

"Science Proves Ganges Holy" By **BABA BHARATI**

Volume II

No. 4

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APRIL

1908

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The
LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read

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EDITED BY

BABA BHARATI and ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

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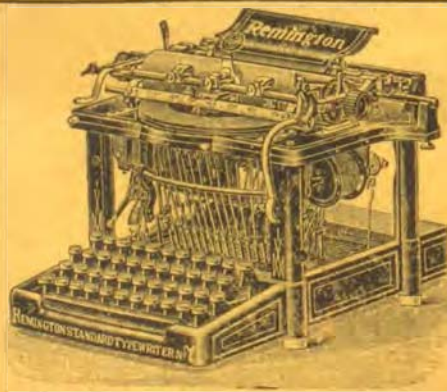
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TO THE READER

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AWAKE, O MAN, THAT SLEEPS!

Awake, O man that sleeps, awake to greet the self that slumbers not nor sleeps. Arise, O heart that is dead, and measure thy Soul that knows not death. Mount unto the heights, spread broad thy wings and view the life that knows not change nor yet decay, for He, the Christ that slept, is awake, He that was deemed dead by man has arisen. And lo, He hath gone forth into the Eternity from which He came and His footsteps have left their imprints that thou, O man of God's creation, may walk as He has walked from the finite into the Infinite!

THE RISEN KING.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

Clouds swept, the heavens listened,
The stars stood poised to hear,
The moon in wondering silence
Had shrank back wrapt in fear.

For lo! the world in darkness
Had failed to see the light,
And laid upon its shoulders
The heritage of blight.

They swore away their Savior,
They slew the Perfect One,
They sold their own redemption,
They crucified the Son.

Then all the Hosts of Heaven,
Swept forth on rushing wing,
To see the world's salvation
Bought by the Risen King.

BEAUTY AND POWER*

BY BABA BHARATI

BELoved ONES OF MY LORD:—The subject to-night is a subject which every one wishes to hear about. Beauty and power is what every one wishes to have. All who wish to have beauty and power only give expression to a natural wish; for the whole universe is but the manifestation of beauty and power, the manifestation of their source, God Himself. Every atom of the universe is pervaded by the primal essence of creation, the divine essence; and the developed atom called man naturally hungers for the very elements, the primal elements, which have given birth to his life. It is a natural wish to be powerful; but it is unnatural to wish to possess beauty and power which are destructive. It is unnatural to use power and beauty in a way which does not make for the peace and harmony of the world. That beauty is really powerful which exerts its influence to harmonize discord; that power is really beautiful which creates love and harmony in the minds of men.

Beauty and Power are Derived from the Mind.

All beauty and power are derived from the mind. When the mind thinks of beautiful things, when it is filled with beautiful ideas and thoughts, the light of those ideas and thoughts is reflected in the face. The light that is in the mind, that is born of the beautiful thoughts, is reflected in the face. When we are pervaded with high and beautiful ideals of life, the light of those ideals—on which we think constantly—is mirrored forth in the face. We have seen very homely looking persons reflecting a light in the face which draws most people to them while persons most beautifully featured in the sense that the features are all chiseled, as it were, like the ideal statues of a master sculptor, persons possessing most symmetrical features, have most times no beauty. We are not even observant of the wonderful symmetry of their features when there is absence of that which lights up even symmetry. We meet these persons by the thousands as we walk on in life—homely-featured persons attracting everybody, and what is called symmetrically, beautifully, featured persons attracting nobody. We go on wondering, most of us, why it is that some persons who possess the requisites of beauty so far as the flesh is concerned fail to attract people, while persons of irregular features are swaying the minds of men.

It is the light of the mind that becomes ugliness or beauty on the face. If the light of the mind is begotten of ugly thoughts we find the impress of those thoughts on the face. If the thoughts in the mind are beautiful, lofty, harmonious, peaceful, then the thoughts are mirrored forth in the face. The mind is the source of attraction or repulsion. Mind's radiance pervades the whole body, shines through the whole body, but is best perceived on the face, because the face is more transparent, as it were, than the other parts of the body.

Soul-Food Feeds the Mind and the Body.

I have seen in India, as well as in this country, during my career of teaching, that students who had the homeliest of features, most uninteresting features in some respects, after a few weeks of study, after a few weeks of practice of spiritual thoughts, thoughts of God, thoughts of the beauties of God, had their faces almost transformed. A few weeks and they seemed to wear new features. They had a light in their faces never there before and everybody remarked upon it; and many questions were asked, in America, as to the mystery of this sudden change. I have seen a girl transformed into

* Verbatim report of an extempore sermon delivered by Baba Bharati in the Krishna Temple, 730 West Sixteenth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.—U. S. A.

the most beautiful person after six weeks of study, six weeks of constant practice of godly thoughts, of soul-conceptions. When first she came she was thin; the features of the face were not very inviting; but a few weeks of concentration on spiritual thoughts not only transformed the whole look of her face but she became robust and healthy. To me she was a wonder. This sudden transformation made her parents wonder, her friends wonder; but to me, even, it was astonishing, and I began to think what was the source of this sudden transformation. I found it. When I saw her for the first time, she was soul-starved; all her life she was soul-starved. Her parents were well-to-do, she was the only child, she seemed to have everything that could make life enjoyable and pleasurable, and yet she was unhappy. She had enough good things to feed the body with but she had nothing with which to feed the soul. The soul was hungry; and she had gone on in her life with that hunger gnawing at her soul. But when she had thoughts of God which appealed to her, she found food and she lived upon that food and in six weeks she was fed in soul, fed in mind and fed in body.

Whatever We Think We Absorb.

Whatever we think on we absorb; whatever we constantly think on we constantly absorb. We absorb the attributes of the objects of our thoughts. I have said this to you many times. You must have tested it all through life. The truth of it you all know. We absorb the attributes of the object—which the object really is. Every object is but the materialization of its attributes. If we think constantly on a bad thing the bad attributes of that thing manifest themselves through our body, shine through our face. If we think on something that is beautiful, something that is entrancing, something that is soul-lifting, we show its radiance in the face.

We see another kind of face sometimes, a face that is gloomy. Though it is good-featured, the gloom spoils the face, even the features. Another kind of face is one that is charming, what is popularly called charming—attractive in the extreme; but the charms of attraction are false. Only to the superficial observer the face is attractive; to the deep observer the falsity of the charm, the hollowness of it, is apparent in a twinkling and the keen observer is on guard against that person of charm. If we dwell within our mind, in the depths of our mind, we can draw a light by which we can see the depths of other minds. We can see things behind appearances—superficial, outward, appearances. It may be asked—Why is that face attractive? It is the face of a person wicked in mind, and false at heart; why is that face, then, attractive? Whence is the attraction, the charm? The charm is born of that person's mind dwelling on charming things with the object of attracting persons; on charming thoughts in order to charm people. The thoughts are fascinating ideas and the light of those fascinating ideas is reflected in the face. But as the ideas are false, are not believed in, are only temporary guests in the mind, the light is false and soon detected by the observant eye, by the observant mind. We meet persons whom we love much at first sight, but afterwards find them to be quite another kind of being, greatly differing from what they seemed to us at first. Our mind is to blame. Our superficial mind saw the superficies of the person, the surface of the person, and was duped. It is we that dupe ourselves. We who are superficial in our thoughts think we are deep thinkers, and most of us are so conceited that we would not acknowledge our blame, our weakness.

Soul-Born Beauty the most Beautiful.

That beauty is the most beautiful that is born of the soul, which is the part of God in us, the part of the reflection of God in us, the essence of God in us. That beauty of beauties is the most beautiful which is born of thought of God, the fountain of beauty, the source of beauty, the spring of beauty, the essence of all harmony and peace; because, God is Love and Love is the mother of all these attributes which entrance the mind. Persons who are blessed with such beauty, that which is the reflection of the interior

beauty, the beauty of their mind and heart, the beauty which is the reflection of godly thoughts, of spiritual thoughts with which the mind is filled, such persons are always unconscious of their beauty and unconscious beauty is the best beauty in the world. Every one of you will agree with me. When we see two beautiful persons, one conscious of his or her beauty, the other not conscious, of the two we are attracted to the unconscious one most. The unconscious one shows more beauty because in the other, beauty is mixed with the conceit, is darkened by the conceit, of that beauty. In the other, where beauty springs from the unconsciously ensouled mind, or from beautiful thoughts or beautiful character, it is the more attractive because it suffers from no hindrance in its expression. The one is mixed with the darkness of conceit; the other shines undimmed, in spontaneous expression.

The beauty of the spiritual man or woman, the man or woman that lives upon thoughts of God, is the most attractive beauty, as it is the most unconscious beauty. Such a man never thinks of his beauty, or of his mind, even; or of worldly things, or material things; but dwells on the essence of life, dwells on spiritual thoughts, thoughts that pertain to God, that pertain to the spring of life and love. That light, the light of God, shines spontaneously, without any conceit, any consciousness, and hence is the most attractive.

The Beauty of the Yogi.

You have not here opportunities to see the saints dwelling in their caves or in their cells, as we have in India. You go to a cave or the cell of a hermit or an ascetic; his locks are matted, matted by being mixed with dust. See on this wall my Grand Gooroo, one hundred and sixty years old: my grand gooroo, the spiritual guide of my spiritual guide. This is painted from a photograph. He was one hundred and sixty years old, and I saw him. Look at him! His locks are matted, four or five matted locks coiled over his head. Look at his eyes! Even though the photograph was very imperfect and the painter has painted it by my directions. I have only told her about his color, but even imperfect though the picture is, you can look at it and see how handsome, how beautiful, he was. At the age of one hundred and sixty years, he used to walk like a child, lithe of limb. He was as agile as a boy. The light of his soul shone through every pore of his face. His eyes were so lustrous that it was hard for anybody to look into them, to give him stare for stare—a kindly light, light full of love, so powerful that ordinary people could not stand the might that was expressed in those eyes—the might of love.

When you go to these cells, or to a mountain cave, there you see sitting a hermit or an ascetic, perhaps his whole body is smeared with ashes to keep off the cold, because he never wears anything but a loin cloth. Even in the caves of the Himalayas, the snow-scapped Himalayas, these are proof against cold. They enjoy their bare body, enjoy the icy breeze and atmosphere, because they are natural men. When you go and sit before them, in spite of the cover of the ashes, in spite of the matted locks, in spite of their age, they look the most beautiful persons, because they have an attraction which the most beautiful person who is not spiritual has not. It is a mud floor, no furniture; it is not even swept, perhaps, may be full of dust. But the light of the yogi shines on all things around him, as it shines through his body and makes everything beautiful, romantic, charming, holy. Your mind is carried away. All ideas of physical cleanliness, or all ideas of superficial cleanliness aneage, or out of your mind, and you see before you the cleanest person you have ever set your eyes on, the holiest person. His touch, you think, would purify you, body, mind and soul. His magnetism overpowers you, the magnetism of the soul, the magnetism that springs of the eternal spring of beauty, love and holiness. And though you bathe five times a day and change your dress five times a day, you feel that you are unclean before this man who has no outward cleanliness; but inwardly everything is cleansed by the light of wisdom born of the love of God, the love that he has developed for God—the spirit-love. He has absorbed

God's love, beauty, harmony. With all these attributes, to this love radiates through every pore of his body. You are magnetized. You forget your little self, your ideas of outward cleanliness, your superior civilization, civilization that cloaks multitudes of unclean things. His civilization is the civilization of Nature in her inmost depths. Nature in her inmost depths has been opened within him; and the operation of Nature's laws within him invest him with a glory before which you shrivel into insignificance.

Power is the Expression of Beauty.

As the best beauty, the highest beauty, springs from the ensouled, God-conscious mind, God-dwelling mind, so all true power is born of the soul, or the ensouled mind. Beauty, true beauty, which is spiritual beauty, is the expression of power, as power is the expression of beauty. When you see some one truly beautiful, you are attracted; the power of that beauty holds you. When you find somebody powerful, powerful for good, the beauty of that power attracts you. Beauty is not made of features, of regular features, of symmetrical features. Beauty is born of magnetism. The purer the magnetism of the mind the more attractive is the light that shines and and is known as beauty.

Jesus of Nazareth—they are all trying to paint him now. From ages down, carrying it to our age, all painters are trying to find a conception of that Son of God, the physical conception, the physical embodiment, of that God-hearted Jesus. I have been to the Louvre in Paris and I have seen the best pictures of Jesus, painted by the master artists of the past and the present and I must confess—as I confessed it to the lady who took me to the Louvre that if that was their idea of Christ's face, the features and face of the divine Christ, they were no artists. They may be great artists on the physical plane, of physical things, of material things, of material Nature, but not of the divine nature. I have not seen a single picture of Jesus since I have come to the West which has satisfied my conception of my beloved Jesus, or having the radiant expression of my God, my Krishna. They make him human. All the pictures by the great Italian artists were human pictures, pictures of human beings with the artist's effort to make it look divine; but the divinity has to be within the heart, within the mind of the painter for him to be able to give the look of divinity into the canvas.

The God-Lover Alone can Paint a God-Lover

That painter has to be an absolute devotee of God, or Christ Jesus. That artist-devotee that lives in Christ, that sees nothing beyond Christ, that devotee will paint Jesus even if he does not know the art and technique of painting. That person will paint Jesus as the great masters of the art could never dream of painting him, the Christ that was born of love, Christ that had love within the heart, the love that did not stop at anything, did not even stop at his enemies, the enemies that were torturing him to death. The Christ that was filled with such limitless love, that gave up his body to impress upon the consciousness of the world this limitless love that he possessed for God and man, that Christ cannot be painted by art and technique, or even the inspiration of a genius. For, our modern geniuses are nothing but persons possessed of concentration of mind—cultivated in spots, but the concentration of a mind that is materialistic at best. As in order to appreciate greatness you have to have greatness within you, to appreciate beauty you have to have beauty within you. The Madonna could not but have been the most beautiful woman that ever blessed the sense of beauty, the Madonna who gave birth to Christ Jesus, the man that was born of God-love, of God's love. The Madonna they want to paint and they have painted; and, to say the least, these paintings never satisfied me.

What My Mother Said.

I once gave a picture of Krishna to my mother, a chromo-litho painted at the art studio in Calcutta by some Hindoo painter trained in the English school of painting. I gave that picture to my mother. She had a picture of Krishna, which she had paid one-half a cent for—what you call a "daub,"

what you call a something to horrid for an artistic eye to look upon. Just a daub, some few colors and some idea of Krishna's features, some sort of a something which Europeans, once seeing, would never again look at. She had that picture, and she used to worship that picture, and I gave her this beautiful picture as I thought. I said, "Mother, put that by, and worship Krishna by this picture." She took it. She was very glad because I gave it to her. I put it up where the other picture was. But the next day, when I saw her in worship, she had put back the old picture in its place and the other picture she had put aside. I said, "Mother, why don't you worship this picture?" She said, "Oh, what is that? That is nothing." I said, "Mother, you are accustomed to this picture, but that is a horrid picture of Krishna. This is more like Krishna." She said, "You don't know. That man that painted it had never loved Krishna; but this man, though his picture is poor, painted with the love of Krishna. Your new painters are nothing. The old painters had the soul of the objects they painted, in them."

So, I learned from my mother that even the crude painter, because of his love for Krishna gave some true touch of Krishna in that horrid daub.

Christ to be painted, the artist must have a Christ-heart, or at least be a devotee of Christ, one that lives in Christ, that is absorbed in Christ, and being absorbed in Christ, absorbed in God, because Christ within him had nothing but his God; his God pervaded him; his God that was love pervaded him. The absolute love pervaded him, the limitless love pervaded him; and one who loved Christ would absorb Christ's essence, the love within him, and paint with the color of that essence, paint with the brush of his devotion,—and there would be a Christ that the whole world would come to look at, on the canvas.

Yes, beauty born of the soul, of soul-consciousness, is the best beauty, the most enjoyable beauty, a beauty that does not care for age, a beauty that is present in the person through all ages, even in old age, into which that person may grow,—midst all the wrinkles of the face the beauty would be there. I have seen such persons, most beautiful in spite of their eighty years, in spite of their hundred years. The beauty that shines from the soul makes one even feel beautiful within himself or herself and revel in the joyousness of that beauty that is born of the soul—the soul which is the realm of love. The power has been drawn from the soul to overcome everything. That is real power that is born of the powers of the soul—by the mind dwelling in the soul. Dwelling on God we absorb the power of God, the power of the Infinite that is within us—the soul.

Dwelling on God We absorb His Power.

As we go on in life we wonder at times why some people have power and others have not. We forget to see that those that have no power have no concentration of mind. By concentration all the forces of the mind are focused, and, the focused forces of the mind wield the greatest power; and when the focused forces of the mind are centered upon God, upon the source of all power, then that concentrated mind absorbs the attributes of that source of power. Whatever we think on, as I have said so many times, we absorb; we absorb the attributes of the objects we think upon, and the objects are nothing but the materialization of their attributes.

So God has His attributes; all the attributes, the harmonious attributes that we find in life are the reflections of God's attributes. When you think of that God, knowing Him to be love, harmony, peace, good-will, when you concentrate upon such a God you absorb His attributes; with every thought of Him you will absorb His attributes; and when your thought have become most concentrated you more powerfully absorb, you absorb in greater measure and then you are filled with His power in time, and that power reflects itself in every action of yours, in every thought of yours.

Sometimes—excuse me for a minute. The moment you will even think of God with concentration, your mind dips in God, in harmony, aye, the perfect harmony that He is pervades you and makes you speechless.

FROM MADRAS TO PURI

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

OUR STAY in Madras had drawn to a close. Madras that had welcomed us right royally and crowded us with pleasant experiences and unique entertainment. Here we visited our first temple, here we witnessed our first sankirtan, here we beheld the first really Hindoo audience at our Baba's lectures, and here we learned what Hindoo hospitality was.

We had said farewell to most of the friends, and, with an escort of several carriages, were off through the rain, to the station from which we started to our other destination. But here, on reaching our train, we found a crowd of earnest students and friends awaiting us. Our host had arranged for garlands of jasmine blooms and marigold blossoms, and before the train whistle gave warning for its departure Baba and the party of six were crowned with flowers and bedecked with their sweet beauty. Then, amid cheers, singing of the National Anthem, alternating with the cries of "Jai, Sree Bharatiji ki Jai, Jai, Sree Americano ki Jai! Bande Mataram!" we were hurried out of Madras full of vague regrets mingled with a sweet memory of those dear people, people whose every effort had been to honor the holy man of their country, and, through him and because of him, pay homage to his American followers.

With the appreciation of these Madrasees behind us still fresh in our mind and heart, we were confronted, twelve hours later at Rajamundry, with a perfect hosannah of rejoicing. When the train pulled into the station the whole city seemed to be congregated there to welcome the Wanderer, the Monk of their land who had gone to other lands to make known the God and philosophy of India. Native music, tremulous in its piercing sweetness, was heard above the din of voices and cheers of the people, and thus, passing through the glad multitude, the Baba was led to a carriage and borne in triumph through the city.

Several men accompanied us from Madras, among them Honorable Subbarao Pantulu, a Brahman of Rajamundry, member of the Governor's Council, a lawyer by profession, and one of the lights and might of India, whose broad sympathies and splendid intellect have made him a power wherever his interests are centered. This gentleman was the host of the Baba, and his home sheltered him during his stay there; he, with others, had also arranged a delightful stopping place for us at the other end of the city, in the shape of a large bungalow with great rooms, high ceilings, and broad cool verandas, stone floors, massive window seats, and all surrounded by a small jungle of trees and flowers. Herein were installed, for our special benefit, a cook, three servants, a punkahwalla, and the ever present, courteous attendance of several kindly friends, who seemed to ask nothing more than to render unto us the services of Oriental hospitality.

Horses and carriages were at our disposal at all hours of the day and night. Fruits and dainty eatables, and flowers were sent to gladden us. Visitors, gentlemen of learning and culture, honored us by their presence; homes were opened, dinners were arranged, at which we were entertained by the singing of sacred songs. And all together, Rajamundry, exclusive in its circle of writers, poets, thinkers, philosophers, and religionists, gave us a glimpse of its heart, a heart rich in beauty, throbbing with courtly kindness and beating to the rhyme and rhythm of high thinking, underlying which, and through which, pulsed the golden artery of God-love.

Conspicuous among our visitors was Mr. Y. V. Narasimham for his never-ending kindness. He is the editor of the *Bharata*, that brave little weekly that goes forth caroling its songs of patriotism, Hindoo thought, and universal love, voicing again the words of the sages, poets and philosophers of all that is sacred in the literature of India. On one occasion, he brought to us his two small lady daughters; slim, dainty maidens they were, quick in thought as their distinguished sire, and as serious of mien as the daughters of ancient Rome.

'Twas a rare treat, our visit to Rajamundry, the city old in history, and steeped in the mystery of tales partly forgotten, wholly fascinating, and alive with the romance of spirituality and royalty that in those olden days held sway in the hearts of its people, even as it does today.

At the time when the countries of Asia were ruled over by Orientals, when Asia belonged to Asians, when its sentiment, civilization and religion were purely Eastern, untouched, unblemished, unstained by foreign thought, ideas and ideals, when the wealth of India was fabulous, and she, India, was looked upon as the cradle of religion and philosophy, the root of civilization, the foundation of languages and of thought, the heart from which poesy and song pulsed into the world: in those days, Rajamundry, beautiful little Rajamundry, was a city of no mean position. Here on her breast was the seat of the Orissa and Venzi kings; learning was great, and religious culture was second to no other province; and here, today, this royal distinction tinctures the atmosphere even as the halo of spirituality lingers in the mind of the people, and adds, unto the city and its children, a charm that is sweet and rich as the fragrance of tropical flowers grown full of ripeness.

An outing was planned, and we who partook of it shall not soon forget the long, long drive up and down wide avenues where great shade trees locked arms above our heads, and grew in arbor-like luxury about us.

We visited a temple which was situated high on a hill. Numberless steps lead to its entrance, and we were not a little surprised to see several cows mounting the narrow steps, and coming down as lightly as a tripping lady. We were too late to witness the crowds at worship,

but we had seen the temple that is perhaps the most historic in that part of India.

We were also taken to the garden-house of Mr. Subbarao Pantulu and there were feasted on the rare fruits that his own plantation yielded. Oranges, lemons, cocoanut and mangoe trees were conspicuous among numberless others quite unfamiliar to the Western eye. Flowers, also unknown to us, grew in profusion. But perhaps the most interesting of all was the watering of the large grounds. A bag of leather was attached as a scoop to a shaft and lowered into the well by ropes which were harnessed to an ox, who, after the bag was filled, walked majestically into the distance, drawing the water after him until it emptied into a ditch or canal, which in turn forced it into other grooves. And this, repeated day in and day out, is the means by which irrigation is carried on. We had been told that the outlook for crops was very bad, as the rains were far behind, and only a limited and stipulated amount of water was allowed to be used for irrigating. The garden house was a delightful one, buried in a caress of shrubbery, and quite hidden by a wilderness of vines that bloomed gaily in purple and red and yellow, in pretty contrast to the white and drab of the building itself.

A custom that mirrors forth the deep reverence in the heart of the very low and the highest of the people in India, and which, in cities like Rajamundry, has not yet died out, is the homage paid to the holy cloth of the hermit. All along our drive we saw the people first salute with joined hands the holy man, our Baba, and then in quite another fashion, but equally respectful, bow to our host and several high-officials and personages who accompanied us, while these, in turn, cast a pleasant smile here, a word there, perchance a coin to some poor dame, or halted to hear the complaint of a poor or unfortunate citizen. This bit of old world acknowledgement of class and caste courtesies is more in vogue in the small cities than in the larger ones, where the invasion of foreign manners and life has paralyzed much of the sweetness that characterized the Hindoo make-up. But, even there in large cities, one is amazed at the beautiful reverence paid by the servant to master, and the gentle dignity with which these markings of respect are received. It reminds one of the attitude of a child for a much revered and honored father; and I am told that in many families, in both cities and villages, that that is the relation existing between them. Servants are to be found in many families who have simply stepped into the shoes of their fathers, who had also followed the suit of the grandfathers, even as the master is at the head of the family as his father and grandfather were before him. The master practically takes upon himself the burden of his servant's family. He supports them, marries them off, and altogether the problem of his hireling is his own. The illness or the death, the birth or marriage of the latter is to the master and his family an event of personal interest.

Rajamundry has several free inns, one might call them, where the travellers, coming from outlying villages to the city can be fed and given milk. His horses or oxen, too, are watered and foddered. These places are endowed by Hindoos of wealth and may be found all over India. Also enclosures where water is running freely are there for bathing purposes for men and women. In the large cities the bathing stalls are scattered about freely and in a hot and thirsty country like India this is a most appropriate charity, especially where water is counted as a blessing from God and bathing a strict religious injunction.

A wonderful piece of masonry, about three or four miles long, spanning the river from bank to bank, is the anicut or great dam. It might well elicit admiration for the marvelous contrivance of the human brain that planned it and of the workmen who completed it. But he who looks upon the wild and swirling abundance of the Godavari, gushing with roars from the hills, will forget in a trice the man-made dam in the bewildering grandeur of Nature's force and activity that beats its powerful way over rocks and through shrubbery of the great gorge to reach its desire to flow through the marvelous river-bed and be a blessing to the land that embraces it.

Two lectures were arranged for the Baba. The city hall was the place chosen for the occasion, but long before the hour set for his talk the hall was packed to the doors and hundreds clamoring to enter. So it was decided to give the lecture in the open on the common surrounding the hall. It was a huge expanse of green lawn dotted here and there with cocoanut trees that reared themselves straight and unafraid to the bright blue and white of the skies. The hour was set for 5-30 P. M. And listening to the Baba, facing the vast multitude of an eager enthusiastic audience who hung upon his every word as a people upon a prophet, we saw the sun throw its blood-red glow over the dying day heralding the twilight's coming, we heard the last sleepy twitter of the home-going bird, while from the East a pale crescent moon with its bodyguard of silver stars slowly mounted the heights behind the speaker and threw its white luster lovingly over the upturned, turbaned, white-draped men, who, silent as figures cast in bronze, had gathered here.

The attention that a Hindoo audience gives to a speaker is the subtlest compliment, they remain almost motionless, the eye, mind and soul concentrated on the speaker; but no sentiment that is lofty goes unappreciated, no truth passes unrecognized. When it comes, a cry of "Hear, hear," a crash of applause, then a silence again.

At Rajamundry the Baba was very sick. In fact, when his foot touched Indian soil all the reserve force seemed to go with the clothes he doffed. There, in a night he went down like a flower that was wilted. It was as if now that he was again in Mother India's heart there was no

need for restraint. He had come back to her and might be a child on her breast and weep, and all the hard crust, formed in that far-away land of the West, seemed to break, and for a little it was as if every day might be his last on earth. And so here at Rajamundry, we wondered how he, in his weakened condition, could reach the immense audience that stretched before him. But, with the help of their love, and their appreciative silence about him, the lecture proved to be a most remarkable one.

Baba, tall and slender, with a background of a cocoanut grove through which first a lurid red light, and then a ghostly white one shone, all tended to remind one of Him whose voice cried out in the wilderness and would not be at rest. Yes, it was like the cry coming from one who knew and understood the sign of the times and gave warning accordingly, one who knew the immensity of the Soul and the minuteness of things temporal, and proclaimed it unto his hearers with all the fervent convictions of a heart that beat for the good of his countrymen.

At this time, and in this place, the swadeshi tide is high, and all over the country the call for nationality rings like a bugle in the words and sentiments of the people. It has reached the purdah and women refuse to wear saris and ornaments unless they are swadeshi. And cooking utensils and household goods find small favor unless they spell nationalism. So Baba's lecture was on nationalism in its fullest and broadest sense—the revival of all national arts, the study of their own religion and literature, the manners and customs unmodified by outside influence; in truth, nationalism in trade, in the home, in the mind, and in the heart. The nationalism within can alone bring forth the desired effects to the nation. As the seed holds the tree completed, so the heart and mind of the individual must encompass the swadeshi that is to spread as a blessing to the land and its people. "Be Hindoos," he pleaded, "be Hindoos in religion and the home first, in education next, and nationalism in politics and trade must follow."

That night, far into the late hours, over a hundred of those who had listened to the lecture stood in different parts in and about the city, repeating in the vernacular all that they could remember of the lecture, so that the women, and those who could not hear the Baba, or understand the English, might not be entirely deprived of its meaning and mission.

The second lecture was as great a success as the first, and was held in a great hall that was crowded to its utmost capacity, the admission was by fees and the fees were used for charitable purposes.

We were driven to the hall in the old-fashioned stage, drawn by two large, sleek bullocks, that, no doubt, had never known what it was to move beyond a slow walk. This ride was an unique experience, but not more so than the sight that met us when the meeting was over, and

hundreds of men were seen gliding about the city bearing lanterns to light their way through the darkness. As far as the eye could see, these moving lights flashed in and out of the shadows like so many fire-flies in a wilderness of jungle.

The next day we left Rajamundry, and again a band of native music escorted the Baba, and this time we, too, were honored, through the streets, followed by a procession of men, old and young, who went to the station, where once more we were wreathed with flowers and favored with bouquets; again the cries of "Bande Mataram! Jai! Sree Bharatiji ki Jai!" and with promises from the Baba to come once more to beautiful Rajamundry, we bade our friends a hearty farewell, and steamed away from their smiling faces, to be welcomed by others.

All along the line, delegates were awaiting the incoming train to greet the Baba, to welcome him and to beg him to be a guest of their city. For, by this time, all India was aware of the Baba's home-coming, the wires had flashed it, the papers recorded it and the Indian world had read it, and now they awaited him with open arms. This reception of a holy man in India was like the ovation that a Western nation gives to a conquering hero whose great deeds had made him known and loved throughout the length and breadth of the land. The hero of India must be a holy man. A political hero wears for a little, a religious one knows no change, he is a hero always. His God-consciousness places him above and beyond change. He is worshipped to-day, to-morrow and forever. The hero-worship of India is practically God-worship and the recorded history of India is, therefore, essentially spiritual. So, at different stations, groups of gracious Hindoos, immaculate in white turbans and snowy drapings, tall, long-armed, full-browed intellectual men, looked on him with eyes that flamed enthusiasm and appreciation and spoke words full of appeal for a sojourn in their midst. They brought more garlands to hang about his neck and more blossoms were added unto our already rich store of bouquets.

At Waltair, a little cosy-corner city that seemed to creep right into the arms of the great bay, the crowd gathered, all but sure that a stop-over would be complied with. But each hour was full and other cities clamored for him. And so, looking at the fine faces of the venerable fathers of the little old city and the eager welcome in the voices of the younger citizens, we could not help wishing that a halt could have been made there for a night. Nor were Europeans absent among those who came to meet him at different stations, but these were mostly members of the Theosophical or other Hindoo societies.

At Puri, the holy city of Juggernaut, a city not built by hands of men, but which is said to have sprung into being by supernatural powers, Puri, sleeping and waking to the roar and roll of the mighty blue waters of the

Bay of Bengal, those waters that before the time of railroad have drawn into their depths, as if jealous of their devotion to their gods, hundreds of pilgrims who made their pilgrimages by water to the sacred temples by which that city exists.

Here, at Puri by the sea, Puri the mysterious, Puri the city of greatest pilgrimage in this great land of pilgrimages and pilgrims, we left Baba with his beloved hermit friends, while we sojourned for the days of our stay in a little hotel that faced the ever flashing, never resting waters, that gleamed like a twisted monster of gold in the sunlight, and, anon, writhed and hunched its length in coils of scaly silver, ready to devour all that came within reach, and, yet again, smiled blue and placid as a child to the heavens above; or, mayhap, danced like a wild witch to the music of the winds, or even swung to the low chants of the worshippers that ever and forever fill the air of that city. Puri, a page of the old-world history, backed by a strangely savage water, and holding on its breast a congregation of temples, each one of which is, to the orthodox Hindoo, the gate that leads through the world celestial into the very center of glory, the abode of Love Absolute, which is the lifting of veil behind veils, until, that last Wonder, which is the Ancient of Ancients, is revealed in all loveliness unto its devotees.

IN HOLY JUGGERNAUT

BY MERRY WALTON

AN ANCIENT city is Juggernaut, old when Time was young and now age-crowned and hoary with the dust of the past; sacred when men were gods and now hallowed beyond the telling of mortals. It is the goal of the most holy of all pilgrimages, the shrine of Juggernaut, the World's Lord, whose mighty force of love has leveled all castes, mingled all creeds, blessed all food and sanctified every atom of dust in this city where is reared His templed abode. The blue heavens of India, always so close to earth, seem to draw nearer to this sacred city, and the blue sea waves caress with love the sandy shores whose every golden grain is holy to the devout worshippers. For are not even the waters rendered pure and the heavens luminous by this blessed contact?

Such is the ardent faith, such is the inborn belief, of the multitudes who daily throng the city to pay homage, as simple as it is heart-felt, to the Great Lord who, by an especial boon, has graced this city above others. Perchance, some come to lay a fortune there and return home poor in this world's goods but richer in the treasure that fades not nor fails, or one with scantier means brings but a mite, yet prays not for added store.

Illness may attack these traveling bands of devotees and death may even lead some souls on that Great Pilgrimage that all must make. Yet

firm is their faith in God's great will, high is their hope in its perfect fulfillment. If one dies on the way, thrice blessed he, for he is in the holy path and his next life's journey will thereby be made easier. If he dies in the city, many times blessed he, for he has already attained the holy goal.

What knows the West of a faith so staunch and enduring that finds consolation in calamity, blessing in bereavement, prayer fulfilled in desire denied and the sweet waters of Life in the bitterest tears of Death? Yet some in the West, whose belief reaches not beyond their eyesight's vision, persist in attacking a faith which, though it may be unintelligible to sceptical minds, has proved to be as enduring as Time, as unalterable as Death, and as inspiring as Truth itself. And yet more scoff at the manner of worship of these many thousands, of which worship they know little, understand less and desire to learn absolutely nothing.

The chief destination of the pilgrims and the most imposing sight in the city is the great Temple of Juggernaut which stands engirdled by a high wall and surmounted by a lofty oval dome, over which a sacred banner ripples in the breeze. Here are enshrined the sacred images, here are performed the holy rites of worship and here are prepared and offered to the Lord the enormous quantities of *prashad*—graced food—that are to be sold there for a small price to feed the hungry multitudes. Here only the faithful may enter, and then only after having been made pure by bath and prayer and the donning of the sacred cloth, and here all assemble equal before God, the Raja and the Rayyet, the Brahman and the Sudra, to prostrate in humbleness before the form not made with hands—for the Hindoos believe that the Divine Carver has fashioned these images—to receive the dower of divine blessings and to be purified by the holy vibrations of saints who worship there and of those who have done so throughout the ages and have vitalized even the cold stone by the fire of their devotion.

Not content to offer to God their wealth of love, these practical philosophers, these child-hearted sages, bring tangible gifts to their Beloved, fragrant flower garlands, delicious fruits and foods and even choice treasures of jewels and gold. This is not done to appease divine wrath or gain divine favor but to demonstrate the truth of their words of love and thanksgiving, and make alive and visible their gratitude to the Giver whence all things have come and whither all must return. To them God is intensely real, intensely human, and, therefore, they lavish upon Him a devotion more intense than that which they bestow upon any well-loved human being.

Here in Juggernaut, this reality of the Divine Presence has deepened into a living permanence, fostered and sustained by a faith and devotion as old as the ages, yet fresh as spontaneous youth. So sacred are the Temple and its enshrined images to the Hindoo that he will not

allow a foreign thought, an alien eye, to disturb the harmonious atmosphere of worship by idle curiosity, carping criticism or unsympathetic glance. To him thoughts are things—an opposing thought is a desecration little less than open violence. Therefore, Europeans are not permitted to enter the Temple and, therefore, we Americans did not see within the high enclosing walls of the great edifice.

But we were privileged to view many interesting sights on which no foreign eye had ever looked, sights of tenderest associations to the Hindoo mind, so closely are they interwoven with the *Leela*, divine actions, of Sree Chaitanya whom all India worships as the full Incarnation of Krishna, Lord God Himself on earth. Sree Chaitanya flourished about four hundred years ago, at a time when the revival, awakened in India, manifested itself in the Reformation in Europe. In Juggernaut, he spent eighteen years of a life that was incomparable in its renunciation, humility and fervor of God-love. Here, in the not distant past, Heaven was brought to earth, and sanctified ground made many times more holy by Him who walked without purse or scrip, even as our Jesus, yet whose life of sublime purity has left an indelible impression on the hearts of millions of devotees throughout India who are ever singing the praise of Sree Gauranga, the Golden Lord. Such minute records have been kept by the disciples of Sree Chaitanya that the devout pilgrims can trace His daily life and make pilgrimages to the identical place where He lived and worshipped and sat in meditation.

Here we were taken by warm-hearted devotees through narrow lanes where quaint old houses jostled each other in friendly comradeship, facing directly on the street with but a step from the threshold to the mud-paved way. All, whether built of stone or sun-baked clay, were time-worn and dusty with age but with the entrance made bright with strings of sacred leaves hung over the door to bring good fortune to all who might enter there, and the doorposts and threshold made gay with symbolic markings of vermilion and lines of rice flour to feed the swarming ants. Parties of pilgrims passed us chanting hymns to the accompaniment of drum and cymbal or swaying to the rhythm of the sacred dance. Others sat along the roadside, eating with grateful hearts the most graced of all graced foods, the prashad of Juggernaut. They were clad in the plain, coarse garments that wayfarers on a holy sojourn wear, travel stained or dusty from frequent prostrations in the holy dust. Brow, breast and arms were marked with yellow clay or vermilion in sacred symbols and names of Deity, the worshippers of Shiva having horizontal lines on the forehead while Vaishnavas, or Krishna worshippers, have vertical markings of yellow clay or fragrant sandalwood paste.

The pilgrims wear no ornaments except strands of tulsi beads around the neck and gold amulets tied upon their arms above the elbow. Many of them, both men and women, are constantly telling their

tulsi rosaries, silently repeating the Name of God many times upon each bead. Some carry these rosaries in bags hung around the neck in which their right hand is hidden while saying the beads, except for the first finger which is thrust out through a hole in the bag. Others have small rosaries which they use even while talking and which they slip on their wrist when they must employ their hands for other duties.

Why this incessant, almost parrot-like, repetition of the Lord's Name? the Westerner may ask. "Because," says the Hindoo, "the Lord is His Name." "In the beginning was the Word and Word was with God and the Word was God," our own Scriptures say and the Hindoo Scriptures also declare, and this the Hindoos implicitly believe and practice in their daily life and worship. It is the first word that greets the new-born infant, the last that echoes in the ear of the dying, the glad chorus of sound that accompanies the young bride to her new home, the heart-rending wail that follows the shrouded form to the burning-ghat. The Name is to them potent with promise and rich with the power of inducing peace and happiness, so it is the burden of their prayers, the theme of their songs and the foundation of their religious observances.

Strangest of all the strange peoples we saw were the religious mendicants. Unabashed they walk, bare except for a loin cloth, their bodies striped with ashes and their matted hair powdered with the gray dust. Beggars, feeble and pitifully emaciated, querulously asked for alms, their whining voice drowning the sound of the sacred chants around us.

A procession made its way along the street, led by huge elephants with swaying trunks and stately tread, gaily painted and gorgeously caparisoned in cloth of scarlet and gold. It was a royal progress, we learned, for in one of the splendid howdahs the King of Puri was enthroned, a Raja of ancient lineage belonging to the Solar race of kings, a prince who traces his ancestry back to the great Ram Chandra, a descendant of King Indradumnya, a proud scion of a noble house through whose veins courses the blood of generations of gracious rulers and humble devotees. For this distinction of regal line and lineage he is accorded a veneration and reverence little less than worship, for the people see in him, not alone an earthly ruler—now shorn, alas, of much of his power—but a personification of the royalty that is divine.

Native women passed us, bearing on the head polished brass vessels of water which they steadied by one up-curved arm. Unconscious were they of their natural dignity and grace of bearing which a duchess might envy. In dark, recessed balconies we caught glimpses of graceful forms draped in white or bright-hued saris, and dark eyes peering at us through veils half drawn. Naked brown babies with tinkling anklets and bangles laughed and tumbled in happy play or gazed in wonder at these strange

white invaders. Some, a little older, a little wiser in Oriental wiles, were ready with their "Salaam, Memsahib" and the never-ceasing plea for "Baksheesh." A pice brought respite and thanks of flashing smiles and profuse salaams.

This engaging panorama was brought to a close at the end of the drive, but our eyes opened yet wider in astonishment at what was shown to us there. We were led through several courts into one which, it was explained to us, was the most holy of all. Here for many years lived Hari Das, one of Sri Chaitanya's greatest disciples, who had formerly been a Mohamedan but, after his conversion, had become one of the highest of saints and humblest of devotees. So great was his humility that he considered himself unworthy to approach his Lord or mingle with the other disciples. Therefore, Sree Chaitanya Himself would come to see Hari Das in the little summerhouse that was his dwelling and listen to the sweet strains of his voice as he sat under a sheltering tree and sang the praises of his Lord in flute tones that melted all hearts to tears.

The summerhouse has long ago crumbled into dust and another house is built on the site. Then what is the wonder in this?—a court surrounded by a high wall and in the center a great bokul tree whose bent trunk, gnarled branches and crown of bright green leaves, form a welcome canopy of shade in this sun-graced land. Closer examination revealed the marvel in what, at first, had seemed to be nothing extraordinary. The tree-trunk, and limbs were hollow from root to crown. And yet the tree lives, a hollow form of bark without sap or substance, and had lived for over 400 years and still shows signs of enduring vitality in its fruitage and bright, glossy greenery.

To the Hindoo the explanation of this phenomenon is simple and natural—the soil and the tree have long ago been vitalized by the love-force of the Lord's Name as uttered by Hari Das who would never partake of food until he had repeated it many thousands of times, and the life of the tree has been sustained from that time to this by the faith and love of uncounted devotees who worship the tree as a symbol of the potency of the Word. Hari Das left this world some years before Sree Chaitanya ascended and the story is lovingly told that the Golden Lord Himself bore the lifeless form upon His back and buried it in the sands upon the shore where water and land both might be blessed by the holy dust of the great saint.

We also saw the place where another great disciple of Sree Chaitanya lived when he came to Juggernaut, Adwaita Acharja, whose loving concentration and prayers for twenty years, it is declared, brought the Incarnation of God to earth. Here a temple is erected where many come to worship and revere his memory.

Finally we were taken to the place where Sree Chaitanya lived. A sacred flag floats on the roof above His room or *gambira*, marking the

death, but a life in accordance with these gentle precepts. Moncure Conway voices this sentiment in his book where he says :

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

There are three huge cars, two-stories in height and square in form, with pillared verandas built round an open court, the whole surmounted by a large dome and cupalos. All the cars are decorated with waving flags and banners and gay drapings of rich silks. An image, garlanded with fragrant flowers, is enthroned in the second story of each car, while smaller ones adorn the sides. The cars are mounted on platforms, supported by nearly a score of large, solid wooden wheels. Once a year, in June, they are drawn by the pilgrims to Gundicha House, a distance of about a mile, where they remain a week and are then brought back to the temple to stay there till another year has completed its circuit of changing seasons.

The cars are drawn by four long ropes which the pilgrims—men, women and children—strive to hold or touch, as they thereby gain great merit, but many of them declare that the cars are not moved by human force but by divine power. At times, a car will stop, for some unaccountable reason, and then their combined efforts cannot move the huge structure, or again it will move so fast that the ropes hang slack in their grasp.

But the supernatural powers attributed to the cars are no less miraculous than the story which lends additional sanctity to the city itself, accounting for the Hindoo's belief that the city of Juggernaut is holy above all others on earth, more sacred even than the abode of the gods themselves.

When Sree Krishna gave up His body at Dwarka where He reigned as King, it was reduced to ashes by the sacred fire, except for the navel, the center of the body from which the life-currents radiate. This was sealed in an earthen jar and cast into the sea. Long before had been predicted in Holy Writ the place where it would come ashore and the King who would be so fortunate as to receive it. As foretold, the waves brought their precious burden through the Arabian Sea, around the

southernmost point of Ind to the place where Juggernaut stands, and here King Indradumnya received this God-sent gift from the rushing sea.

As here in the holy of holies of the Temple of Juggernaut, beneath the sacred images, is enshrined the center of the Lord's body, so, in the hearts of all the devotees of India, Juggernaut is enshrined, the center of their universe, the focused point of their most loving worship.

THE BABA AND THE KRISHNA HOME

BY ADELIA BEE ADAMS.

(*The Indian Mirror*)

WHEN the *Minnesota* left harbor at Seattle on September 12, bound for the Orient, she carried an Oriental passenger who attracted more notice from his fellow-voyagers than did the distinguished American, Secretary Taft. This was the Hindoo ascetic, Baba Premanand Bharati, who, with six of his American students, was returning to India, after a sojourn of five years in America.

Almost directly from the jungles (for he had been, for twelve years, a real jungle hermit) he arrived unknown and unheralded in New York; but his picturesque appearance and distinctive manners soon made him an object of public interest, especially when it was known that he was a Hindoo monk, come to deliver to the West a message from the old East. The newspapers were soon commenting freely on his personality; he was described as "kingly," "majestic," etc., and frequent quotations appeared from his public lectures, especially after his election to the position of Vice-President for India at the International Peace Congress held in Boston in 1904, where his strikingly Oriental appearance and unusual oratory held the unflagging interest of his auditors. He has, to a remarkable degree, the power to visualize to his hearers whatever thought he presents.

He was everywhere alluded to as "The Holy Man of India," a distinction to which he is entitled by the custom of his country, but which he discarded from his lecture announcements later; he was also called "The Henry Ward Beecher of India," but in originality of thought, and in power of expressed feeling, he undoubtedly out-Beechers Beecher.

Thousands of people who have heard his public lectures in the larger eastern cities and in southern California, as well as his many class students, will hold him in vivid remembrance for his rare personality and for the earnest messages of wisdom and love he constantly preached from the "wisdom-religion." For, in purest English, he expounded the Eastern philosophy unmixed with any effort to conform to Western views; and in this he is unique, being the only Hindoo who has attempted to give to the West the Vedanta in all its subtle and ancient mena-

After the Assembly the Baba remained in Los Angeles, returning once, in October of 1905, for a two months' visit to his Boston students, who were urging his return to them.

In March of 1906 he fulfilled a cherished desire and established a "Krishna Home" in Los Angeles. Here, with a few students who clubbed expenses on the community plan, he formed an *Ashrama*—a retreat, where he could have his own Brahman-Hindoo food, "magnetized," both in the cooking and the eating, by devotional thoughts and chants, and where worship could be conducted all day long. Here he lived, an ascetic though a householder; the real Indian *gooroo* among his *chelas*.

At this home also two other cherished plans were accomplished—the establishment of a temple, and the launching of his magazine, *The Light of India*, which had its first annual birthday in October, 1906.

No better opportunity could be afforded to study the man and his doctrine than that enjoyed by those students who have lived with him at the Krishna home. In his simple and intimate life there with them they had daily, almost hourly, privilege to know what manner of life he lived. The uniform sweetness of his character, his almost childlike candor in all his dealings with friends, united to a giant intellect and profound wisdom with a very human sympathy for the frailties of mankind, together with his untiring efforts to lead them into the changeless joys of a spiritual life, compel unqualified devotion in those who know him intimately.

Among his students are some of our most eminent citizens—poets, philosophers, statesmen, and even Christian ministers. Some of these latter have been surprised to learn that they could accept the doctrine of the Baba's religion without discarding their own. The Baba says that the Oriental alone can understand the life of Christ as an incarnation of God, for only an Oriental knows what an incarnation of God is.

Some of our prominent men of affairs have gone to the sage frankly merely to gain "poise" to aid them in their business, and have remained to become his humble disciples.

A few of his students have, under his spiritual teachings, suddenly developed a remarkable literary training. A notable example among these is Rose Reinhardt Anthon, whose little book "Stories of India," though launched without ostentation, was favorably reviewed about a year ago. Besides the sudden ability to write with wonderful facility, she has acquired the rare gift of extemporizing, and I, with many others, have frequently been present when—apparently without a moment's preparation on her part—long poems of such power and finished beauty as I have never seen in print have rolled musically from her lips. Some of these she cannot recall, but she has written abundantly, and in the results the public will doubtless share, in time. As Mrs. Anthon is one of those how accompanied Baba Bharati to India, our literature will undoubtedly

receive valuable contributions from her pen inspired by the rich material she will find in that romantic land. In explanation of the suddenly acquired gift to write, of some of his students, the Baba says: "It is very simple; this knowledge of the spiritual self is a steam, a potency, that can be applied in any direction."

Under the benign guidance of the Baba, life at the Krishna home was almost ideally harmonious. The chief business of each day was worship, commencing, by himself and such other inmates as cared to rise so early, with morning praise, facing the east, just as the sun, "the physical eye of Deity," begins to keep watch over the Western world. Later all joined in worship in the temple, situated at the rear of the dwelling. Here the *gooroo* read and explained to his students the life of Krishna and His later and full Incarnation, Chaitanya.

This morning worship often delayed breakfast until late in the day, for the Baba, besides having the usual Oriental disregard for time, would permit no idea of fixed regularity in domestic affairs to shorten the devotions; but it is the testimony of all who attended that such was their enjoyment of the exercises that even the "inner man" did not rebel at delayed refreshments.

At candle-light the *Arati*—the evening song of adoration—was sung as millions of Hindoos in India sing it daily, with ceremonies of waving lights, etc. Then again reading and talks by the Baba, who often, to illustrate a point, entertained his *chelas* with interesting folk-stories of India, of which he seems to be an unlimited encyclopedia. The literature of India consists wholly of records and circumstances of religious events; for, in that land of soul-worship, no other was deemed worthy of record. The Baba says his novel "Jim," now running serially through *The Light of India*, is the first real Hindoo novel in English; and that remarkable story also is a record of facts. "Jim," by the way, is a reply to Kipling's "Kim."

It has been the privilege of some of his students to hear the good *gooroo* recount and explain such poems as the *Ramayana*, the *Mahabharata*, and the *Bhagavad Gita*, which latter he read and translated directly from the Sanskrit. One who has not heard this great poem explained by such a scholarly and sympathetic native of the land of its origin can have no conception of its full beauty and meaning.

The Baba has the unusual faculty to live in the character he depicts, and this makes him at all times a most entertaining narrator. Though he never strays far from the subject always at his heart, spirituality, he has a great fund of humor, and his lips widen in a quick and roguish smile in keen appreciation of a joke. He greatly admires Mark Twain, whom he has met, and appreciates his humor, as he does also his fair treatment of the customs in India so far as he knew them. But he says

the humorist, in his book "Following the Equator," in telling of a trial witnessed by him in India, confused Mohammedans with Hindoos. There is not a Hindoo name among the criminals mentioned in connection with the case. Statistics show that there is the smallest percentage of crime among the Hindoos of any people in the world.

It is a creed of his *Vedic* doctrine to cultivate perfection by dwelling on perfection. It will therefore be seen that this "new thought" of various Western cults, is a very old thought. And before Dr. Campbell had launched his "new thought" that "sin is aspiration," the Baba was preaching in the West that all desires for material enjoyments, even to the perpetration of crimes, is but the unconscious hunting for that happiness which is to be fully satisfying, and which humanity ignorantly seeks in changeful material conditions.

In the little temple (which he hopes is the nucleus of a greater one) besides daily worship with the house students, he held regular weekly classes and gave public Sunday lectures. Here he set up a shrine, decked with symbolic pictures of Krishna, Râdhâ, and Chaitanya, and with the brass candlesticks and various utensils for worship he had brought with him from India. Some of these are very old and have romantic histories. Among the relics still in the temple is a bottle of water from the sacred "Radhakund," also there are small boxes containing powder of the sacred tulsi plant, dust from the ground which had been trod by the feet of the saints for ages, at sacred Brindaban, etc.

He firmly believes in observing forms of reverence. In the temple hangs a picture of his "grand-gooroo" (the spiritual teacher of his gooroo) and he never left the temple without prostrating in lowly reverence before this picture. This "grand-gooroo," called the yogi of Bârâdi, was one hundred and sixty years old when, in full possession of all his faculties, he left his body, solely by his will to leave it, having previously announced his intention to his disciples, who gathered to witness the event. He was one hundred and fifty-eight years old when the picture was made.

Having attained to the dream of his early youth in gaining success and distinction in English journalism, while yet a young man, and feeling still a great void in his life, he followed the custom and belief in his country and sought out a gooroo, who having realized the truths of religion, might impart them to him. Under this gooroo's instructions he placed himself as humbly as a little child; and it is his testimony that, after a period of effort, he gained the goal desired—realization of the Truth, and freedom from the thralldom of attachment to material things. Certainly if one may judge of a doctrine by its effect on its votary, there is food for reflection in the fact that the Baba is undoubtedly a happy being.

This hermit-sage from the *yogi*-inhabited jungles of India made no talk of possessing *yoga* powers, nor did he advise their cultivation through any process excepting that of spiritual development; yet manifestations of powers in him, usually termed "miraculous," have been witnessed by many of his students. One of the minor *yogi* manifestations, resultant from concentrated study of the esoteric religion, and experienced by various students, is the emanation from the body of a spiritually exquisite but very distinct perfume, usually resembling sandalwood—but supernally refined. This may come to one alone, or in a crowd; on the street, or in the home; but never by force of will, and always when the mind is absorbed in high spiritual thoughts. The perfume brings with it a sense of spiritual ecstasy. In his hours of deepest joy, when conversing or reading of his Lord, often a shining light literally radiates from the *gooroo's* face while his eyes, usually observant and penetrating, change to an inward-looking, indescribably ecstatic expression. He describes the joy of this "absorption into the bosom of Deity" as infinitely beyond any earthly bliss. At such times he appears noticeably younger—often distinctly youthful in fact, though he is now fifty years of age.

But though undeniably the mystic, the Baba has an astonishing knowledge of practical things; especially of the world's religions and politics, on which subjects he has written extensively.

Much of his literary work was done, at the home, while he sat (usually with his long-stemmed *hookah* beside him) under a spreading tree, on the lawn stretching between the house and the temple, where there were frequent interruptions by visitors—to whom he seldom denied himself. His students were always welcomed by him with affectionate, almost Bohemian, cordiality. Here too, with the same unaffected simplicity, he received more distinguished visitors, who sought him in his quiet retreat. When, during their brief stay in Los Angeles, in June of 1906, the Maharaja and Maharani of Baroda visited him (the only person visited by them in Los Angeles) he received them on this lawn, where—after religious ceremonies, and an address by the Gaekwar, in the temple—the Baba, with a few assembled students and a Brahman friend, served to their Majesties (in India anything above "Highnesses" would be treason) an Indian refreshment made by the Baba's own hands. The Baba and the Maharaja talked (in English) of things Indian and American. The Baba alluded to the wedding of the Maharaja and the quiet but observant little Maharani, at which he had attended twenty-one years before.

While enjoying the balmy California days on the lawn, besides doing much of the editorial and other work for his magazine, which he managed almost unaided, he often wrote the story "Jim," frequently reading the chapters as they were written to students and other friends

assembled round him. He had under way, also, two other books: a life of Sree Chaitanya, and a book giving a Hindoo's impressions of Western customs—for which the American publisher is now waiting.

An evidence of the stupendous endurance and enthusiasm of the man is the fact that his magazine (which has a very considerable circulation) was started and conducted almost absolutely without money, and without debt—the Baba having adhered strictly to his ascetic principles to hoard no money, though, during his five years' stay in America, he earned considerable from the sale of his book and from occasional contributions to magazines and papers. Much of his income went in charitable aid to others. While the Baba says he is a "citizen of the universe," and while, in general, during his stay in America he was happy, yet he often yearned to set foot again on his native soil. It has been his intention to return to hermit life, but, owing to the unsettled political condition in India, it may be safely predicted that he will do much platform service for his country ere he again enters upon the wandering life of the hermit ascetic. The single garment of the *Sannyasin* he has already resumed, having discarded the more formal dress worn by him in the West, immediately upon his arrival in his native province.

It was the hope of his friends that the homeward voyage should give him opportunity for needed rest, as his throat had begun to show signs of over-use; but I learn from correspondents that the indefatigable Baba was busy talking and lecturing during the entire trip—to the apparent disgust of some of the seventy missionaries who were on board, though Secretary Taft and his party availed themselves of the opportunity to attend his lectures and to cultivate the distinguished Oriental's acquaintance. The happy sage and his party were banqueted by Hindoo students and merchants at Yokahama and Tokio, at which latter place he lectured to a large gathering of Hindoos; and there his American disciples had opportunity to witness the great reverence with which a "holy man" is regarded in the Orient; for many of the Hindoos, forgetting for the time their anglicised education (common to the present generation), prostrated before him in deepest devotion. And from that point on, the Baba's journey was marked by great demonstrations of reverence and joy by the people, wherever he tarried, until at last he was received in to the arms of the hermits who had gathered to meet him at Juggernaut.

It is the plan of the Baba and his party to winter and summer at Calcutta, where, as the Baba has said, his ancestors "cut away the jungle to build their home;" and where he has many relatives, his family being well known and highly respected at that place. The party will later locate in holy Brindaban. The publication of the Baba's magazine is being continued in Calcutta.

While he was exchanging last words and good-byes with a few students who accompanied him to the depot at time of his departure from Los Angeles, a somewhat humorous incident occurred, significant of his great power of attracting others. At the last moments, when his friends were crowding about him for final handshakes, an elderly man, who had been intently watching him from a distance, came to him with hand extended, as if irresistably drawn by the innate goodness reflected in the picturesque dark face. "Are you a *preacher*?" he asked, peering into the face of the Baba, who at once gave him his hand and his friendly smile, while he turned on him the searching look with which he always regarded those with whom he came in contact for the first time; but he replied with some caution—realizing that he must not be detained: "Well, I *was*." "I *thought* you were," replied the man, and followed him to the gate, where, with the Baba's grieving friends, he watched him to the train.

Of the opportunities for rare experiences which his fortunate students will have in that time-old land, under the guidance of their distinguished *gooroo*, we may only guess; he has said that they shall visit holy places never before trod by a Westerner's foot.

Whatever may be the views of the majority regarding his philosophy, unquestionably the Baba's teachings have left an indelible impression in America. The world-old religion, from which he claims all religions have sprung, has spread like the banyan and become firmly rooted in Western soil. The Baba himself will long be remembered by many people in America as an ideal gentleman and an ideal priest. From many American hearts to-day, a wave of love is following the Hindoo ascetic across the waters; many Americans, learning of his departure from our shores, are saying: "We shall not soon look upon his like again."

THE CRUCIFIED KING

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

SILENCE hung upon the night, the silence that is heavy with live blessings, the calm that carries big events in its womb and speaks louder than the hosannas of a vast multitude, the stillness pregnant with the nucleus of much rejoicing. The night palpitated with mystery, that mystery which foreshadowed the world's history of spiritual experience. The skies seemed alert and the stars and moon crowded close together and drew into a little space all the expanding radiance of their glory to canopy the spot where He, the Martyred One, lay clothed in fine linen and anointed with oils and spices from the Far East.

The flowers which, until this night, lay deep in the confines of their seeds felt a great throb of life, and, lo, without effort of theirs, the

fetters of their prison-house were burst asunder and they swayed into the night, star-eyed and perfected. The fruit trees, the bay and the laurel, the olive and orange, thrilled into glorious development; and the voice of bird, unknown to moon and stars, burst forth into glad spring songs. The bestial prisoner, languishing in chains and bound to iron, felt no longer the cruel circle of his shackles, but stretched his bent limbs as a happy child heavy with sleep. The sick arose and were healed and the sins of the dead were wiped from the tablet of Time, while the living smiled into the eyes of Eternity and the child, the little child, cooed in its sleep and prattled with as great confidence as if to familiar ones.

The beasts of burden sleeping in the heat of the moonlit desert lifted their great heads into the night to sniff the cool breezes that came laden with a strange and unknown fragrance, and their masters, slumbering in the tents, awoke to hear the plaintive cry of yearning that broke the awful stillness of the sand-swept vastness about them. The call of the wild beasts of that barren waste rang upon the night, but it struck no terror to the heart that heard, for hate was not in its note nor fierceness, nor was the desire to kill in it. Hunger was there, hunger and thirst that blood of man or beast could not satisfy, but that the unseen forces of this night alone could still.

The young lambs on the hillside and the goats and rams lifted their heads from the green grasses and shook with the glad life that surged through them, and the kine and asses looked into the night and bellowed forth the harmony that stirred within them to meet the hope of the new day that was tiptoeing its way into Time.

For angels were abroad on this night. Yea, they forgot their homes of light to descend and linger with man in his abode on earth, for He who was a Son of God and who had hung upon the Cross for man's sake and was known by man as dead, He who had been placed within a tomb and over whom a great stone had been rolled about which, silent, praying men and women crouched, waiting for the night to fulfill its prophecy which was written ere the world was made, yea, He had arisen in His love and once again in triumph viewed the world whose hand had laid Him low and which, in turn, He drew unto Himself. Yea, with Him, woke the God in Nature and the heart of man, and while God lives this resurrection shall be a passport at death's portals into life. And He who rose from out the tomb has shown to man that love is stronger, yea, by far, than hate and death and tomb and darkness and that man shall conquer these by love's fair name.

Old Subscribers in America will kindly remit their renewal subscriptions by Postal Money Order at once, for it is a far cry from India to America to remind them of it too often.

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA

AS TRUE as the shadow followeth the sun and the sun goeth before the shadow; as true as the night maketh the stars to seem brighter and the stars glisten on the band of night, so shall My love follow My devotee, and My devotee even look upon My love.

As true as the water is separate from the horizon and the horizon separate from the water, so sure shall My devotee know My love and walk only in the path prepared for the lover of My love.

As sure as the sands of the sea lie at the bottom of the basin that holds the sea, so sure shall he who is weighted with materiality sink to the bottom, and he who is made light by My love, which is not heavy, shall even float on the sea of Life and sink not nor know the bottom of the sea.

Yea, a little more and thou shalt hear even the voice of the Eternal which hath ever been and never voiceless. Unto thee, O searching one, I say, do thou list for one instant to the self that is unmaterialized within each individualized atom, and the full voice of the Most High shall thunder even its secrets unto thee.

Do thou gaze even for a moment into the self that is naked, and thou shalt behold even the sweetness of glory that reigneth in full in each individualized atom. It is now for thee to hear and understand and even to see and perceive, for the veil is not on the outside of self between Me and thee, but even before thine own eye which is the center of thy self.

STORIES OF INDIA

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON
THE BIRTH OF RADHA-RAMAN

A LITTLE flutter of excitement and thrill of expectation came to the hearts of the hermits in the holy city of Brindában when the word went forth that a great King from a distance was to be in their midst and distribute among them rich and rare ornaments to bedeck and beautify the various images that were worshipped in the city, and by the adoration of which they built the sentiments that were the steps by which they mounted unto the very heart of the God of Love. By these hermits, God was acknowledged as personal and impersonal, as an embodiment and its radiation, a formful center and its abstract diffusion, but among them the God Personal held sway. As a human being, filled with the human attributes and qualities that man understood, they loved and adored Him;

as the Impersonal God, the One who permeates all things and links all unto Himself, they worshipped and revered Him.

So each hermit brought forth his God of clay or stone or wood, viewing through the mists of the morrow the beauty which the ornaments would lend to the already lovely object of his tenderness. All but one, and he was Gopal Bhutt, a lowly ascetic who lived a silent and retiring life, seeing God in all he gazed upon and making his day and his night one long prayer of glorification to Him whose devotee he was. He did not bring forth his image, he had none. For many years he had carried with him a stone, black and shining—a *shālagrām*—that is shaped in the likeness of the universe and that bears on its surface all the marks which Krishna, the Creator of the universe, is supposed to bear upon His body when he comes on earth to live as man. This *shālagrām*—the universe-shaped—is said to be cut out of a strata of stone by Nature's own little workmen, the little architects of the earth—curious little worms that drill and hew and cut them round and smooth out of the solid rock of the sacred mount, and then sculpture the signs, symbols and marks that are writ and imprinted upon the living flesh of Him who comes as Avatar when mankind, in his need, calls upon the Father for succor in the hour of the world's need.

One of these stones—a *shālagrām*—Gopal had worshipped as his God for years. In it he had seen the face and figure of the personal Krishna, and on its smooth surface he had viewed the effulgence that spread its abstraction into the infinity of the Impersonal God. Until to-day he had never longed for another idol. Even now he did not want another, only he wished that his God, as he called it, had members, arms and hands and trunk and head, that he, too, might bedeck and beautify it on the morrow when the distributions of ornaments would be made. Long he sat before the *shālagrām* and deep and penetrating the desire became; as a father who longs to make lovely the body of his child, so Gopal longed to decorate his Beloved One. On the morrow the ornaments would be his, but after all it was a stone and not an image, and there was no place upon which to put them. The day passed and he dwelt in the wish that he might decorate his Lord as the others did; night came and still his concentration was there. Half the night was over when he rose, placed his *shālagrām* in a casket where each night he protected it from the defilement that insects and the elements of the night might bring upon it. But the night passed and he slept not, for within him was ever the desire that he might be able to decorate his God, might beautify it with ornaments and make it lovely. All night the thought possessed him, it hammered at his heart and entered therein, filling all his consciousness with regret and sadness.

Morning broke and he arose and looked at his Lord's casket. His heart that was so heavy, now melted and tears flowed from his eyes.

His shālagrām, his beloved God, he could not ornament, this day he must forego the joy of seeing upon it the glow and glory of jewels. He went towards the casket, lifted the lid, and, lo, through his falling tears he beheld his shālagrām—not universe-shaped as it had been the night before, but changed beyond recognition! One half of it was still shālagrām, the other half had become a figure, perfected and beautiful, like order issuing out of chaos or divinity emerging out of clay, and the figure was that of Krishna, his Well-Beloved. The arms were outstretched in pose to hold the flute, the head and trunk uplifted as if ready to receive the ornaments that the day would bring forth as gifts from the visiting king. The God of Love had manifested Himself for His devotee even out of stone to satisfy and fulfill the desire of His lover.

With a great cry, Gopal Bhutt fell to the ground and those who hurried to him saw the miracle that was. And to this day, 400 years later, the image still stands, one side a beautiful figure swelling out of a background of the smooth surface of a shālagrām and upon the arms of the figure, that reaches out as if to embrace a world, are hung the ornaments that Gopal Bhutt had put upon them many years ago. It is the image of Krishna known as Rādhā-Raman in Brindāban templed by rich devotees in mosaic and marble, and whose daily worship is performed by the adoring hearts and hands of the descendants of Gopal Bhutt's disciples, who never allow hired priests or servants to serve their Lord in any part of the service.

SCIENCE AND MARK TWAIN PROVE THE GANGES HOLY

BY BABA BHARATI

ALMOST all the millions of Hindoo Hindoosthan not only believe in the holiness of the Ganges and hold her in the highest reverence, but cleanse their body and soul by having a dip in her water daily or whenever convenient if she is near by. But the "educated" Hindoo, whose consciousness is Anglicised out of all recognition, shares the opinion of his Western teachers that the holiness of that mighty stream is the merest superstition. A greater moral slave of the English and Englishism there is not in the world than this Anglicised Hindoo. He not only apes, at times, the Englishman his dress, food and manners, but has even turned over his mind—his thinking machine—to the Englishman to work for him according to his—the Englishman's—own ways and methods and ideas. The Englishman calls the Hindoo religion mere idolatry and a bundle of superstitions and forthwith the Anglicised ape proclaims it to be so from the house-top if he finds for himself such a perch. If the Englishman opines that the customs and manners and home-life of the Hindoos are degraded, his denationalized Hindoo pupil at once shouts out his teach-

er's dictum to his countrymen from either the platform or the press or even sets up a new-fangled church in order to get a pulpit wherefrom to express his "holy" disgust about it. My Anglicised brother not only turns a reformer but even cultivates eloquence of speech and writing to air the opinions of his preceptor whose study of men, manners and things Hindoo is as superficial as his mentality, the sheet-anchor of which is his world-famed conceit about his superiority over all other peoples now dead or in existence, or yet unborn. The Englishman says the Ganges is a dirty stream fit only for the dirty Hindoos to bathe in and drink out of, that its holiness can only be found in the imagination of the dirty mind of the "heathen" Hindoo, and his disciple at once thanks him for the delicious compliment to his nation with bent head and knees and cries out, "Superstition! Superstition! O Countrymen, the holiness of the Ganges is a rank superstition! Away with it, you deluded fools! Bathe in and drink the filtered pipe water, because it is clean, cleansed by the divine hands of the white man, scientifically clean, d'ye hear? Oh, when will your superstitions end?"

Then, some day, some English or Western scientist discovers some scientific fact which proves the underlying truth of what has been known as a Hindoo superstition and forthwith that innane being, called Anglicised Hindoo, begins to believe that superstition to be a truth, simply because a Western scientist has said so. These poor fools have lost all ability to function thought for themselves. They have lately taken it into their heads to patronize Krishna because Krishna was the speaker of the *Bhagavat Geeta* which is being highly spoken of by some great white savants and theosophists, just as most Christians in Christendom nowadays patronize Christ Jesus by adopting his religion just as they patronize any article of household use. To these patrons of Krishna, however, the Gopi-Leela of that greatest of Avatars or Lord God Himself on earth is something with which His Geeta-aphorisms are absolutely incompatible. So, they say that the Krishna of Brindaban is not the Krishna of Kurukshetra, not the Krishna who has succeeded in securing their patronage. These patrons of Krishna and their own conceit-manufactured Hindooism are Swadeshi patriots with vaulting ambition to be veritable Shivajis of the Twentieth Century, with this difference, that they would adopt Shivaji's patriotism minus his all-round Hindooism.

If patriotism means love of one's country, their patriotism means love of their country in her present topographical, political and, lately, economic aspects only. They have little sympathy with the Hindoo religion or social or domestic institutions, most parts of which they are crying out to reform. All these Anglicised patriots are reformers of almost all their national institutions, and it strikes one as a wonder sometimes how they have condescended to enlist themselves among the Hindoos. Some of them have a perfect abhorrence for their countrymen who worship the

Ganges as a cleanser of human sins and impurities, mental and physical. It is with the utmost disgust that they hear an orthodox Hindoo say that the Ganges flows from out the Lotus Feet of Vishnoo which means that it is a current of the purest Divine Energy which courses down through all the upper spheres until it touches the top of the Himalayas when it turns into water and flows through the heart of the land of the gods—which India is—to the seas, and through the sea-water its vibrations touch all the lands of the earth that are. We do not know, however, but their disgust must be experiencing a revolution to read the paragraph, quoted from the *Indian Medical Gazette*, that is just now going the round of the world's press. Here it is:

The reputation of the water of the Ganges among the Hindu millions of India is known to all, and most of us were content to believe that in a hot and thirsty land like Northern India such a magnificent river as the Ganges had many claims to be highly thought of, but it would appear as if modern science was coming to the aid of ancient tradition in maintaining a special blessedness of the water of the Ganges. Mr. E. H. Henkin, in the preface to the fifth edition of his excellent pamphlet on "The Cause and Prevention of Cholera," writes as follows:—"Since I originally wrote this pamphlet I have discovered that the water of the Ganges and the Jumna is hostile to the growth of the cholera microbe, not only owing to the absence of food materials, but also owing to the actual presence of an antiseptic that has the power of destroying this microbe. At present I can make no suggestion as to the origin of this mysterious antiseptic."

Mark Twain, the greatest American writer, thinker and humorist records the results of this Mr. E. H. Henkin's analysis in his own inimitable language in the book of his world-travel, entitled *Following the Equator*. But being an independent thinker and a philosopher, he goes one better and defends the Hindoo's belief in the holiness and purifying properties of the Ganges "on his own hook" as the American slang would put it. Nay, more. He has furnished psychologically scientific reasons for the holiness of the mightiest stream of the world. He says:

"A word further concerning the nasty but all-purifying Ganges water. When we went to Agra, by and by, we happened there just in time to be in at the birth of a marvel—a memorable scientific discovery—the discovery that in certain ways the foul and derided Ganges water is the most puissant purifier in the world! This curious fact, as I have said, had just been added to the treasury of modern science. It had long been noted as a strange thing that while Benares is often afflicted with the cholera she does not spread it beyond her borders. This could not be accounted for. Mr. Henkin, the scientist in the employ of the Government of Agra, concluded to examine the water. He went to Benares and made his tests. He got water at the mouths of the sewers where they empty into the river at the bathing ghats; a cubic centimetre of it contained millions of germs; at the end of six hours they were all dead. He caught a floating corpse, towed it to the shore, and from beside it he dipped up water that was swarming with cholera germs; at the end of six hours they were all dead. He added swarm after swarm of cholera germs to this water; within the six hours they always died, to the last sample. Repeatedly, he took pure well water which was barren of animal life, and put into it a few cholera germs; they always began to propagate at once, and always within six hours they swarmed—and were numerable by millions upon millions."

"For ages and ages the Hindoos have had absolute faith that the water of the Ganges was absolutely pure, and could not be defiled by any contact whatsoever, and infallibly made pure and clean whatsoever thing touched it. They still believe it, and that is why they bathe in it and drink it, caring nothing for its *seeming* filthiness and the floating corpses. The Hindoos have been laughed at, these many generations, but the laughter will need to modify itself a little from now on. How did they find out the water's secret in those ancient ages? Had they germ scientists then? We do not know. We only know that they had a civilization long before we emerged from savagery.

PARAGRAPHS ON PASSING EVENTS

BY BABA BHARATI

IT WAS now "India, India!" in my heart as I lay in my berth on board the B. I. steamer which was taking us to real India—to Tuticorin, its southernmost point. I had never seen Madras before, and so India and Madras filled my thoughts. About forty hours fasting I had resolved on, for I would not take meal at any place but a Brahman's house, food cooked with Brahman hands. But the immediate prospect of seeing India once again was great compensation for all the fastings in the world. I was willing to drop down dead the moment I touched her holy soil. I took, however, some milk and sweets in the train after I had seen and touched India and become sanctified by her atmosphere. My dear American pupils were very anxious about me—first, for my refusing to take any meal, then for the uncertainty of any place where I could get one in Madras, for I had not a single friend there to whom I could go. But they knew not that I had the greatest friend in all the worlds whose baby I was and who was planning for my sustenance and comfort beforehand as He had done so for the past seventeen years of my Sanyási life. I told them so, but it was hard work to get into Western heads the mystic ways in which Providence provides for its dependants.

My First Pooja and Prasad in India.

So, they were concerned and even wept about it while I smoked and smoked and tried to sleep in my compartment sans thought of the future or the meal, coiled up in my trust in my Beloved whose caress I felt within and outside me. Many Madrasees traveling with me in the same car came into my section to visit me and I was impressed by their devoutness and interest in things spiritual. The next morning we were to reach Madras at about nine in the morning. At eight, a gentleman, a Madras Brahman lawyer from Cuddalore, Mr. Chakravarty, who had been talking with the ladies for a little time, came in to talk with me. His face was beaming with love and large heartedness. He said he would take me to the best man and best house in Madras, and he did. Mr. Krishnaswamy Iyer became my joyful host. Hearing I needed a meal badly, he begged me to get through my bath quickly, as prasád—offered food in the temple of

his home—was ready. I bathed and sat in worship too. Finishing my tilak and mantram I performed the poojah of my Krishna with sandal paste, tulsi, flowers, sweets and pan supari. Oh, it was such a luxury to me, and somewhat of a wonder to my host and his friends who were watching an America-returned man in his orthodox Hindoo devotions with absorbed interest. They found it all right indeed, I should think, for I felt as if I had never been out of India. All my old instincts of worship before I left for America got me through the performance as easy as normal breathing.

Krishnaswamy Iyer.

The first taste, after five-and-half years, of rice prasád in a Hindoo temple, in an orthodox Hindoo home was like nectar to my palate. But Krishnaswamy's home was more than orthodox as the word is now understood to mean. He is a spiritual Brahman—alas, the need of the term, nowadays!—and a real devotee to boot. A man whose English education is of the finest and yet he lives, moves and has his being in the very heart of Hindooism. His dark-brown figure, swathed from waist down with white dhotie, his pleated chudder resting across his left shoulder, his shaven head crowned by the sacred tuft of hair, his bare feet, his radiant face,—radiant with soul-born intelligence, and an extraordinarily earnest mind and heart across which shines his holy thread, form a personality which reminds a Bengalee of olden days.

Madras Is Ancient India.

Indeed, Madras is still ancient India which refuses to be modern. It is the one province yet—thank God—which, by its more or less staunch adherence to the Veda and the Shástras, in domestic and social life have maintained the glory of the Brahman to this degenerate day. Madras is truly a "benighted" presidency, benighted from the viewpoint of Anglicism and denationalism. From the viewpoint of Madras the other presidencies and provinces are really benighted. Every Madrasee of high caste dresses and eats and goes through daily religious rituals like Krishnaswamy, although Krishnaswamy is, even among them, a rare specimen. Krishnaswamy's creed has nothing to do with neo-Hindooism or adapted Hindooism—adapted for the convenience and service of denationalized Hindoos who have taken it into their heads to patronize their own religion.

First Lecture in Madras.

My first lecture, delivered in a small hall on the evening of my arrival, was presided over by Krishnaswamy. In introducing me he talked of Swami Vivekananda, his work and his much-lamented demise. It was a short speech, but full of verve and vigor. His clear-cut sentences delivered with a passion and feeling which forced their way out from the bottom of his heart and soul had wonderful effect upon the audience, who cheered him lustily. Krishnaswamy's sincerity beams in his face, it is

the spring of his movements. His patriotism, unlike that of the most vociferous patriots of our day, has its seat in the soul, which is the patriotism of every true Hindoo. The Hindoo lives in his soul—his religion. The Hindoo's religion is the spontaneous scientific reflection of his soul in forms of thoughts, ideas, aphorisms and injunctions incased in their sound-shells called words, all embodied in the Vedas. Krishnaswamy's belief in the Vedas is thorough and uncompromising. He believes in everything that is hoary with the Swattwika-white illumination of the Rishis. In these degenerate days, his religious consciousness constitutes a stronghold of power for Madras.

Many hundreds of cultured Madrasees I met during my sojourn in the Southern Capital. Their individuality is full of old-world strength because of their adherence to their religion. All of them, almost, possess sound English education, but it has not spoilt them as it has spoilt most Bengalees beyond recognition. Their early Hindoo mental training has saved them from the poison of the undiluted materialism of Western education. They have retained their moral backbone inside of which is their spiritual backbone. Our Anglicised Bengalee fools have none. All these Madrasees I met may equal or even surpass Krishnaswamy in moral and spiritual qualities, but Krishnaswamy I knew at close quarters, the others I knew superficially, hence cannot judge. At the end of my first lecture, which was received by the audience as enthusiastically as I spoke, Krishnaswamy rose to say a few words again. His outspoken thought and opinion and clear-cut sentences rolled out of his lips again. He trembled with feeling as he spoke of me and my address in passionate sentiments and rare eloquence which made me blush in gratitude.

Madrasees and Bengalees—A Comparison.

Oh, so many grand souls and devotees came to visit me in Mr. Krishnaswamy's house. My uncompromising Hindooism, despite my five-and-half years stay in the very eddies of the materialistic West, was a great attraction for these visitors. Another feature of attraction was the presence of my American students who had come with me. Madras was struck with their extraordinarily Hindoo spirit and regarded them with sincere love and respect. When I told these visitors that Hindooism needed no such reform as the Anglicised monkeys chattered about from their perches in the Press and from the platform and that reform along Western lines would bring about the end of the civilization which has been the parent of all true human culture throughout the ages and now, and that the cultured West is just awakening to the rare value of Hindoo truths and ideals and philosophy of life, they were astounded. Why? Because they thought it was not possible for a Hindoo to retain such orthodox opinions after such long and thick intimacy with the West in Western lands. But how did I retain them? Because my kind Gooroo had built within me the unshakable foundation of true Hindoo consciousness.

JIM

An Anglo-Indian Romance Founded on Real Facts

BY BABA BHARATI

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

JIM, an English regimental officer in India, was lost in a jungle. He meets a Yogi whom he threatens to shoot, on the latter's refusing him a drink. The Yogi's mysterious power prevents Jim's pulling the trigger and then reveals to him a lake which disappears after he has quenched his thirst. Jim undergoes a strange spiritual awakening and determines to follow the Yogi as disciple. He returns home, gains his wife's consent, provides for care of wife and child, and secretly rejoins the Yogi in his monastery in the jungle where he has many mystical and spiritual experiences and undergoes for a year the difficult fiery ordeal of Yoga prictice. After this, Jim and a fellow-disciple make a pilgrimage around India. At Benares, he meets one of the Yogi's householder disciples and also receives a letter from his wife whom he thought unaware of his whereabouts. Confused recollections of the almost forgotten past bewilder him and, without seeing his wife, he hastens to Hurdwar to witness the Kumbh Mela where he also has a warm discussion with a Christian missionary. Here Jim is taken to an almost inaccessible mountain cave where he views the greatest of spiritual wonders, the Achal Samadhi—Eternal Trance. On descending the mountain, Jim falls and fractures his legs. He is taken to a nearby monastery where his sufferings are relieved by a wonderful medicine administered by the saints. On waking from sleep, he is startled at recognizing his wife in the garb of a Hindoo nun.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MANNER and movements of the Sanyāsini confirmed Jim in what he had suspected about her, and the impulse born of this conviction made him jump out of bed and rush out of the room after her. He found her in the hall leaning against the wall, her hands covering her face while she was choked with suppressed sobs. Jim approached her with noiseless steps. She did not perceive his nearness for she was absorbed in weeping and writhing with the mental pain she felt. She was so overcome with grief that she did not know that she was thinking aloud, for Jim heard her say between her sobs:

"Oh, what have I done? I have given myself out, what will sister say? Oh, I am such a fool, such a fool!"

She was saying this in English, and before she had finished it quite, she was in Jim's arms, held tight to his breast and being smothered with kisses.

"Lizzie, Lizzie!" he was saying, "My darling Lizzie, O my Lizzie, O mine own, my angel wife! You are more than an angel now, you are a holy woman! How hard-hearted I have been to you all through life, aye, all through life. My part of the game has been to play the brute, a greater and greater brute every day, and yours has been to forgive me more and more. You have been a greater and greater angel to your brute husband. But now tell me, my darling, how have you been, where are you now? How became you like this? Come, come into this room and let us talk it all, talk it all over."

He led her gently into his room and made her sit by his side, on the charpoy. Entwining her with his right arm, he threw down her veil, and turning her face to him, kissed her once more, and said:

"Now tell me, my darling, all about yourself, oh tell me, I am dying to know."

But Elizabeth, with her head on Jim's shoulder, had closed her eyes. She was almost half-conscious, such was the sense of ecstasy she was feeling. The pain she had felt in having betrayed herself was all gone, and, in its place,

there was a still joy which held her entranced. She was not even aware, when Jim spoke, that she was in her Jim's arms. She was just enjoying that still joy. At Jim's words she gradually began to realise what had happened and her joy became exhilarating, and, catching hold of Jim's neck by her right hand, she strained his head towards her until his mouth touched hers. She kissed him over and over again and said, her limbs quivering; "Is this true, Jim?"

"What is true, darling? What do you mean?"

"Tell me, Jim, this is not a dream, this that I have got you at last."

The tears were flooding her cheeks, as she spoke, their gush blinded her so that she shut her eyes tighter from pain. She added with trembling lips:

"I have dreamed of this Jim, dreamed this exact event, dreamed this room and this situation. I have heard you speak these words to me in that dream. Therefore I ask you to be sure if this is not a repetition of the same dream. My eyes had so longed to look upon you, Jim, that I have all this time followed you like a shadow, though you did not know it. And my heart was wild to clasp and kiss you, my Jim, but I could not get that luxury. One night I thought I would rush and embrace you, even though you might kick me away. And that night I dreamed this scene in all its entirety, in all its little details from the time I entered this room tonight up to what you just spoke, and I then cried out in joy and awoke and sat up in bed. My sister Sanyāsini, the lady who nursed you this evening, was sleeping by my side. She also woke up and asked me what was the matter. I said 'Nothing' and lay down again to sleep. But she is a wonderful woman and, I suppose, knew my dream, though how I cannot say. She simply said, 'That is to happen some day,' and lying down drew me to her bosom, and caressed me. Oh, it was the caress of a mother and I, weeping for a little while, fell asleep, locked in her mother-arms. That she spoke the truth I see now. My dream was a reflection beforehand of this event. That is why I asked if this is true."

"It is true, it is true, Lizzie, there is no doubt about it," said Jim kissing her again. "Now tell me the whole story from the time you discovered my cowardly flight from the barracks that night. Tell me all, darling. I wish to hear it though I die of shame for what pain and trouble I have caused you."

"It is a long story, Jim, a long and very painful story. It will pain you, Jim, and I would rather spare you that, my all on earth."

"No, no, I wish to hear it, if you will tell me as briefly as you can. But where is Johnny, my dear little sonny, oh what a brute I am!"

"Johnny is all right, Jim, he is with his grandma in the hills. I have not seen him since I left him with mother, and mother loves him more than she loved me, so Johnny says in his little letters. I don't know who writes them for him, it seems a little girl's scrawl. Johnny has taken to mother quite fondly, so, he is all right. Your Johnny, dear heart, is in the best of hands. And Mithoo and his wife are there, too, to take care of him, the Lord bless them! I will never be able to tell you what Mithoo and his wife have done for me, Jim. They are veritable angels, these Hindoo servants, and how our white people hate and treat them. It seemed they could lay down their very life for me, when I turned to them for help when you were gone. Our own blood could not be more affectionate. 'We don't want any pay,' they both said, 'we have enough money with us to eat our *roti*; only allow us to serve you as your son and daughter would do, Memsahib. Our skin may be dark, but we have hearts to love you with.' Both kept saying every day 'Sahib will come soon, he can't stand an ascetic's austerities,' just to comfort me. All the ladies and gentlemen came to commiserate with me when I heard you had gone away at night, but I closed the door in their face and would see nobody. The company of these two loving servants was all

I cared for. I could not bear our white folk tell me you were bad or wrong, Jim, I could not, for you are more than my life. To me you have been always perfect and now you can see what you are, the holiest of men."

Jim closed his eyes to suppress the storm of feeling which Elizabeth's words had stirred up within him. And while Elizabeth stroked his cheeks, tears wetted her fingers as they coursed down from his eyes.

"Oh, don't weep, Jim," she said, "I cannot bear that, you know. I would weep my eyes out, weep rivers, but I cannot bear to see you weep. I am all yours, Jim, yours for eternity, your very shadow, your own property, your slave, and all I want is to please you and to love you, Jim, love you with all my being till love itself is outloved, my darling husband."

CHAPTER XL.

ALL JIM could do in response to this was to hold her tighter in his clasp with both arms, kiss her cheeks and stroke her chin with a tenderness which Elizabeth thought quite outweighed her own love. Then he spoke, almost in a whisper :

"I know your love, darling, I know the whole story of it and I depended upon it all this time, or else I could not be away from you. Now, tell me how did you get into this Sanyasini's clothes? How did you know this spiritual sister of yours? Who ordained you into this ascetic life? You are looking more than heavenly in it, you are transfigured in the expression of your face, you seem to have nothing of the earth in you, you have become all spiritual."

"And you, Jim, you look as a veritable god, one of Lord's own arch-angels. I am not fit to touch the hem of your garment and I had never dared to. I kiss the ground where you tread, Jim, I have rolled on its dust many a time. But you want to know how I became a Sanyasini. I will tell you in as few words as I can, for it is a long story. When I was with mamma in Mussoorie, I could hardly live for a day without you. You told me in that note to leave the barracks and go to my mother. I did that in two days. Those horrid barrack-people coming to sympathise with me was more than I could bear, so I decided to go to mamma at once. Mamma's grief was more than mine. It almost killed her. But she was a brave woman, and bearing it up with her usual force of mind, she comforted and consoled me, saying you could not be away from me long. But nothing consoled me, and at times I thought of doing something desperate, I am ashamed to say. I used to go to a solitary place every day to think of you, pray to God for your welfare, and for strength to bear my burden of sorrow, and then come home when the light would wane to be with mother who used to tell me so many dear stories to make me forget for a while my one thought of you. One afternoon, in that quiet nook, while I was maddened by despair I was thinking whether it would not be better to end it all by jumping from a nearby precipice which invited me. I don't know what would have happened if I thought of it longer, for I was fast losing all control over my mind. Just then, strange as you would think, I heard a voice behind me saying, 'Krishna, Krishna'—a voice of such power and yet musical. I started and turning round saw a Yogi, such as you described your Yogi-Gooroo, sitting cross-legged just a couple of yards from me."

"Oh, you had the good fortune also to meet my Gooroo? How fortunate you are, Lizzie, how fortunate! And how merciful is my Master! I almost knew he would take care of you, for he spoke very highly of you when I first met him. And his heart went out to his slave's dear one—O Gooroo! O Gooroo!" And Jim cried in gratitude.

"Don't cry, I will tell you the whole story. As I turned to him, he smiled and nodded the most affectionate greeting. But his smile none in all

the world can forget. What joy there was in it, what love, what goodwill! I instinctively saluted him by bowing to the ground. He said, 'My Krishna bless you' in Hindoostani, and as if, with the words, the blessing touched and vibrated through me. While I gazed at him with deep reverence, he spoke again, 'My mother,' he said, 'your trouble will soon be over. You will see your husband. Don't think of such rash things as you have been thinking just now.' 'Who are you, holy one?' I said, more astonished at his divining my thought, 'How do you know what I was thinking?' He smiled again and said, 'I know many things that a little girl like you does not know. Krishna, the all-knowing God, knows everything, and I, His servant, know a little of what He knows. He tells me many things and sends me, His servant, to many places and people, just as He has sent me to you, when you were thinking of something naughty for a little child like you are. Do you want to see your husband? If so, leave your boy with your mother and go tonight to Dehra Dun where a lady will wait you and take you to some place where you will see your husband.' I was overjoyed at what he said and, out of that joy, burst out weeping, covering my eyes with my hands. When I wiped my tears and opened my eyes to bless him for his sympathy and kindness to me, he had disappeared. How, I did not know. It was such a little while I had closed my eyes, may be only a few seconds, but in that little while he was gone. I was dumb-founded, but I rose to make a search. There was not a trace of him anywhere. Really, Jim, I do think he had vanished, though how he could do so I cannot tell."

"Certainly he had vanished," Jim said with a smile at his wife's innocent way of putting it, "There is not a greater Yogi alive and with the world than the Máhráj, that is the name by which he is called and addressed. What did you do then?"

"Why, I went back home and told my mother I wanted to go Dehra Dun at once. She was startled at my wild look which I could not conceal for I was excited beyond belief. And although she begged me again and again to go down the next day, I set about picking up a few things in my little valise and started down by the first tonga I found a seat in, telling mother, 'Don't worry about what I am doing, dearie, I will write to you tomorrow. I have news of Jim and may meet him. In your hands, mamma dear, Johnny is safer and better cared for than he would be in mine. So, goodbye, dear, you will be glad when I send Jim's news, goodbye!' 'You could have relieved me by saying you had news of Jim and that you are going to meet him. Well, I am so glad and wish you all luck, goodbye!' The dear soul kissed me with all the warmth of her old heart and big tears trumbled in her eyes. But without waiting even for a second, I rushed out. Mithoo took my bag and carried it to the tonga. Reaching Dehra Dun, I did not know where to go. I had no time to ask the Yogi where I would meet the lady. But instinctively I walked along the street in that still and pitch-dark night. I had not gone very many steps when somebody tapped me on the shoulder. Turning back I found a muffled lady in a saffron hood and robe. 'Come with me' she said, motioning me to follow her. I followed her silently for more than half an hour. She took me entirely out of the town into the open country and entered a village where a Sanyasi stood at the entrance to it. They both nodded to each other, my companion and the holy man, and we three entered a hut where silently the Sanyasini dressed me in Hindoo nun's clothes, made a parcel of my own clothes, put them into a bag and set out, with me, for another place. They told me to walk slowly between them, and not to speak a word or answer anybody's question. I did so, for I would undergo anything to see you, Jim, anything in the world.

"We drove in an ekka all night. It was the most furious drive, up-hill and down dale, I ever had in my life. It almost broke my bones but the thought of seeing you made me stand it with ease. In the morning we had entered the heart of a jungle and the ekka stopped before a monastery in the

upper story of which I was allotted a room, a nice little room with no furniture in it but a new cot charpoy on one side covered by a new cotton carpet and a silk pillow. Knowing I was tired, the Sanyasini told me to sleep on it as long as I liked. I flung myself upon it and slept till about two o'clock when she came in and gave me a bath, after rubbing me all over, which took away all the soreness from my body caused by the rough ride. All the while she chanted some incantations in Sanskrit. Then she wiped me and made me put on dry clothes, white in color. I then sat cross-legged on a carpet seat when the Yogi entered. Oh, what a sight he was, what a blessed sight! His face beamed with an invisible radiance whose magnetism penetrated and thrilled me through and through. I rose and then fell at his feet. He lifted me and kissed my forehead and chucked my chin and said:

"Little daughter, today you are very fortunate. I will give you the Seed-Word of Divine Love as your husband had. It will bless you beyond your expectation. It will give you new life, a life, of spiritual blessedness. Now turn your right ear to me to receive it."

"I did, and he whispered the mantram whose vibrations were so intense that it made me drunk and almost unconscious. He held me in his arms, and shaking me gently, asked me if I remembered it. I said I did for I felt it was singing itself in my brain and heart. He told me never to utter it but mentally repeat it one hundred and eight times in the morning after my bath, the same at midday and the same at sundown. 'For the rest,' he said, 'this my daughter will take care of you. You will see your husband some way, though not in the flesh yet. But what you will see will satisfy you for the present. My little dearie, you have nothing to fear but everything to gain here and I will be with you always. You shall feel me if you do not see me.' Yes, Jim, I did feel his presence about me almost every minute from that time on, and many times he has spoken to me from within myself—that is a strange occurrence among all the strange occurrences I have had the greatest good fortune to witness or experience. I will not tire you, Jim, with any more details of what happened to me from that time up to now, you are sick, Jim, I forgot you are sick."

"No, no," said Jim who was following her story with totally absorbed interest, "Finish it, but you may be brief, if you like."

"Yes, I will tell the rest of this long story in a few words now. I stayed there for more than a year, under the tutorship and guidance of the Sanyasini who is the same sister who was your nurse tonight. She has been more than a mother to me and it was her love which enabled me to get through the austerities of an ascetic's life. Another fact which made me love the austerities was my dreams about you, dreams in which I saw you pass through the hardest austerities to which any human being can be subjected. I saw it all, Jim, your fiery ordeal in the open under the burning sun. And I would scream at times, thinking you could not live under it, and then wake up, when sister would tell me that you were made strong and sustained by the Māhrāj."

"I left the monastery after more than a year's stay there—a long time but it never seemed so to me. Life was so pleasant with the joyousness of the soul and spiritual experiences. And I felt as if I was with you all the time. Well, we came to Benares and lived in the very house, Jim, where you stayed one night. You and Shantji left in the morning after your bath and I saw you two pass out of the gate, from upstairs. You never knew it. I had sent a little note to you through sister where you took your meal, did you receive it?"

"Yes, I did," said Jim, and blushed to remember how hard-hearted he was not to reply to it, but he had left Benares for Hurdwar that moment, "but we hurried for the Mela the next moment."

"Well we came to the Mela too, the next day, and lived where we are now. We went into the Mela every day and saw you bathe, Jim, bathe a

few yards from me. Yesterday, Shantdasji went to us and told us of your fall. I was wild with anxiety and began to cry. 'Don't do that, sister,' said Shantji, 'What can happen to anybody who is in charge of the Máhráj? He can awaken the dead to life.' That soothed me, and I begged sister when she was coming to nurse you to take me with her. She did, and I remained in that room while she was with you. Then, when you were asleep, she left me here. But how are your wounds now, Jim, how could you run to me with your broken leg?"

And Elizabeth sat up to examine her husband's knees, while Jim, as if roused out of a trance, murmured:

"Wounds? Run? Well, I don't know, but I don't feel any pain nor even that I have any wounds at all."

"Really?" exclaimed Elizabeth in surprise as she busied herself in taking off the bandages to see. When she had taken them off, she found the wounds all healed, and as Jim also discovered this he rose and walked to see if his knees still hurt him. No! They were all whole! Astonished, Jim shouted in gratitude, "Jai Shantji ki jai! Jai Máhráj ki jai!"

Suddenly some one entered the room and clasped them both together in his long soft arms. It was the Máhráj.

CHAPTER XLI.

JIM AND Elizabeth enjoyed the embrace of the Máhráj with bent head and blushing cheeks. When he disengaged them, they fell at his feet and twined their arms round them. The Máhráj laughed at this like a child and said:

"Well, children, I will punish you for this, come and sit on my lap, both of you."

And the Máhráj dragged them both to the charpoy and taking his seat on it, made Jim sit on his right thigh and Elizabeth on the left. Then he said with the merriest twinkle in his eyes:

"Now, you make love to each other on my lap, I want to see it. You both are thirsty for each other, and my eyes are thirsty to behold your love-making. Now, Lizzie,—Is that your name?—now, Lizzie, you thought you would never see your Jim and thought the Máhráj was a cheat. Didn't you, now tell the truth, nay, look into my eyes and tell the truth. And you, Mádhoo Dās—I mean Jim—you were such a hard-hearted brute that you never thought of your Lizzie. You, my girl, don't you believe in this brute any more. How many dear, sweet things he has said to you in this meeting, but don't you believe in such honeyed nonsense. It is not worth a cowrie. How he left you that night and fled and never wrote you a line, and you were about to commit suicide when I went to you and saved you. And I have been always with you and he, the brute, never even talked of you. Who is a better sweetheart, he or I? Now, out with it now, I want it settled for good."

Elizabeth blushed deep and hung down her head. But the Máhráj raised it again by holding her chin and demanded a straight answer:

"Now, tell me straight. Who is your real sweetheart, Jim or I?"

"*You*," replied Elizabeth with emphasis and kissed the Máhráj's hand in homage.

"No, no" said the Máhráj drawing away his hand, "A sweetheart is never kissed on the hand. Do you kiss Jim's hand? Now, don't you try to cheat me, for I am an old lover, very old in love, but ever young in love-making. Loving is my stock-in-trade and getting loved is my profit. My love has no price, for it is priceless. But though I give it away to all who want and even to those who don't want, I make profit, all the same. Strange, is it not? Strange, yet true. Most times, I get loved, that is my profit."

That profit enriches me hundredfold and so I can give away love more and more, without stint, without caring to know whom I give it to. But the love I receive I know how to measure or weigh, know what its make is, whether it is pure or mixed. Now, now, take care how you call me your best sweetheart and kiss me on the head, and the sweetheart who has treated you so shamefully you kiss on the cheek and lips. That is not just."

Elizabeth blushed deeper, but, all the same, she put her arm round the yogi's neck and kissed his lips. "Now," she said with a bewitching smile, "I have done one better. I have kissed you on the lips, for you are my greatest sweetheart."

"Ha, ha, ha, that is right!" exclaimed the yogi with a child's buoyant laugh. "And he, this hard-hearted man, you must forsake, for there is no believing him. What do you say to that, you Mr. Jim? She is mine now, mine wholly, and therefore you have no claim upon her, do you hear? This little white girl belongs to this brown old man. And I am going to marry her and settle down as a householder, and you will be an ascetic praying your prayers, smearing yourself with ashes and eating coarse food begged from door to door. And I will have a good bungalow up on the hills and live with this my darling sweetheart and eat the daintiest of *khana*, sport a carriage-and-pair and wear the Sahib's dress to please my white bride, for I am tired of being an ascetic. What do you say to that?"

Both Jim and Elizabeth have been indulging in loud laughter as the Mâhrâj was delivering this speech with motions of eye, face and limb. That the yogi could be so childlike and humorous they had never even dreamed. And such was the reality of his child's spirit for the moment and such was the magnetism of the joyous love he radiated that they forgot that he was such a mighty yogi or their gooroo at all. He just made them feel as if he was their old grandfather on whose knees they sat like two little children.

"That would be fine" said Jim when he could control his fit of laughter, "And I will give up this robe and be a servant to serve you both. O Gooroo," and Jim dropped at the yogi's feet and kneeling before him with joined palms burst out, "O Gooroo, what is not there in the world that I cannot give you—nay, what is there that I called mine before that you have not snatched away from me by your priceless grace? Soul, mind and body are all yours. What is it that I used to call mine has not become already yours? Wife? Yes, wife is something which the Maya-tangled world thinks too precious a thing to give even to God. What nonsense! What humbuggism for a devotee or chela to think wife is too precious to give to God or Gooroo whom he professes to adore beyond everything! If wife is mine, if my wife says she is all mine, she is yours too. You have bought her over along with other belongings of mine by the price of the illumination you have given me—the illumination which has lighted my path to my only goal in life, which has secured for me the richest treasure of this life. And she is yours too because you have bought her over by your mantram, by becoming her Gooroo too—the greatest of sweethearts, nay, the only real sweetheart, the divine sweetheart compared with whom the sensual human sweetheart is a fool, a thief, nay, a usurper of the Divine sweetheart's throne and dominion. Yes, my Gooroo, she is the sweetest angel ever framed by the Creator in human flesh and before I met you I possessed nothing worthy whereby to claim her wonderful love. If there is any worth in me now, it is your gracious gift and she belongs to that gift, and so belongs to the giver of that gift."

"Well, then," laughed the Mâhrâj with a mischievous wink in his eyes as he dragged Elizabeth out of the room with her righthand under his armpit, "I carry my bride and belonging with me. Now that you absolutely give herself up to me and she says I am her best sweetheart, I carry my Memsahib with me. Hey, Shântji! Call a carriage for me and Memsahib and get me some English dress to please my Memsahib, and order *khana* for me, *khana* on the table in porcelain plates. D'ye hear?"

(To be continued)

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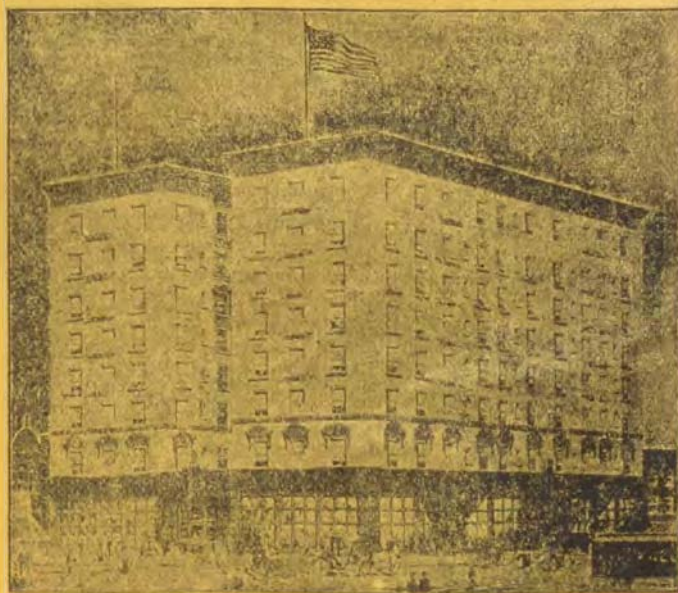
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