

"INDIA'S INVASION of the WEST" by Baba Bharati

Volume I
No. 9

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JUNE
1907

The
LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read

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GLORY TO THEE!

Glory to Thee, Thou who art the Centre and the Radiance of all that hath sprung into being, Thou who givest unto all that is animate and unto all that seemeth inanimate the Love which is their creator and their sustenance, their root and their branching, their beginning and their middle and their ending—the Love that is the Principle within them, that reacheth unto inscrutable heights and stretcheth into immeasurable depths, that bridgeth over every chasm and smootheth all that is rough—the Love that maketh the bitter sweet and the unseemly beautiful, that giveth reward unto all that struggleth upward and holdeth the weak in their totterings, that maketh the strong to mount on the rungs of their own endeavor, and the frail to find strength in their own stumblings—Glory to Thee, Thou who bestoweth upon Thine own that which is the Crown of Thine own Power!

WHEN THE SOUL SHALL RETURN TO ITS OWN

BY ADELIA BEE ADAMS

When the suns of Destruction shall blaze in the sky,
Who then shall be "you," and who shall be "I"?
Where the pedant's proud creed, or the penitent's groan—
When the soul of the world shall return to its own?

Consumed by the fire that enkindled its birth,
Each atom, earth-born, shall dissolve with the earth.
How then shall Idea from substance be shown,
How then shall create from Creator be known,
When the soul of the world shall return to its own?

As the seed of the lotus—whose petals decay
Through heat of the sun that has fed it by day—
Released to the air by that sun's blighting flame,
Sinks back to the depths of the blue whence it came,
So the seed and the soul from the world's vanished breast
Shall sink back to the Ocean of Love, to its rest.

IS GOD VISIBLE?*

BY BABA BHARATI

BELOVED ONES OF MY LORD: To speak of the Lord, to know where He is, to know what He is, even to know whether He is visible or not, even if He has been visible to me, I must invoke His grace: and with these Sanskrit prayers of the illumined souls of the past, I will attempt to answer the question which I have put to myself and to you.

When we approach the subject of what God is, what His attributes are, where He is to be found—when we approach such a solemn subject—the most solemn of all subjects—we must bend our heart, we must bend our mind, we must bend our whole body, to be blessed with inspiration enough to make Him clear, first, to our mind; then, to the minds of others. Who is there, in this whole universe, who can say, "I know God. I know Him. I know Him *fully*." There was none, there is none and there will be none. He alone is Absolute. The relative to know the Absolute *fully* is to reach the sun with the stretch of the hand from here below. Even great incarnations come, and they light our path by the light of the luminaries that they are: even such incarnations fail to give a thorough understanding and a full glimpse of the Lord to minds that are groping in the dark to get that knowledge, to get that vision. Hence, I invoke my Krishna, invoke the help of my Krishna, to be able to make the subject even a little clear to you.

That you all have come here that you may know whether God is visible, speaks very well of you. In these days of mental darkness people do not care to know whether, even, there is God or there is not. People even deny God for their own conveniences. People do not inquire, even, whether they have a soul or not. In such times do we live and in such times to put the question whether or not God is visible, is not sufficiently attractive: and, therefore, I congratulate you for that state of spirituality which has led you to this temple—my humble temple of my great God.

God is Visible to the God-fed Mind

Is God visible? My answer is—as it has been the answer of all those who have seen Him and of even those that have but caught a glimpse of Him—my answer is, yes—and, no. God is visible to the God-fed mind. God is invisible to the matter-fed mind.

You may say, "What has mind to do with the vision of God—with seeing God?" My answer is, everything.

The senses belong to the mind—not to the body. When the Western people come to know that—and they can know it by even a moment's reflection on the working of the senses—when the Western people know this fact, that all our senses belong to the mind and not to the body, then they will discover many truths of nature of which they are now ignorant or concerning which they beat about the bush. It is a fact that the senses belong to the mind. As I have said to you many Sunday evenings,—when the mind is absent the eye does not see; when the mind is absent the ear does not hear; when this mind is absent the nose does not smell; when the mind is absent the palate does not taste what you are eating; when the mind is absent, even the skin, which is the medium of touch, does not feel any touch. I have told you over and over again—and what I have told you cannot but appeal to your experiences of everyday—that when you are being talked to by some one and your mind

*Verbatim report of a lecture delivered extempore by Baba Bharati in the Krishna Home, 730 West Sixteenth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

is absent from the talk, absent from the person, absent from the place, you have not heard a single word. You have said "Yea, yea" and "Nay, nay," to be polite; but you haven't heard a single word. Your mind has been away—away, far away, or thinking of somebody, or thinking of some other subject. You have not heard a word. You have been looking at some object; the object is before you but your mind is away; you haven't seen the object. It happens to you every day—you have been eating something, but your mind is absent and you don't know what was the taste of the food you have been eating. Sometimes, when your mind is absorbed in some thought, you have a scratch on your body, yet you haven't felt it. Therefore I say that the senses belong to the mind—not body. And these experiences of ours are the best proofs of my statement. These are daily experiences; incontrovertible experiences, experiences which no sane man will think of denying.

The Matter-coated Mind

Therefore I said that God is visible to the God-fed mind, and that God is invisible to the matter-fed mind. The mind, when it dwells upon the external world, upon the surface of the world, upon the surface of external life, of the outermost life called the physical life—in one word, when the mind dwells upon material things, it is covered by a film, at first vaporous, formed out of the desires for material things—for the more we think of material things the more desires we create in our mind for those material things. These material things upon which we dwell beget in us desires for them and the vapors of those desires form a film on the mind. The more we dwell on material things the layers of the film gather more and more, and the mind is covered more and more with these layers of material films. At last, the films become hardened into a crust, into a coating; and, therefore, the soul, which is back of the mind and which is the source of the mind, cannot shine through this matter-coated mind, or shines but dimly, very dimly.

The mind is outward-looking, again. Because the mind is outward-looking it does not look in, within itself, into that which is back of it; and hence the mind knows only the external things upon which it dwells. But if the mind can be turned in—the mind is turned inwards into its source, the soul, by practicing thoughts of the soul, practicing thoughts of God—for soul and God are the same thing. As I have said to you so many evenings, our soul is a part of the all-pervading essence of God, all-pervading radiance of God; that part of God which fills us is our soul—when the mind is turned inwards by thinking of God or soul—one and the same—then the radiance of the soul shines upon that film, that hard coating of matter; and the more you think constantly of God, of soul, the more you think constantly of the attributes of God, of love, of peace, of harmony, and all other cognate sentiments and thoughts which embody the attributes of God, the more the mind keeps turned in.

How the Mind is Turned Inwards

We sometimes do not understand what is called "the mind being turned in" and we are at sea as to how it can be turned in. The moment you think of God, the moment you think of something that is related to God, the moment you think of His attributes just named, your mind has turned in. Do you not feel then when you think concentratedly on such subjects, on such sentiments, that there are spiritual vibrations started within you and you are feeling uplifted? Then the mind's eye, again, has been turned in. It is within the mind that the revolution is going on; and the revolution that has been created by such lofty, purifying sentiments, has filled your mind with their vibrations. When the mind is thus turned in and keeps turned in, the soul's radiance

shines upon this in-turned mind; and in time, if we keep this mind turned in, the hard coating dissolves, melts. It takes a little time, it takes a little constancy of your thoughts; but if you keep the mind turned in the coating will be all melted in time and the soul will shine through that mind, that matter-cleansed mind, as through a glass—will shine through it as through a clear glass;—and then if you keep the mind turned in—and you cannot help keeping it: you have then, at that state of your development, no power over the mind; because, the soul has taken charge of it; the soul shining through it makes everything around you, outside of you, radiant with that light of the soul; instinct with the color, with the power, with the love, of the soul; then to that soul clings the mind, the soul-lit mind, and upon that mind the external objects cannot impress their pictures any more.

You will look upon those external things as you used to look before: but you look with a newer interest, with an interest that you had never felt before—for you see in every object the radiance of the soul; in every object you see the essence of the soul; on every object that you look you find the soul is the only essence of their essence. Everything has sprung from that soul. The more and more you meditate on that soul, the more and more you experience the light of that soul passing through your mind, the more you will know that your soul is part of the universal soul; that the same soul pervades everything as it pervades you. Yes, the film of matter is gone from the mind. The mind has become ensouled. The mind, really, has lost its mind-hood. It is almost merged in its immediate parent, consciousness; and that consciousness being soul-illuminated is conscious of the soul. Then we possess what is called the soul-conscious consciousness. To that consciousness, to that soul-illuminated consciousness, to that matter-freed consciousness, God is visible.

How to Hear the Voice and Feel the Touch of God

People want to see God; they want to see Him with their matter-encrusted eyes. How can they? He is so subtle! He is made up of such stuff as, almost, you cannot imagine; so fine stuff—if you call it stuff, for lack of a better word. How can you see God, with those fleshly, matter-framed, impure, eyes filled with the vapors of material objects? You cannot see him. If you want to see God you will have to possess the only eyes that can see God. When you want to see a small speck of something that is not visible to the naked eye you obtain the aid of the microscope. With the powerful lenses of the microscope you see that object. Then how can you see God, who is the subtlest object in all His creation, how can you see Him with such impure vision, with such gross vision? Before you see God with those soul-eyes that you have at last gained, the soul-eyes which at last you have been able to develop, the soul-eyes which at last you have been able to regain, the eyes which at last you have cleansed—before you can see God with those soul-eyes, you have to cognize him through all the other senses.

Before you see him, you have to hear him. Then you have to feel him—feel his touch. Then you have to taste him; and then you have to smell him. It seems a little queer, does it not? To hear God, is all right; you can understand. You have been trained to it, thanks to Jesus of Nazareth. But you cannot, perhaps, understand how to feel him, though some of you can. Then to taste him; and then, to smell him. Yes; God, who is the essence of all that is, can be heard, can be touched, can be tasted and can be smelled, as he can be seen.

In explaining these statements that I have made I can appeal to those of you who have had spiritual vibrations—who have experienced the spiritual vibrations when thinking of God. Thinking of God lovingly, concentrating upon God lovingly, we sense that within us which is born

with that loving concentration—thoughts and sentiments; thoughts—pure, wonderful, gladdening thoughts and sentiments rise in our mind, with these thoughts and sentiments we are filled. When our mind is concentrated upon God lovingly, these are the expressions of the Voice of God. We hear God in the shape of these new, wonderful, gladdening sentiments and thoughts that rise in succession within us. They are the expressions of God's voice. The more and more we think of him, the more and more we think of him lovingly, the more and more we try to adore him from our heart, our soul, the more surely we feel his touch we feel within us something—some spirit that has filled us, has filled our consciousness: and we are beside ourselves in joy at times. We find it indescribable. If any friend asks us "How do you feel?" we cannot tell him how we feel. But we feel a joyous spirit—a spirit which is indescribable. Thus do we feel the touch of God. His spirit fills our consciousness. God's influx within us we feel when we think of him *nearingly*—if that word can be allowed. We then feel His touch.

We Can Taste and Smell God

Then, we taste Him. This is not, perhaps, felt by many in the West;—but you will some day experience this tasting of God. When the love for God becomes more *thickened*—to use again a Sanscrit word—becomes more intense, being encouraged by the last two inner phenomena, then we feel that we are tasting something—not so much with our tongue: and yet, because we are accustomed to taste things by our tongue, we feel that we are tasting something by our tongue. Whenever we are talking of God—talking of God with all our heart and soul, with all the energy of our being, with all the love of our being, we feel that our mouth is filled with some essence that we cannot describe, some essence which is so subtle that we can never liken it to anything that we have tasted before. Its taste is tasted by the mind, by the mind's organ of taste, the tongue; by the power of tasting. And hence this sense of taste is gratified by our God. His essence is tasted by the devotee; by the loving lover, the sincere lover, of the Lord.

The Odorless Odor

Then comes the next sense to be gratified, and that sense is the sense of smell. When, after we have been tasting God—tasting His spirit by our mind—and have become more and more loving to him; when we think of him wholly, and do not think of anything else; the more we think that without the thought of God the soul-life is empty—then we smell him. That smell—let me tell you, who have been blessed with this privilege—that smell is an odorless odor. That smell is not like the smell of anything in the world that you have smelled; compared with that it is an odorless odor; it is a smell-less smell; but yet, it is a smell that entrances you, a smell which intoxicates you with gladness, with joyousness; and when you are drunken more and more, when you think of and love Him more and more, then, even that smell—which has seemed to you a smell not of the earth or even heaven, which has been to you a smell which you couldn't liken to a smell of any earthly thing, that smell which the philosophers of India call an odorless odor—that smell manifests itself in your body, and even others near you get whiffs of that perfume. You have had people in your life, friends—who might have told you of this and from whom you might have had some whiffs.

The Perfume of Sandalwood

In India we have this smell, this perfume of the Lord's body—perfume of the essence of the Lord. Sometimes it is like the perfume of the lotus, the sweetest perfume of the lotus; sometimes it is like that of the sandal wood. Many in this Home have been blessed with that perfume and it has been smelled by most of my students in the class.

It is not something that is imaginary; it is something that is overpowering at times. So clear a perfume! Such a perfume as that it fills a whole room! In Boston there was a student from whom this perfume came, because, she had been always thinking—thinking—of Krishna twenty-four hours of the day. When she would come into the class she would fill the whole place, with that perfume, and it has remained with her ever since, never leaving. When she writes letters to me, even the note paper and the envelope are all filled with it. And yet it has remained for six months—the same perfume. My other students there and some here, they know her and know that she never soaked the letter in any perfume. She had herself, personally, this perfume all the time. When she writes the letter she never knows of the perfume, and when I wrote to her of it, then she was surprised. I am saying this, any of you can experience it. When you think of God, think of Krishna or think of Christ, with that love—which may not be permanent in you but there are times when you can feel intense love, maybe for a minute or a few minutes—when you have that love, the soul's perfume issues out to your body, out through the mind to your body.

When You Cannot Live Without God, He Bursts into View

Then comes the last sense to be satisfied, when the devotee has developed love for God to such extent that he feels that his life is not worth living without seeing his Beloved, without setting his eyes on His countenance, without seeing Him with his fleshly eyes; when it has seemed to him that the world is not only empty but all objects of the world are of no interest to him; when the whole world around him seems to him to be made of vaporous stuff; when everything that he had loved is gone out of his mind; when the love that he had had even for those that have sprung from his body—even that love is gone—and all love of which he is capable has been concentrated upon his Beloved; when he thinks that without seeing his Beloved he cannot live one more minute; and when that love is sincere, it comes out from the bottom of his soul—then, then, Lord God bursts upon his view,—even in the form in which he has contemplated Him, even in the form which he has taken to his mind; but yet it is a form—a form—whose glory is far more resplendent than that of the sun. It is far more beautiful than his imagination could depict: a form whose entrancing spell upon his mind is such that he had not experienced it even when God manifested through the other senses to him. He is face to face with his Beloved—is face to face with his Beloved. His eyes are looking at Him, at the countenance of Him whom he has worshipped with all his heart, all his mind, all his soul and all the strength of his being. It is the fruition of his love of God, his love of his Beloved—the Beloved of all creation.

He Visits You in Form as You Think Him

If he has been thinking Christ is God, or has been thinking that God if he had form would be like Jesus Christ, he would see Him in the form of Jesus Christ; but with greater glory surrounding Him, with more beauty surrounding Him. If he has been thinking of Him in the form of Buddha, in the form of Buddha He will manifest before that devotee. If he has been thinking of Him as Krishna—Krishna the Beautiful, Krishna the Full Incarnation of God—he would see Him in the form of Krishna; and when he will place his eyes upon Him, he will see Him with these fleshly eyes—Krishna—who takes the form of all the universe's love concentrated in His form. Krishna will then envelope him with His radiance, with His love. He will penetrate him: and there he is, entranced; he is face to face with the concentrated beauty, sweetness and love of all creation.

Yes: God is visible. How many of us try to see Him? More of

us take more interest in material things than in God; even within the best of us He takes but a secondary place to our worldly interests. Most of us dabble in God; and many of us at times want to see God. Many have come to me and asked me if God is visible: if I could make God visible to them. I have always said, "Yes, I can help you to see God if you will only do what I tell you. If you will cleanse your mind, if you will cleanse your vision, of the material vapors, the material crust, the material coating, the material film which has covered it, I can make God visible to you."

God is Visible to Soul-eyes

No! To see God you have to give up your whole mind to Him. To see God you must make the eyes of your soul to get back their vision. To see God you must think of Him,—constantly, lovingly, with all your being; with all the substance of your mind, of your heart. When you have done that, then God—who is a greater lover than any of us—will come to you because He is all love and the love with which you are loving Him is but a part of Him. The love which you have generated within you is the love with which He fills you as your soul; and when you want to see Him, you must love Him with all that you have, not only; but that thought of God, that love for God, must be predominant in you. Then God is visible.

But if that is the result of too much sacrifice—as you may call it—you can sense God by the other senses: by thinking of Him, by meditating on Him, by practicing a little meditation daily of Him, with all your love. Then you will hear Him, then you will touch Him, then you will taste Him, then you will smell Him; and, last, you will see Him. God is visible. He is visible all round you in His outermost shape; but He is also visible in his essence: and He is visible in His most exquisite form, all love-made; made of all love; nothing but love,—absolute love, absolute harmony, absolute peace and absolute beauty. These are the attributes of that love-made God.

To Love God You Must Love His Creatures

But before you love God you also must try to love His creatures; if you forget all His creatures you love Him not, hating His creatures; but, taking away your mind from all His creatures, from all things, you put that mind solely upon Him—even then you will draw His love. For, what the mind concentrates upon it absorbs. We see it exemplified, we see it happen, every day. Whatever you think on, you absorb the qualities of the object of your thought; and if you think on God you will absorb Him—Love. When you have absorbed that love, then that love will radiate from you. You will love all His creatures and you will love everything around you; everything that your eye will light upon you will find instinct with that love. Those creatures that you see around you and you see instinct with the love of the Lord, may not know you: but you have got the God-vision, the love-vision, the absolute love-vision, by which you penetrate through the outer skin, the outer cover, of things and see through them as through a glass this love-light shining through them,—the love-light pervading everything. And then you see God in essence all around you. And then, by and by, as I have said, you will see God even in form, in form—and human form, if you will.

God has Form and is Formless

We poor human beings, with our little intelligence, we think that God cannot have a form, because in that case He would be finite. No! See this light. The light is not only as it appears as the flame. The flame is the center of its light: the flame radiates this light; radiates also heat; the flame must be taken together with the radiance, and the

heat to be called light. We ought not to call the orb of the sun alone—the sun orb must be taken,—with its radiance, its heat, which pervade the whole world, to be called the sun. To call that sun, that orb, the sun, is a fallacy, is a mistake, as you readily understand. The sun must be taken with its light and its heat to be properly called the sun.

So, the sun of the spiritual realm, the sun of which this material sun is but a material manifestation,—that has a form, as well as an abstract body; that body is the radiance from His center-self; the radiance which is called absolute love, which pervades the whole universe, pervades all the creation as its basic principle. And yet, He is that center in which is form. He is form, in the likeness of which form man is made. You have read in the Bible that Jesus says that man was created in the image of God. To think God cannot assume a form though He has created other forms,—the thought is nothing short of blasphemy. God who has created everything can assume form. He is all-pervading, infinite; but every infinite, every abstraction, has a center, a form-center.

You want to make an abstract government and call it a Republic. It is "the government of the people by the people" but you end by appointing a Roosevelt to be a center of that abstract administration. Do you think that it is by the design of your own mind that you do it? Your mind copies the divine design. Every circle has a center. Without finding the center of the circle you cannot know that it is a complete circle. It is from the center that you know whether it is a circle or not. There is a controlling center in everything. So in the regions above; so in the economy of the whole scheme of the universe, there is a center.

God's Form is the Perfection of Forms

You can understand another thing. You can understand that some people are imperfect; others more perfect; others more and more perfect; and your intelligence can understand that there must be a point in even form where there must be perfection itself, which must be clothed with perfect attributes. There must be or how can you judge imperfections? There must be a standard for knowing perfection: a standard, from which to judge imperfections; and there must be somewhere—somewhere—within this divine scheme—somewhere—that perfection in form as well as in essence and attribute: and that, you must know, is the center, God. His universe-form you see; but He has an individual-looking form. I say "individual-looking" form advisedly. As I have said, this flame must be taken with its light and heat, to be properly called the light; so, He is all-pervading. That center is the place from which incarnations come; and when an incarnation comes with the all-mightiness of God, with the allpowerfulness of the absolute God, that incarnation is the full incarnation of God.

So, you can see that God, if you have soul-eyes. If you develop your soul-vision, you can see the Form of that God—Krishna.

Time is nothing but the cognition by our mind of events and ideas which are phases of changes in internal and external Nature. If we had no notion of events and never had an idea within ourselves, we would be in Eternity. So long as we are conscious of the kaleidoscopic changes in us and Nature, or are conscious of their impressions on our mind, we live in Time.—From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

Now go forth and win thy sceptre and thy staff! They shall be crystalized of clearest jewels, which shall be made of each command of Mine which thou dost hear and obey.—

From "Krishna," by Baba Bharati.

INDIA'S INVASION OF THE WEST

BY BABA BHARATI

IN reviewing "The World's Spiritual Outlook" in the first number of the LIGHT OF INDIA, I concluded the article with these words:

"No force there is in the world which can stay this tide of the Hindoo upheaval in India or stem the mysterious current of its manifestation in the Far West. Thus the world's spiritual outlook is bright already and will grow brighter and brighter every day, until its brightest glory will evolve the Saviour, who will embody Krishna, Christ and Buddha in One."

Western Thieves of Eastern Thoughts

Now eight months have passed since the above words were written, and already fresh signs of that daily brightening outlook are evident everywhere. The science of the Vedic religion of India, the Primeval and Eternal Science of all true religions, after shedding its light upon the minds of the Far Eastern peoples, is now awakening the consciousness of the West and the Far West. The New School of the Vedānta, which embodies a false interpretation of that truly scientific philosophy of life by representing the phenomenal universe as illusion, has for the last quarter of a century invaded millions of Western minds under the delusive title of Christian Science. Articles in American magazines are discussing not only the merits but the source of Mrs. Eddy's cult, and the *McClure's Magazine* has traced it to one Dr. Quimby. But wherefrom Dr. Quimby stole the idea, out of which he evolved the healing process by which to enable Mrs. Eddy to get rich, no Western writers or thinkers seem to be competent to discuss. This is due to the conceit which prevents the average Western thinker from studying Eastern systems of thought which would have enabled him to trace the "steal" of the Christian Science idea to Neo-Vedantism. What a stupendous piece of wholesale thievery from the storehouse of Indian wisdom Christian Science is, and what shameless thieves of Eastern thought the Quimby-Eddy Company are, will be apparent in a twinkling to any Western student of the Vivartavād phase of the Vedānta philosophy. But on this subject I wish to speak in detail in a separate article.

"The New Theology"

In this article I wish to consider the merits of the religious movement which is said to have created a "theological thunderstorm" in England. It has been styled the "New Theology" and is nothing else than the old and true school of the Vedānta philosophy of the Hindoos. It has attracted the support of not only almost all the Congregational churches and a large section of the non-conformists, but some of the most brilliant intellects of English society, all of whom are filled with admiration for the boldness, eloquence and clearness of exposition of this new theological leader. In an article from his pen, published in the London *Daily Mail* sometime ago, Mr. Campbell has pronounced his views with the utmost frankness. In that article

"We object," he says, "to the formal statements of belief which have distinguished the theology of the past. We object to ecclesiastical labels. Every one knows that for the last twenty years there has been considerable uneasiness in the churches, due largely to the development of scientific knowledge, the progress of archaeology and the study of comparative religion. This uneasiness has affected every church, even Rome. From the side of science the new theology is typified in

the work of men like Sir Oliver Lodge. The lines of divergence between the old and the new go down deep and there is great cleavage."

After thus stating the need of revision in the Christian faith as it is taught in the Churches, he proceeds to state the creed of the New Theology. He says:

"The starting point of the new theology is belief in the immanence of God and the essential oneness of God and man. This is where it differs from Unitarianism. Unitarianism made a great gulf and put man on one side and God on the other. We believe man to be a revelation of God and the universe one means to the self-manifestation of God. The word 'god' stands for the infinite reality, whence all things proceed. Everyone, even the most uncompromising materialist, believes in this reality. The new theology in common with the whole scientific world believes that the finite universe is one aspect or expression of that reality, but it thinks of it or him as consciousness rather than a blind force, thereby differing from some scientists. Believing this, we believe that there is thus no real distinction between humanity and the Deity. Our being is the same as God's, although our consciousness of it is limited. We see the revelation of God in everything around us."

The "New Theology" is Old Vedānta, Pure and Simple

Here, in this paragraph, the concept of the Old School of Vedānta has been put in a nutshell. It is Vedic philosophy, pure and simple, as all Western students of Hindoo spiritual wisdom will at once admit. In the next paragraph he enlarges on it a little and defines the attitude of the New Theologists towards Christ, thus:

"The new theology holds that human nature should be interpreted in terms of its own highest; therefore, it reverences Jesus Christ. It looks upon Jesus as a perfect example of what humanity ought to be, the life which perfectly expresses God in our limited human experience. So far as we are able to see, the highest kind of life that can be lived is the life which is lived, in terms of the whole, as the life of Jesus. Every man is a potential Christ, or rather a manifestation of the eternal Christ—that side of the nature of God from which all humanity has come forth. Humanity is fundamentally one; all true living is the effort to realize that oneness. This is the truth that underlies all noble efforts for the common good in the world today.

The Old and New Vedānta

The Vedānta philosophy, which is the science upon which the Hindoo religion is based, has been divided into two schools for about 1700 years. These two schools can be styled the Old and the New. The Old School still holds to the original doctrine of the Vedānta, called *Parinām* and has the greatest majority of adherents in India. The new School, which has a small minority of followers, is founded on the *Vivarta* doctrine. *Parinām* means *change*, *Vivarta* means *illusion*. The doctrine of *Parinām* holds that God, who is eternal and changeless manifests by His Will, which is a phase of His Energy, this changeful phenomenal universe. The power of presenting this changeful phenomena—creation—is called *Mâyā*, but the power at bottom, being a phase of Divine Energy, is unchangeable. It coexists with divine energy which again coexists with and is the substance of the divine essence. God is, therefore, both Essence and Energy in One. This Energy, by functioning its power of *Mâyā*, manifests itself in manifold principles whose blended reflections materialize into this formful Creation. In process of time these materialized reflections of variety dissolve themselves into the finest equalized forces which merge into the Primal Divine Energy which in turn merges in and becomes one with

the Essence. Thus, according to the Old School of Vedānta, *Māyā*, though changeful in the effects of its function, is changeless, being but a phase of the Eternal Energy of God. It is not an illusion, as it is called by the Neo-Vedāntist, because his conception of God is that He is only Essence; that is to say, Essence without any Energy—a concept which is both false and unscientific, for essence and energy are inseparable. Neo-Vedāntism with its false doctrine of the universe being all illusion is divorced from and antagonistic to the spirit of Hindooism, which is founded on the *Parinām* doctrine. It is called "Secret Buddhism" and has assumed the name of "Christian Science" under the patronage of the Quimby, Eddy Co., and is antagonistic to the spirit of true Christianity. The Old Vedāntist says that beneath the outer forms of *Māyā's* phenomena, beneath the unreal exterior of things, abides the Real, which, as Divine essence and energy, pervades every atom of creation. Man, who is but a developed atom, is capable, with the aid of his mind and intellect, of cognizing this Reality by withdrawing his consciousness from the surface of things into its own depth, his soul. When he cognizes it, then he sees no *Māyā*, nor is he subject to its influence, called Evil—which means the unreal, unstable, changeful—but instead finds everything to be a manifestation of the one principle, called God or Good.

In Quest of the Real—Unbroken Happiness

But when he fails to cognize it because of his mind dwelling on the surface of things, then he lives in the unreal, although his inner consciousness is longing and striving to cognize the Real which is evidenced by his always longing and striving to gain unbroken happiness which is the cardinal attribute of his own soul, the part of the all-pervading Real that pervades him—his soul, which is his real self. This unbroken happiness his consciousness, which is a connected part of the universal consciousness, had known before when that consciousness had remained merged in the Absolute before Creation. Its enjoyment has become so deeply impressed upon his consciousness because of its incomparable ecstasy that he is never fully happy with material happiness which is so unsatisfying and short-lived. Every pleasure he takes to, therefore, indicates this incessant search of his for the Real, which he misses all the time, his consciousness being engrossed in the surface of objects where it does not exist. His greatest mistakes and wrong doings in life are but the blunders he makes in choosing the right ways and means to gain the object of his quest. All the sins and crimes of man are due to his ignorance of the object which his inner consciousness is ever pursuing but which his outer consciousness, ever busy in chasing its shadows and false reflections, has forgotten. These points of the Vedānta Mr. Campbell brings out clearly in his own way, thus:

"The new theology looks upon evil as a negative rather than a positive term. It is the shadow where light ought to be; it is the perceived privation of good; it belongs only to finiteness. Pain is the effort of the spirit to break through the limitations which it feels to be evil. The new theology believes that the only way in which the true nature of good can be manifested either by God or man is by a struggle against the limitation; and therefore it is not appalled by the long story of cosmic suffering. Everybody knows this after a fashion. The things we most admire and reverence in one another are things involving struggle and self-sacrifice.

Religious Authority is Within the Soul

"The new theology watches with sympathy the development of modern science, for it believes itself to be in harmony therewith. It is the religious articulation of the scientific method. It therefore follows

that it is in sympathy with scientific criticism of the important religious literature known as the Bible. While recognizing the value of the Bible as a unique record of religious experience, it handles it as freely and as critically as it would any other book. It believes that the seat of religious authority is within (not without) the human soul. Individual man is so constituted as to be able to recognize, ray by ray, the truth that helps him upward, no matter from what source it comes.

Karma and Reincarnation Supported

"The new theology, of course, believes in the immortality of the soul, but only on the ground that every individual consciousness is a ray of the universal consciousness and cannot be destroyed. It believes that there are many stages in the upward progress of the soul in the unseen world before it becomes fully and consciously one with its infinite source. We make our destiny in the next world by our behaviour in this, and ultimately every soul will be perfected."

The New Theology's views on the false dogmas of man's fall and of his original sin and eternal damnation therefore are the same as those of the Hindoo religion. In the last two sentences above he indirectly supports the Hindoo doctrines of karma and reincarnation. In saying "Jesus was and is divine, but so are we" he boldly supports the Vedantic truth that man has within him the potentialities of Godhood for man's soul, which is his real self, is the part of the all-pervading God in him. He says:

"From all this it will surely be clear that the new theology brushes aside many of the most familiar dogmas still taught from the pulpit. We believe that the story of the fall in the literal sense is untrue. It is literature, not dogma, the romance of an early age used for the ethical instruction of man. We believe that the very imperfection of the world today is due to God's will and is working out of Himself with its purpose—a purpose not wholly hidden from us.

"The doctrine of sin, which holds us to be blameworthy for deeds that we cannot help, we believe to be a false view. Sin is simply selfishness. It is an offense against the God within, a violation of the law of love. We reject wholly the common interpretation of atonement, that another is beaten for our fault. We believe not in a final judgment, but in a judgment that is ever proceeding. Every sin involves suffering, suffering which cannot be remitted by any work of another. When a deed is done its consequences are eternal.

"We believe Jesus is and was divine, but so are we. His mission was to make us realize our divinity and our oneness with God and we are called to live the life which he lived."

The Veda's Invasion of the Church

Thus true, old Hindooism has invaded a part of the Christian Church, and before another decade almost all denominations of the Christian Church will have their creeds and beliefs permeated with the absolutely scientific truths of the Vedās. It does not matter to the Hindoo whether the leaders and propounders of the New Theology acknowledge the sources of their new light or not. The Hindoo rejoices at people believing and living the true laws of life which the Vedā embodies, the Eternal Truths which belong to all human beings, modern or ancient, and are the monopoly of no set of people or nation.

Covered am I to him that is crooked, not to him that is straight, to him that standeth forth in the flash of My light of love. Him do I draw to My breast and place on his brow the sun of ecstasy, so that all may marvel at the awakening of his soul.

—From "*Krishna*," by Baba Bharati.

STORIES OF INDIA

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

THE SON THAT WAS GOD.

KISHORE DAS had lost his son, his little son, his beautiful boy, his all in life; the being that had lived in his heart, that had filled his life, that had made his day a great anticipation, his night a heaven; the boy that was the joy of his present, the comfort of his future and altogether the treasure upon which he focused all his affection and concentrated all his hope. He had lost him, in all the alluring loveliness of childhood. This treasure had slipped from the gilded pleasure house of his love and passed from his life into the Infinite as water passes through the fingers to become again part of the river from which it was dipped. He had been still and limp in his arms for a little, had opened the heavy lids that covered slowly glazing eyes, had given one little quivering sigh, and then the heavens closed upon the father. Sunlight vanished, darkness enveloped him, hope was dead, affection plunged in pain. And Kishore Das sat in mute despair, knowing not what to do or how to face his empty life again. Wife he had none. She had gone when the little son had come, her gentle life had fled with the first cry of the babe. A moment before she had called her husband to her and said to him:

"Dear one, brief is the time allotted to me. I give you this flower of my body. He shall be your joy and a reminder of me and my love for you."

This she had said and a little more, and then she had lifted her hand to touch the head of the new life at her side. But ere her hand had touched the soft hair her young life had flown. Kishore Das turned from her, stunned and broken, to be brought back to his senses by the lusty cry of his new son. He had looked upon him, and his heart opened wide to his helplessness. It was hers, she had given him this flower of love at the cost of herself. He loved the child for itself and for its sweet mother; a double affection he bestowed upon it, nay, it filled his whole nature. It represented all his love of the past and all the hope of the future, and in the six years of that little one's life, Kishore Das knew no pleasure that had not its source in his son's being. And now it was over. He was living over again the death of his wife in his son's death, and he knew not how to live through the blank that confronted him in the future.

One day when despair, stark and naked, looked him in the heart, he was roused by the tom-tom of the drum and the clash of many voices that bespoke the Arati at the Temple close by. Mechanically he mingled with the hurrying crowd that was making to that place to view the ceremony that was performed each day at twilight to the everlasting delight of the devoted worshippers. As through a veil of tears he watched the spiral wavings of the light before the image of that ever young yet universe-old Lord of Love, and through the great clouds of incense that rose upwards from the feet to the head of the image he caught a curve of the figure that for a moment brought close again that charm of his dead boy.

"Oh," he thought, "it is said in our Books that this Krishna, this Lover of mankind, this Comforter of the world, this Soother of the woes of all His creatures, has given promise unto His children that to His true devotees He will come in whatever form those devotees worship Him, as mother, father, friend, master, servant, lover or child. Would

I might know Him as son, would He might answer my love even as my little lotus-bud did. Why should He not? He hath promised it. Yea, as my son I worship Him. O Krishna, let me know Thee and love Thee as a Son, let me caress Thee and fondle Thee with the senses of my soul even as I did the beautiful babe which Thou in Thy love didst give unto me and which I, in my blinded affection, cannot yield back unto Thee with unresisting grace."

Thus pondering upon this thought, he lived upon this promise of Krishna. He built his days on it, and his nights were full of it. It became to him the only reality of his life, all his hopes centered on it and his instincts reached toward it. It became his point of concentration, and it in turn absorbed him. And so the time marched by, looking for none, waiting for none, touching each and all in its passing and leaving the signet of its hand upon all that was. Those who looked upon that signet of its flitting with eyes illumined saw that its finger marks were fair and beautifying, but those who were unawake saw with fear that they were full of decay and death. But Kishore Das saw nothing of all this. He only worshipped his God as a father might an only and dearly loved son, and in his unbroken devotion he drew his reward unto himself.

And so it came to pass that one morning as the bereft father sat at his devotions a voice, glad and young as the wild bird, fell on his ear, and lifting his eyes they fell upon a boy, beautiful as his own loved one and as sturdy and playful as a fond father's heart might ask for.

"Who are you, little father, and why are you here?"

"Oh," answered the boy, "I am an orphan and have no home. Would I might stay here with you always."

"And so you may, my lotus bud," whispered Kishore Das, all his heart leaping with a mighty love toward the child. "And so you shall, you shall be my son and I shall be your sire."

And he threw out his arm and drew the boy *close, close* to his breast, heeding not the stifled cries of resistance that the little one uttered from the shelter of his embrace.

"Oh, I am hungry, father, give me food and drink, and you shall see what an amount I can make way with. I can eat more than any boy, or perhaps even you; also I can run so very fast, and play at the game of cross stick better than all other boys."

And so the little braggard proclaimed with a mighty voice the brave achievements of palate, feet and hands to the delight of Kishore Das, who readily acquiesced to each and every new demand upon his fatherly sympathy. From that hour the color of Kishore Das' life was changed. The old days were back again, only richer, sweeter and shorter. What days they were, what glorious, merry days of fatherhood! All during these happy days his thoughts ran to dwell on the sweets of the nights to come, the nights in which the boy lay cuddled in his arms, thrilling his heart with an ecstasy unspeakable, filling his sleep with an unexplainable dream, and making the mystery of night even more luminous than the bright days that the boy filled with his baby prattle and winsome, laughing appeals.

Little by little there gradually came into the mind of this man the thought that the answer of his prayers was fulfilled, that the promise of the Lord had materialized in the coming of this boy. This child was more than flesh and blood, more than human, more than divine. He was the fashioning of Love itself, he was the embodiment of childish loveliness that knew not blemish or change. The crown-point of all babyhood was here, the attribute of eternal youth clothed him—yes, he held in his arms the Lord of Love, who, as a wonderful little child, had come to make good His promise unto him.

One night, when the moon shone upon the man who held the boy so close to his breast that they seemed merged into one being, the cry of a cat at her nightly visitings filled the air.

"O, father," shivered the lad, "I am afraid of the cat. How his voice cuts upon the ear! Last night too it reached me and the night before, and it made me so afraid. Listen! Perhaps he will shriek again, and if he does I shall cry."

And the boy buried his head even closer in the man's neck and drew the covers tightly over his head. The man on hearing this suddenly burst forth:

"O Lord, Thou art He, the God of all worlds who hath come to comfort me in my hour of desolation as Thy promise bespeaks. Thou art not a boy and Thy cries are but the mockings of Thy powers. I know Thee."

And he put forth his hand to drag the boy close, but lo, in that moment the child had disappeared! But on the air a voice full of love came to him to answer the cry of anguish torn from the heart of Kishore Das, as he pleaded:

"Leave me not, O Lord of Love, leave me not alone again."

"O Kishore Das, whilst thou didst love me as a boy, I remained with thee to take My place as child in thy heart and life; but now thou hast found in Me the God of Power, the Ruler of worlds. I must be that, thy object of worship, for My promise unto man is that in whatever concept and relation My devotee truly worships Me, in that concept and relation I will appear to him. That is My promise, and My promise is the Law."

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA

He who knoweth Me shall see in Me the prison in which all love is stored. He shall see in Me also the Distributor of all that is made of love; he shall see in Me the Enlightener of souls, the Bestower of wisdom, the Giver that fulfills all desires, the Solver of all riddles, and the Interpreter of all strange longings, because from Me all hath sprung, and even that which is in darkness and silence is clear to me. I am the Counselor that hath made all things simple to ye, but ye have made it a perplexity even by the knots which ye have made in your consciousness because ye have thrown away the practices which have brought you unto Me where I have walked and talked with you.



That which is born of love must forever remain in love, for it adheres only to its own kind. Man is born of love, hence love is forever within him; it can not be given to him but must be awakened within him. When love hath been covered by man's outward-looking, it is not always brought to his consciousness in the flash of an eye-lash, but taketh even a space of time for its covering to be unwrapped from its roots. The pool giveth forth the waxen water-lily. It grows in stagnant waters a long time before it bursts into bloom. But lo, at its bursting, the slimy waters part for the milky waxiness to rise above the thickened waters, and all look and see the blossom, and the green, stagnant waters can cover that lily no longer.



Lo, the Eternal *I* am I, and even the Eternal *Isness* of all am I, for where an *I* is, there an *Is* must be, *I*, being the One, and the *Isness* in the Eternal All of the *I*.

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.

On the night of Jim's departure from home Elizabeth, all unconscious of his flight, has a perplexing dream but ere she has time to recover fully from its effects, a letter is brought to her from Jim telling her of the step he has taken, bidding her return to her mother and advising her of his plans for the future.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VERY EARLY dawn. Most of the stars are still in the heavens, yet the pilgrims and the pious people are already having their bath in the holy Ganges. It is Benares, the holiest city, next to Brindaban, on the face of the earth—Benares, round which the Ganges flows as a girdle and acquires her additional holy merit. Benares, from Sanscrit *Baranashi* or *Kashi* as she is also called, the city of Shiva—the city of the living Shiva, the destroyer of evil.

So early, and yet the soul-happy dwellers of the holy city were in the holy waters. The holy hush of Nature was broken only by the chantings of hymns to Mother Ganga and to Shiva from the throats of hundreds and thousands of bathers at the innumerable ghats. It was as one articulate communion of earth with heaven. It was as if earth herself was sending vibrations of her worship up through the heavens to the lotus feet of the Most High, her own Lord. The hour was freighted with spiritual calm. Spiritual calm was the expression in the face of each bather, and spiritual fervency was the eloquence of their voice. A soft breeze was blowing, balmy with the incense of spiritual devotion and caressing the bodies of the bathers with a divine benediction. Some of them were bathing, others were wiping their bodies while others were sitting in meditation on the stone-paved steps.

In an obscure part of the bank of the holy river where there were no steps at the water's edge, and the other early bathers were far away, two ascetics were busy bathing, chanting hymns under their breath. One was of very light brown color with long matted locks coiled up on his head, the other was very fair in complexion—of deep golden tinge. His matted locks were many but comparatively short, reaching down to his shoulders. His body, however, was of a light shade of gold. As they rose from the water, their bodies were all bare except for the thick cotton rope around the waist and a strip of saffron-colored cloth hanging

from the rope and tied at the back. While wiping their dripping bodies with a soft brown cotton towel they still chanted hymns, then climbed the steep bank, stepping on delapidated stone steps which might be a thousand years old. Reaching the top, they entered a narrow lane at the mouth of which, at the left, they pushed open two huge doors of a gate which led to the grounds of an old, old house which stood in the middle. Entering the grounds, one of them shut and bolted the gate, after which they proceeded towards the building, chanting the hymns. Mounting a few steps to the veranda, they entered the first room to the left in which in a corner was an earthen oil lamp still burning and shedding a feeble light upon the dark walls and floor of the room which was entirely bare of all furniture. On the rugged, much-worn stone floor were spread two blankets, folded double lengthwise, a little apart from each other, on which lay two saffron-colored long cotton robes which the ascetics took and slipped on their body. They then folded the blankets, hung them on their left arm and taking their water bowls, filled with fresh Ganges water, by the handle with the right hand, they came out of the room and hurriedly passed out of the house.

Once in the lane, said one to the other,

"I hurried you because at this early hour the scenes at the ghats are the most enjoyable. The most pious devotees are bathing now. How narrow and dark these lanes are. I will go in front, you follow me."

"No, no," said the other smiling, "I can see perfectly."

"Glad to hear you speak," said the former. "What a silent creature that vow of silence has made you! But you are especially silent this morning. What is the matter with you, Mâdho Dâs?"

"Nothing," laughed the other, "only I am thinking, Shânt Dâs, thinking much."

"Thinking of what?" queried the other.

"Thinking of what I am feeling."

"And what are you feeling?"

"I don't know what it is," replied the other, "but something too rich and in wonderful contrast with the feeling of the brute life I lived before, before I met the Mâhrâj. I was in Benares several times, and once lived in its cantonment for a whole month and almost daily used to come to visit this holy city. But it was then not at all holy to me, far from it. I used to think of it then as rather a stronghold of the Devil, an eddy of superstition, the most woeful object-lesson of religious demoralization. Its horrid smells I imagined to be the smells of hell. Its ash-besmeared, dirty ascetics of matted locks I thought were crazy fakirs who should be shot down wholesale. I really wondered how God, if there was one, could create such fanatical fetishism and allow it so long to delude its victims. I have never been a Christian, you know, and, therefore, never shared the prejudices of the Christian missionary, and yet my mind revolted at what I thought was downright corruption of religious ideals. But somehow, Shânt Dâs, somehow in spite of this feeling of revulsion I felt an undercurrent of another feeling, a feeling that used to faintly whisper to me that my disgust and condemnation might not be all just, that there might be some truth back of this seemingly ugly exterior which investigation might make clear and change my whole mental attitude towards it."

"And how do you view and feel about it now?" asked Shânt Dâs, with a low laugh which betrayed his curious interest in what his companion was saying.

"Now," replied Mâdho Dâs. "I don't think I can exactly describe to you how I am feeling. Two sentiments seem to be mixed up in my feelings now. Outside, it seems to me my heart is enjoying a very broad

laugh at what I thought of Benares when I was a Sâhib—a broad laugh of pity for my depth of ignorance about the inner life of the Hindoos and my woeful incompetency to judge it. Inside, my heart is sensing the depth of a spirituality that I never thought it possible for a poor mortal on earth to experience. It is hard for me to define that sense to you, brother, I am such a little child yet in the life which you all have helped me to enter. My baby perception would call it a sense of sanctity, a sense of sacredness more to be felt than described. I am in a dream, a waking dream of holy feeling."

"But what about the smells which are attacking your nose even now?" laughed Shânt Dâs as he turned to his companion inquisitively. "There is no dream about the smells. Does your dream include the smells or do you not smell them at all?"

"No," replied Mâdho Dâs with a responsive laugh, "they are perhaps included in it."

"What do you mean by 'perhaps'?"

"I mean that while I smell the smells and know them to be disagreeable, the impression of that disagreeableness seems to be on my physical consciousness, the effects of which the deep spiritual sense within is counteracting all the time."

"Very well expressed, wonderfully defined, and yet you are saying you are a baby still. You are not, you are an adult already, older than I, for I could not define it so clearly as you have done."

"But you are older and greater than I in humility. At least this much you must admit out of your sense of justice, brother."

At this they both laughed and laughed as they looked at each other for a long while and then walked in silence along the broad road to which the labyrinth of narrow lanes led them. What Shânt Dâs was thinking in that silence it is hard to tell—who dares to fathom the depths of an illuminated saint's thoughts? But the thoughts of Mâdho Dâs or Jim, though they are in the process of illumination, we are privileged, as a chronicler, to know. Jim was thinking of his deep debt of gratitude to his companion.

CHAPTER XXV.

SOON AFTER the morning of the symbolic shâlagrâm worship in the monastery, the Yogi came one day and told Jim to go through a process of physical purification and mental discipline. The physical purification was a very hard process even for a Hindoo, while the process of mental discipline, which Jim went through simultaneously with the physical process, was the hardest for a European to endure. The physical process consisted in sitting bare-bodied, except for a narrow strip of loin-cloth, in the middle of a square about five feet by five at the four corners of which were four little blazing bon-fires kept burning from sunrise to sunset, with his eyes set and concentrated upon the sun, day after day for a whole year. The process of mental discipline was the observance of the vow of silence along with the fiery ordeal.

Jim hardly suspected the extreme severity of the ordeal, but his faith in his Gooroo and his resolution to lay down his life for soul-development enabled him to pass through it. Many times in the beginning he felt like fainting, but he thought of the love-lit face of his Gooroo which always blessed him with fresh accession of strength. In a month he began to feel a wonderful experience and that was that his consciousness felt a physical coolness within, which mocked the heat of the blazing bon-fires and the sun as well. Shânt Dâs was with him all the time, ready to help him if he felt faint and sharing the heat of the fire and the sun, sitting a few feet away from the fiery square. Perhaps the greatest

severity of the ordeal was that it was performed in absolute fasting, without food, without water, until sundown, when Shânt Dâs would cook for him a meal of boiled rice and milk and sugar, and that not enough to fill "the four corners of the stomach."

All through the two ordeals of tongue and body, Jim had felt himself as in a dream. It seemed to him as if the whole world had receded from him, and all he was conscious of was the realm of the sun in which he saw as in a vision beings of light who at times surrounded him and spoke to him in the sweetest and most melting words of sympathy and encouragement, assuring him of the prize of his high spiritual development, which was at hand. When he had these visions he did not seem to be on earth at all, but in the sun realm itself, even the four fires were nowhere. From sundown to sunrise Jim's mind lived on those visions and those beings of light and their heavenly words, whether he was awake or asleep. Sleep he had very little and it was hard for him to demarcate the line between sleeping and waking. His Gooroo had told him to concentrate upon the Golden Body of Vishnôo which was the soul of the sun, and he had seen the vision of the Golden God three times during the entire process of that concentration.

It was a wonderful vision, transcending anything he could dream of or imagine. The Golden Bodied Vishnôo was a Being of beauty whose glory annihilated all Jim's conception of beauty itself. His consciousness was entirely pervaded by that beauty whose golden glory seemed to permeate every atom of his being and melt it into gold. And Jim remembered that while he was viewing that vision he invariably gave utterance to a Sanskrit hymn, the words of which were most exquisitely melodious and whose meanings he understood. How long the vision lasted he could not tell, but it was brief—brief, but its impression remained with him almost all the time, more or less vivid. Then he would see those beings of light who spoke those words of liquid love and sympathy.

"Even we of the sun realm envy thee, O most fortunate one," they would say every now and then. "Great is your Gooroo, greater than we, and fortunate art thou to have been blessed with his grace to view the Golden Vision. Even thou art greater than we."

So Jim had no time nor opportunity to think of the fires or feel the heat of their blaze. He was rather filled within with a calmness and a coolness which seemed to be coexistent with the consciousness of his vision. When the year of his ordeal was over, the Mâhrâj came and gave his congratulatory embrace, kissing him on the forehead and caressing his chin, saying,

"How brave and fortunate are you, my little one. How proud and blessed I feel to touch you. Now, all your past karma is gone and even your body has become of the light of the realm you have seen. Now you are free to roam about with your brother Shânt Dâs, seeing all the sights of God's spiritual centers on the earth. Your lessons are over and you have but now to realize the meanings and goal of those lessons by yourself. Yet I will help you whenever you need help. But do not think any more for a time of spiritual things, but go about with your brother and enjoy things that are earthly with this spiritual sense which the Lord in His grace has awakened in you."

The Gooroo then gave Jim the mantram—the mystic seed-words to be mentally repeated daily for developing divine love, and his spiritual name, Mâdhava Dâs, which meant servant of Krishna, shortly pronounced Mâdhô Dâs.

Jim fell and groveled at the feet of his Gooroo moistening them with his tears of love and gratitude.

"Gooroo, Gooroo, Gooroo, O my Gooroo, how can I speak, what

shall I say to indicate even the least of what I feel for you? But thou knowest, my all-knowing master, what your servant is feeling, even if he cannot word it. O ocean of kindness, look at the work of thy mercy, that thou canst turn a demon into an angel I cannot doubt now. Aye, even by a touch hast thou transformed this beast into a man, a man fit enough to be the worshipper of thy feet some day. Thou didst tell me before the ordeal that it would be a very hard one for me but thou wouldst uphold me and keep me in thy embrace. And thou didst fulfil thy promise, so much so that I did not feel it was an ordeal at all. It was rather an ecstasy all through, a state of consciousness I would like to be in all the time. My bravery was born of thy grace, my good fortune was thy gift to thy unworthy servant."

The Yogi, lifting Jim to his embrace again, kissed him and said in melting tones of love and turning his eyes to his, radiant with the halo of the smile of affection in his face.

"You did not perhaps need it, Mâdho Dâs—the fiery ordeal, my boy, but I wanted to transform your very flesh into spiritual stuff and thou didst view the glory of the Golden One. It was more than worth the ordeal, was it not?"

Jim was entrancingly enjoying the God-smile in the face of his Gooroo, and scarcely understood his words. But when he asked him about the Golden Vision, he answered in his heart,

"Yes, yes, it was, it was."

The Yogi read that answer and kissing his forehead once more, disengaged him from the embrace. Then turning to Shânt Dâs, whose cheeks were bathed with tears because of the blessed scene, he said as he took him into his arms,

"How well you have taken care of your little brother, my own blessed one. How many little ones of mine you have nursed unto manhood. Need I bless you for it, for thou knowest that the luxury of the nursing is more than its reward. Now, take him round, round all the pilgrimages, and through the life of the people. His feet need now to be on earth once more for his heart to realize the normality of his awakening."

So saying the Yogi departed, leaving the two in close embrace of each other. When Shânt Dâs disengaged Jim from his embrace the latter fell at his feet and kissed them. Shânt Dâs, quickly raising him, clutched his throat with his left hand and with his right upraised,

"Now, take care," he said with a mock anger in his face, "I will give you this tremendous slap the next time you fall at my feet. It seems the ordeal has after all disarranged your mind somewhat, or else you would know at whose feet to fall. Now, take up your kamandal (water-bowl) and let us be about this world-circling. But we will have fun now, all is fun now, fun and play like this"—

And Shânt Dâs began to dance with upraised hands, singing,

"Hili mili pâniyâ
Jâre nanadiyâ "

After a minute of vigorous dancing and singing at which Jim was laughing as vigorously, Shânt Dâs suddenly stopped and said,

"Why are you laughing? Why don't you dance with me? Oh, I see, you are too saintly now to dance. Wait, I'll club you some day into a dance and take all that solemn fool of a saint out of you. Then you will know my name is Shânt Dâs who is not always so soft as you think.

"Hili mili pâniyâ
Jâre nanadiyâ "

He sang and gave the jig again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

As they went along the broad road of Benares City, they saw innumerable bathers were hurrying to the Ganges bank while innumerable more bathers were returning from the sacred dip, muttering and chanting hymns, their faces radiant with the spiritual vibrations within, and filling the atmosphere with a sense of holiness which Jim, being new to it, enjoyed more than his companion. Most of them had a shining brass basket filled with fragrant flowers and the sacred bael leaves, fragrant sandal-wood emulsion in small brass cups. The basket was held hanging on the left forearm, while the right held the handle of a small brass pot filled with holy Ganges water.

"Where are these people going?" asked Jim of Shânt Dâs.

"To the temples for worship," said Shânt Dâs. "I will take you to them and show you the worship. Now let us hurry to the ghâts."

They now reached one of the principal ghâts soon enough—the Dash Ashwamedh—and sat on the broad, round, spacious edge of one of the numerous piers that jutted high over the waters. From where they sat they faced all the bathers on both sides of the pier, while the expanse of the river they could view to a long distance. Her gently undulating bosom was mantled with the rose of the early morn, but the bathers captivated the attention of Jim by their fervency and deep devotion. Solemn hymns in most musical language and tones chanted low and high, combined with the music of the splashing of the water around every bather waist deep in it, formed a scene rich even for Jim's spiritualized senses.

"How different, how different!" he was exclaiming within himself, "how different it is from the scene I witnessed here a few years ago. The same ghâts, almost the same bathers, and yet they do not seem to be the same at all. How delusive is the sight of our eyes, the sight of the mere eyes. Now I see how right is the blessed Gooroo when he said that we see things with our mind and not with our eyes. Aye, truly the eyes are the lenses of the mind, the seer is the mind and not the eyes. With a prejudiced mind I saw this same scene, when, despite its picturesqueness, which I only appreciated with my aesthetic intellect, it seemed to me so grotesque, so wierd, nay, almost savage because of what I then thought to be its misguided zeal and superstition. And now, now that my mind has caught hold of the verities of things, the inner laws of life, that very scene appears to me to be a heavenly one, nay, I feel the heaven in it. These same people whom I took then to be semi-savages in their superstitions I now find to be veritable gods on earth. What faith, what devotion, what spiritual hunger they manifest! Not a bather exchanges a word with another, but each seems to be absorbed within himself or herself in attending to the first and foremost duties to their real self, their soul, whose development is their chief business of life. And yet we Englishmen who affect to despise them, do we even know that duty and that business? Our first and last duty is to attend to the concerns of our physical body; our chief business of life is to eat, drink and be merry. Oh how unjust it is that we should hold these good people in subjection to us who are brutes compared with them. Oh what damnable injustice! what—"

Jim suddenly stopped in his passionate rumination and felt ashamed like one who has uttered a blasphemy.

"No, no," he said to himself penitently, "I shouldn't say that, I should not call it injustice, now that I know that every event and every state of outward things are but expressions of the Law—the Law that is God Himself. There must be some meaning, some great purpose behind what strikes me as unjust, some purpose of the Great One for the

good of the world, some good, grand result which that purpose will work out sooner or later, outbalancing the evil which I am condemning now."

The humble spirit of this repentant resignation had moistened the eyes of Jim, and, as he wiped them with the sleeve of his robe, Shânt Dâs asked him with a rippling smile:

"What is the matter? Has anything got into your eyes, or is the breeze to blame, or have you been thinking of something?"

"Now, don't joke with me, brother," said Jim softly, "you know it, I am sure."

"But Mother Ganges and the devotion of her devotees know better. The Sâhibs will be all right in time, you know, only just now they are a bit crazy, drunk with the power of the gun. Now look out there, look at the god of the day."

And Shânt Dâs stood up, and, filling his palms with Ganges water from his bowl, chanted the hymn to the rising sun, and Jim saw that all the bathers did the same instinctively, and Jim himself followed that universal Hindoo instinct to salute the parent of all life and light, physical and spiritual, the medium of phenomenal creation. As the chanting from the multitudinous throats ended, there was a hush, a holy hush, which Jim felt as the Sun-god's benediction upon the souls of his devotees on earth. As he was enjoying the balm of that benediction with closed eyes and joined hands, he was disturbed by a voice which interrupted the ecstatic spell. Opening his eyes and turning in the direction of that voice, he saw standing before him an Englishman, evidently a tourist by his look and dress, and a native guide standing by his side who saluted Jim and his companion with folded hands and bended knees—"Pâon lâgé, Mâhrâj!" The tourist, greeting Jim with a very courteous smile and "good morning," said,

"Pardon me, but may I ask you if you are an Englishman?"

Jim was disturbed out of his spiritual calm, a disturbance which for the first time since he had left the cantonment affected his temper, though very slightly; so, out of its sudden impulse, he replied rather drily, for the first time speaking in his mother tongue since he had entered into his spiritual life,

"Why do you ask it, why do you want to know it?"

"Oh, nothing particular," replied the tourist, not at all checked by Jim's rudeness, but rather with stimulated interest, "nothing particular, but as I was standing there on the top of the steps, the very carriage of your body indicated to me your European birth which made me curious to know if I were right. Coming near to you, I was convinced in my surmise, and now I know from your voice that you are an Englishman."

And the tourist laughed as he said the last words. Jim laughed also and said,

"Excuse my rudeness, but I was disturbed out of my devotions."

"Pardon me again," said the tourist humbly, "I think I did disturb you. I should have waited, but my curiosity got the better of me. But I was so surprised at seeing, as I thought, an Englishman praying to the sun with the Hindoos in their own native fashion. May I ask you how long since you have adopted this religion?"

"Not long, just a little more than a year."

"And you believe this sun to be a god?"

"I do, and more, he is the parent of the phenomenal universe, the very source of its life. Why, even your modern science says so, does it not?"

"Well, in a way it does, but it doesn't say that it is a god to be worshipped."

"Yes, that's just the tomfools we Westerners are," said Jim passion-

ately, "just the inconsistent brutes we are, drugged by our senseless conceit. What is a god but a directing agent of one of Nature's cardinal forces which pervades and sways every atom of this Cosmos, and what is worship but voluntary, responsive appreciation of this fact born of its apprehension by the human intellect? More intellectual grasp of a verity in Nature is but a partial, nay, almost theoretical perception of it. When that perception becomes clearer and clearer by the mind thinking of it constantly, it passes from the intellect to the heart, by which we feel it. The mind thinks, the intellect perceives, the heart feels. What we feel is true and more practical than what we think or perceive, for our feeling sways our consciousness more than does our intellect or mind.

"The Westerner, by the aid of his scientific discoveries, gains only an intellectual conception of the sun being the source of life. But there his interest in the sun ends, for his conception of that fact is but hazy, theoretical, almost senseless, for if he had sensed the full meaning of it, he would be startled into homage to the sun, the source of his very life. But instead, because of that hazy knowledge which he regards more as ornamental than useful for his daily being, he looks at the sun almost patronizingly, as if the sun is but a very obedient servant who rises early in the morning to serve him with some light and heat, and takes his departure in the evening when he is no more wanted. Fancy the very source and sustainer of the world's light and life regarded as almost an inanimate object hardly worth anybody's particular notice! Not so the Hindoo, who knew the mystery of the sun ages before we savages of the West were evolved into being, and who has not only an intellectual but a heart-grasp of the divinity of the sun, for what is divinity but the primal energy of this whole of life called creation? Thus his heart's appreciation of the medium of expression of the world's primal energy manifests itself in words called hymns, expressive of the spirit within called worship."

Jim stopped, almost ashamed of his eloquence. The tourist looked at him amazed at the scientific clearness of his exposition of a subject which he had hitherto regarded as a phase of Hindoo superstition.

"Very interesting, very interesting," he said, "I thank you for it. May I ask you another question?"

"No, sir," said Jim. "I will not answer any more questions."

"Not now. If you do not wish to answer it now, I will not trouble you, but where can I see you again?"

"Nowhere," was the answer, "nowhere again."

So saying, Jim clutched Shânt Dâs' robe and dragged him, begging him to take him away somewhere else—away from questioning globe-trotters, which Shânt Dâs did.

(To be Continued)

INDIA—CHINA—JAPAN*

BY W. J. COLVILLE

There comes a great awakening
O'er Asia's ancient strand;
The long departed glories
Of India's wondrous land
Now rise again in splendor
More beauteous than of old.
The sacred, pure religion,
Embracing in its fold

*A poem spoken impromptu at a dinner given in his honor in the Krishna Home.

THE LIGHT OF INDIA

All tribes and all conditions
Of human life, will soon
Rise in majestic glory,
Attain a splendid noon.

Truths long obscured from vision
Earth now begins to see,
Taught in the ancient Vedas
With rare simplicity.
Krishna, the Lord of all life,
Who loveth all mankind,
Must reappear in beauty
All hearts in one to bind.
The sects and schisms vanish
Before the newborn light,
The native populations
With strangers seek the Light.

Why should not India flourish,
With famine all outgrown,
With prejudice exhausted,
While children no more moan.
The cycle dark now endeth,
The age of light draws near,
A reawakened India
Shall gleam with lustre clear;
For East and West together
In mutual love unite;
The old world and the new world
No more at variance fight.

And not alone shall India,
With beautiful Ceylon,
Bask in the new-found glory
Truth's victory hath won;
But China too shall prosper,
The old Mongolian race
Shall lift its head with gladness
And show a radiant face.
The truth by ancient sages,
Confucius, Laotze taught,
Redeemed from obscuraton,
With new life now is fraught.

Japan with its brave people
Who, love to work and learn,
Is lifting now with gladness
Its happy face. Why yearn,
O modern Western nations,
To keep the Orient back,
When Occident is needing
The life which it doth lack?
The East will teach you wisely;
Columbia, Europe, too,
Require fresh inspiration
A higher work to do.

O! Western peoples, proudly
You sit upon your throne,
And vainly you imagine
The whole world is your own.
You've sought by martial conquest
The Orient to subdue,
But you must learn a lesson,
Forever wise and true,
That not by force of armies
Or navies' swiftest flight,
But through the law of kindness
Is manifested right.

Look up, great mystic India,
And see the West advance
To learn your veiled secrets
Which will all climes enhance.
Your philosophic quiet,
Your deep and placid calm,
Is to the fever-stricken
A heaven-appointed balm.
Not "hurry up," but silence
Doth treasures pure unfold,
Which are of priceless value,
And purchased not with gold.

Let East and West as comrades
In friendship pure unite,
Forsaking all race prejudice,
And putting fear to flight.
No longer mighty armies
Shall guard each land's frontier,
But Peace, celestial angel,
Shall unto all draw near.
Activity and quietness
In sweet union blend,
Till rest and work are mingled
In life of every friend.

Japan, with vast ambition,
You will to power rise;
And China, you have treasure
Which 'neath all surface lies.
The old feuds soon forgotten,
In gold, the coming age,
You'll write your names together
On history's peaceful page.
Three nations of the Orient
Shall mingle with the West
That science, art, philosophy
Shall yield their very best.

Religion then untrammelled
Shall o'er the planet flow;
One God, one humanity,
All peoples yet will know.

THE LIGHT OF INDIA

The missionary teachers,
 Who with new times keep pace,
 Will preach a gentle gospel
 That all men can embrace.
 The precepts of that gospel
 Are peace, goodwill to all;
 The many roads that lead to Heaven
 By different names we call.

But God accepts His children
 Of every clime and race,
 And gives them understanding
 His holy will to trace.
 To Brahman and to Buddhist,
 To Parsee and to Jew,
 To Christian and Mohammedan,
 To all men, not to few,
 Is God's own wisdom granted;
 While seeking to obey
 The light that shines within them
 They tread the pointed way.

India, Japan and China,
 Bring forth your treasures old;
 America and Europe,
 Your latest goods unfold;
 The ancient with the modern
 One glorious crown shall frame,
 And all the happy planet
 Fraternity shall claim.
 Oh, let the light benignly
 Shed its united rays
 That all the world in unison
 May sing the Eternal's praise.

THE BABA IN THE WEST

CHAPTER IX.

Jack Sepoy at Hampton Court.

IT MAY be only just appreciation of acknowledged worth, but it was nevertheless the proudest compliment to the Indian soldiers who were encamped at Hampton Court and Alexandra Palace that British men and women betrayed greater interest and curiosity to have a look at them than at the Indian Princes who were staying in London as his Majesty's guests for the Coronation. Since their arrival, thousands of men, women and children daily went, by 'bus and rail, to Hampton Court, only to see what the Sepoy and the Gurkha, and the far more famous Sikh soldiers were like. And their expectations were more than fulfilled. They have now ceased to question themselves as to how only the 70,000 British soldiers are sufficient to keep 300 millions of the Indian population in order. They now know that with the aid and support of these brave and burly Sikhs, the stalwart, smart and fiery-looking Sepoys, and, last, not least, the short mastiff-looking Gurkhas, in addition to 70,000 redcoats, the position of any Government under the sun is safe enough.

Almost all the daily papers had published some sort of account of these Indian soldiers, and almost all of them, sad to say, had given far

from correct descriptions of their habits of life and customs. What was more, no representative of the London Press had been able to get at the real opinions and impressions of these brown and tawny warriors about the country of their rulers and masters and her men and manners as they were seeing them. Some of these reporters had grievously erred in trying to give an idea of the principles and prejudices of the Hindoo soldier. And no wonder. Even Anglo-Indian journalists commit the same mistakes, for they and their principal constituents know so little and care to know so little of the people. The London reporter has good grounds to commit such mistakes. Not knowing the Sikh or the Sepoy, his customs or manners or even his language either, he had to depend upon information and interpretations furnished by Mr. Thomas Atkins doing guard duty at the camp, who, whatever his period of former stay in India, had learnt no more of Indians than that they made incredibly patient and submissive servants, but whose spleens are spiteful enough to get him into scrapes by getting easily ruptured whenever they come into collision with his boots. Tommy picks up a little Hindustani to talk it in a way, but he is never strong in it, except in swearing.

It was to record the real opinions of these brave Indian soldiers about England and Englishmen at home that I paid two visits to Hampton Court as representative of the *Westminster Gazette*.

A phenomenally lovely day, in every sense, was the first day among most unlovely rainy days—a lovely morning, evening and night. Not that there were no clouds in the sky, but that "the gods smiled" through them, in spite of them. That is how a subhedar-major of the 23rd Pioneers, a tall, fair, handsome English-knowing Sikh described the weather to me. Indeed, the Indian troops were beside themselves with joy seeing King Sol peeping through the clouds. Sikh and Gurkha, Purbia and the Beluchi, all were in high spirits, and away from their tents, which looked picturesquely white between green grass and blue heaven. They strolled in the bright sunshine about the Home Park, mixing and chatting with the hydra-headed crowd more with pantomimic gesticulations than in any understandable language they could employ. Some of them knew a bit of broken English, some—Sikh officers in especial—could talk English well and fluently enough; but others, the majority, knew or understood not a syllable. But still the visitors, ladies and gentlemen, crowded round knots of these warriors from the East, the fame of whose prowess had reached them often through the Press. The ladies seemed to appreciate them more, and, unable to understand how to get understood, they shook hands with these sturdy Indians with great pride and enthusiasm—a gracious action at which the latter felt flattered.

A Gold and Saffron Turban

My appearance among these parties of Indian soldiers acted like magic. The Punjabees hailed my peaked gold-and-saffron turban with exclamation, for that headgear was essentially theirs. They had mistaken me for a Punjabee, but when I told them in their own language that I was a Southerner and had only adopted their pugree because I loved it, they—not a little delighted—crowded round to shake hands with me. They then requested me to tell the assembled visitors in *âchhâ* (good) English that they liked them and their country immensely, and that though they had visited many other countries, they had not seen anything like England.

Sikh, Gurkha, Sepoy and Beluchi, were all agreed that Belât (England) was a grand country. "It is a bit of Indur-Bhawun (paradise) this Belât," said a Sepoy, "and the ladies and gentlemen look like gods and goddesses, only they are dressed the wrong way."

"One's Own Country is the Best"

I asked them if they would like to live here for good, but at once all faces turned serious. "No, Baba," was the grave reply—Baba is Reverend Father—"No, Baba, *âpnâ desh sabsê âchhâ*—one's own country is best after all."

The conservative Indian loves his home more than any other people on the face of the globe. No temptation can kill that instinct, at least in the average Hindoo.

I passed on to other topics: "How are you treated here by the Sircar (King) and your officers?" I asked.

"Very well, very well, very handsomely" they replied in chorus. "Only," said one, "they don't allow us to see London and those other grand places as much as we like."

"But," I asked again, "you have been allowed to see something at least of London?"

"Only a little one day, and only a few of us were taken."

This was the only grievance they had—in addition to that of the rains. But they felt it very much, as I could see by the look of their faces. These poor soldiers never had dreamed before that they would ever see Belât. But, if by chance fortune had favored them, they must see that wonderful country as much as they could and enjoy the sights to their fill.

Want to See the "Badshah"

"Don't fret so," I consoled them. "You will see everything you wish to. They will show you everything and every place worth seeing as soon as the Coronation is over."

"Yes, Baba," said a Gurkha, "that is what we hear. But shall we not be allowed to see the Badshah (Emperor)?"

"Yes, you shall," I assured them. "After his Coronation, the Badshah himself will see you all."

At this they sent up a shout of joy, blessing the name of the King-Emperor, and I took my leave of these gallant defenders of my country.

My second visit to Hampton Court on Saturday was even more interesting and profitable than the first.

The officer in charge of the camp at the time nodded permission with a merry twinkle in his eyes on my asking to go round the camp. I strolled into the lines. Presently I heard a merry voice of welcome from within a tent. "Ao, Babajil—Reverend Sir, Come, how do you do?" said a Punjabee officer whom I had seen and talked with on the previous day. He told me that most of the men had been taken out for sight-seeing. But there were many Rajputs and Brahmans, whom I wanted particularly to see. A group of Rajput, Kashmiri and Mohammedan soldiers were as interested in me as I was in them. I asked if they had seen anything of London and other places yet, and some of them replied in the affirmative.

"Il Kut" A Very Nice Place

"Who is it, Baba Sâhib," asked one, "who stands upon a high, very high, pillar on one of those chowk streets?"

"The Nelson statue, you mean?" I suggested.

"Hân, hân. Yes, yes, Neelson Sâhib must have been a great Bahadur (hero) in battle." "We went to see Il Kut yesterday," said another man. He, of course, meant Earl's Court. "It is a very nice place. We liked the Chukkur (the Great Wheel) from the top of which you can see all London."

"And the *nâo* (water-chutes,) by which you come down rushing into the water. We were in them. It was great fun!" said yet another.

"Is it true," asked another, a Mussulman, that prices of grain and eatables are very high here?"

"Yes, what of that? You have not got to buy food here?"

"No," he said, with a moody look in his eyes, "I would never live here if I had to buy my own things. A dear place like this is no place, however grand and delightful."

"But after all, the country looks like my own," said a very fair, stalwart Rajput with chestnut hair.

"Which is your country?"

"I am a Kashmiri Dogra"

"Kashmir. I am a Kashmiri Dogra. The Sâhibs like our country so much. But the Sâhibs and Mems are very good here—very much better than those in India. They are so good and gareeb (gentle)."

On my left I saw a tent with a board containing the words, "1st Brahman Regiment." This looked like a new title, and I was afterwards told that new names have been adopted to group the castes. On my right, in one of the kitchens, three of these Brahman soldiers were engaged in cooking, while a barber-caste camp-follower was attending to their wants.

"Keon ji, Mâhrâj, kâisâ ho?" I asked ("How do you do, Mâhrâj?") The Brahman in Upper India is addressed as "Mâhrâj." The Mâhrâj was a light-brown-complexioned, tall, handsome, and very intelligent-looking Purbia, as the Sepoy is called in India. An attempt is made nowadays to belittle the Purbia in comparison with the Sikhs and Gurkhas; but in some respects, especially in standing hardships and in reckless bravery, he is the Sikh's superior. I put in this word for the Purbia, for it is an open secret in India that the Sikh, though undoubtedly equally brave, is the "petted boy," as the Purbia puts it, of the Government.

"How do you do, Mâhrâj?" The Mâhrâj looked up, greeted me with a smile, while also taking care of the frying-pan. He was engaged in frying poorees (Indian pancakes) in ghee (clarified butter). Very fine, whitish, clean poorees they were. He was sitting on his haunches before the oven.

"How are you getting on, Mâhrâj? You are a Brahman, and have got your caste rules about your food. How are you treated here? Do you find it inconvenient to keep up your caste?" were my string of questions in one breath.

Philosophy and Fried Poorees

The Mâhrâj promptly replied that he was treated exceedingly well, and he had every convenience to keep up his caste. The foodstuffs were the very best, and it was a luxurious meal that he prepared every day, with flour, dahl, cauliflower, potato, milk, ghee and sugar. The up-country Brahman is a strict vegetarian.

"Never lived in better life, Baba, as we are doing now," he concluded, after praising the King, "only we had very great trouble on board ship. We lived for fifteen days on chànâ (grain). Oh, it was terrible! But all things here are very comfortable, and so we have almost forgotten our hardships on the Kâlâpâni (sea)."

"Some âkhbâr (newspaper)," I said then, "has published that you throw away your food if the shadow of a non-Hindoo falls across it. I know it is not true, but I thought I might ask you before contradicting it."

"You know, sir," said the Mâhrâj, as he turned his pooree in the pan, "it is a lie. Some people don't like our keeping the caste—that's why they joke at our customs and say all manner of things about us. Hâ, hâ, it is a good joke! But why should one throw away food because a shadow touches it? A shadow is not a man, but only a shadow, a

nothing. And every man is a Nârâyan (God's manifestation). We do not hate any man. But one must keep one's custom, you know, just as the Holy Books say—that's all. Do you like to have a few poorees, Baba?"

I was thinking of Jack Sepoy's large-hearted philosophy, and from abstract philosophy to fried pooree was to earth with a thud.

VEDIC SEED-THOUGHTS

BY VISHWARUP CHATURVEDI.

Of immortality, O God, may I the grasper be!—Taittiriô Upanishad, Part I, Sutra 3.

MAY LIFE, that pulsing God that reaches to all space, that knows no boundaries in its wide expansions, in its deeps and breadths, that knows no limits nor defining, that throbs with attributes of its own potencies—may it the soul o'erflow, may it the mind enfold, may it the body permeate, may it the consciousness fill that man the grasper be of immortality. May man the knower be that death is all that dies, that death is but the non-cognition of life, that death is passive life, life negative, for in the universe where life is lord decay is not, nor is there wastage there, nor has annihilation place. 'Tis but the ripening of one state of life to bloom into another stage and higher state. What man doth look upon as death is but the fertilizer to another form of life, and in the new life its fertilizer doth find its larger growth.

The dead thought of yesterday has been the fertilizer and is mingled in the living thought of today. The living loves of today are but the fleshing on the skeletons of loves of yesterday that were deemed dead. The living Christ was breathed into being by the breath of the seeming dead gods of ages past. Civilization of today is permeated by the life of the civilization that is proclaimed dead by a sightless world. Ever the dead past lives young again in the growing present, yet not only lives but grows to stature strong by the yielding of its life unto another growth, for the law of life is growth and that which dies in another's birth but lives therein to greater worth.

May immortality be the grasper of all minds; may life, which is the holder of all men, be known and felt, and all its attributes man's servants be. May man, the miniature-universe, be wise as is the universe without; may he use life as he is used by life, may he its servant and its master be, its lover and its babe; may he partake thereof and give unto even as the universe without that stinteth not in giving or receiving of its gifts. May he be beneath its laws and function 'neath its sway. Thus shall he wisdom have and freedom shall be his, for only he who serves beneath the law of life doth freedom know; he is wisdom-crowned.

Yea, 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 the grasper of immortality. He is no more the *I* that asks what is wisdom and what unwisdom 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. 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.

BEAUTY AND CHARM OF INDIA

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

THE TAJ MAHAL.

AN AMERICAN visiting India some time since bought photographs of the Taj Mahal, and after studying them decided not to go thither—not because the pictures were not beautiful enough, but because they were so beautiful that he did not believe the reality could come up to them—so he went home, having lost one of the most exquisite pleasures that can befall a man in this world. No picture, and no description, can do justice to the Taj Mahal.

I came to a gate, as it is called—anywhere else it would be called a palace. It is of red stone, inlaid with white marble in arabesque designs. So superb was it that I wondered at the temerity of the architect who had dared to make the approach to his masterpiece so near the limit of what the human mind can endure of loveliness in stone. The gate is one of three, all similar, yet different. It brought me to the garden, half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, through which you must pass to reach the immortal tomb.

Down the midst of the entire length of the garden is a stone-rimmed tank, perhaps twenty feet in width. Water-plants grow in it, and gold-fish swim among the slender stems of the flowers. At either side it is bordered by rows of black cypresses; and the garden is full of serried trees and beds of smiling flowers. It is a great living rectangle of deep green and bright color, flung down before the snowy splendor beyond.

But as you pass through the soaring arch of the gate your eye falls upon the polished surface of the long-drawn water, and in that mirror you see the spirit of the Taj, the dream of an enchantment too fair for this world. Do not look up yet to determine whether the dream has a reality beyond it. As you pace along you feel that alabaster mightiness ascending skyward; but school yourself awhile before you presume to accept its celestial challenge. Half-way down the garden is a raised marble platform with seats upon it; it bridges the tank. Take your place in the center of it, and then summon all that is pure and lofty in your heart, and lift your eyes and look.

So perfect are the proportions of the edifice and its surroundings that the Taj does not seem over-large; the eye compasses it in a long glance, and it takes its place forever in the soul as the divinest of mortal visions and memories.

It stands aloft upon a great platform, paved and faced with white marble, upon which the sun of India rests. White marble are the four exquisite towers, slender as stems of Oriental palm, which swell at their summits into marble blossoms, lifting their perfume to the sky. And marble, pure as alabaster, is the Taj itself, the symbol of the believing spirit which survives death, and is already touched with immortality.

The dome, formed like a mighty bud about to be unfolded, seems translucent. It shines with a soft luminousness; it is as if about to part from earth and ascend heavenward. You lose the sense of the crystalline stone of which it is wrought, and feel only the soaring thought that conceived it.

The design of the building is as simple as it is matchless; as simple as a flower. Domed pavilions surround the central dome. The facade centers in a pointed arch, the panels, inlaid with precious marbles, of hues like precious stones, forming a flowing pattern refined as the tracery of ferns. This delicious venturing of fairy color vivifies the grandeur into beauty that is absolute. It wins the heart like the innocent sportiveness of infants in the austere presence of death.

Midway in the base of the arch is the door of entrance—a little

rectangle of dark in the tender whiteness. It gives the finishing touch and the scale of the whole. Visitors ascend the screened marble steps of the platform and pass across the snowy pavement to this door; and as I looked I saw a group of native women, looking at that distance as if clothed in jewels, or like the mingling petals of gorgeous flowers—yellow, purple scarlet, white, green; or like painted butterflies alighting, so elfin small, but yielding just the element of delicate splendor that the marvelous spectacle required. They glowed athwart the glistening terrace, and vanished slowly, one after one, within the little door. Beauty abides within the Taj as well as without; and after sitting long to gaze in the garden, I traversed the remainder of the cypress avenue, and myself gained the little door—little now no longer—and passed through into the dim but clear interior.

The outer walls of the Taj are paneled with marble screens, pierced with carving, through which filtered the white sunlight from without. There are inner screens similarly pierced, so that the light which rests upon the tombs themselves has filtered through three of them. An octagonal structure, higher than your head, surrounds the marble sarcophagi, inlaid with precious stones. It is a marvel of arabesque and flowers wrought in polished marble, through the interstices of which you may pass your hand. That inner screen alone is unique in the architecture of ornament.

After the first few moments the dimness becomes wholly transparent, so that the smallest details of beauty are visible. It is a wondrous light, such as might dwell in the windings of a pearl shell. It pervades all places equally, defining the subtlest hues of the gems inlaid upon the sarcophagi, and reaching to the farthest confines of the hollow dome. Except upon the tombs and upon the screen, there is not an atom of color in the whole gracious interior.

The sarcophagus of the Sultana, for whom the Taj was built, rests in the exact center of the floor and of the entire structure. The pattern of the tessellated pavement centers there. But close beside it stands the other sarcophagus, slightly larger, but in other respects its counterpart. I need not repeat the touching glory of these royal lovers. The husband lies beside the wife whom he adored, whom he made immortal, and through whom he himself achieved immortality. From an architectural standpoint he is an interloper there; but love is a higher law, and justifies his presence, and brings the Taj closer than ever to our hearts.

The old priest who acts as guide and guardian, after he has explained what little needs interpretation, lifts up his quavering voice and sends it forth in a long, undulating cry. It is not in itself a musical note by any means; but no sooner has it left his lips than it becomes transfigured into such music as elsewhere cannot be heard on earth. It mounts into the dome, wandering and returning, becoming every instant purified into more exquisite and fine-drawn perfections of enchanted harmony and still lives and vibrates in a magical remoteness, the more ravishing the more remote; and sighs itself into silence that yet seems spiritually vocal, and is gone at last—or is it gone? If you have known what it is to love and to lose, you cannot listen to this divine vanishing without a swelling of the throat. If such be the voice of sorrow, surely she must sing in heaven. Wisely and lovingly did the old builder build; for he has made the groans of bereaved mortality take wings beneath his dome, and become divinely reconciled with the soul of all beauty.

The Taj Mahal belongs not to the Sultan and his Sultana, but to all true lovers in the world. When we create true beauty, it ceases to be ours. It is the home of lovers; free to all, yet sacred to each. It is the incarnation of the holiest and purest elements of human life.

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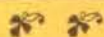
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