dipped into it, he lives. He dwells therein all the time. His mind is there. Whatever his body may do, his mind is there; there, within that realm absolute. And years and years of concentration upon the absolute, years and years of dwelling within that absolute realm, makes him filled with its essence. His whole consciousness is pervaded by its essence; his mind is all saturated, every atom of it, in that essence until that essence radiates from his mind outward through his body.

His advices are of nothing temporal. Because he has found real life where he dwells. He has found life in its foundation. And he tells everybody to live that life, because he has found that the source of life is absolute happiness—the unbroken, the untasted, happiness which everybody on the surface is trying to get and is always disappointed in getting. That happiness which he has found in that realm he tastes every second of his life; and he tells everybody to get into the bottom of their mind, to go into that realm and live there so that they would be all happy as they never had been; they would be all happy, as emperors and kings and millionaires were not.

They not only preach to whoever comes to them, but they also give, inspire, rather, into the minds of hearers the instincts of the soul, the soul-intuitions of which their mind is made up. The hearers get the magnetism of the saint's mind, of his ensouled mind, and absorb it into their own. When they leave him they are the better, the wiser, the happier, for having met him. Yes, that is the saint. And he is a real sage. The sages have been those that mingle with the world and try to guide the world with the glimmer of their soul-light.

The Saint is also a Savior

The saint is also a savior. He saves the souls of those who come in contact with him by not only the teachings, not only throwing light on their path, but, also, by infusing into them the magnetism of his ensouled mind, of his soul-lit mind. He tells them that their minds, contemplating matter and material things, have created clouds which have shrouded the sun of the soul and that this shroud should be taken away, to let the sun of the soul shine through the glass of the mind. But not only do they do this, not only do they teach others how to do it, but they also help them to do it—help them with the power of their own soul, the power of their own spiritualized mind. As when you come to a light, you are covered with its radiance; so when you come to a saint, his radiance envelops you; but while the lamp-light only falls on your body, on your outermost self, the light of the saint's soul pierces your body and enters into the innermost recesses of your mind and consciousness. It is tangible. This light is tangible. This light is almost visible to one who is really soul-hungry and has developed within him receptivity. When such a receptive man or woman, prompted by the hunger within, goes to a real saint, he or she cannot but recognize in him the master he wanted, the master she wanted, for the moment you are in his presence your mind is flooded with the light that is within the saint.

The saint's consciousness, the inner consciousness of the saint, is filled with that light of the soul, which he contemplates constantly. And he knows that that soul is a part of the universal soul. From his own soul his mind turns to the universal soul called God. Therefore, his soul gets connected and draws from the universal soul the blessings of that universal soul; and these blessings he distributes freely to whoever comes. His sympathy is keener than that of the mother for her darling babe. It is in the nature of the soul-light, of the soul-illumination, that it cannot be kept confined within one's self. It goes out, it runs out from within and it runs out to all seekers of that light; and the more he gives the more he feels filled; the more he gives the happier he is. The more he gives the more he wants to give. That is the saint. I have only tried to give you an outline of the mentality or the individuality of the inner consciousness of the saint.

A Savior is Thousands of Saints in One

We will now try to see what is a Savior. A savior is a saint and a sage of the highest order. The saint is a savior too, but the area of his work is limited. That power of his ensouled mind is limited, because he thinks of himself also. The power of the magnetism of his mind is limited in its scope, but he is a savior to most of those people that come in contact with him, come near him or within the range of his thoughts. But a savior is thousands of saints put together. The saint grasps the fact that his soul is a part of the universal soul and he gets merged, his soul gets merged in that universal soul at times, when he has the ecstasy of samádhi—the ecstasy of the human soul being absorbed in the universal soul. But a savior is thousands of saints put together; he has not only grasped the universal soul in incarnations—long, long, ago but has become a part and parcel of that universal soul. Not only has his soul merged in that universal soul, but his consciousness has become part of the universal consciousness. He does not think for himself. He has no need to. He is called to earth by the divine will from his abode in glory. He was one Mr. Jones or Brown or Smith, long, long, long ago, perhaps an eon. Back in the past eons he walked the earth like a man. He had all the faults and foibles and all the impurities, like all the Smith's and Jones' and Brown's. But he had met somebody, some ensouled mind; he had read some ensouled book, and he had got a glimpse of the inner world, of his inner self; and from that, therefore, he had struggled and developed full sight of that light, through incarnations and incarnations. After struggling hard to get into the realm of that light he had succeeded; and when he had filled his consciousness still more with that light he had left this earthly plane and gone higher, into higher realms; and there he had graduated by being still more filled with that soul-light, still more purified, still more absorbed in that one essence which is the foundation of all things. He had merged, at last, into the universal soul. But he had retained his individuality, the individuality that was now transformed into the individuality of the universal soul. There he had remained merged; and when there was need for the world, he had been detached after being immersed in that divine essence for eons; and having become part and parcel of that divine consciousness, he had been detached and come down to earth incarnated into human flesh. He is no more human. To call him human is blasphemy. Also, it is untrue, because he has no more any human consciousness. He is filled with divine consciousness. Therefore he is called an incarnation of God—a part incarnation of God. Man is nothing but his consciousness; and when his consciousness has become fully divine, absolutely divine, he is an incarnation of God. You call it incarnation. We call it *avatâra*. *Avatâra* means descent, descent of God into human flesh. The divine

spirit of which he has become a part has descended to earth and become encased in human flesh.

These incarnations, who have been the greatest saviors of the world, the greatest saviors of human souls, of benighted human souls, have been born through all the ages. Whenever there was need of any of them—the moment there was need, absolute need, pressing need, the divine, mind that knows the minds of all of its creation, of all his created beings detaches it, detaches one of these its individualized parts and it comes down and takes birth. His arena of work is wider than that of the saint. Some Divine Incarnation's arena is world-wide, because their thoughts are the most powerful. If one of them had been born in India and you never knew of him—some generations of you would know of him by his thoughts which would travel to them in time—in God's own time. And his thoughts have all the potencies of the Father and that universal soul—he would operate on your minds and infuse into them his spirit; and whether you had ever seen that Incarnation or not you are face to face with the individuality he was made of, with the individuality of his ensouled mental attributes.

Thousands of Saviors before Christ

There were thousands of Incarnations, Divine Incarnations, born before Christ Jesus blessed the earth with his holy walking. To say that Christ was the only Incarnation of God is, as I told you, a baby's prattle. The prattle is born of the ignorance of these false devotees of Jesus Christ, the ignorance that is born of their conceit, their spiritual conceit—the worst conceit of all conceits. They unconsciously say to themselves, if they want to worship some master, "That master should be the only master, the greatest,"—which means that to be their master he has to be the greatest. Therefore they patronize Jesus Christ with their devotion, their so-called, conceited mock devotion. And much of that deluded devotion is with an eye to business, material business. We take this assertion of the Christian missionary when he comes to our country as a baby's prattle. But we read the Bible and find Christ was great indeed, Christ was a savior indeed; and we rejoice in the fact that the Western world had a savior like to even one of our own. And we worship that Christ called Jesus, in our heart of hearts; for the purity and the love of God of Jesus Christ would conquer any heart, any mind, that is not wholly materialistic. Christ was an incarnation. So had we incarnations, other incarnations. Some were greater than Christ, one was thousand times greater than all the others—Krishna, for example.

Every incarnation comes to fulfill a mission; and Lord God, who is the source of all incarnations, opens in them the passages to radiate that power and light which are needed. Rám Chandra was the incarnation that came before Krishna. He came to fulfill his divine mission and he did not know for a long time that he was a divine incarnation. He was not fully conscious of it until he arrived at the age of twenty-two and after that he burst out. If he had known it before he was twenty-two, he would not have been able to perform the worldly duties that he had to do, to vanquish some of the demons in human shape, some of the greatest oppressors of mankind. Hence the full consciousness of his divine self was shrouded for the moment.

Buddha came to fulfill a mission and he was endowed with the power and light to fulfill that mission: and when he had fulfilled that mission he knew he was an incarnation. Before that he knew himself to be one of the greatest saints; but he came out at the last stage of his career on earth as an incarnation of God. And he walked and taught like an incarnation, and we know that he was an incarnation. We read of him,

we talk of him; through all these twenty-five hundred years his name has come down and, with the teachings, the magnetism of his thoughts; they enter into us and illumine our minds and hearts.

The Greatest of Saviors

The greatest incarnation was Krishna, the Krishna that is the father of Jesus Christ, Krishna the Full Incarnation of the Deity, the Fullest Expression of God Supreme, and he showed it in his life. He showed his almightiness, his omniscience, his All-Love Self from his very birth. Even before he was born the radiance of his glory shot through the pores of his mother's body; and his dark cell, the prison room in which his mother was confined, was illumined with the glory, till sages and saints and heavenly beings came and worshipped him in the womb. Then when he was born, from that moment of his birth he began to perform miracles which put into the shade the miracles that had been performed by all the incarnations of God who came before and after him.

But the greatest miracle of all miracles that are performed by great saviors and great incarnations is the miracle of love. As I said the other night, the greatest miracles would never impress the human mind, the mind will not keep the impression for long; because, their manifestations are material. But the miracle of love would make the deepest impression upon the human consciousness. Krishna showed that greatest of miracles, the miracle of love; that he was all love, that even his body was all love, his everything was love. He was love-made. He was love-filled. His breath was love. So when people looked upon his figure they were filled with the essence of love, which was the radiance of his consciousness. He had to speak little. He was Love and Salvation Itself in human form.

Christ's Resplendent Glory

Christ gave love, the love of Krishna. Christ gave love and Christ was great because of the sacrifice that he made out of this love for humanity and his God. He sacrificed his body. That was the greatest he could do, the greatest sacrifice that he could perform, the greatest miracle that he could perform for the salvation of erring souls. When he could not save people from outside by coming in contact with them—such crude materials their consciousness was made of!—he left his consciousness—the consciousness of his love for his Lord and humanity—he left that consciousness impressed deep upon the consciousness of the universe until it was absorbed into that universal consciousness and became a part and parcel of it and from which vibrations shot forth into all the regions of the world, and the whole world, even today knows what Christ was: the Savior that he was. His whole personality, all his love-individuality, is before us in all its resplendent glory.

The Human Soul Afloat on the World-Ocean

These are Saviors. These are the saviors of the world. These saviors come and picture before you the picture of your own heart and mind. They point out to you that you are a soul; that you are not your mind, your consciousness, or your body; that you are your soul; and that soul is, as it were, a passenger in the boat of consciousness and that boat of consciousness is floating on the ocean of your mentality, whose thoughts are its waves; and that that human soul, the one passenger in its own boat, the boat of its consciousness, is floating on that world-ocean of his thoughts, his material thoughts. Storms come and the boat is about to sink. Waves rise high, the waves of passions and desires, that dash against the little boat and threaten to sink it into the bottom of that sea. And then that soul cries out, "Is there not somebody to help! Is there not some power to help!" But the greatest of the universe's

power, God, hears; and because that soul is for the moment concentrated upon Him, He saves the boat. The waves go down. Once more the ocean is calm, the ocean is calm and the boat glides on.

The Shore of the Absolute

But the poor, benighted soul, the passenger in the boat of his own consciousness, forgets it and fiddles again in the boat the moment there is calm and assurance of safety, and makes a carousal in that boat, forgetting he is on the ocean and a little strong breeze would again swell the sea and again the great turmoil would come and danger loom ahead. But he forgets the lesson again; he fails to profit by it. At last, some voice he hears that tells him not to look earthward, to the shore of the earth: but to head his bark to the shore of the soul. And when he turns his head unto that shore of the soul, unto his own soul, and turns the boat of his consciousness soulward, to the realm of the soul, he finds all is calm. The sea that stretches before him and that soul-realm is all calm, undisturbed by even a ripple, and his boat has been taken charge of by some invisible mariner, invisible helmsman, and steers clear of shoals and rocks by itself. In less time than he can dream of he sees the outlines of the shore, the Shore of the Absolute, the shore of his own soul; and in a little while more he is anchored and he leaps out of his boat upon that soul-realm where all is joy, where all is peace, and all he sought for in vain on another shore is there. But for even that now he does not care. His mind is filled with the atmosphere of the soul-realm, is filled with the love of which that realm is made, is filled with the bliss that he only knew in word, only by word; but he now knows by experience; and there he lives and dwells and forgets the other world, forgets all his troubles and turmoils, forgets all the storms, forgets all the dangers. Everything, everything he has forgotten in that region of soul-blessings, in that rapture of knowing his own soul, of dwelling in his own soul. He is now covered with a body that is of blissful materials; and there throughout eternity he lives with his Own Beloved, his God.

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA.

He that keepeth his mind fixed upon Me, he hath even grasped with his soul the cord of silence that binds him to the rafters of the laws of the universe upon which all that is, is pendulumed. He finds in that silence even each echo of the universe upon which is based the science of his devotion. He knoweth not a self beyond the self that is acquainted with the Self of the universe whose center is even the form of Love which I am. He who know himself to be a part of that universe cannot be unattached from Me, and he fills even his consciousness with the consciousness which is universal and which is the background of all that is and ever was and yet shall be. Hence is he of the consciousness that prevades all from the beginning unto the end of time. He is at atonement even with the making and distinction of the universe which is even at the mercy of the laws that create and destroy. And this he shall know, behold and perceive.



"He who hath wisdom is strengthened by the Lord of power." Yes, he that has penetrated into the Soul of Life, into the Life of Life, the Source wherefrom the Life springs into manifestation, he who has gazed within that Source which is the Source of him and is within him, he surely is another. He is no more the I that asks what is wisdom and what wisdom is. He is the I that is wisdom. He is wisdom, the knower and beholder of naught outside of the radiance which is the halo of his knowledge.

PASSING AWAY OF THEOSOPHY'S PRESIDENT

A GREAT spiritual figure has passed away in the person of Colonel Olcott, the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society. The world has lost a great soul, a loss which only the world's really enlightened souls are feeling, for the number of these souls, souls which sense spirituality wherever it may be found and under whatever fleshly cover or religious concept, are now comparatively few—almost microscopic in the Western world. The greatest majority of Western souls are too thickly covered by church dogma and agnosticism to feel the loss. The American Press, manned by both these descriptions of people, has accorded very little or no notice to this passing away of one of the world's prominent personalities. It will give columns and columns of notice to murdering heroes, Mammon's favorites, trash writers of surface and sensuous life, helpers and entertainers of national nervousness yclept civilization, and other so-called celebrities too sickening to think of to enumerate or classify—but not to real heroes of action in the moral and spiritual world, because they are not in the limelight of sensation-mongers.

And yet Colonel Henry Steel Olcott was one of the grandest personalities of both the West and the East. It was his individuality that made that personality. Of that individuality the whole world has abundant proof—the individuality that was based upon world-love, and hungered and endeavored with all its might to make the world better and more harmonious, to unite all religions by pointing to their common source, and fundamental principles. This he has accomplished to a great extent whatever his conceited or too-close critics may say. The originator and prime mover of this spiritual scheme was, of course, Madame Blavatsky, the greatest and most distinguished woman of the modern West. But Colonel Olcott was her most able helper, colleague and coadjutor. Without his help the Theosophical Society could not have been founded and could never have flourished as it has done today. Madame's was a great master-mind which was well reflected in the Colonel's, and the Colonel worked and materialized Madame's ideas as far as possible, as much as he was capable and in so far as circumstance would allow. With single-minded devotion, backed by the courage of the convictions of a pure and honest mind, he steered the boat of Theosophy clear of rocks and shoals, successfully fighting the storm-lashed waves of a prejudiced and bigoted world. What an indefatigable worker he was may be best judged from the fact that during the thirty years of the Society's existence, the President-Founder issued 893 charters to branches all over the world, which means that before he laid down his physical body Colonel Olcott had the satisfaction of having awakened and more or less interested the minds of most countries by familiarizing them with the priceless spiritual concepts of the heart-soul of the earth—India.

Colonel Olcott was a son of whom America ought to be most highly proud and Americans perhaps more. Before he joined Madame Blavatsky in her scheme of Theosophy, the Colonel bore an unsullied character and high and unblemished reputation throughout his career, official and non-official, in America. He was born in an old English Puritan family, settled for many generations in this country, in Orange, New Jersey, in 1832. At the age of twenty-three he declined the offer of the Presidency of Agriculture in the University of Athens made by the Greek government, and founded, with Mr. Vail of New Jersey, the Winchester Farm School in New York state, now regarded as one of the pioneer institutions of national agriculture, and cultivated and wrote on Chinese

and African sugar canes which was so well received that the position of Director of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, as also the manager-ship of two immense properties were offered him, but both of which he declined. He still continued his labors for improving agriculture and soon being recognized as an expert became associated with the staffs of some leading London and New York newspapers, editing their agricultural columns. The Civil War breaking out, his passion for liberty drove him to enlist in the Northern army, and he went through the whole of the North Carolina campaign and was invalided to New York. On his recovery, the government noting his ability and courage, chose him to conduct an inquiry into some suspected frauds at the New York Mustering and Disbursing Office. Every means was adopted to stop his resolute investigation, but neither bribes nor threats could check the determined young officer in his conduct of a campaign more dangerous than the facing of Southern bullets. His moral courage shone out yet more brightly than his physical courage in the field and was rewarded by an acknowledgment from Government that his work was "as important to Government as the winning of a great battle" and that his "services were signally marked by zeal, ability and uncompromising faithfulness to duty." Now Olcott became Colonel and Special Commissioner of the War Department and afterwards of the Navy Department, which with resolute and unsparing zeal he purified, and reformed the system of accounts for which he was commended officially for his incomparable "capacity, rapidity and reliability," "uprightness and integrity of character." "That you have thus escaped with no stain upon your reputation," concluded the testimonial, "when we consider the corruption, audacity and power of the many villains in high position whom you have prosecuted and punished, is a tribute of which you may well be proud, and which no other man occupying a similar position and performing similar services in this country, has ever achieved."

This in worldly life was the man who joined Madame Blavatsky to work to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood by helping all humanity to cognize the basic unity of all souls. And yet his honesty was assailed by an unthinking and frivolous world the moment he turned his unimpeachably honest mind to spiritual work, being even called "unscrupulous" by the Anglo-Indian press in India. But now that he is no more in the flesh it is time even for his villifiers to stop to think of the great good he has done to the soul of humanity. I knew both Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky intimately when I was Editor of the *Lahore Tribune* in the early eighties. Madame Blavatsky used to write me voluminous letters every week discussing the Theosophical work in the Punjab. I first met the Colonel at Allahabad and afterwards at Lahore and Calcutta. He was simple in manners, sincere in disposition, full of love and good will for all who came in contact with him. His honesty shone out through his eyes, his spirituality illumined his face and freighted his eloquence when he spoke on or off the platform. His work for India was great, but his work for the world was greater, which the world will be able to fully appreciate in the near future. Whatever exceptions may be taken to the association of "Mahatmas" with the Theosophical Society, and although I am not in a position to vouch for the fact of these "Mahatmas" being at the back of the Theosophical Society, this much is certain that the Theosophical movement is a dispensation of God, a link in the chain of the world's spiritual events, drawn to India to be an aid to her naturally evolved spiritual revival, and from India as a center to radiate her spiritual truths to the whole world for illuminating its different religions. Now that the Colonel is gone, let the world forget the "Manhatma" episodes,

and render to that grand old soul his just dues for his grand work for the world's spiritual enlightenment.

Colonel Olcott's mantle has fallen upon worthy shoulders—those of Mrs. Besant, the only shoulders on which it could fall. Since Madame Blavatsky's passing out, Mrs. Besant has been the greatest help to Colonel Olcott, with her innate spiritual nature, penetrating intelligence, sincerity of heart, facility of expression, wonderful eloquence and whole-souled devotion. She has developed a new phase in Theosophy which has made it much more attractive to the whole world than it was before. Blavatsky was a Hindoo-Buddhist, Olcott was a professed Buddhist, Besant is a Hindoo. It is through Annie Besant's scientific mind, love of accuracy, and study of Hindooism at first hand that the Theosophical teachings of these latter days have been rid of their vagueness, systematized for the outside world, and made respectable to the eyes and judgment of the Hindoos. Whether she was appointed to her task by her "Mahatmas" or not, she was decidedly appointed by higher spiritual forces to evolve order out of chaos of some of the jumbled masses of jargon of earlier Theosophical literature. Her expositions are wonderful in their clearness of grasp and illuminating effect, and are very helpful for the Westernized Hindoo mind, not to speak of the non-Hindoo minds. If she will confine her labors among the Anglicized souls, she will achieve yet greater success than she has done in the past. But the moment she steps over this, her legitimate sphere, and seeks to interfere with the ways and methods of real Hindoos—Hindoos whose Hindoo instincts are as yet unspoiled, be they well-versed in their Scriptures or not—she makes a mistake, a grievous mistake, which spoils her other work. Orthodox Hindoos, by which I mean Hindoos who believe in and practice their religion as much as it is possible for them to do now, do not stand in need of any Hindooized foreigner, aye, not even the help of Mrs. Hindoo Besant, to understand and follow the right track of their own religion. I am a sincere admirer of Mrs. Besant. She is a great and unique soul, filled with great powers to do the world good, and I pray to my Krishna for her long life, good health and adequate energies to fulfill her great mission on earth.

Mrs. Besant seems to share to some extent the belief of superficial observers that India is decaying in the spiritual sense. Indeed, in a lecture, since put into book form, she declared to the Hindoos that the spiritual heritage and teachership of the world will pass away from India to some other nations—she almost hinted it would pass on to England—unless the Hindoos reformed their ways and institutions as she bade them to do. Mrs. Besant must have been dreaming when she made that declaration. India is not only not spiritually decaying, but she is the *most spiritually alive* of most countries in the present world. Compared with her spiritual vitality, all other countries are more or less spiritually dead. And soon the world and Mrs. Besant will have the most sudden and astounding proofs of this, and, I have no doubt, this good woman will rejoice at it—rejoice at the event she has been so devotedly trying to help bring about. If this great teacher—for she is great undoubtedly—will drop mentioning the "Mahatmas" for a while and draw upon her own Krishna-blessed inspiration and work with the grateful belief that it has been her privilege to understand so clearly the spiritual truths of India and to serve her, she will still attain the prize of the illuminated—unbroken Krishna-consciousness and finally its fruit—Krishna-Love.

Flowers are the materialized manifestation of Nature's worship of God.—*Baba Bharati*.

FRENZIED FINANCE

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

IN THESE DAYS when the wealth of nations is grasped in the palms of a few men; when one man often possesses in his own right a large proportion of the circulating money of the nation; when his income extends into the many thousand dollars a day, perhaps hour; when the giant that stands head and shoulders over his fellow man is the man of boundless wealth; when our country is in danger of forming castes of money instead of castes of intellect, genius and spirituality; when such a condition is, then must it of necessity mean that the burning question of the day is, "How to get money and how much can one get?" At such a time the air is full of desire for material gain. It crowds upon the mind against our say so. It prints itself upon our consciousness without our consent; it beats itself upon the drums of our ears until its vibrations become even as the roar of thunder. It writes itself in letters of fire upon the firmament of our understanding.

You read in the eyes of your father, husband and brother the anxiety to procure it in great amounts; you see the fear of its lack on the man in the car before you. You understand the deep lines hewn on the brow are the outcome of it, and you catch it in the uncertain voice of the young clerk selling a yard of silk at a counter. In the thin, pathetic voice of the working woman past the blooming age of thirty you recognize its vibration; in the quivering voice of the cynic you sense it, and even in the eager look of the advanced scholar who knows the bygone days of books are left behind to soon go forth and put to use for money, which means livelihood, the learning of those days.

Yea, the cry of "money, money," to eat and clothe and live, is the great howl, grown hoarse and coarse by the accumulated wails of many hearts that learned in the days of frenzied finance that poverty is a crime and that dignity in the business of honest money-making is to be decried as old-fashioned and out of date. The small business man of to-day is swallowed up in the octopus that stretches its many legs into the areas of the business world; and the man who tries to hold out bravely against the onslaught of the new passion for getting rich in a hurry falls by the wayside and is soon lost sight of altogether. Let him try to carry on his ideas of business in the ways of his father, and lo, from all sides a blank wall will confront him and crowd in upon him until nothing but ruin will stare him in the face.

The conditions being such, what is the wonder that all the atmosphere throbs and palpitates with the fear of poverty and the desire to guard against it, to even add up the treasures of earth at the risk of having them rust and fall away when we cease our sojourn here to enter upon our wanderings elsewhere. "Work, rest not night or day until you put aside enough for old age." That is the motto that the father gives his son, and the mother echoes it to her daughter with—"Be sure the man you marry has enough to keep you now and in the future." And none can blame either the father or mother for such advice to their loved ones when to be without a home means imprisonment and to be poor is to be hated and shunned even as were the lepers of old. Each day we read of men and women, old and young, who with a few dollars still in their possession commit suicide rather than face a world that never smiles on the poor and never gazes with kind pity on poverty.

This wave of money-madness has struck all classes of men and women. Few are left of the thinking classes, of the philosophers of life who have been untouched by the materialism surrounding them,

overlapping and underlying them. And these few, looking from the without to the within, meditating in still constancy on the basis of creation, smile at the inconsistency of man's mistaken ideas of the old adage that says—"God helps those who help themselves," and again—"Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Out of the knowable and fathomable these philosophers have come, not of their own seeking, into the unknowable and unfathomable but made so by man's distorted vision, again not of their own seeking. They have brought with them the garments that are incorruptible and the implements that are indestructible to bear them out, to tide them over on their earthly sojourn. They know that the worm falls close to the beak of the motherless nestling; that the lion's cubs, scarce cooled from the warmth of the womb of the lioness, will instinctively find the water's edge; that the trees of the forest are grown into great towering masses of beauty untouched by human cultivation. They know that the fruit of the earth and the fruit of the trees hold in themselves the sustenance of man; that the egg of the fowl is food for the fowl. They know that the kingdom of earth hath the wherewithal to sustain its children; that the heaven hands its kindly beam of silver when the gold of its sun is withdrawn; that the rains kiss the parched earth when the sun has burned and baked its breast. They know that the wild ass finds suck for its young even in the small oasis of the burning desert. They know that a willing hand can make the tilled earth to bring forth wheat and corn to make bread; and they know, too, that the normally active mind and hand, the sweet, strong industry that can be likened unto the growth of the wheat and corn and fruits and goat and bird and flower and man himself, will give him the abundance for his daily living. It is not so much what a man needs that makes him long for mere money; it is what he sees his neighbors have that makes him run mad for the possession of the god of materiality.

No mouth ever opened to the air of this world, but before it or with it, was created the sustenance to feed that life. That is the eternal law, the immutable rule, upon which creation is based. The knowledge of this truth that no need of God's creatures can present itself without the supply to satisfy it, is the incorruptible garments and the indestructible implements which come to man as the inheritor of the earth and all that thereon dwells. So labor in these garments and with these implements, and the imperishable treasures, which are overlooked by those blind in their speed and haste to gain perishable treasures, shall be yours, and they shall come with all their potency about them and feed the body and mind.

Christ worked as a carpenter while he formulated the Truth that was to revolutionize the Western world. But I would safely say that he worked with less mad haste and less hours too than the money-fanatic of the day does. And it is said His body bloomed with health and was of splendid proportions and good to look upon. And if we could know, I should say he ate of Nature's food and that the house wherein he lived was simple and lowly. Yet a King He was, a King of earth, a God of Heaven, and He never advocated the speed of hustling that has given birth to frenzied finance of the Western world.

Life itself is the Bible and the Vedas. The knowledge of the laws of that life is religion; to live a life in accord with those laws is to be religious. The effect of that life is spirituality, and the reward of that living is Love.—*Baba Bharati.*

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 experienced 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.

The science of Gooroo and disciple in relation to God and man is borne in upon him, and the veil which hangs between the universe and its laws, the soul and the senses, is lifted, and for a little Jim views Eternity.

CHAPTER XX.

THAT night Shánt Dás brought to Jim a long, thick book of yellow paper from which he made some extracts and wrote them on a sheet of pale drab country-made paper with a reed pen and very black home-made ink. The characters were Sanskrit and were written very clear and large. As he finished writing he said to Jim:

"Sáhib, Máhráj has told me to teach you some practices of which these are a part. These are some hymns and prayers in Sanskrit. If I read them out to you, will you be able to transcribe the sounds in your own language?"

Jim asked to see the paper and when Shánt Dás handed it to him he looked at the writing for a while and said:

"I think I can read it myself if you will help me in pronouncing the words properly."

Shánt Dás asked with a little surprise, "You know Sanskrit, then? Sábásh, Sáhib, that is very good."

"No," answered Jim, smiling, "I do not know Sanskrit, but these characters are Hindi, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Shánt Dás, "the Hindi or the Deva Nágri characters are the same as Sanskrit. You have studied Hindi then? I once or twice thought so from the excellent Hindustani in which you have been talking all this time."

"Yes," said Jim, "I have studied Hindi and Urdoo properly under Hindoo teachers and passed examinations in them. We English military officers, especially those attached to native regiments, have to study these two languages and pass examinations and meritorious success in such examinations receives a reward from the government. I not only received the highest reward but possessed a passion to study these languages. I had nothing but contempt for the natives, a mental habit contracted from my countrymen here. Yet I loved to know their language, why, I did not know. I have read many Urdoo and Hindi books, of which Tulsi Das' 'Rámáyana' was the biggest. I read the whole of it and, although I never cared for its thoughts and sentiments, and, at places, it made me laugh at what I thought vagaries and superstitions

of Hindoo imagination, I was always fascinated by the Hindi language. Its sweet sound and wonderful rhythm had such a charm for me that I used to read the 'Rámáyana' almost daily and my wife used to like it, too, when I would read it to her. I had begun studying Sanskrit, having heard from my moonshi (teacher) that it was sweeter than Hindi. But I did not make much progress in it."

"Sáhib," said Shánt Dás, who was deeply interested in what Jim was saying, "that is one of the best proofs of your having been a Hindoo in a previous birth. Your trance state of seven hours has convinced me of that. You could not get into that condition so quickly without having been a Hindoo in some previous birth. Your contempt for the Hindoo is an acquired instinct of your birth, and these acquired instincts of your Sáhib birth had so long covered the natural instincts of your previous birth. But we will talk of this afterwards and the Máhráj will help you much on this point. Let me now recite to you the hymns, for you must go to bed early tonight and sleep well, so as to be able to rise early to-morrow."

Shánt Dás then read the hymns and prayers from the book and Jim followed the words from the copy in his hand, and when he had repeated them a few times Jim pronounced them with astonishing correctness.

Shánt Dás then taught him his daily practices, from morning when he would wake up from sleep, till he slept again.

"You see, Sáhib," he said, "to be spiritual is to have a constant consciousness of Krishna whom you call God, who in Spirit, pervades all creation as its fundamental substance. Man, being but a part of this creation, is also pervaded by the Spirit of God, this basic principle of life. This God-Spirit that pervades man and is the base of his being is his Atmá, soul. All our daily spiritual practices are to remind the mind of this soul which is the mind's source and man's real self. The mind of the worldly man is ever outward-looking. It dwells always on the surface of life and never on its source, the soul, so that one has to turn his out-looking mind inward into the soul by habits of divine (soul) thoughts and practices of daily actions whose spirit reminds the mind of the Supreme Deity and Its Emanation in us, our soul.

"The Hindoo strives through these daily performed spiritual practices to live this soul-conscious life, which he knows to be the only end and aim of human existence. He knows this whole universe to be one being, throbbing and pulsating with one life, a being of which the earth is the pedestal. The earth is a being by itself, as are all the elements and diverse manifestations of Nature. For that matter, every atom of this creation is a being and entity by itself.

"We call Earth our Mother because she is the mother, parent and preserver of all that lives, moves and exists on her and within her. She is alive as we are alive, in fact we have drawn our life from her life. We are born of our parents' blood, and our parents' blood was formed from the food they ate and all food they ate was born of earth's juice. Hence we are children of earth, made of earth-matter. The earth is so vast that we human microbes crawling on her body are apt to think that she has no life, that she is dead matter, just as the microbes crawling on our body take our body to be dead matter. Material-minded man is too small, too infinitesimally small, to be able to feel her vital vibrations. But the soul-conscious man is able to feel that life because he lives in tune with the vibrations and pulsations of all Nature, of which the earth is the most important part and pedestal. Sáhib, if you wish to attain soul-consciousness by the Hindoo method, you have to be a Hindoo in consciousness and learn to look at things as the Hindoo looks at them."

"Certainly, certainly," cried Jim with enthusiasm, his eyes dilated and sparkling with interest, "I must be a Hindoo, think like a Hindoo,

act like a Hindoo, to be able to reach the Hindoo's goal of life. I understand that very well and hence I have come here to learn how to think and act like all of you. But go on, go on. What lucid expositions you are giving me of facts and things over which I have pondered and which have been so long a sealed book to me."

"I am glad," said Shánt Dás with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes, the satisfaction of having been of some service to some soul, "I am glad I have made it clear to you. What I have been trying to tell you in all this talk is that the Hindoo's daily life is pervaded by a sense of gratitude for the debts he owes for his very existence to the sources of that existence. The moment, therefore, that he wakes up in his bed in the morning, he expresses his gratitude to the Source of his soul, his inmost self, by praying:

"O Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna! O Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna! Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, protect me with your Love! O Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna! Nourish me with your love!"

"Then he turns to express his gratitude to the source of his physical life by praying with joined hands to Mother Earth before touching her with his feet:

"O ocean-girdled, mountain-breasted Goddess! O Bride of Vishnoo (God), I bow to thee. Pardon my touching thy breast with my feet, for, O Mother, I am thy suckling. And as a mother pardons her babe that kicks at her breast in playfulness, so do thou pardon me, thy suckling, touching thee with my feet."

"Thus does the Hindoo foster his sentiment of gratitude to the very sources of his soul and body. Gratitude is the most effective means of drawing upon the essence of the kindness in others for whose kind expressions you are grateful. By being grateful for some kind act of anyone towards you, you think deeply on the thought which prompted that act; thinking on that kind thought deeply, you dip into the essence of kindness itself. And as kindness is but an attribute of the soul, your mind dips into his soul. And as his soul is but an emanation of the Universal soul, your mind unconsciously draws into itself the essence of that Universal soul, God, the Ocean of Kindness. Thus, by being sincerely grateful, you unconsciously enrich your mind with an influx of Divine Kindness, the attribute of the Divine Soul. Whatever we think on, we absorb. By thinking on God and on Goddess Earth and by giving vent to that thought through grateful prayers in the early morning when our mind is naturally calm and happy after a good rest, we absorb a little of the vibrations of Nature's and the earth's soul.

"After you have said these two prayers you should chant these hymns that I have written on this paper for you. After that, you are to answer the calls of nature as you are directed in the following extract, not speaking a single word to anybody until you have bathed. I will teach you other practices practically tomorrow, practices in which you have to do as I do. Now, I will not keep you awake any longer. Rise tomorrow at half-past four."

"But I have no clock or watch here," said Jim laughing, "how can I know the time?"

"You need not be so accurate in regard to the time," replied Shánt Dás with a responsive smile. "The outer time we do not keep any count of. We go by the old Hindoo idea of time, the outer time. We go by what we call *jám* or *prahar* which is, according to your time, composed of three hours. The day is composed of four *prahars* and the night of four also. The day begins according to us, from sunrise, and the night after sunset. But there are the two twilights, pre-

ceding sunrise and succeeding sunset. These two twilight periods are the best time for devotion. The morning twilight period is the most spiritual because Nature herself is in her best spiritual mood, and this, her best spiritual mood, is called the Deva Muhurta. A Muhurta is twenty-four minutes, according to your time, and the divine Muhurta begins twenty-four minutes before sunrise. We perform the best part of our prayers during this time when the gods descend to earth to sanctify her and men with their holy presence. Make a clock of your mind, impress upon it that you will rise at such a time and you will rise exactly at that time to the minute. I will wake you tomorrow, but try this experiment. Concentrate deeply to wake at half-past four and you will find that there is not a truer clock than one's mind if it is kept in proper order, cleaned, oiled and wound regularly."

Jim laughed as did Shânt Dâs who, saying "Seeta Ram," left Jim to himself.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Shânt Dâs tapped at his door the next morning, Jim was already awake and had said the prayers to Krishna and to Mother Earth and had just finished reading aloud the hymns. He was only anxious to know if he was awake at the right time and waited for Shânt Dâs' tap to be convinced that the experiment he had made on his mind at his friend's suggestion had worked right. That tap told him it had. He smiled as Shânt Dâs entered, saying, "The mind's gharhi (clock) is all right."

"Don't talk," said Shânt Dâs, "I told you not to talk until you have bathed and finished your worship. You are getting into the mysteries of the mind very quickly, Sâhib, by the grace of Gooroo. Now come with me."

Jim rose and followed him out into the open. The morning breeze was delicious, laden as it was with perfume of wild flowers and the music of thousands of song birds. The deep blue of the sky and the stars were paling with the first crimson flush of the approaching lord of the day; the atmosphere was alive with a wonderful sense of holiness. As Jim entered into the jungle with his companion, he felt the dew on his head, face and body and it felt as if it was some cool balm that thrilled through his whole being. As he walked the moist grass and earth with his bare feet, the soft spring breeze gently fanning his face and breast, he felt a freedom in his physical self which he could only describe by calling it heavenly.

Across a few clearings and through some groves of tall trees he followed his companion until they came to a clear ground entirely bare of grass. And Shânt Dâs gave Jim a brass pot filled with water and asked him to answer the calls of Nature and after whispering to him a few rules of cleanliness withdrew, saying he would wait for Jim at a little distance.

When Jim had rejoined him he took him to the well and refilling his brass pot with water and giving him a lump of soft, pure, loose earth, proceeded to show him how he should clean and wash his hands and feet. Shânt Dâs took some earth from the lump he had at his side and mixing it with water rubbed it in his left palm and then washed it off. He did this seven times, rubbing the earth and washing it off each time. He then, taking some more earth and mixing it with water, rubbed it carefully over both his hands, palm and back and wrist, for twelve times, every time washing off the smeared clay. He then rubbed his feet all over three times. After this he asked Jim to do just as he had done.

Shânt Dâs then produced two straight, moist twigs, each about six inches long, of the neem tree, a bitter tree whose leaves and bark and juice contain great medicinal properties. He gave one twig to Jim and put one end of the other into his own mouth, saying to Jim,

"Sâhib, you use a brush made of pig's bristles to cleanse your teeth; the Hindoo, the true Hindoo, never uses for his body any part of an animal, dead or alive, much less uses pig's bristles for the teeth. The pig is a very unclean animal, as you know, in India. If we touch a pig we have to bathe. I will show you now how to make the best tooth-brush in the world."

So saying Shânt Dâs, after taking off about half an inch of the skin from one end of the twig, put it into his mouth and chewed it with his strong molar teeth for a few minutes; and when the fibres had been crushed into a soft mass he began to brush all his teeth vigorously with it. When Jim had done the same, he asked him laughingly if he liked the brush better than the pig's bristles and Jim nodded as much as to say it was very much better.

"There is one greater recommendation for it, its medicinal effect" said Shânt Dâs, "the juice of the neem, of which tree this twig is, not only cleanses the mouth of all impurities but strengthens the roots of the teeth and the gums, while the sweet bitterness imparts a taste to the palate and makes it fresh and healthy."

Jim nodded as he heard these words, testifying to their truth by pantomime, as he was bidden not to speak.

Shânt Dâs, after using the brush for about fifteen minutes, vigorously rubbing his teeth, the roof of his mouth, as well as his tongue, split it into halves and taking one-half scraped his tongue with its edge. After this, he threw away the two halves of the twig and began to wash his mouth with water, gargling and rinsing his mouth about a dozen times. Then he washed his face, and after Jim had followed him in all the processes of mouth and face washing, Shânt Dâs had his bath with water drawn from the well. While bathing he chanted hymns to the water itself, the sustainer of life, and then to the gods, the presiding deities of the five elements, then to Krishna, the Lord God, the Supreme Deity of the human soul.

Then he gave a bath to Jim, and while Jim was bathing he said to him: "Sâhib, you will chant the hymns when you have committed them to your memory. The water bathes the body, the hymns to the gods bathe the mind, the hymns to Krishna bathe the soul. Now I am going to pray to the sun, the parent and sustainer of all physical life. By these hymns and prayers we draw fresh energy from these gods for our mental and physical bodies. The sun has just arisen and the prayer to the rising sun is more efficacious now than at any other time of the day, mainly because the mood of the mind at this early hour is so naturally spiritual—naturally, because Nature herself is filled with the spiritual attributes early in the morning."

Shânt Dâs then took some water and, holding it in the hollow of his joined palms, prayed, facing the east, to the sun, in a Sanscrit prayer, intoning it with his soul vibrations. And as Jim stood looking at him in that prayerful posture, it was hard for him not to acknowledge that the figure before him was not that of a god. He did not understand one word of what he said, but it seemed that every word vibrated through his whole being as it issued from his lips. His face was lighted with the lustre of his awakened soul, while the atmosphere was surcharged for the time with a spirit of holiness.

The prayer ended, they put on dry clothes, washed their wet ones—Jim this time washing his own clothes himself—left them spread on the grass and went back to the monastery.

Taking Jim into his own room, Shânt Dâs gave him a square piece of blanket to sit upon, while he took his seat on another piece of blanket. Jim had entered Shânt Dâs' room for the first time, and so, looking around out of curiosity for the moment, he found that there was no other furniture in it than was in his own—a wooden bedstead covered with a coarse blanket. But on the walls were some pictures of Hindoo gods and goddesses, crudely painted but very expressive of divine light. The floor was all bare, half mud and half wornout lime-plaster. While he was looking around, the ringing of a bell in front of him made him turn to Shânt Dâs and at what he was doing. He found him taking out one by one some instruments and articles of worship from a small red cloth bag and arranging them on the floor before him. There were tiny little brass cups and tumblers, a conch-shell; a large copper tray filled with fragrant flowers was already there and a large tumbler-shaped copper vessel filled with water with a tiny copper ladle dipped in it, and a small round, flat, well-polished stone upon which he placed a bit of sandal-wood. Then out of the bag he took a globe of black stone, about two inches in diameter, smeared with some yellow stuff, and some leaves and flowers. Out of the bag also he brought forth a tiny throne of brass, the seat of which was covered with a silken cushion on which he placed the stone globe.

"See, Sâhib," said Shânt Dâs with a smile of fun, "you are about to witness how we idolatrous Hindoos worship God. That globe of black stone on the throne is our symbol of God. Its spherical form is the suggestion of that symbol, the suggestion of the shape of the universe which He is in His cosmic manifestation. This whole universe is God, this whole universe is one throbbing life just as you or I, and this throbbing, one universal life from bottom to top is God. He pervades it as its essence, pervades every atom of it, and heaven and earth and interspace and gods and men and animals and plants are the variegated, materialized manifestations of that essence. The universe is not so globular in shape as that black stone symbolizes; it is rather egg-shaped, but the earth, its pedestal, is like a globe. This black stone is natural, natural even in the form in which you view it. Its round form is not man-made, these stones form themselves naturally in a sacred hill we have here in this land of spiritual wonders. Besides the natural globular form, it has on it natural marks which are the emblems of Vishnoo or Nârâyan, the creative essence and form-manifestations of Krishna, Supreme God whose essence is Absolute Love. Hence, we choose this naturally emblematic stone for worshipping Him in His symbolic universe-form in obedience to the revealed divine injunction of our Sacred Scriptures. It is called Shâlagrâm or Nârâyan Shilâ—which means stone emblematic of Nârâyan."

Shânt Dâs then poured Ganges water into a flat-bottomed copper bowl and dipping the Shâlagrâm or the black stone in it began to wash it carefully, chanting all the while some sacred Sanscrit formulas. When it was washed, it looked deep black in color, and on it were some marks, very distinct, which Shânt Dâs explained to Jim as emblems of Vishnoo, but Jim did not clearly understand. Shânt Dâs then wiped the stone with a piece of cotton cloth which he took out of the bag. Then depositing it once more on the throne, he rubbed the sandal-wood with water on the round, smooth stone and, making a thick liquid paste of it, he dipped in it a leaf of the sacred tulsi plant and put it in the stone. This he did several times, every time uttering a mantram as he did it. He also placed upon it some sacred grass blades and scented flowers, all dipped in the sandal-wood paste, and always uttering some dedicatory Sanscrit words. Then followed long Sanscrit prayers, and as his lips chanted them in musical tones his eyes were closed and his right palm

covered by his left rested on his bosom. All through the prayers his face was lighted with an ecstatic light from which Jim could not take off his eyes, and the light and the chants thrilled through Jim's heart, mind and body. The prayers finished, Shânt Dâs prostrated himself before the stone many times, after which he offered it a tiny bit of candied sugar placed on a tiny brass tray with a tiny brass tumbler filled with water beside it. During the whole worship he rang the brass bell several times.

And now the worship was over, and Shânt Dâs, after once more prostrating himself, said to Jim:

"When you will understand, Sâhib, as we do, the inner meanings and the necessity for every god-aspirant soul to worship the Lord daily in this form, you will enter into the spirit of it more and more. This much I can say to you now that this sandal-wood is sacred because it is blessed with the aroma of Krishna's body, and this tulsi leaf and sandal-wood paste we use in offering Him some gifts from outer Nature which are acceptable to Him because of the aroma which is the perfume of the soul. We human beings are accustomed only to forms of human affection, and so we worship God humanly. But these forms of affection are not human, they are divine. They are the cords which bind all souls together and all souls to God. They are the different expressions of Love which is the Essence of Life, which is God. And, therefore, when you love God with what you think human affection, your heart is following a natural avenue by which to approach Him. Human affection is divine when it is purged of its mixture of the lower sense-instincts, and when you worship God with human affection, the sense-instincts are purged away."

CHAPTER XXII.

ELIZABETH was dreaming. Her nerves were in high tension the night before and so she could not sleep a wink. But tonight, after Jim's solemn assurance to her again and again during the day that he would write to her, and happy under the impression that Jim would stay with her until his leave was granted from headquarters, she felt more easy in heart and mind. Besides, the tenderest caresses of love Jim had showered upon her in the afternoon made her heart float in ecstasy. Full of love and, hence, always hungering for it, Elizabeth was one of those rare souls in the world who forget all impending sorrows or even disasters if the moment before affords them a real feast of loving and love.

Once she thought she would spend the first part of the night enjoying once again the soul-thrilling, heart-to-heart talk of the afternoon. But three reasons stood up before her mind and dismissed that desire. One was that Jim was tired himself and needed rest; the second was that she had already had too much of a good thing and so it would be selfish to expect more the same day. The third reason was something that Elizabeth wished to hide from her outer consciousness. Since she had heard from her husband's lips his wonderful experience with the Yogi, backed by the light which was unmistakably visible in his face and eyes, she thought herself unworthy of Jim's constant companionship—that Jim was now holy and she was nothing but her old human, material self. She, therefore, contented herself with enjoying love's rewards and triumphs of the day.

But the luxury was too soothing, and before she had enjoyed it many minutes her mind passed into slumberland. And in her slumber, she dreamed a wonderful dream, more ecstatic than was the afternoon's feast. She dreamed that she and Jim were living in a little mountain

home which was a queer little house made of stone built in regular old, old Hindoo fashion. It was one-storied, only four rooms, and surrounded by a large compound covered with trees of fruit and flower, and green pastures on which many cows grazed. And there were in that home no other people than Jim and she and an old gardener and his wife living in a small outbuilding. The prospect around seemed to Elizabeth to be so entrancing that she almost held her breath while viewing it in her dream. The old gardener and his wife were Hindoos, of course. They cultivated parts of the ground and raised all sorts of vegetables and many kinds of pulse and grains which were more than the needs of the home. The gardener had a child, a boy of whom Elizabeth was very fond, as if he was her own. His color was dark brown, and so was her own color, brown, though very light. She was dressed like a Hindoo woman, a sari wrapped around her, with native ornaments of gold and silver round her neck, her arms and ankles. Jim was brown, too, like any Hindoo man and dressed in Hindoo fashion, and they both seemed to love that Hindoo life as if they had lived it from childhood up. And the moment she noted these inconsistencies she ran to her husband, who was sitting on a stone slab in front of the house, to ask him to explain them. But on her way she stumbled and fell. The dream was gone and she awoke, finding herself lying in her bed in her own room in the old bungalow in the barracks.

For a few minutes she did not know what to think of her dream. She was throbbing with excitement which was a mixture, a strange mixture, of the two extremes of emotion—happiness and sorrow. "What a queer dream!" she was saying to herself. By degrees she became more composed and tried to interpret the dream to herself, and the suggestion first arose that it was probably a fantastic dream born of her hard thinking about her future the night before. But it was soon succeeded by another suggestion that it might be a forecasted reflection of what was going to happen to her and Jim. It might be, she thought, that Jim would return from his study with the Yogi and take her to some such mountain home and live with her in the Hindoo way. But what about her and her husband's being so brown in complexion and Hindoo in dress and manners? Then came the question quickly, where would Johnny be? She did not see Johnny in the dream but only the gardener's boy. At this, a sharp pang shot through her heart and Elizabeth would have screamed, but the thought that it would disturb Jim, who might be already sleeping, made her smother it in her throat.

With an effort she controlled herself and coolly reasoned herself into the belief that it was nothing but a dream, an unsubstantial, fantastic dream, a dream that meant nothing. She tried to sleep and, banishing all thoughts of the dream with determination, at last succeeded in doing so. Her tired mind and body helped her into it.

Elizabeth awoke from a dreamless sleep, which thoroughly refreshed her, early in the morning. She looked at the clock on the mantel, it was five o'clock. The room was filled with a delicious breeze of the early Indian spring morning, laden with the perfume of the flowers of the garden outside her room. It was too early for her to rise, and yet she thought of stealing out of the room to see Johnny, for Johnny had gone to bed very early, weeping from an unknown woe in his little heart. So she rose and slipped out, stepping noiselessly toward Johnny's room at the other end of the hall, fearing to disturb her husband whose room was next to hers. As she passed his door, however, she felt curious to know if he was already awake. The thought acted itself, she gently pushed open Jim's door and, peeping in, found his bed empty. Not only empty, but it seemed to have not been occupied at all. With a

gasp she entered the room and, realizing the situation in a second, her head suddenly whirled and with a scream she fell to the floor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DOORGA, who was with Johnny Baba in his room and was awake, ran in the direction of her Memsahib's shriek and found her stretched lifeless on the floor. Indeed from the pallor of her face she thought her mistress was dead. It frightened her so that she ran out and called to her husband at the top of her voice. But Mithoo was already running in her direction from his room in the outhouse in the grounds. As he came near her, Doorgá began to shriek all the more, but Mithoo stopped her by applying his right palm to her mouth, saying in excited whisper,

"Stop, púgli (mad woman), don't raise the neighborhood. What is the matter?"

"Oh, the Memsáhib is dead. O hard-hearted Sahib! He is gone, he is gone, and my dear, sweet Memsáhib is dead!" cried Doorgá, pushing away Mithoo's hand, her cheeks all wet with tears.

"Stop, púgli, I say," said Mithoo, dragging her toward the bungalow, "what mischief-makers you women are! Show me where she is instead of rending the skies with your tiger howls."

And soon they were beside their mistress. "See, see," cried Doorgá again, "my Memsáhib is dead. She shrieked, fell and died before I could reach her. Poor, poor Memsáhib! Why did not your Doorgá die before you died? What can your Doorgá do for you now?"

And Doorgá gave vent to her grief for the dead Memsáhib in the loudest tones and tore her hair.

"Stop, I say again, you ungrateful wretch, ungrateful to the salt of your mistress by compromising her reputation through your mad cries! Stop or I will bundle you out of the house. She is not dead, she is in a swoon; you fan her face and head while I get water, and I will make her all right in a minute."

So saying, Mithoo poured some water into a glass from an earthen pitcher in the room and after bathing Elizabeth's temples with it, dashed it several times into her eyes. Elizabeth's eyes began to tremble. Doorgá shrieked in delight and as her mistress opened her eyes, sat up and looked wildly around, Doorgá clasped her, saying,

"O Memsáb, where did you go? I thought you were dead and gone."

But Elizabeth turned to Mithoo and looking hard into his eyes, said in a compressed tone,

"Is he gone? Tell me, tell me all, you know it."

Tears had already gathered in Mithoo's eyes and they rolled down as Mithoo answered, looking at the floor:

"Memsáb, Sahib is gone, and you know it was not my fault. Forgive me, Memsáb, but it was not my fault that I did not inform you beforehand."

"Forgive you? How can she forgive you, you wretch? Men are all wretches, you are as bad as your Sáhib," cried Durgá with excitement.

Elizabeth gently put her fingers on Doorgá's mouth and said,

"Don't talk so loud, Doorgá, it is not your husband's fault. Now be silent and go to Johnny. Hear, he is crying, go and soothe him while I talk to Mithoo."

When Doorgá was gone, Elizabeth sat in a chair and burst into tears, but soon she composed herself a little and, turning to Mithoo, whose whole frame was shaking with sobs as he wept covering his face with his hands, said:

"Now, tell me all, Mithoo," "Did he leave any message for me?"

"Yes, Mem, here it is," and he took a letter from his waistcoat pocket and handed it to her. At the sight of the letter Elizabeth lost her composure again and wept and sobbed for awhile; then recomposing herself with an effort she asked Mithoo to tell her all, how and when her husband went.

With folded hands Mithoo told her the whole story. Elizabeth heard with great equanimity until Mithoo mentioned the yellow cloth, the badge of the ascetic. She shrieked and fell to the floor again. Doorgá came running, but before she was by her side Elizabeth had recovered and told Doorgá to be with Johnny Baba again. Then she staggered to her feet and made a step towards the door, when Mithoo, dropping suddenly on his knees before her, said to her in broken voice with joined uplifted palms and cheeks wet with tears:

"I am your son like Johnny Baba, and I will take care of you till Sáhíb comes back. He will come back, I know he will, you know he will, and I and Doorgá will lay down our lives for your sake. Don't be heart-broken, Memsáb, don't weep too much, Sahib will come soon."

This tenderness of Mithoo, a tenderness that expressed itself from the core of his heart, unnerved Elizabeth more than the sudden blow had done. She sat down in the chair again to steady the convulsion of her feelings, and after awhile said to Mithoo:

"I know your and your wife's affection for me, Mithoo, I have always known it. It has been my great comfort in the past and I am sure will be in this, my great trial. I thank you very much, I feel deeply grateful to both of you. More I cannot say now. I am going to my room and will be alone for a little while. Take Johnny Baba to your room and humor him to play there until I call you. Tell Doorgá not to weep before him and not to say a word to anybody about this, not a word."

As Mithoo went out, Elizabeth went into her room and locked the door. Then flinging herself on her bed and covering her face in her pillows, she sobbed for a long while. This long outflow of tears relieved the pang of her heart and brought about that sad serenity which is the response of God to the sorrow-stricken, pure soul. She wiped her tears and lay on her back motionless for a few minutes, staring into vacancy, but feeling the calmness within. She then thought of the letter and taking it out of her bosom she kissed it several times and slowly opened it. It ran thus:

"My own darling Lizzie:—However brutally brutal a shock, this my sudden departure without notice, may be to any other wife, my own angel wifie will, I know, pardon it, though with the greatest pain. The reason I did not tell you that I am going away to-night is that I once again lost my temper when I visited the Colonel this morning at his call. That snake doctor was with him when I called and a few minutes' conversation made it clear to me that the snake had already convinced the Colonel that I had become insane and the Colonel had called me to be further confirmed in his conviction, and I, like a fool, helped the matter by losing my temper, for the very sight of the Doctor threw all my calmness overboard. The upshot of it all was that I answered the Colonel's very inquisitive questions very curtly, at which the Colonel was visibly angered and humiliated. It was too late then to say or do anything to appease that old man. Although I am prepared to accept my responsibility for the muddle, that snake man was principally to blame for it.

"The moment I left them I was more than sure that, out of revenge, they would conspire against the granting of my leave by reporting me to headquarters as temporarily insane. And H. Q. would, of course,

believe them and not only disallow the leave but put me to trouble and indignities which might lead to grave scandals and desperate actions on my part. All this, my dearest, I kept from you, not wishing to add more worry to your troubled heart, and led me to take the step which I am taking to-night. You will pardon me once more, my angel wife, but it was the only course left open to me to avoid the scandals and perhaps catastrophe.

"All I beg of you now, Lizzie, is to face the situation as calmly as you can and leave the barracks as soon as possible and go to your mother in the hills and live with her until I return to you, for I cannot bear the idea of your being troubled with the consequences of my sudden action and the humiliating sympathies of these cantonment folk. I have already told you this this afternoon and I am sure you will relieve my anxiety for you by acting on it. Take Mithoo and Doorga with you, they are more loving than I have ever been to you. I will write to you the first chance I get, as I have promised. Again asking your pardon and with my heart's warmest kisses, I am your unworthy but grateful husband, Jim."

(To be Continued)

JAPAN'S MESSAGE TO THE NATIONS

WE have heard much talk about the Europeanization of Japan, says *Love*, that dainty, delightful little magazine of this city, but it now seems more probable that growth of knowledge concerning the ideas and customs of our interesting allies will bring about to some extent a Japanization of Europe and America. For all who have lived with truly observant eyes in the Land of the Rising Sun have the same story to tell, and it is one full of praise and admiration. The following, from *The Herald of the Golden Age*, (London, England,) speaks volumes:

The Japanese, by their late military achievements, have attracted to themselves the thoughtful attention of the civilized world, and the Western nations are now wanting to know what it is that has enabled this small race of simple, unobtrusive, nature-loving souls, when aroused by the instinct of self-preservation, to manifest such remarkable military strategy, organization and valor, to smite with swiftly delivered blows the Russian Goliath, and to destroy in a few months our belief in Muscovite invincibility and Oriental impotence.

This concentration of thought upon their ways and customs, their statesmanship, ideals and inner soul-life, may enable them to fulfil the prophecy of a great vocation compared with which their military exploits are but of trifling significance; for Japan's Message to the Nations is one that may prove of priceless value, and its delivery may yield the most beneficent results.

The revelation of her physical and spiritual culture, and her unique civilization that is now being made (by means of the numerous books and narratives descriptive of Japanese social life, which are finding a ready sale) is slowly but surely causing the scales to fall from the eyes of millions of intelligent thinkers in the West.

So interesting are these accounts that the more one reads the more one wants to read, and the more potent becomes the charm exercised by the story of this Nation which is *practising* the essentials of the Christianity which we *preach* and yet habitually *deny*.

Our materialistic Western civilization, with its mental limitations, its spiritual and physical degeneracy, its gross carnal and brutal customs, its plutocratic luxury and hideous poverty, and its continuous social strife, is instinctively being weighed in the balances and found wanting.

The great contrast between *their* ideals and *our* ideals, their culture

and our culture, their skillful solution of most of life's problems and our own comparative failure in the presence of the same, is being rendered apparent, and we are being forced to confess that, notwithstanding all our boasting about our Western 'science,' our superior 'religious knowledge,' and our 'military power,' we need to sit at the feet of the Japanese and to learn many lessons concerning statesmanship, philosophy, education, ethics, and the art of living wisely and well.

With us the desire for self-preservation, self-aggrandizement or self-indulgence is generally predominant, and we are not perturbed by the thought, if we ever conceive it, that the personal idol which most of us enshrine and worship is our *lower* or physical self. Our Western consciousness, as far as the majority of us is concerned, is limited to the physical plane, and in consequence of our mental horizon being thus bounded, an unseemly struggle after physical wealth and pleasure is everywhere apparent around us. With *them* the highest ideal is to deny, to sacrifice, to mortify—and, if possible, to annihilate—this lower self altogether; consequently, Altruism predominates in place of Egoism; and because they recognize that the higher or spiritual self is the only *real* self, that it is deathless, and that it can be developed and glorified by the deeds done in the body (which they regard as only its temporary instrument,) they are ready at any time to lay down their lives or their most cherished possessions for the sake of their country, their duty, their religious or social ideals, or their code of honor. They regard their fellow-countrymen as one great family, whose general welfare concerns every individual unit of the nation; and a genuine sense of Brotherhood obtains in place of the fierce competitive struggle which characterizes our Western life.

The hereditary warrior class of Japan (the Samurai) exhibit to the world a Spartan, ethical, and chivalrous culture of which any race might well be proud—a culture in the presence of which that of our Western aristocracies appears as superficial, if not effeminate. The hardest muscular and mental training and the extremest frugality possess a positive charm for them; and they seem to cherish an ardent ambition to die for their country's welfare, which resembles the desire for martyrdom that animated the Christians of the first two centuries of our era.

The trading and working class cultivate a physical and mental stamina which is unrivalled, while in their social life they manifest such gentleness, courtesy, love of hygiene, simplicity, artistic taste, patient endurance, and devotion to lofty and beautiful ideals as are not to be found thus combined among the common people of any other race on the earth. This altitude of national evolution and attainment has been made possible by the fact that, from time immemorial, they have abstained from the carnal, blood-laden food which has constituted the staple diet of the decaying nations of the West. Dietetic purity and simplicity are indispensable as a basis of national and individual health, and unless this sound material foundation is laid, such cannot become manifest.

Their religious beliefs, when viewed with freedom from prejudice and with spiritual insight, are found to be as worthy of our earnest investigation as are their social habits and ideals, for the fundamentals of the Japanese popular religion then appear to be almost identical with the fundamentals of genuine Christianity when disassociated from ecclesiastical dogmas and accretions. The great test, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' is one which the Japanese and their religious teachers can well afford to face.

STORIES OF INDIA

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

THE STRICKEN WORDS

IN THE old, old days of India when each man lived but to know God and to fulfill His Word, when the highest and lowest of all the land walked and talked with God and had their being in His harmonious Law; in the days when the husbandman, the trader, the farmer and the merchant followed his calling as the gift of God's grace to him; when king was the protector of his subject and subject the child and well-wisher of his king; when the Brahman was a sage, a saint and lowly devotee of his Makers waiting upon His Will and finding his pleasure therein; in those days, there lived a Brahman, one who was led in each mode of life by the rules that the Scripture laid down to him. He lived in extreme poverty thinking not of the morrow nor laying up store for the same, but ever dwelling in the Everlasting Now that is not measured by the waxing and waning of the moon, by the rising of the sun on the horizon or the coming of the shadows, that knows not the passing of the seasons nor the coming of night that holds the stars in its breast.

Each morning, even before the gray hand of day thrust aside the purple mantle of night, he rose from his sleep to hasten to the sacred river, to bathe his body in its purifying waters and by prayers and mantrams to wash away each sin that consciously or unconsciously had crept into his heart. Then, following still the rules of the Shâstras, he would sit cross-legged with the Scripture before him and search each thought, each word for the illumination it contained. For in those days it was the privileged duty of the Brahmans to know each shade of meaning in the Shâstras, and catch each gleam of light they held, for they were the gardeners of truth from which the world culled the blossoms of wisdom.

One day, the morning had lengthened into early noon and the time for his usual hours of study had long passed, and he still sat gazing with perplexed eyes and wrinkled brow on the pages before him. At last he murmured:

"Nay! Nay! It cannot be thus! Those who have rewritten the Scriptures have miscopied the word. It cannot be that the *Lord Himself carries* the needs of man. It must be that He has the needs of man carried."

And he read again carefully the couplet which said:

"He who hooks himself to Me by the chain of undisturbed concentration, his needs, spiritual and temporal, I shall carry for him."

And with a sigh of relief, all his perplexity gone, he took the stylus, murmuring, "It is a mistake." And drawing on the papyrus page three deep lines through the word "carry," inserted the words "have carried," in its place. Then he read again, with apparent satisfaction, the sloka, revised by himself:

"He who hooks himself to me by the chain of undisturbed concentration, his needs, spiritual and temporal, I shall have carried for him."

Then putting down his stylus and plunging into the next couplet, he continued his study until he was aroused by the call of his Brahmani, the good wife who had been waiting for the food which her husband each day at noon procured from calls at the homes of pious villagers. For it was holy writ that the Brahman, the searcher of the Scriptures, the examiner and expounder of the Truth, must not work for money to keep the roof over his head and sustenance for the body, but that each day he must go forth from his humble, sequestered home into the nearby village and call aloud at the doors of pious households and beg his food.

And what these kindly ones gave in return for the blessing of his sojourn in their midst is the means of his livelihood. And he, in his wisdom, gives to all the promises of the Creator unto His children without stint and without money. For what riches, however great, can pay for the words which the Lord in His love hath formed for His creatures?

"Husband," said the Brahmani, "See! The sun is high in the heavens and the morning flowers have already drawn their outer petals to hide their sleepy eyes, and thou hast not brought food for the day's meal. Thy hours of study should long have been over, and yet thou sittest here wrapped in the haze of this world and looking into the realities of the other. Now go, I pray thee, my good one, and get food, and, on thy return, go again to thy Scriptures and find there the beauties of hope that are the only joy of man's being."

"Forgive me, wife. Thou art right. I shall go forth at once. I have kept thee waiting long because of the beauty of the promises of the *Geeta*, but I shall return soon."

So saying, he hurried along the path that led to the village, whispering over and over the sloka that filled his mind and freighted his heart. And his Brahmani looking after him saw a great raincloud gathering above the tree-tops of the distant hill, and hoped he would return before the storm broke forth. But even before the Brahmani had gotten far along in preparing the cooking utensils for the forthcoming meal, the rain came down in torrents, refreshing the atmosphere for man and cattle, wetting the parched earth, slaking the thirst of the trees and flowers and cooling the bodies of the fur-covered people of the jungles and their feather-covered kin of the air. The Brahmani stood at the door of her hut, looking down the path her husband had taken toward the village half an hour before, and saw the dream of a nearing meal retreat into the distance, for he could not return in the pouring rain, even if he had procured the rice and fruits of his quest.

Standing thus, she saw coming through the rain toward her two boys, carrying on their shoulders a pole which was weighted to bending with the bundles that swung upon it. As the Brahmani looked, she was not wondering what they brought and why they came in that flooding downpour, nor did she wonder who sent them to her. She only gazed on the beauty of the youths who seemed nigh unto sinking under the heavy load they carried. Running to meet them, she said, "Who are you, and what have you here?" But she stopped suddenly as one of the boys flashed his eyes upon her, eyes that held in them a light brighter than the sun that would break through the rain-cloud after its downpour, eyes that were large and reflected the depths of the world and the love of the greater parenthood which mothered it, eyes that smiled and enveloped the universe in that smile, eyes that looked and gazed through the hearts of all that throbbed and pulsated with life.

Half entranced with the exquisite loveliness and unexplainable mystery of those eyes, she stood, her breath coming fast, her arms outstretched as if to embrace the child of love before her, to draw him to her heart and hold him there, to look forever in those eyes and find therein the fulfillment of each desire of the heart, the completeness of each wish of the mind, the embodiment of each hope of the soul, the very stature and countenance of life, the absolute satisfaction of being. All this flashed through her dazed senses. Then the lad turned his eyes away, and wistful forgetfulness seized upon her as to what she had just seen. Only a void remained in her breast, as if the world invisible had opened to her for a moment to flash forth the splendors of a forgotten home and leave the eye blinded and dark by the radiance thereof.

"Brahmani," said the boy, "why do you stand here, keeping us thus in the downpouring rain? We are weary from this heavy load and

are wet through and through. Will you not relieve us of this food we bring you?"

The youths sputtered and panted and wiggled under her trembling hand as she quickly lifted the pole and provisions from the shoulders of both.

"Yes," she said, "I must be empty-brained and stony-hearted to keep you thus, but something has happened which I cannot explain. Never mind, my boys," she sighed as if to herself, then cheerily, "but come and let me dry your clothes and make a mouthful of food for you, for you must be hungry after your journey here."

She set about to take the wet clothing from the back of the youth who had spoken, and lo, she beheld on his back three cruel, deep, bleeding marks, as if inflicted by a sharp instrument. Horrified, her mother heart cried out:

"Oh, little father, who has done this? Who has wounded your tender flesh so? Whose was the murderous hand that could inflict upon the sweet body of a boy these marks of torture?"

And she drew the boy to her and with soft, moist hands, stroked the angry streaks of broken flesh, thrilling strangely all the while and feeling upon her brow and in her heart the peace that was beyond explaining and the happiness that was all-absorbing.

"It was the Brahman, your husband that did it," he complained with puckered lips. "He did it."

"My husband," the Brahmani thought, "he who would not harm an insect or pass over the body of a crawling thing of his Lord's making, he who holdeth love for the lowest and for the highest, he who sees himself at one with all creation because of his realization of his God."

Then to the boy she said aloud: "You must be mistaken. He is good, he loves all. He could hurt none; he dearly loves the little ones of earth, and, though we have no son, he is known by the villagers as the lover of children. I cannot believe it; he could not have hurt the sweet child. Yet if he did, he shall hear from me a rebuke such as no wife has ever given a loving and honored husband."

But the boy only looked at her with another flash of his universe-laden eye, and sprang to the door, calling back before he disappeared down the path with the other youth, "Ask him, good Brahmani, tell him you saw the three sharp wounds on my back as I brought his needs to him, carrying them upon my own back to him."

An hour later, the Brahman entered the hut drenched to the skin, and empty-handed.

"Good wife," he said, "there will be no meal to-day. I went to the three householders and called loud and clear, as is my wont, but the rushing noise of the rain without deadened my voice, and they heard me not. So, this must be a day of fast for us. For myself I care not, but for thee, good wife, I am sad. It is my fault, as I went not about my duty at the appointed time, for a duty delayed often is punished as a duty shirked.

Coming closer to his wife, he saw by the still joy in her eye that she heard naught of what he said, but that her mind seemed to dwell on a bliss that he knew not of. "What is it, my wife?" he asked.

But she only pointed to the eatables that the boys had brought, and said; "Did you not send them to the home?"

"Nay," he said. "I know nothing of them."

Then she roused herself and told of the coming of the boys, their burden of food, their drenched clothes and the cruel wounds which the youth said that he, her husband, had inflicted there. The words at departing, too, she repeated, and the glance which could not be described but which had filled her heart with an overwhelming ecstasy. All this

she told him, and more than she told he read in her lighted face. With the wisdom that the Lord bestows upon the heart of those that are ever in at-one-ment with Him, he understood and went for his *Bhagavad Geetâ* and, coming to her side, said:

"O wife, O I of little faith! O I who would tamper with the words of the Lord, I who revised them to fit the concept of my great conceit, I who in the largeness of my ignorance dared to change the words of the Lord's own breathing. Yes, I it was who wounded His body, His body that the *Geetâ* is said to be. Ever have the Immortals said that the *Geetâ* is the Lord, and I drew my stylus three times across the words of His promise, and thou sayest His wounds were three across His back. See, here it is and thus it reads, 'He who has hooked himself to Me by the chain of undisturbed concentration, his needs, spiritual and temporal, I shall carry for him.' I could not believe that He Himself would carry the wants, spiritual and temporal, for His devotee, and struck my stylus thus, and inserted the words 'have carried' in its stead. But the Word of the Lord is potent and true. He does carry the needs of His devotee, both spiritual and temporal. The *Geetâ* is His body, and I have wounded it, I have wounded it! And He hath come to prove it by bringing my needs, and showing me the result of my doubt and the actuality of its sin."

THE BABA IN THE WEST

CHAPTER VIII.

"The Maharaja and His God."

THE FACT of the Maharaja of Jeypore having brought with him to England an image of his family God, Sree Krishna, caused no little sensation in all circles. This was, of course, natural amongst a people the majority of whom are dead against image-worship in any form, and who look upon even incense-burning in churches as a decidedly idolatrous practice. There was also an attempt in some newspapers at facetious comment in the shape of comic headlines, such as "The God in the Car," "The Raja with the God," "The Maharaja and his God"—remarks thoroughly unworthy of a Press known throughout the world for its sobriety and dignity of tone on such occasions.

I had no doubt that all cultured Englishmen were pained by such want of courtesy displayed by even a small section of the Press, while in society I met people who felt ashamed of their countrymen finding in this act of the Maharaja nothing but food for laughter. Many of these gentlemen went so far as to say that Maharaja Sir Madho Singh had through this example of uncompromising orthodoxy, betrayed conspicuous individuality of character, and ought, in all conscience, therefore to have been more respected than ridiculed. A small paragraph in a recent issue of an evening paper gave expression to this cultured opinion by gently reproving the narrowness of minds which refused to see any good in religions other than their own, which puts one in mind, the writer added, of the Bishop's pointed remark, "Orthodoxy, my lord, is my 'doxy,' and heterodoxy is somebody else's 'doxy.'" Taking up this subject, I wrote an article which was published prominently in the *Westminster Gazette*, and created great sensation, I reproduce it:—

England is the land of freedom—freedom of body, mind and speech—and England is the land, too, of spiritual and religious freedom, both politically and socially speaking. The time, happily, has long gone by when religious bigotry ruled the minds of the British people, both high and low, when they looked at non-Christian peoples through the eyes of

prejudiced priests. The time has gone by when all men and women here believed in the Christian missionary's story of the shocking practices of the heathen Hindoo in the name of religion—of the human sacrifices and mothers throwing babes into the jaws of crocodiles, of the immoral gods whom the Hindoo worships. Knowledge of Hindoo religious principles has grown more and more in British minds, thanks to the labors of European savants in the domain of Oriental theology and metaphysics. It is certainly due to the researches of scholars like Professors Max Muller and Goldstucker that the cultured Englishmen have learned to-day to respect the spiritual and philosophical thoughts of the once belittled Hindoo. The contents of the "Vedas," the "Upanishads," and the "Bhagavad Gita" have been translated into English, and the cultivated British mind, ever anxious to soar into higher flights of absolute thought, has not only devoured those contents, but found in many cases great satisfaction in the truths and principles they embody.

The preacher of the "Bhagavad Gita," or the "Song Celestial," as Sir Edwin Arnold calls it, which contains all the cream of the philosophical portion of Vedic thought, is Sree Krishna, the Hindoo's most perfect incarnation of the Supreme Deity, the hero of the great Hindoo epic, the "Mahâbhârata," the guide, philosopher and friend of the great warrior Arjuna in the greatest of battlefields within historical or mythical memory—the Kurukshetra. In heroism or wisdom, in love or in charity, in justice or in mercy, in spirituality or morality, or in miraculous powers, no human incarnation, ancient or modern, can ever equal Sree Krishna. If Christian bigotry or atheistic scepticism dare to call Krishna a myth, the Hindoo can answer by calling Christ a myth too. How can the data, he would naturally argue, of European history—or Hebrew, or Egyptian, or Roman for that matter—be proved more reliable than those of the Hindoos, who have for thousands of years kept their sacred scriptures and histories in perfect preservation all over the land?

This Krishna is the deity of the Maharaja of Jeypore, and his Highness has brought here with him an image of this (his household) Deity named Sree Gopalji, which he worships every day before he does any temporal duty or even breaks his fast. He offers every morning and evening fragrant flowers and the sacred leaves of the Tulsi plant, smeared with sandal-wood paste, to the "lotus feet" of the image, accompanied by certain formulas of words and ceremonies, as enjoined in his holy scriptures. This form of worship of Sree Krishna is universally the same in Hindoo India—the image is symbolical, and its worship is essentially mental, the outward form supplies a point for concentration for fostering sentiments of love and devotion for the Deity. The British mind ought to appreciate the necessity of such outward formulas and ceremonies if it only looks at the forms and ceremonies of its own Church in order to impress upon the average Christian mind the sacredness of functions inside the House of God. As to the objection to image-worship, the Catholics have it, and it will not hold much water with Protestants either, so long as they will raise statues of heroes and offer homage to them some way or other. That is image-worship, whether you bare or nod your head to a statue or worship it with flowers.

Appreciation of worth is homage or worship in the least pronounced sense, and you cannot prevent the growth of this virtue in a cultivated mind, Oriental or Occidental. The Krishna-worshipping Hindoo does nothing but this—only his glowing imagination and keenly appreciative and grateful heart does it in a form which strikes as somewhat elaborate and unnecessary one whose cold imagination has no chance of improvement so long as it is fed by an education whose sheet-anchor is sheer self-conceit. By this worship he only appreciates the worth of Krishna,

who was born in human form and flourished five thousand years ago—Krishna who, from his birth to his "ascension to Heaven" was the ideal of ideal heroes of all mankind, was absolutely perfect in every virtue which he possessed or humanity can ever hope to possess. The annals of Krishna's life and exploits have been handed down through the corridors of time by the ancient sages, who saw him and his deeds with their own eyes, in hundreds of different books agreeing with one another in every essential detail of the Leela, manuscript copies of which will be found preserved in every Hindoo family throughout India.

What, I think, will strike the European students of these Scriptures of the Vaishnavas—as the worshippers of Krishna are called—are the startling similarities of the ethical and moral teachings of both Krishna and Christ on main points. My chief object in writing this article is to ask the educated men of this country to study these "heathen" books, not only for their own benefit, but also for the benefit of the ignorant masses, from whose minds should be driven out once for all the notion instilled therein by bigoted Christian missionaries that the Hindoos are hopeless idolators who revel in thick ignorance of matters spiritual. They need also to be told that they should not judge a foreigner prejudicially because he belongs to a different form of religion than that prevalent in this country; that if it be that he who lives and acts like a Christian is a truer follower of Christ than one who only belongs to the Christian Church but does not care to act up to Christian principles, then the average Hindoo is more Christian than a "Christian"; so called that, therefore, to send missionaries to India to spread the light of Christianity among the Hindoos is like carrying coals to Newcastle; and, finally, that to baptize with Jordan water and kneel down and pray before a wooden cross is equivalent to worshipping the image of Krishna with incantations, flowers and Ganges water, as the Maharaja of Jeypore does every day.

He is the beholder of creation and vibrates to it. Creation passes through him and he is part of it. He walks in its laws and is embedded in its harmony. Peace, which is the fruition of harmonious activity, is within him and he acts through God and God acts through him.

TO INDIA

O LAND so fair of sunshine and of flowers, the tyrant's sword hath cut thy heart in twain. O land so fair, thy bosom broad doth bear the wealth of worlds unnumbered. Within thy soul the strength doth lie to toss the petty shackles from thy mighty body and stand forth valiant, armed, to teach, to preach, to encircle the globe with the loving might of power understood! O India, blessed land that gave us birth, the fondest mother that e'er nurtured thankless babes! Once more unto thy throbbing bosom of pure love hold close thy wandering waifs that far have strayed, with longing ever in their aching hearts for sweetest home, most precious mother-love.

O soon! O soon! but none too soon, thou shalt stand forth, thy mighty power make known, and thrones and kings and monarchs soon shall see the prophet's armed hand uphold the shield of victory.

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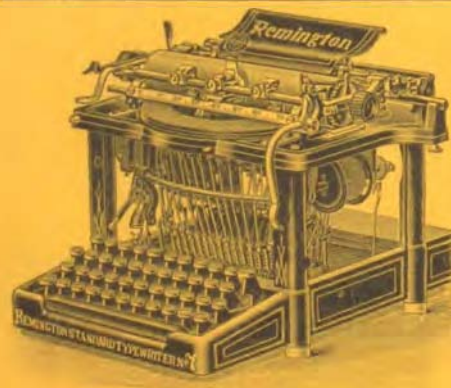
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