Lives and Teachings of the Yogis of India



RISHI SINGH GREWAL

William Prosser

Lives and Teachings of the Yogis of India

Miracles and Occult Mysticism of India

VOLUME TWO

Copy obtained from
Yogi Haeckel
3529 San Marcos Pass
P.O. Box 3084
Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105



by

RISHI SINGH GREWAL (GHEEWAL)

Author of Patanjali's Raja Yoga with Commentary; Great Masters of the Himalayas, their Lives and Temple Teachings; Yoga Vashisht; Kundalini; and many others.

COPYRIGHTED 1939
By RISHI SINGH GREWAL

Address:

MAY BE OBTAINED FROM
MAHATMA GANDHI YOGA ASHRAM
c/o YOGI HAECKEL
P.O. BOX 3084
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF. 93105
(805) 967-1860

COPYRIGHTED 1939
By RISHI SINGH GREWAL

Dedicated to
TESS I. GUERIN *and* CHARLOTTE M. JONES

Printed in the United States of America

CONTENTS

CHAPTER

I Sailing for India
II Miracles! How Are They Performed?
III Food and Silver Manifested Direct From the Atmosphere by Yogi Visuddhananda
IV Yogi's Pets—Lioness and Dog
V Marvelous Feats of Yogis
VI Controlling the Rays of the Sun and Moon
VII Mystic Lama Reveals Your Past and Future
VIII Illusory Tricks
IX Severing and Rejoining a Man's Tongue
X The Snake-Charmers
XI Demonstration Under Hypnotism
XII Rebirth Evidence
XIII Fire Control
XIV Levitation
XV From Stage Driver to Mastership
XVI The Living Saint—My Sister-in-law
XVII Still Alive After Twelve Years Without Food
XVIII How Long Can Life Be Sustained Without Food?
XIX Longevity
XX Forty-Five Days in Samadhi (Suspended Animation)
XXI The Golden Temple
XXII Rikhikesh—The Home of Yogis
XXIII Silent Muni Lives Without Food
XXIV Purity of the Ganga Mayi (Ganges) Water
XXV Pundit Ram Singhji
XXVI My Visit to Deva Prayag in the Himalayas
XXVII Up to Vilwa Kedar
XXVIII The Muni Agastya Ashrama
XXIX Kedarnath and the Dangers Confronting the Seeker in the Snow-capped Himalayas
XXX The India National Conference
XXXI My Impressions of Mahatma Gandhi
XXXII England Perplexed by its African Fire-Walkers
XXXIII Men Changed Themselves into Leopards and Lions

PREFACE

The book is the result of my trip to India in the years of 1936 and 1937. The holy places and Temples I visited with the Yogis and Sadhus as I interviewed them so I write it down in this book.

"Believe it or not," although it reads like fiction, plain facts they are. The marvelous feats of the Yogis are faithfully recorded. Never has a book actually given as many demonstrations of Yogis by the power of Yoga as these pages.

The readers will have the thrill of a life-time by reading of the hidden power within, which is back of all Miracles and Occult Mysticism. The memory of this book ever will live in your mind.

Eight full pages of illustrations of the Yogis of India and Holy Temples in the Himalayas; the Badrinath and the Kedarnath. The first time published in the United States and with map showing direction and location of temples and source of the holy river.

These secret things those Yogis descry
Alone, whose pure life austere
They have learned an insight clear,
To that all mysteries open lie.
So let thy doubt like darkness flee,
Give up impious unbelief,
And let not discontent and grief
Disturb thy soul's serenity.
But study God aright to know,
That highest kings of all revere,
Whose grace on those who love Him here
Will endless future bliss bestow.
—From "Mahabharata"

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

To Ernest Haeckel, who provided the majority of the photographs which were taken by him during our visit to India, I hereby express my sincere appreciation and gratitude. Also at this time I thank the authors and publishers whom I have quoted in this volume.

—Rishi Singh Grewal, March, 1938.

SUCH A SOVEREIGN IS I

Such a Soverign is I.
In My mansion the four-faced Brahma, the Creator of the world, is the fashioning potter;
In My mansion fervent Siva, the Instructor of the world, teacheth Yoga.
At My gate are the mace-bearers, Vice and Virtue, and also the accountants, Knowers of Inner Thought;
Dharmraj the slayer is My porter—
Such a Sovereign is I.
In My mansion are the heralds, the celestial dancers, the Rishis and the penniless minstrels who enchantingly sing;
All the Shastras are My performers: My theatre is collosal: kings sweetly intone My Praises;
The winds are My waving fan;
My handmaiden is Illusion who hath enslaved the world;
My fireside is the blind crater of hell fire—
Such a Sovereign is the I of the three worlds.
In My mansion the tortoise is a bed; King Snake with its thousand hoods the cords to bind it;
My flower-girl is the eighteen loads of vegetables; My water-carrier the ninety-six millions of clouds;
The Ganges is the perspiration of My head;
The seven seas My water-stands;
All living things My vessels—
Such a Sovereign is the I of the three worlds.
At My mansion wait heroes and the celestial dancers who exalt and frolic before I.
In My mansion are many living creatures
Within whom I is diffused.
I compared to reflection in a mirror:
I the searcher of hearts,
Like the body reflected in a mirror,
Abideth in every heart; nothing createth an effect or impression on I.
Free from all entanglements, I is devoid of caste.
When one beholdeth his own image in the water, the water can create no impression on it;
Likewise can nothing produce an impression on I.
I was ever present before the age and every cycle;
I end is unknown for I is endless.
Without cessation I pervadeth all things;
Thus is I form portrayed.
Who is that I? That is I Who seeth, knoweth and is the Only One I.
I eat, I sleep, I see, I hear, I speak, I write, I work, I create, I destroy thus. All sayth so.
I in East, West, North and South, That I below, I above;
That I in all and all in I.
All else will soon die; but I remain the same,
In Krishna, Buddha, Christ,
That King of Kings, The I. O brothers, call by any name you desire,
But I call That I.

TRUE GLORY TO GANDHIJI DUE

To whom is glory justly due?
To those who pride and hate subdue;
Who, 'mid the joys that lure the sense,
Lead lives of holy abstinence;
Who, when reviled, their tongues restrain,
And, injured, injure not again;
Who ask of none, but freely give
Most liberal to all that live;
Who toil unresting through the day,
Their parents' joy and hope and stay;
Who welcome to their homes the guest,
And banish envy from their breast;
With reverent study love to pore
On precepts of our sacred lore;
Who work not, speak not, think not sin,
In body pure and pure within;
Whome avarice can ne'er mislead
To guilty thought or sinful deed;
Whose fancy never seeks to roam
From the dear wives who cheer their home;
Whose hero souls cast fear away
When battling in a rightful fray;
Who speak the truth with dying breath
Undaunted by approaching death,
Their lives illumed with beacon light
To guide their brothers' steps aright;
Who loving all, to all endeared,
Fearless of all by none are feared;
To whom the world with all therein,
Dear as themselves, is more than kin;
Who yield to others, wisely meek,
The honours which they scorn to seek;
Who toil that rage and hate may cease,
And lure embittered foes to peace;
Who serve their God, the laws obey,
And earnest, faithful, work and pray;
To these, the bounteous, pure, and true,
Is highest Glory justly due.

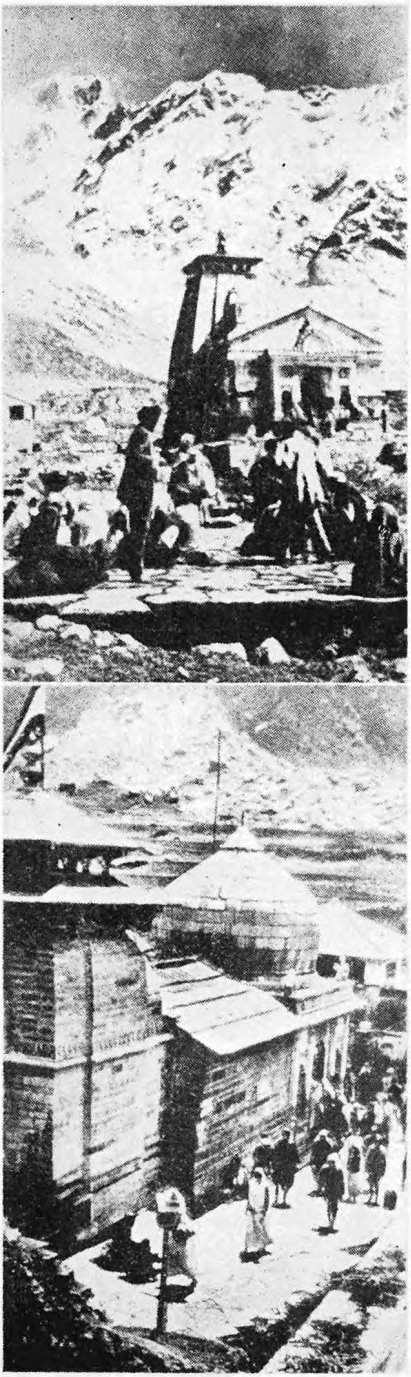
—Mahabharata
Translated by Ralph T. H. Griffith.



MAHATMA GANDHI
"The Pillar of Truth"
Love and non-violence
(Dharmatma) (see page 159)
(This picture taken 1939)

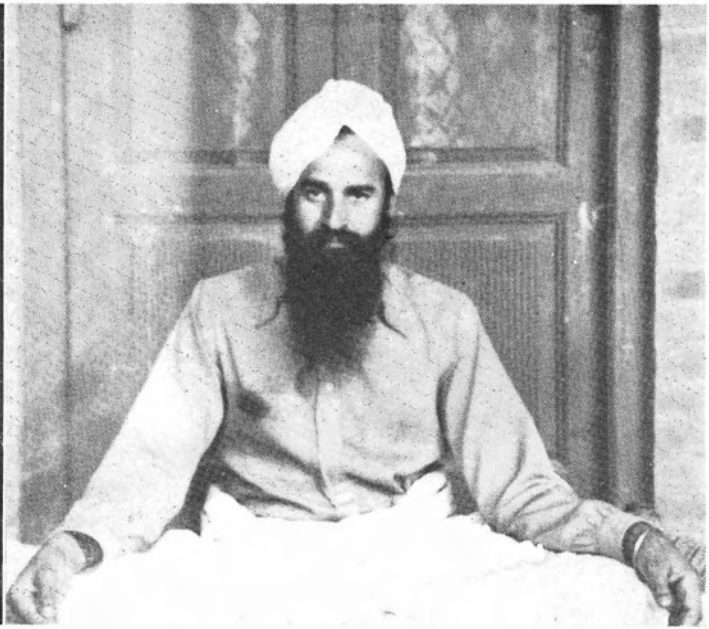
(upper right) The Temple of Kedarnath. (See page 147; also in Vol. I see one chapter on each Temple.)

(lower right) The Temple of Badrinath.

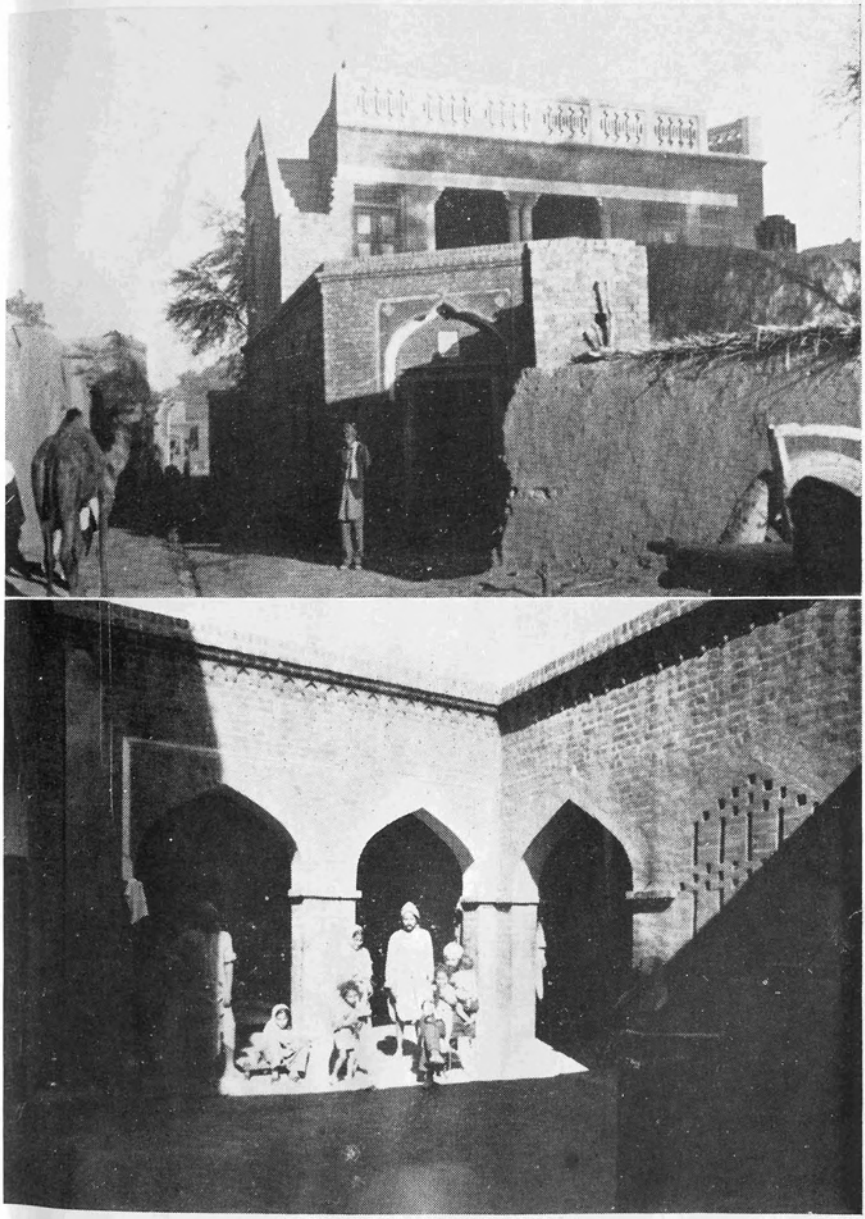




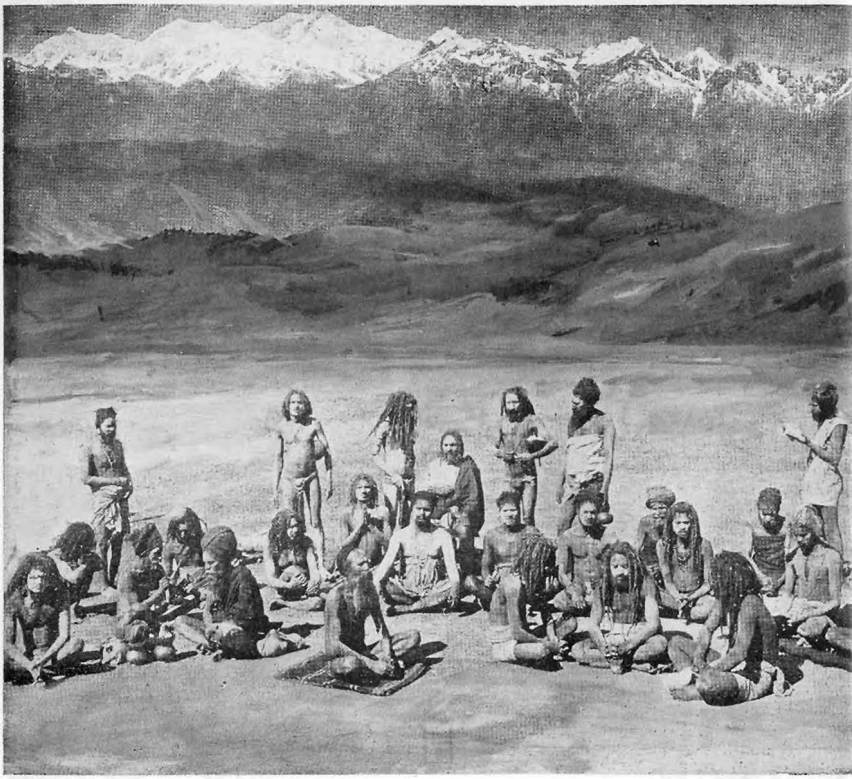
The living Saint, Krishna Kaur, my sister-in-law. (See page 87)



My kid brother, modern type Yogi, who believes Yoga-Bhug (liberation and enjoyment) go together.

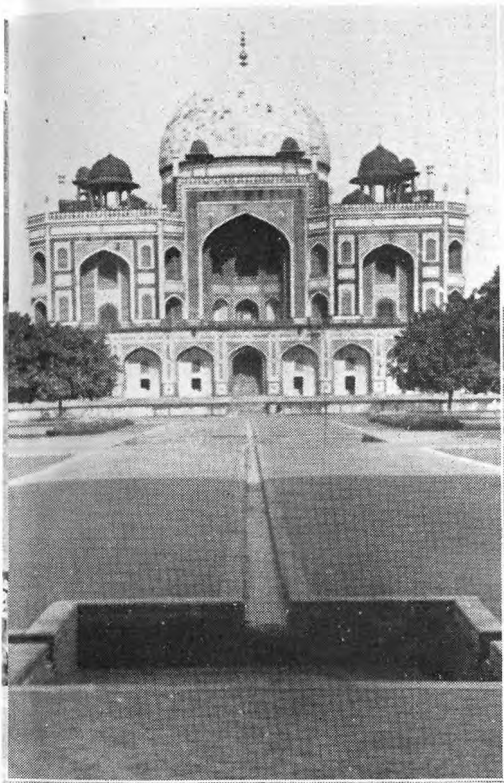


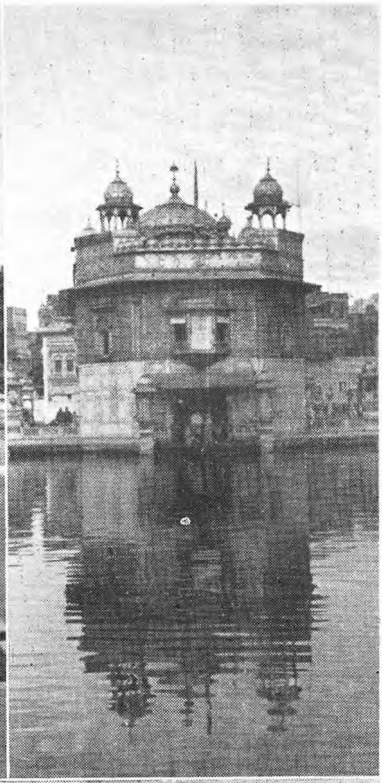
(Upper) Outer view of our home in Badowal, India.
(Lower) Enclosed patio of our home. (See page 89)



Typical Yogis and Sadhus (see page 129)

May be obtained from
Yogi Haeckel
2529 San Marcos Pass
P.O. Box 3084
Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105

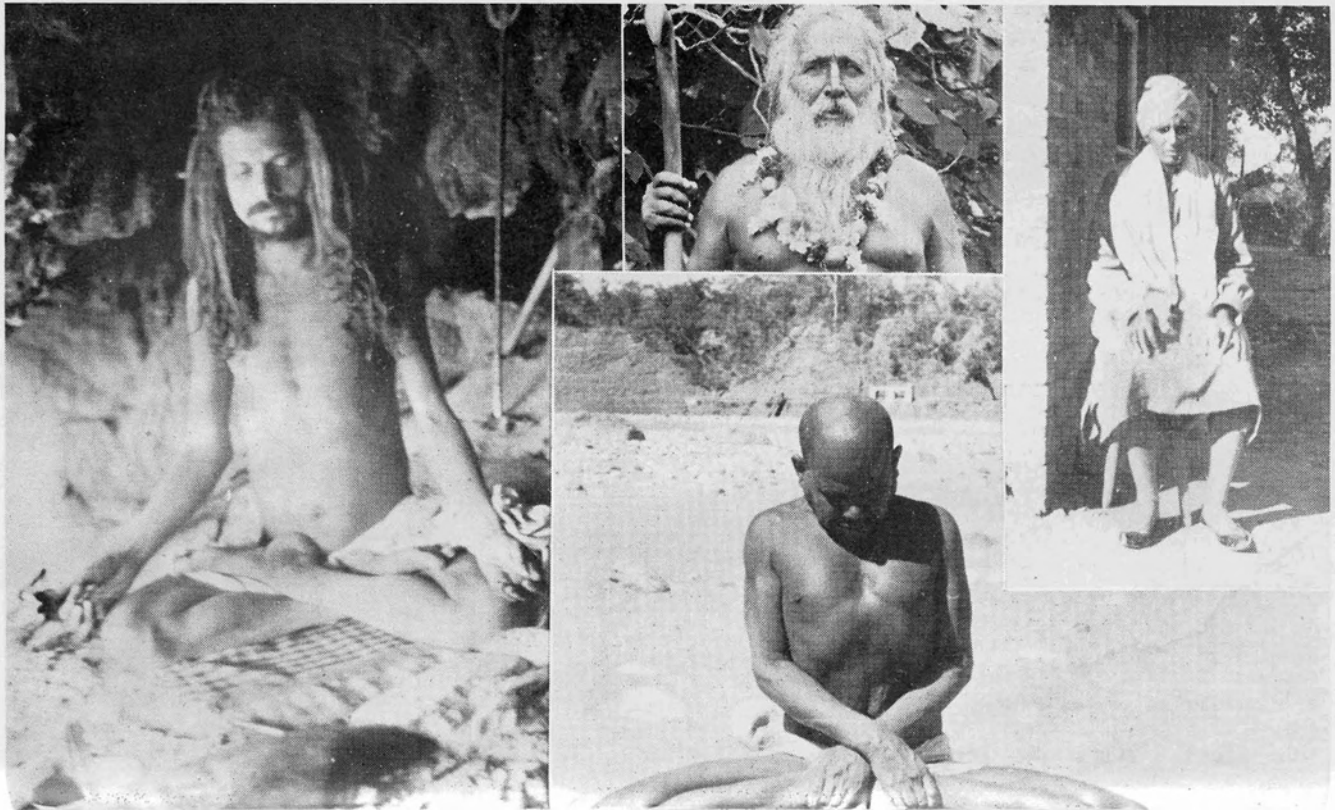


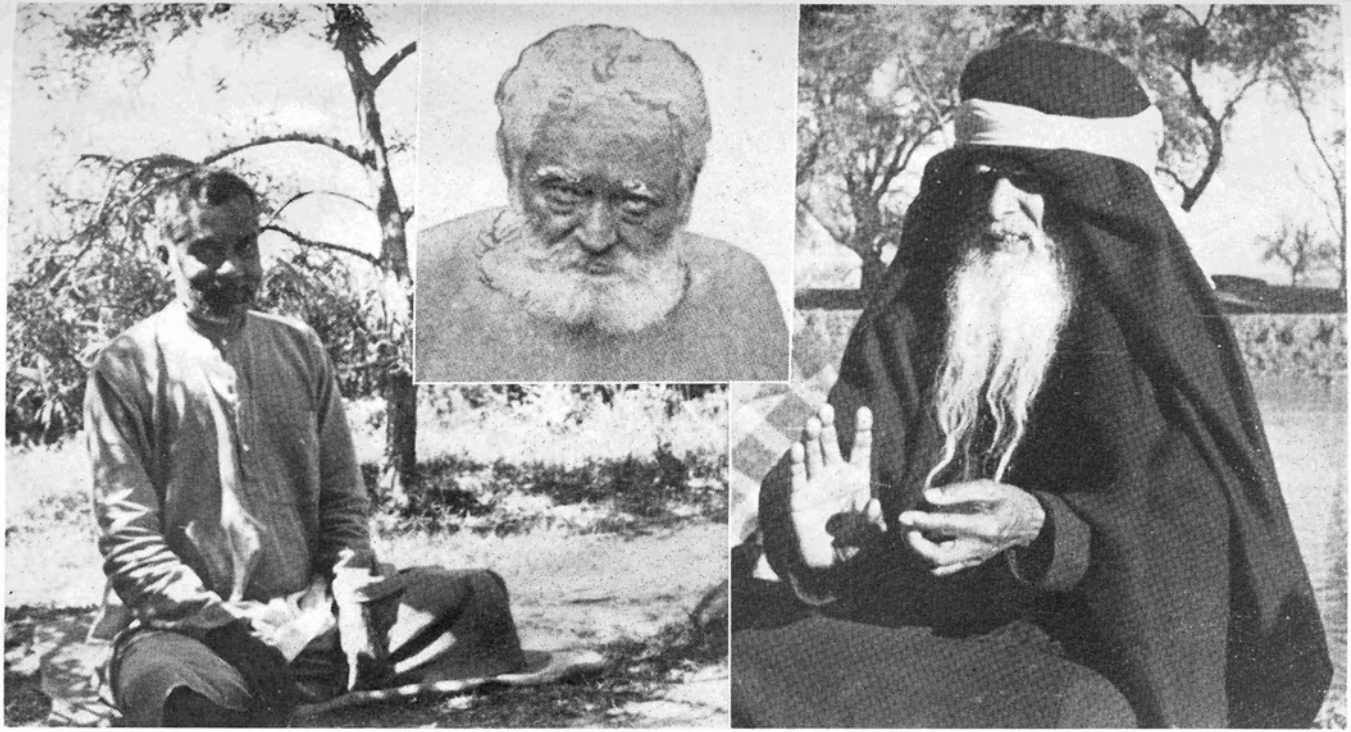




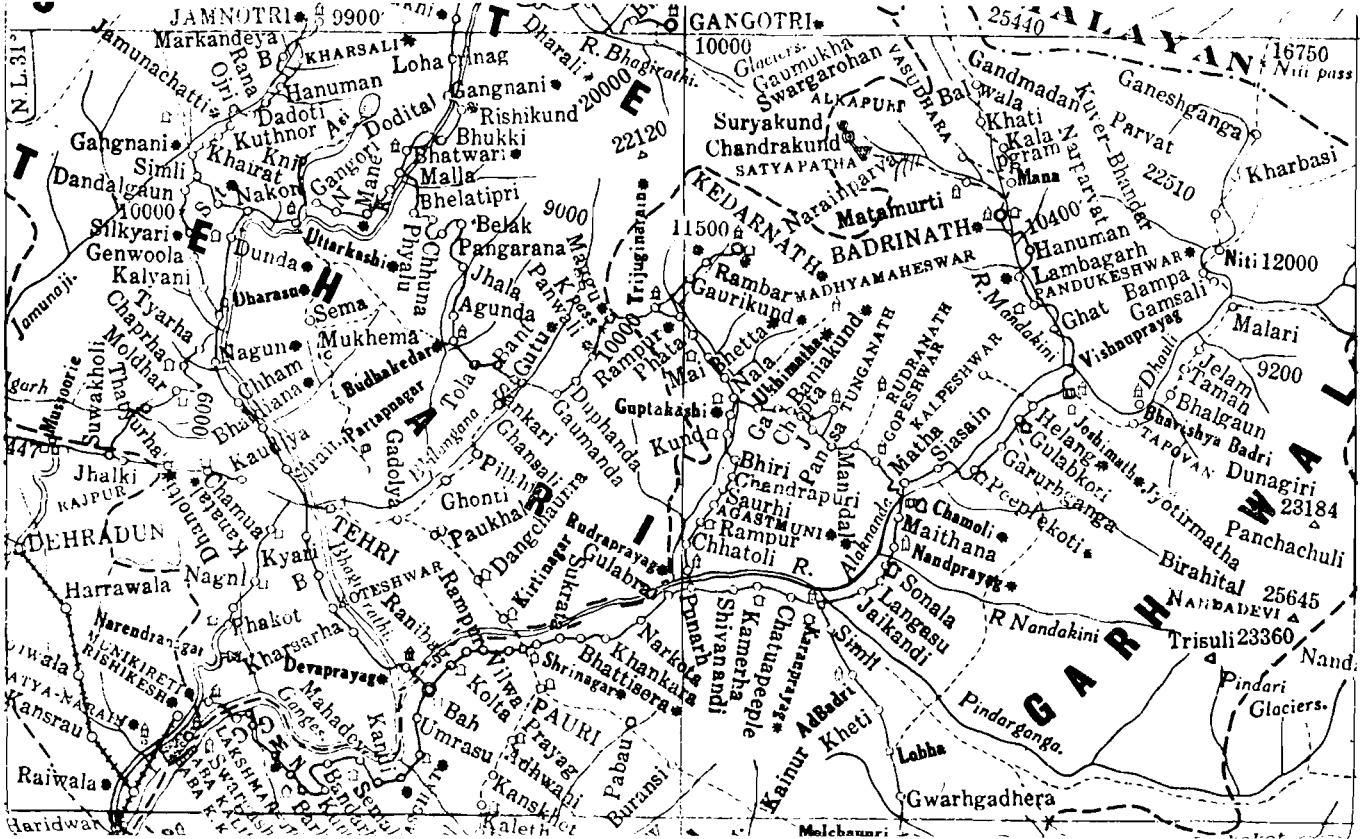
Three views of The Golden Temple. (See page 110)

(Left) Muni Babaji (see page 121); (upper center) Sadhu Geshwanand (see page 118); (upper right) Gulab Kaur (see page 95); (lower right) Yogi Brahma (see page 117).





(Left) Swami Tapuban (see page 116); (upper) Yogi Vishudhananda (see page 27); (right) Dadhu Deva Puri (see page 85).


HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINS
TIBET
KALAIS MANSAROVAR
NEPAL
JAMNOTRI
GANGOTRI
KHARSALI
Markandeya
Loha Chinag
Hanuman
Gangnani
Rishikund
Dadoti
Kuthnor
Bhukki
Bhatwari
Malla
Bhelatipri
Simli
Khuarat
Nakot
Dandalgaun
Silkyari
Genwoola
Kalyani
Dunda
Uttarkashi
Bharasu
Sema
Mukhema
Nagun
Chham
Bhatiana
Budhakedar
Tyarha
Chaprha
Moldhar
Thapurha
Suwakholi
Jhalki
KAIPUR
Chamua
Kaudiya
Shirai
Partapnagar
Gadolya
Pillikhal
Ghonti
Paukhal
Dangchauntra
Kyari
DEHRADUN
Nagni
Harrawala
Phakot
Khargarha
Devaprayag
TEHRI
Bhilangana
Bhagirathi
Ranibag
Rampur
Kirtinagar
Rudraprayag
Gulabrai
Agunda
Jhala
Belak
Pangarana
Panwali
Kyark
Maggu
Trijuginarain
Rampur
Phata
Mai Bhetta
Gaurikund
Rambara
KEDARNATH
BADRINATH
Matamurti
Narainparvat
Suryakund
Chandrakund
SATYAPATHA
ALKAPURI
Gaumukha
Swargarohan
VASUDHARA
Balakhila
Khati
Kalagram
Mana
Gandmadan
Kuver-Bhandar
Ganeshganga
Parvat
Kharbasi
22510
16750
Niti pass
Niti 12000
Lambagarh
PANDUKESHWAR
Bampa
Gamsali
Ghat
Vishnuprayag
R. Mandakini
Malari
9200
Jelam
Taman
Bhalgaun
Dhauli
Bhavishya Badri
TAPOVAN
Joshimath
Jyotirmatha
Dunagiri
23184
Panchachuli
Birahital
25645
NANDADEVI
Trisuli 23360
Nanda
Pindari Glaciers
Pindargonga
R Nandakini
Helang
Gulabkori
Garurbganga
Pipalkoti
Chamoli
Maithana
Nandprayag
Sonala
Langasu
Jaikandi
Simli
Lobha
Gwarhgadhera
Kheti
Adbadri
Kainur
Chatuapeeple
Kamertha
Shivanandi
Punarh
Narkota
Khankara
Bhattisera
Shrinagar
Kolta
Bah
Umrasu
Prayag
Kanskhet
Pabau
Burunsi
Kaleth
Haridwar
Raiwala
Kansrau
Lakshman Jhula
Swargashram
Baba Kali Kamliwala
Mahadeva
Kandi
Ganges
Bandarpunch
Sendhar
Kanwalsen
Pauri
Vilwa
Prayag
Kedhwali
Rampur
Chhatoli R.
Agastmuni
Saurhi
Chandrapuri
Bhiri
Ukhimatha
Kund
Guptakashi
Duphanda
Gaumanda
Chansali
Ghansali
Tola
Banki
Gutu
Jhalanga
Tungnath
Chopta
Ganga
Panch Kedar
Rudranath
Gopeshwar
Kalpeshwar
Mandal
Alaknanda
Miatha
Siasain
Chhatoli
Rudraprayag
Kirtinagar
Gulabrai
Devaprayag
Bhagirathi
Alaknanda
Dhauli
Vishnuprayag
Nandprayag
Chamoli
Pipalkoti
Gulabkori
Garurbganga
Helang
Joshimath
Jyotirmatha
Tapovan
Bhavishya Badri
Dhauli
Jelam
Taman
Bhalgaun
Malari
Niti
Kharbasi
Ganeshganga
Gandmadan
Kuver-Bhandar
Parvat
Mana
Hanuman
Lambagarh
Pandukeshwar
Bampa
Gamsali
Ghat
Vishnuprayag
R. Mandakini
Matamurti
Narainparvat
Suryakund
Chandrakund
Satyapathia
Alkapuri
Gaumukha
Swargarohan
Vasudhara
Balakhila
Khati
Kalagram
Mana
Kedarnath
Badrinath
Rambara
Gaurikund
Rampur
Phata
Mai Bhetta

CHAPTER I

SAILING FOR INDIA

Upon my arrival in New York September, 1936, enroute to India, I immediately applied for my passport which was received within a week. My next call was upon Cook & Son. During the autumn months it is practically impossible to secure passage to India promptly upon request. This is partly due to the fact that many English officials are returning to India from their vacations at that time, and also that many Europeans are India bound for the winter months. I may state here that no other country has a climate comparable to that of India during this season of the year.

Informed by Cook & Son of their inability to book passage for me before the New Year, at my request they cabled their London office to ascertain if the latter would make reservations for me on any steamer where a cancellation might occur. I advised them of my willingness to leave with only a few days' notice.

October quickly passed with no reservation in view. Just as I had formulated plans to sail for France and from there board the airliner for India, I was notified that a cancellation had occurred on the S. S. Viceroy of India, making passage on that liner available provided I could leave at once. I promptly accepted this opening with the intention to leave New York on the Queen Mary November fourth and to reach Cherbourg in time to entrain for Marseilles to board this liner November twelfth.

The Queen Mary sailed on schedule, and happy and buoyant were the many passengers aboard; they felt they were on the queen of all liners. Sailing was perfect until Friday when a storm arose which made it necessary to lock all doors to prevent the passengers from going on deck. It became very monotonous staying indoors, especially since the air was rather impure; upon complaint, however, the

doors were opened with a guard posted on duty. Escaping the guard's notice I went on deck to photograph the rolling steamer.

As I came on deck to a scene of leaden skies and tremendous seas which seemed to meet without horizon a mile or two distant from the ship, I could not help but note the various levels assumed by the boat, at first riding wind-torn crests and then wallowing in the deepest troughs, with the following waves apparently ready to spill over and completely engulf us, then methodically passing underfoot. In fact, " 'Twas a helluva storm!"

When I returned completely drenched and passed the guard, he inquired, "Have you been on deck?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to break your neck, sir?"

To which I replied, "After you, because you are outdoors all the time."

In the cabins and salon the furniture went rampant, with every roll of the ship assuming a different course across the floor, it being impossible to tell which course it would next pursue. Nature indeed was showing her prowess and superiority over the efforts of man to control the ship. It was not at all unusual to see an unsuspecting passenger while attempting to cross the salon suddenly pursued and caught by a capricious piece of furniture which then as suddenly eluded his grasp and retreated to some other position. Sleep was practically unheard of during the three nights of the storm.

Late one afternoon during this unabating storm we passed a small German vessel battling its way through the heavy seas toward America. Three hours later the Queen Mary received a SOS call from that ship and promptly retraced its course. In doing this the turn was unusually abrupt, completely upsetting the service on the dining tables. I went on deck when this happened and then learned of the SOS call from the Motorship Isis. Our ship

was proceeding at full speed to the aid of the disabled vessel. As we approached we saw the S. S. Westland had arrived and was standing by. The captains of the Queen Mary and Westland communicated and they agreed that the latter would stand by while the former returned to her schedule.

Before we could leave, however, Nature had quickly enacted one of her tragic scenes with us as enforced spectators. Although short in duration, this scene is ever etched in my memory. We could see the German ship lower the lifeboats, and as each boat was lowered it was instantly awash and the men sucked out by the mighty surge of the seventy foot waves. Within two minutes all the men were drowned. It was an appalling and never forgettable sight to watch thirty-nine helpless men go down to sea within two minutes while we stood by, unwilling spectators and powerless to save them. Only one boy outwitted the cunningness of Nature. He was found unconscious the following morning in one of the lifeboats; he had so firmly wedged himself under its rails that it was impossible for the waves to dislodge him. Here is shown that nothing can destroy him who is to live. Even the unleashed fury of a storm could not overcome the boy.

We arrived at Cherbourg at midnight, later reaching the Custom House. To our dismay we found that our luggage had been scattered over the entire shed, and this made it necessary for us to locate and identify each piece. The inability of the Custom officials to speak English or the passengers French, caused additional trouble. After searching our luggage thoroughly for several hours, they instructed us to board the train, saying our luggage would follow. Upon boarding the train however we saw no sign of it, even though the porters had come to collect their tips. We told them, "No luggage, no tips." Although unfamiliar with English they readily understood this and became very persistent; we thereupon referred the matter

to the agent of Cook & Son who advised us to pay them. We finally discovered that our luggage had been stowed in another section of the train and the following four hours enroute to Paris were spent in pursuing it once more; a few of us were successful but not my friend, and this compelled us to call at the Custom House in Paris and to submit to another thorough searching. The French officials are very efficient at that. The saying to "travel light," I think, is very good advice.

The weather in Paris equalled our reception for it rained continuously that day, and I must say that the sights of a large city seen through a taxicab window, as we saw Paris that day, are not very flattering. As the French would say, we left Paris at nineteen o'clock, or in plain English, seven p.m.

Early the following morning we arrived at Marseilles and there had the opportunity to observe the business methods of these people. Registering at the hotel we were given a rate of thirty francs; checking out the next day we found the rate had virtually doubled. The reason, they explained, was that soap, towels, incidentals, etc., were extra and not included in the rate.

On November twelfth I boarded the S. S. Viceroy of India, and the voyage from Marseilles to Bombay was delightful, the weather ideal and the sea calm. On November twenty-third the steamer reached Bombay, and I promptly notified my home of my anticipated arrival there on the twenty-fifth.

But my brother and nephew could not restrain their impatience to see me, and when I changed trains at Ludhiana for Badowal, my home town, at 4 a.m., I found them awaiting me at the station. Thirteen years had elapsed since my previous visit home and at first we failed to recognize one another. They were looking for a gray-haired old man and I am happy to say their description far from suited me.

CHAPTER II

MIRACLES! HOW ARE THEY PERFORMED?

Master Yogi Bhola Nathji at the time we met, was advanced in years but extremely vigorous and radiant with life, and performed many of the daily tasks connected with his ashrama where he lived with his twenty-odd chosen disciples. His followers were numbered by the hundreds of thousands, so greatly worshipped and revered he was by all who came within his magnetic presence. His face beamed with divine lustre and his eyes penetrated the very depths of one's soul; his words were ever sympathetic and tender. The dignity of his learning attracted people to him from all phases of life, from many creeds, the devout and the indifferent. To see him was to respond. Although his followers came from diverse creeds and cults, he never identified himself with any pretentious movement, but unostentatiously performed his charitable acts and gave guidance and wisdom to the many who sought him.

His training for the great service rendered humanity began at the early age of nine when he was taken by his Guru, Golap Giri, from a small village in the District of Ludhiana, Punjab. The Guru divining in the boy a medium for higher spiritual development imposed upon him severe penances. Following the completion of these penances his Guru instructed him to tour India alone as a wandering mendicant, barefooted and nude except for a dhoti. His itinerary included Asia from Siberia to Cape Comorin, and many were the hardships he experienced in passing from the Gobi Desert to the icy plains of Siberia. The vast experiences encountered and the enormous fortitude acquired prepared him for the years of deep medita tion he spent in the silent Girnar hill of Gujrat. There he attained the Sidhi (powers) and highest Samadhi, and the Bliss which in his later days he had so generously scattered throughout India.

Afterwards he moved to Hardwar and lived in a *small* cave in Bilwakeshwar for several years, but this beloved secluded existence was terminated by the Sadhus who forced unsolicited and unwanted glory upon him. There the ruler proclaimed him divine, entreating his subjects to abide by this great master's teachings.

Divine and possessor of great powers, one never could solicit the slightest vista of a miracle from him. More often the outward garb of silk placed upon him by his devotees concealed his super-human nature—a super-human man was he with the bearing of an ordinary mortal. Often at fairs, unknown to the multitude, he would produce unlimited quantities of food to feed the many attending thousands.

Huge massive temples of stone were built at Hardwar by his disciples, but never once could he be induced to remain over night in them; he preferred his small hut and cave adjoining his ashrama.

His life was one dedicated to the service of Truth. Many charitable institutions, schools and colleges bear testimony to his large-heartedness, his deep reverence for Sanskrit culture and his wide sympathy for suffering humanity. He was beloved by the Hindus, Mohammedans and Christians alike and throughout the entire of India are spread his many disciples. His last days were marked by a generous outpouring of his wisdom to all, irrespective of caste and position.

It was through the kindness of this great saint that I met Yogi Puriji.

Although he has passed on his name shall live glorified throughout India through the medium of his great teachings and works of charity. Divining that the day of his departure to the great beyond was near, to insure the continuance of his work he placed the management of his ashrama and the furtherance of his charitable works under the control of his oldest Chela (disciple).

The following article entitled "What Are Miracles?" is one of his many fine writings which show the great depth of his wisdom and understanding:

A miracle is an incident or action of which we do not know the cause nor the end. Ordinary intelligence fails to understand it. Science is left wondering. Our ordinary education and experiences have prescribed the limitations of our knowledge in this short life. If any 'miracle' happens through the instrumentality of any individual, we say, this is contrary to the Laws of Nature. We imply thereby that the Almighty and Unlimited Existence is a limited power: subject to limitations in the ordinary way. All that we are really entitled to say is that so far as is known to us such and such an incident is not known to have happened before. It will be wrong to say that 'it cannot happen in this way.' Miracles which we believe to be contrary to the Laws of Nature, belong to a field of activity which is unknown to us—so far. Why are we startled even at the mention of the word 'miracle' when the whole universe which we see before us, is in itself a great miracle? Why, then, if anything unknown before happens, should we start wondering? Why should we say it is impossible?

Miracles belong to a stage in the path of progress towards spiritual life which is more dangerous. They are apt to divert genuine seekers after Truth from the right path. Until we direct our attention towards the life of the spirit, material objects (prosperity, wealth, fame, power, etc.) keep us overpowered. We run after one or more of these and try to chase them. These objects recede farther and farther as we pursue them. Sometimes we get what we want; more often we do not. But in the end we find that this struggle fails to give us real satisfaction. When we are 'tired' of this chase, we turn our serious attention towards that 'Reality' which is the goal of all religions. After making a little progress we find that these very material

objects appear before us as if by miracle. It appears to the seeker as if goods of the world are at his beck and call. The material objects try to show that 'we are all at your service'. In reality at this stage the 'thought-force' of the individual appears to have overcome Nature. But this is also a big snare. It is a pit from which it is difficult to come out, once you fall into it. Lovers of God pass through this stage with great caution. Because if we go through this stage on our journey towards the goal (i.e., Reality, Truth, God, Absolute Existnce—call it by whatever name you like) then these objects of the material world will fail to overpower the seeker. While in this stage we feel as if by our worship or devotion we have overpowered Nature. Matter (Maya) is then jubilant again and says 'Look—I've got him again.'

On the other hand, genuine lovers of God take advantage of this situation or stage by saying to themselves, 'I have only just turned my attention to life of the spirit and look, as a consequence of this, I have acquired these powers. What infinite bliss should I expect when I attain and meet the Lord. This can be illustrated by an example. We are walking towards a garden. In the way we meet the soft sweet fragrance coming with the gentle breeze towards us. We sit down and enjoy this delightful fragrance and say 'how charming, how lovely!' We sit down and never strive again to reach the garden itself, from which the scent-laden breeze is coming. After a little while the direction of the wind changes, the fragrance is gone, the bliss has disappeared and we are left wondering. We ask again 'Where is the garden? Which way? Can I not start again?' It is not too late now. This heart-breaking situation throws a seeker of God miles away from the Reality. On the other hand, if upon meeting the sweet-scented fragrance we take what pleasure it offers and move on and on, we reach the garden itself the source of all fragrance. Here we get intoxication from the Real Wine and

attain joy forever. For these reasons Mahatmas (Great Souls) go through the stage of miracles with great caution. They look upon these miracles as external exhibitions of nature, which are temporary in character, without genuine pleasure and actually quite troublesome. They look upon progress or retardation in this line with contempt and say:

"In a dream the crown of a king and the begging-bowl are of equal value—therefore why should progress or falling back in this line occupy your mind for any length of time."

Mahatmas say that any progress made within a sphere of limitations must also be limited. They refuse to look upon the boundaries of a drop of water, or of a wave of the sea or a river as distant from one another. They see nothing except water in all these three visible objects. They aspire to go higher than the limitations of time and space. For these reasons knowing that miracles are only some of the external manifestations of nature, they leave them alone and say openly:

"In the eyes of lovers, all except the Lord or Reality or Infinite Bliss is nothing or equivalent to nothing." They look upon miracles as very thin meshed forms of matter-worship. Contact with such Mahatmas makes worldly men look upon miracles with contempt. But such Mahatmas are not without powers to perform miracles. The difference between them and those who avowedly perform miracles for exhibition is that the former have all such powers in their mastery and the latter are addicted to such powers and therefore subject to them. The aim of Mahatmas is to change the outlook of those who come into contact with them from life of the matter to life of the spirit. All their actions are above Self. Performers of miracles are like those who get intoxicated on meeting the scent-laden breeze; who sit down and go no farther. Mahatmas are like those who have reached the Garden itself. With one glance of kindness such Mahatmas can confer

upon others the power to perform miracles. But their aim is to take others also to the Garden itself. In the court of such Mahatmas miracles dance attendance and long for opportunity of service! to revert. Miracles show that there is a life or a world above and beyond the capacity of our brain. They show that they can surprise us and that there is a power which surprises them too. People who have reached that stage in the life of the spirit say:

"Talk not to me of miracles:
"For I have left miracles behind!"

CHAPTER III

FOOD AND SILVER MANIFESTED DIRECT FROM THE ATMOSPHERE BY YOGI VISUDDHANANDA

Traveling through India I met again a very good friend of mine of many years' standing, Yogi Visuddhananda. It was around 1900 when we first met, and at that time we traveled together a great deal. He was a great Yogi and would often surprise us with his wonderful powers. For example—once when we were high in the mountains with no food and I was extremely hungry, I turned to him and said, "Would it do any harm if we should take some money with us to buy food from the villagers, then I should not have to fast unwillingly?" *(See illustration.)*

"You want some silver?"

"Yes." Although I had asked for a small amount he handed me a bar of silver weighing approximately a pound and told me, "Now you can eat that."

I carried that bar of silver on a rope thrown over my shoulder for a long time, and its swinging against my back gave me many an ache and pain. But boylike I stubbornly kept it and after many months I showed it to a silversmith who upon minute examination assured me of its genuineness and purchased it. That was my first experience in witnessing the extraordinary powers of Yogi Visuddhananda; after that I often saw displays of his miraculous powers in producing food, clothing and many other articles for our use. His mental telepathic powers also thrilled me, likewise his unfailing ability to locate the snow-hidden caves where we rested each night.

One day I asked him, "Will you produce a couple of rupees for me?"

"No," came the quick response, "the rupee is made by the Government Mint; if you want another piece of silver

I can give you that, but I am not starting a new mint here."

Each time when I queried him as to his method of production his reply was, "Simply out of the finer elements contained in the atmosphere which are in the silver also. I can concentrate the elements and produce silver."

It was one of the outstanding joys of my trip to meet him again in 1936 after these many years, and he proved to be the same man of power with his lovable personality and sense of humor as when I first knew him. His first question to me was to inquire if I wanted another bar of silver. "No," I replied, "food will be more satisfactory than silver right now." He demonstrated for the other visitors by producing many articles, food, etc.

Later he settled down and founded an ashrama near Calcutta. I was indeed sorry to read in the newspapers six months after my return to America that this great Yogi had passed on to heaven. Any one visiting Calcutta should include a visit to his ashrama as there are many fine disciples of his living there.

I am quoting below an article pertaining to the passing of this great Yogi:

Yogi Visuddhananda Paramhansa Dev, the renowned Yogi of Bandul (Burdwan) who had his ashrama in Calcutta at 6 Kundu Road, Bhowanipur breathed his last yesterday. The news quickly spread and his numerous disciples and followers assembled at the ashrama and carried his body bedecked with wreaths and flowers to the Keoratala burning ghat where his last rites were performed by his son, Sj. Durapada Chatterjee.

Yogi Visuddhananda was an enigmatic personality—the like of which can rarely be seen in the world. He represented the old Indian school of thought and had miraculous powers which he manifested from time to time to his disciples when explaining the esoteric significance of Indian Yoga to them. The writer of these lines has thus

seen him converting a copper coin into a flower, a flower into a crystal and things like that in the twinkling of an eye. These were but the ABC of what the Yogi could perform. Volumes could be written if his disciples narrated their experiences concerning the Yogic powers of their Guru. His theory was that atoms of all things were floating in the air and a man could by will power collect them and convert one thing into another. Thus he had transformed lumps of cotton into pieces of diamond.

The early life of Yogi Visuddhananda was spent in great struggle in the jungles of the Himalayas where he passed his days in extreme hardship and meditation. After finishing his Yogic course he returned to his family at the instance of his Guru who inculcated in him the duty of teaching his disciples the Yogic lore.

With the passing of this great Yogi a void has been created in the religious life of India which can hardly be filled in the near future.—A. B. Patrika.

CHAPTER IV

YOGI'S PETS — LIONESS AND DOG

During my travels I met Sadhu Baba Krishnanad. He is the Yogi who has gained considerable fame through his strange pets — a tamed lioness and dog. The Sadhu's unusual pets have given him the name of Master of Lions. He travels continually throughout India, these two pets his constant companions. Though unnecessary as she follows her master like a faithful dog, the lioness is placed on leash before entering a city. The leash consists of an ordinary leather dog collar and six feet of chain. Together the three of them will then ride around the town in an old automobile.

The dog is the lioness' constant companion, and it can easily be seen that without him she is very unhappy. They display great love for each other and are inseparable. The lioness has forgotten her normal instinct to kill, and although as gentle and docile as the dog, she fears a camera and upon seeing one will always attempt to run away. Upon seeing mine she quickly fled to a nearby house; however, this in no way dismayed her owner for he entered the building and pulled her out by the ears. He appeared to have complete mastery over her. She gently responded to his handling, and the Yogi to demonstrate further her harmlessness and gentleness opened her mouth and placed his arm inside. She could certainly have had a nice mouthful if she had desired, for being a young animal her teeth were in excellent condition. Evidently the idea has never occurred to her, but if she could remember her past she could easily destroy her master and companion.

It is interesting and worthwhile to watch the animals romp together, the dog with no display of fear or timidity. They not only play together constantly but also eat from the same bowl. Their food consists entirely of vegetables,

milk and rice and is apparently enjoyed by the lioness who has never tasted meat.

The lioness was one of the main attractions at the Adah Kumba Mela celebration. She was often seen in the Gita Dharm Mandal Camp at the Mela sitting beside her master and playing with the dog. Twice during this celebration she led the processions.

Several film companies have used her in their productions and have found that she is very easy to manage.

The people in the cities visited by the Sadhu are not afraid of his strange pets, nor are they fearful that their children will be injured by her. So far no one has ever objected to the lioness being in the various villages visited by the Sadhu, and the people often sit beside her and stroke her lovely soft fur.

It is hard to perceive the man's purpose in life or to arrive at any conclusion regarding his message or what is being accomplished by his display of pets, other than to prove that supposedly natural enemies, a lioness and dog, can live harmoniously together. Why O men, do you not heed the example of these animals and cease your fighting and killing, but instead learn to love one another!

CHAPTER V

MARVELOUS FEATS OF YOGIS

Traveling in the Punjab I visited the city of Sangaruru, the capitol of a small state. There I heard of two Yogis, one of whom had been lying continuously in Samadhi for several years in silence and with closed eyes. Many people visit him daily. One wonders at first the cause of these numerous visits for as he lies there apparently lifeless in his state of Samadhi, he is unresponsive to all around. A visit there soon answers this question for one finds that the atmosphere surrounding him has an extraordinarily soothing and healing effect, even the simple country folk from the nearby villages readily feel these holy vibrations.

The other Yogi mentioned is also unusual; he possesses seemingly unlimited powers of consumption. He is able to consume anything offered him, food or otherwise, with quantity unlimited. At one sitting he has eaten as much as forty pounds of food and two large baskets of mango fruit. One day a mischievous young man brought him two bottles of black tar; another time he ate raw the meat of an entire goat, again a gallon of whiskey. He refused nothing. None of these items had any after effects and his appearance remained unchanged throughout these strange meals. He is unaffected by food, its denial or consumption being the same to him.

There seems to be a tendency on the part of the people to be slightly apprehensive of him, although at all times he endeavors to help the poor at the expense of the rich.

Seeing this man reminded me of an old friend of mine, Yogi Nara Singh who passed on several years ago and who was extremely well-known in India for his unusual ability to consume any and everything offered him.

During 1923 I witnessed an extraordinary demonstration of his ability to take within his system virulent poisons, crushed glass, nails, acids, etc. Nara Singh Sarbabhakshak, as his name implied, could eat and digest all things. A middle-aged man with abundant curly hair and flowing beard, deep-set eyes sparkling with intelligence and a radiant personality, his unusual forte in life did not agree with his pleasing manner.

The performance I now relate was held before a large audience of critically minded people. On the table beside him were several phials containing liquids and some papers containing other substances. Approaching the Yogi before the demonstration I questioned him regarding the contents appearing on the table. He picked up one phial and nonchalantly said, "Sulphuric acid, and this is nitric acid," and pointing to another phial, "that is hydrochloric acid. This contains mercury and this carbolic acid, etc."

"And the contents of these papers?" I further questioned.

"Well," he replied, as though discussing the weather, "these are some iron nails, this piece of broken glass is from a lantern, and these are a few stones and pieces of coal."

I could not restrain myself from asking if he intended to take all of them. "Yes," was his reply, "why not? I shall take them just as you would food." And he heartily laughed.

Soon the demonstration began. The Yogi arose and passed around for inspection the phial containing mercury; the contents examined by the audience to its complete satisfaction, he removed the cork and dropped a spoonful into the hollow of his hand and calmly threw it into the cavity of his mouth. With a slight jerk of his head he swallowed it, following it by two or three mouthfuls of water. Then the phial containing sulphuric acid was displayed to the audience; likewise he poured an amount into his palm, and like a small boy eating candy licked it with

his tongue. But some of the spectators were not satisfied as to the genuineness of the sulphuric acid and one of them, a pharmacist, who had brought a phial containing a quantity of this acid, challenged the Yogi to consume that, to which he readily agreed.

To satisfy the audience that the sulphuric acid was genuine, a few drops were placed on a copper coin to note its action, and this served to satisfy medical men present as to its genuineness. The Yogi at once drank this and showed his palm and mouth to the audience to disprove any action of the acids on them; they showed no burns.

He next placed a piece of glass in his mouth and in all seriousness proceeded to masticate this thoroughly; we could hear the crunching of the glass between his teeth. Displaying his tongue to the spectators, he showed the broken pieces of glass, almost powdered, lying on his tongue; with a drink of water he swallowed this.

Nitric acid was next on the menu. The Yogi before taking this poured a few drops on a napkin which immediately showed the effects of the acid. Likewise it was passed to the critical audience for careful inspection. Again he poured it into his palm when one of the spectators called out, "Why do you pour it into your palm before taking it? Can you take it if one of us throws it direct into your mouth?"

The Yogi welcomed the suggestion and the pharmacist poured the contents into his mouth. Some of the people wanted to leave, unable to watch the sight of believing the man would kill himself. But as usual he swallowed it like a small boy with a sweet, following it with a drink of water.

A few minutes later he took a few small stones and iron nails about half an inch long, and last but not least a quantity of cobra poison which justified his name, "Eater of all things". He offered to eat a live cobra or any other venomous snake brought to him.

The following morning I met him and found him in

the best of health. I asked him, "How is it that after taking so much poison and so many injurious substances last night that you show no ill effects this morning?"

"I do it by means of Hatha Yoga," he replied, "there is no trickery or jugglery connected with it. I have so practiced Yogic breathing that the poisons taken can not harm me while in my system, and I pass them out afterwards." He produced several X-ray pictures of his stomach showing the nails and crushed glass.

Mention may be made here also of the well-known Professor S. L. Rao of India who under scientific observation has given marvelous demonstrations of his attainment and powers. Previous to his demonstrations he allows all articles used to be closely scrutinized by his audiences, as well as undergoing an examination himself, special attention being given to his teeth and throat. Glass, china, wood, cocoanut shells, iron nails, nitric acid, the head of a viper—these are no different from the most delectable food to him. All are as easily consumed by him as luscious fruit with no disastrous after effects.

During his performances people are selected at random from the audience to assist in placing the articles in his mouth, each act being followed by their careful inspection of his throat. During one of his performances the hand of a spectator was severely burned by nitric acid while he was handling the bottle, the contents of which were immediately taken by the professor with no discomforting results. Previously the acid was tested by placing a copper coin in it which emerged much brighter.

When questioned if he claimed any supernatural powers, he replied that these powers were attained by following the instructions of the ancient Science of Yoga and were attainable by any one willing to adhere to its practices.

There are many other Yogis living nowadays who demonstrate these wonderful powers, all powers resulting from Yogic practices.

CHAPTER VI

CONTROLLING THE RAYS OF THE SUN AND MOON

Regarding the powers of Yogis, only a few of them are willing to demonstrate, the majority never; but the extent of their powers is illimitable, such powers as restoring life, disappearing and reappearing within a closed room in daylight, levitation, clairvoyance, clairaudience, control over wild animals, reading one's thoughts, producing food, silver, gold or any article desired, and telepathically sending and receiving messages. All lies within the scope of Yogic powers.

Enroute to the railroad station one day a group of young men were accompanying me. Midway a man's voice behind, beseeching me to buy him a meal, caused us to pause. He smilingly refused the money I offered, saying he preferred food and insisting that I had sufficient time to accompany him to the restaurant to pay for it personally. As he had a rather mystic air I went with him, attended by about thirty young men. At the restaurant the man ate sufficient food for six persons before stopping. I instructed the restaurant man to continue serving him but I received this reply, "What is the use, he can eat all the food we have here and still more."

"How are you going to repay this debt?" I questioned the man with the seemingly limitless capacity for food.

"Is there anything that has happened during the past twenty-five years of your life, the details of which you have forgotten?" he inquired of me.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am a recording machine that remembers the past records."

He began to read me and after a few minutes instructed me to be quiet even though I had not uttered a word. He said, "When you are mentally thinking you are making it difficult for me." I was doing this purposely. He described in detail my trip around the world and my object in the United States, even going as far as to mention the fine points entailed with my citizenship papers.

He then turned to the young men and accurately read their pasts. He placed the entire blame for their non-employment on their lack of self-respect and their beggar-like attitude, also on their failure to love their own philosophy. I delayed my trip and remained with the man for three hours. The delay proved extremely beneficial to the young men as it aided them in changing their attitude; afterwards they questioned me closely regarding different Yogic books they should study.

I asked the mystic why he detained me.

"Well," came the slow reply, "I like to talk with these young men and that was the reason I caused you this trouble."

I do not believe this man would be singled out among people as possessing unusual powers, but the past of one is as an open book to him. He was indeed clairvoyant to a marked degree. A clairvoyant is one who knows the thoughts of another's mind, though his own mind at the time stands still. His mind may be compared to a transparent pure crystal, reflecting all objects confronting it, assuming the color of the object but remaining unaffected by it. Similarly with the man's mind—call it phychic phenomena, clairvoyance, television or any other name desired. The clairvoyant's mind power is limitless; he sees the departed Atmas, the other heavens and the beings there.

What has enabled him to reach this high state? The practice of Yoga whereby the body becomes still and the mind fixed by Pranayama. In the beginning one starts to feel the vibration, seeing through dreams and visions, and later thoughts may be seen passing through the ether, following which comes mind-reading. When this state is reached all that is necessary is to still the mind and it will in turn transfer to you the thoughts of another's mind. Yogis term this state Samyama. (Those interested in

additional information on this subject, see the author's book, Patanjali's Raja Yoga with Commentary.)

Many people of India, myself included, have witnessed the wonderful disappearing and reappearing feats of the Yogis as well as the various shapes assumed by their bodies. In Volume One of my book, Masters of the Himalayas, Their Lives and Temple Teachings, I have written in detail regarding my personal experiences in connection with this subject.

I refer here to an article written by Mahan Mohum describing a visit of his to Yogi Raj Deo when the latter displayed miraculous powers of controlling the rays of both the sun and the moon, disappearing and reappearing and changing his physical aspect. In part he writes:

"In the village of Gheori, I was taken to a cave where I met a Sadhu plainly dressed. His head was unusually large, his body lean. We discussed the existence of God and he proved his subject so conclusively that I had no alternative other than to admit the existence of some power which he designated as God. His knowledge was no doubt theoretical, but from his discourse it appeared that he knows also the practical side of life. Upon conclusion of our talk I questioned his reason for living a jungle life with no accommodations. He stated that his being there was for a very great purpose, a purpose of which I could not even dream. I asked him to state that purpose. He replied that in this world there is death and decay, disease and old age, and a variety of other things which despite every endeavor of the Medical Board fail to disappear from this earth. We endeavor to overcome these undesirable conditions. Not only this, but we also try to leave the physical body not under the rod of death but at will, just as you lay aside your old garments. And as long as we remain in this physical body, we have to become so oblivious of it that a knife thrust will pass unnoticed. Likewise in this very manner do we have to forget our desire (etheric) body. Only the need of hunger and thirst remains. Eventually those remaining necessities are also

killed, and the time comes when we either have to live on water and air or food drawn from ether irrespective of physical means.

"When such a state exists, I do not understand what pleasure you derive in this life," I replied.

"Pleasure!" he replied, "pleasure we get from where you get yours. Whence comes the taste of sugar when placed in your mouth?"

"From our tongues," I returned.

The Sadhu then asked if the taste remains when one dies as the tongue is still there.

"No," I said.

The Sadhu continued that the taste and pleasure are not derived from the organs, but from the Self, the Atma.

"Where does the Atma reside?" I questioned.

The Sadhu replied, "It is all-pervading — in every atom of ether. The sun and moon are clustered into their present shapes because of that Atma. This whole universe lives in Atma. Know this Atma and you have known the universe. Control this Atma and you have controlled the whole universe."

I asked, "Supposing that you have controlled this Atma, then you must be able to control the sun and moon?"

"Yes," replied the Sadhu, "it is not difficult at all. If you remain here until moonlight, then I shall show you how it is done."

It was evening. We waited scarcely an hour than the moonlight appeared. The Sadhu sat in the Maidan, requesting us to watch him. He said that the moonlight would not fall upon him. Hardly had he uttered these words than we saw his face dimming. In about five minutes we saw that no moonlight was falling on him; he appeared as though in shade. He said that that was controlling the moon's rays. Next day we went to see him about eight o'clock in the morning. He appeared this time to be unusually charming. We looked at him rather attentively, then presently we noticed his face become dim. This

dimness increased so much that his whole body appeared to be a small spot. In the next two minutes that small spot also disappeared and we saw a headless figure in front of us. We were rather dismayed at the phenomenon but our host who has seen greater things than this encouraged us. Now his body began to get shorter until it totally disappeared. Then his legs began to disappear, similarly to his head and body. Now there was no Sadhu before us.

We were taken by surprise and began to talk about this wonderful disappearance or Antardhian as this phenomenon is called in our Shastras. To our great surprise we saw the Sadhu headlessly approaching us. In a few seconds there appeared the head also. We prostrated ourselves at the Sadhu's feet, sunk in deep devotion. To us this Mahatma seemed to be a great prophet of the age. We washed our face with the dust of his feet and felt that we had seen God with our physical eyes. While in his presence we felt complete calmness surrounding us. We enjoyed perfect bliss in his company.

Upon asking the name of the Sadhu, we were informed that he is known as Yogi Raj Deo.

It appears however that this great feat of disappearing and reappearing is not to be confined to the scope of Yogic powers alone, for recently, according to reports, a Hungarian inventor has perfected a machine whereby an object or person in direct contact with its rays becomes invisible to the human eye. The exact detailed method of the machine's operation has not been revealed by the inventor who claims that any human being or object, unless otherwise treated to resist its mysterious rays, will apparently disappear. So far Science has not accepted it as the inventor has retained the secret of its operation.

To many people these unusual feats of power appear as miracles and the display of them as supernatural acts of God. Such is not the case. Complete accord, union and understanding of the great Cosmic energy within us and its functioning bestow upon one the ability to perform these seemingly divine acts. It is through the Science of

Yoga that one becomes enlightened and attains these powers. There is no such thing as a supernatural act—it is the natural workings of the great released Cosmic energy within us. Yogis through their years of entrainment for mastery of their senses and Prana have developed themselves to the point wherein at will they may release this energy and perform these so-called miracles.

Christianity as a whole nowadays is not accepting these manifestations as it formerly did in the past. The closer to civilized enlightenment one comes, as we may term this materialistic age of inventions and comforts, the farther he appears to be from the comprehensive stage necessary to understand these displays of power. Civilization, as we know it today, tends to draw the sense perception farther and farther outward until we cease to realize that within us there is a mighty power which when controlled, as in Yoga, would permit us to perform these baffling feats.

These powers of Yogis, unduly termed miracles by many, are normal acts when cognized by the knower. It is often the single or rare performance of an act that designates it as unusual. Repetition removes the wonder of it. We have with us the genius and the imbecile, yet we do not deny the workings of the former because the latter is incapable of such production. Therefore with these wonderful Yogic powers, one can not deny them because they are not daily occurrences with the multitude—neither are geniuses born every day.

To most of us "seeing is believing," but because we all can not view the wonderful feats of the Indian Yogis, no different from the so-called miracles of former ages, this does not disclaim the fact of their actual performance in this day and age.

CHAPTER VII

MYSTIC LAMA REVEALS YOUR PAST AND FUTURE

Tibet has a very alluring and enchanting sound to the American and European occultists. Records prove that nearly twelve centuries ago a great Hindu Yogi, Padma Sambhava, introduced the Science of Yoga and the Buddhist teachings to this highest of inhabited lands. The word "Lama" is also interesting; the newspapers have contributed greatly to keeping alive this interest. At this writing all Tibet is waiting with anticipation for a boy claimant to present himself as the reincarnated great Lama and to occupy the vacant throne.

For a considerable time Tibet was governed by two Lamas—Taisha Lama, the spiritual ruler, friendly toward China but adverse toward England; and the Dalia Lama, the political ruler, friendly toward England but with an antipathy for China. Both Lamas underwent similar training and schooling, even attending the same schools where a strong friendship arose between them. Later the mystic force of politics severed this friendship, making them bitter enemies. It was during this period of their lives that the enmity of the two Lamas, one toward England and the other toward China, became pronounced. The Taisha Lama then forced the Dalia Lama to flee to India and seek the protection of the English Government, and following this the former had full sway, politically and spiritually.

Distance did not lessen the Dalia Lama's yearning for his country nor his hatred for his adversary, and he worked hard to convince the English Viceroy that his government should render sufficient military assistance to insure his return to the Tibetan throne in order to save his country from the Taisha Lama and the Chinese influence. Finally the English Government yielded to his entreaties

and supplied the desired military force; he then returned to Tibet and in like manner returned to the Taisha Lama his former treatment of him, forcing him to seek refuge in China. Nowadays both Lamas have passed on to the great beyond.

It appears that Tibet is greater than any Lama and will survive without them. At this writing the country is without the guidance of a great Lama and its state of affairs appears to be progressing smoothly, although I found in my talk with a Tibetan Lama in India that these two great Lamas caused two factions to arise with the usual resultant friction between them.

The Taisha Lama made several unsuccessful attempts to reenter Tibet to regain his throne. Several weeks previous to his demise his emissaries had gone to Calcutta to plead his cause but the Tibetan authorities were adamant about sanctioning his return. At this time the great Lama was approaching Sikkim with a large bodyguard of several hundred Chinese; obviously his intent was to reenter Tibet. Upon receiving the Tibetan refusal he returned to China where he passed on shortly afterwards in the latter part of November, 1937. Several months prior to this he was attending a ceremony at Jyekundo when a young woman holding a two-year-old child approached him, the child immediately clasping the Lama's beads and refusing to release his hold. Following the ceremony the Taisha Lama ascertained particulars regarding the woman and child, and an impression prevailed that the child was the reincarnation of the Dalia Lama who had passed on in December, 1933. He at once communicated with the Lhasa authorities regarding the child, but they placed no credence in his letter.

I questioned a Lama I met in India concerning his purpose there. He replied that it was his intent to visit the holy land, India and her temples. I further questioned him regarding the extent of his studies and if he had found so far the object of his searching.

He said, "It is very difficult to find what I am seeking.

So far I have only learned how to read."

"How long did it take you to master that?"

He said about twelve years.

Here my friend remarked in English, "Why waste your valuable time talking to some one so dumb that he requires twelve years to master reading?"

The Lama replied, "Yes, sir, I am very dumb; I am not nearly so bright as you."

I asked the Lama, "Do you mind telling us something about your reading?"

He said, "I read only one book, the book of nature."'

"All right, read something about me in your book of nature," I joked, "shall I make my trip to Europe?"

"Yes," he replied, "you just came from there."

"From Europe?"

"No, from the country where there are immense buildings, farther distant than England." He then described my entire trip. Here my friend interrupted to ask if he would read for him, to this he willingly consented. The Lama revealed his innermost secrets his mistakes as well as the dark side of his life. When finished he asked my friend:

"How is that?" My friend replied that he preferred the Lama's friendship to his enmity because he had told him his most carefully guarded secrets, known to none except himself. He now regretted his hasty statement made earlier and called him a learned man. It amused me how quickly he had changed his opinion.

The life of a Lama is not one of ease and comfort; to the contrary, it is one of intense severity. I have often seen them assembled in the summer months in the Himalayas at Mansrowar Lake. The summer nights are extremely cold there, and even the winter temperature of forty and fifty degrees below zero fails to dissuade them from their purpose of remaining there. Many of them remain there the entire year, seeking complete isolation from the world during the winter months; while there a number of them maintain complete silence for several years at a time. They believe this is conducive to the attainment of Self-

realization independent of place or condition. The natural beauty and the everchanging colors of the lake and clouds attract many people there during the summertime. Lake Mansrowar is considered one of the most beautiful lakes in the world and by the Tibetans and Hindus is regarded as the queen of all. For further information on this lake and Tibet, read Volume One, Masters of the Himalayas, Their Lives and Temple Teachings.

Much misunderstanding prevails regarding the selection of a new Lama to succeed the former deceased one. Contrary to general belief the authorities, or Council, do not seek the child successor, the child himself must come forward and undergo many severe tests to prove conclusively his claim of being the reincarnated Lama. Many children may present themselves before the reincarnated one appears but the rigid tests soon eliminate them. Before the great Lama passes on he gives to the Council several sealed messages, their contents unknown to all except himself, and these he must relate accurately upon his rebirth at the time he claims the vacant throne. This applies to the great ruling Lama only, the many lesser Lamas becoming such through arduous training and education. Before the child claimant has this opportunity, it is necessary for him to identify many personal articles belonging to the former Lama; it is only after successfully recognizing these is he given the opportunity to disclose the contents of the sealed messages. Until that time they remain unopened. Not until a boy can state the exact subject matter of these sealed messages is he considered the reincarnated great Lama. The foretelling of these is the crucial test which proves or disproves the boy's claim.

A great deal of publicity has been given to the story surrounding the demise of the Dalai Lama in 1933, how he passed on before giving the necessary sealed letters to his Council and how through their prayers he returned to life to fulfill that act. I quote an article appearing in the A. B. Patrika giving full details of this story:

An amazing story describing how the Dalia Lama

returned to life after death is told by a correspondent at Kalimpong. First he describes the circumstances of the illness. His Holiness, he says, had been slightly indisposed for a fortnight, though the fact was withheld by the confidential and favorite servant of His Holiness, Chansal Kunphel La. Continuing, he goes on to say that about a week before the Dalai Lama died, the ex-Pontiff of the Gaden monastery went to Norbu-Linga (the Jewel Park) to do honor to His Holiness. It is alleged that Kunphel La, however, prevented him from carrying out his purpose. In the meanwhile Kunphel La is said to have communicated with the person supposed to be possessed by the spirit known as Ne-chung Choikyong which defends Tibet and its religion. This person is officially appointed by the Tibetan Government to guide them in both public and private affairs of State, and it was his advice the servant followed in administering medicine to His Holiness to insure a speedy recovery. After taking the medicine, however, His Holiness became worse, the crisis being reached on December 16. The ex-Pontiff was summoned early in the morning but he arrived too late; the Dalai Lama was dead. Then the miracle is stated to have happened. The ex-Pontiff repeated several times the following prayer:

"O Lord, you had promised to live and rule over us for a period of a hundred years; how is it that you have left us so soon like sheep without a shepherd, without giving us any instructions? Have mercy upon us and come to rule over us again according to your promise."

Slowly His Holiness began to exhibit signs of returning life, and in a low voice spoke to the ex-Pontiff who summoned the Prime Minister, who is the Dalai Lama's nephew, and the four Chief Ministers. It is surmised that His Holiness left instructions regarding his reincarnation with the ex-Pontiff and communicated certain directions concerning State affairs to the Prime Minister. These conversations, however, were carried out in secrecy and their portent is unknown to any but those immediately concerned. His Holiness is then stated to have taken some refreshment following which he once more lapsed into death in the presence of his nephew and Ministers.

On the following day, December 18, a period of seven weeks mourning was officially proclaimed. A ban was placed on singing and dancing. Laymen were to wear white and women were to divest themselves of ornaments and head-dresses. Shops were closed, all flags were hauled down. After a lapse of three weeks, however, the proclamation was withdrawn.

CHAPTER VIII

ILLUSORY TRICKS

One day while walking through Ludhiana my attention was arrested by the beating of a drum. In India this sound signifies only one thing—that a juggler, or magician, is performing his tricks. This simple method of advertising attracts many people, and when I arrived at the scene he was seeking their patience and promising to show them many wonderful things. These magicians wander freely around the country and always perform in the open.

His first act consisted of the well-known mango tree trick. After passing the mango seed around for our inspection, the juggler planted it in the earth and covered it with a cloth. Within ten minutes the seed had germinated, and every few minutes thereafter the cloth was removed to show us its growth. No eyes wandered from the cloth, and within thirty minutes we saw the man remove it and display a full-grown mango tree laden with ripe fruit.

In his next act he used a copper jar, filled it with water and then turned it upside down; not a drop of water left it. Placing it on the ground the juggler caused it to overflow like a fountain. We inspected the jar after one of my friends had offered to buy it, but to our surprise we found it an ordinary one, the water leaving it when unbalanced. We returned it to the magician and he again repeated the trick.

Following this we were shown several cannon balls. These he proceeded to eat, forcibly pushing them into his mouth. After five minutes he began to bring them forth and regurgitated at least twice the number swallowed; with each hiccough a cannon ball would be disgorged and we could plainly hear the thud of the ball as it struck the ground.

The final act was the sword trick—the swallowing of an eighteen-inch metal sword previously examined by us.

The juggler swallowed the entire length of the sword, repeating the act several times. Examination proved that his mouth and throat were neither bruised nor cut, no injured tissue discernible under the closest scrutiny.

After receiving such entertainment for over an hour, I saw that only five pennies, constituting the man's recompense, had been thrown upon his blanket. He sought no remuneration but left it optional with the spectators. The thought entered my mind that were this man in America, how great his compensation would be for such an unusual performance, and then I wondered if he were over there receiving rewards so great, would he retain the peace and happiness within that accompanied his small pittance. I doubt it.

During our conversation after the meeting the juggler freely admitted that he was not a man of power but merely a trickster; he also said that his acts were illusory and that this power had been handed down from father to son for many generations. But he offered to notify me when his Guru, a Yogi, was in the city and two days later I met him nearing my home with this information.

The Guru, an exceedingly old man, I found to be a real man of power and capable of performing the same acts as the juggler, the difference being that his acts were genuine and not a matter of illusion. The man actually possessed the power to create food, etc., which was not only edible but which would last after the meetings. This man needed no recompense—the world is his already.

From the performance of these two men we can easily see that that which appears in this world as real is not real but a creation of the consciousness. Each consciousness creates a different world, for in the dream state the dreamer is in a different world from that of the conscious or other states.

The reader may wonder how these illusory tricks are performed, for instance the one growing the mango tree. They are only products of imagination and are imitations

of the actual feats achieved by the masters. These tricks are resultant from the powers of illusion and suggestion. Although an audience of a thousand persons may declare that they see a mango tree, in reality the tree is non-existent. The camera supports this fact for the photographs taken clearly show the people, the magician, the entire setting, in fact, everything except the tree.

This proves the Hindu theory that this world is unreal even though it appears as very real. In reality it is only a fabrication of the mind and its mighty consciousness. In the dream state we live for the time being in a different world, and in this state there is no reality in matter or limitations to the dreamer's power—the sick may become healthy, one may fly through the air, kings may lose their power and find themselves imprisoned, while the poor may become rich and powerful. No one can convince them that this condition is not real so long as the dream state continues; however, as soon as one returns to consciousness he then denies the existence of the former state. The dreamer ever denies the reality of the conscious state.

The Hindu believes this so-called conscious state to be one of illusion also. Even under the influence of an anesthetic a surgeon may operate without the sensation of pain to the patient. Knowledge of the operation and preception of pain only come to him upon his reentry into the state of consciousness.

One juggler performed a marvelous feat for us. From one cocoanut shell he produced gallons of milk which he allowed us to drink. One skeptical boy poured some of it upon his handkerchief and found that it was really wet. Within five minutes from this time the performance ended, and the boy still holding the wet handkerchief was dumbfounded to see it suddenly become dry that exact moment.

At a large fair in the city of Mukttasar two jugglers gave a demonstration of the basket trick before thousands of people assembled in an open field. The basket, conical in form, was about three feet wide at the base and tapered up to a small aperture. Before commencing the act the juggler allowed the people to examine the basket and his sword minutely, then he unceremoniously began shoving in his assistant. He noticed my attempts to focus my camera and said to me that no part of the act would appear in the picture; he certainly was right as proved by the camera. When the man was finally in the basket, the juggler forcibly jumped up and down on it as though trying to crush him, the man meanwhile loudly protesting.

Waving his sword the magician cried, "I shall cut your throat, then you will keep still." With that he began thrusting his sword again and again through the basket so quickly that the man inside could not possibly have shifted his position between the thrusts. The audience gasped and was horror-struck, for as they viewed the blood-dripping sword after each thrust they firmly believed they had witnessed a terrible tragedy. Many of us standing nearby examined the blood on the sword and were convinced of its genuineness for the stains remained on our hands and handkerchiefs.

The magician then turned the basket upside down to prove that in reality no one was in it. He then called his assistant whom we had seen placed in the basket, and he appeared from among the crowd in perfect condition. However, the blood stains still remained upon our hands and handkerchiefs, but when the performance was entirely over they too disappeared. This again showed that the magician possessed great powers by which he could cause thousands to see that which really did not exist.

Another time when I attempted to center my camera on a real Yogi he said to me, "Don't do it." I laughed as I snapped my camera and said, "This time I really caught you." He smiled as he said, "Just wait and see." When the film was developed the background showed perfectly but no Yogi was there. He was indeed a true Yogi whose powers were not a matter of illusion or suggestion; he actually possessed the power to make himself invisible to the eye of the camera.

CHAPTER IX

SEVERING AND REJOINING A MAN'S TONGUE!

Those of you who visit India and wish to see some of the mystical and magical performances so often read about, such as the rope trick, cutting off and rejoining a man's tongue, fire-walking, reading blindfolded, force-writing, etc., should see Professor Sorcar's demonstrations.

Professor Sorcar is extremely well-known in all the larger cities of India and Europe. Following the conclusion of his college studies, his enthusiasm for the occult science steadily increased, and this led him to explore many strange places throughout India in search of these hidden secrets. Among the many secrets he uncovered was the Indian Rope Trick.

I myself have witnessed his wonderful work of illusion and I cannot too highly praise his performances.

Professor Sorcar's force-writing feat has also brought him much fame, as illustrated by the following demonstration. During a scientific test he requested the Inspector-General to write a sentence on a blank sheet of paper. This complied with, the paper was handed the Superintendent of Police to be read aloud. He read, "I promise to give the magician one gold medal as I am highly pleased with his feats. J. C. Farmer, 19/8/36." Inspector-General Farmer immediately denied writing such a sentence; he had written, "I will not go to Paksy today, etc." After closely scrutinizing the note, the committee agreed that it was not only Mr. Farmer's handwriting but also his own signature, but no one could understand or explain how the writing had mysteriously changed under their very eyes in broad daylight.

Following is an article relative to the Rope Trick written by Professor Sorcar himself:

"A great deal of editorial ink has been wasted both in the West and East on the possibility of the Indian Rope

Trick. Some say that this is India's marvel feat, while on the contrary there are skeptics who even deny its possibility. To superficial observers this curious mixture of contradictions leads us to the belief that 'Rope Trick stories are sheerly fantastic'.

The most historic description of one such Rope Trick appears to be that of Ibn Batutah, an Arab or Morish Sheikh of Tangiers, in the 'Volume of Travels' in the middle of the fourteenth century. The first recorded mention of this trick in India is in the ancient Shastras and Sutras. Sankaracharya over a thousand years ago in his great work 'Vedanta Sutra' has given not only the reference but also an excellent explanation of this feat. In Sutra 17 of the Vedanta Sutra we find . . . 'The illusory juggler who climbs up the rope and disappears differs from the real juggler who stands on the ground, etc.' From this it is clear that the trick was well-known in this mysterious land over a thousand years ago.

It was then performed by roadside jugglers who generally gathered their crowd by showing a number of petty sleight of hand tricks. When they felt they had sufficient spectators they started this feat.

In Volume 28 of The Magic Circular, June, 1934, we find a chapter under the very dogmatic heading 'Exit—The Indian Rope Trick'. Lt. Col. R. H. Elliot, Chairman of the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle, is of the opinion that 'It has never been done, or never will be'. Many worthy men have however volunteered to prove its existence, stating that they have actually seen it performed. But Colonel Elliot rejects the testimony of these eye-witnesses on the grounds that:

(1)—In all similar cases of abnormal phenomena the witness are 'victims of trickery and deception'. But my point is this—how can a man become a victim until and unless he sees something of this sort actually 'done'. But Lt. Col. R. H. Elliot says that the trick has never been done. He cannot have the same thing in both ways.

Moreover, the Indian Rope is a trick, so there is nothing unusual if there be trickery in it. I am certain that it is a very clever trick and admits of a very simple explanation. It is not a miracle. A trick is a trick as long as it is considered not to be a miracle, but the Indian Rope Trick has been so bolstered up and misrepresented by the exaggerated accounts of unreliable and notoriety-hunting travelers that it has lost its real character, and those who hear and read about it expect far more than it is possible for any human creature to perform.

(2)—The trick 'upsets all the laws of gravity'. My reply to this is that we must 'deal with the first thing first'. First of all, we must prove whether the Rope Trick is a fact or a myth: then we should discuss how the roadside juggler upsets the Laws of Gravitation. Colonel Elliot has referred to 'defying the force of gravity' in all his letters. But what does he mean by fundamentally? Should readers understand that a ladder 'defies' the force of gravity when it keeps the weight of a man climbing it—as it prevents the man from falling to the ground? As is the surface of the earth defying the force of gravity as it keeps him from sinking through it to what is below?

To the skeptical world I want to say that the secrets of the East have not yet perished. I can do the Indian Rope Trick. If the Occult Committee of the London Magicians' Club are in earnest, let them come forward or arrange a demonstration and I shall do it under certain conditions. I will make an ordinary thick rope ascend straight up into the air unsupported by any visible means of support; then my assistant will climb the rope and afterwards both he and the rope shall disappear.

I shall allow only the former part of my trick to be photographed, but not the latter as I desire to keep my process a secret.

I claim to be the only man in the world today to perform the Indian Rope Trick—to learn the secret of which world-famous magicians like Houdini, Maskelyne, David Davant, Chung Ling Soo, Carl Hertz, Rertam, Murray, and others spent much money and time in fruitless attempts.

I do not want to explain my inexplicable feat—whether I do it by mass-hypnotism or visual hallucination, illusion or any like phenomena. But my point is, as Alexander Cannon pointed out, that it is an extremely difficult effect to produce in the West as in hot climates the cortex of the brain is much more passive and the unconscious mind is consequently easier to deal with.

I intend to start for Europe shortly with a complete repertoire to prove that the secrets of the East have not been lost.

It is not the only Indian Fakir Feat I can do; I throw an open challenge to any magician to duplicate my other original feat—cutting and rejoining a man's tongue under an hypnotic trance. I shall hypnotize any member of the audience and he will lie in a trance. A body of responsible doctors forming a committee will then watch his pulse: it will grow faster and faster and then stop. A surgeon will then sever the tip of the tongue, but I shall make it whole again.

I have performed this feat in several parts of India, Burma and the Shan States. The most successful performance was at the Palace of the Tajhat last year (May 5, 1935). The climax was reached when Mr. F. Bell, I.C.S., who went to supervise the feat, fainted at the sight of this performance which he referred to as 'a horrible scene'. I have shown this feat before many Civil Surgeons and medical men of experience, all of whom have been literally horrified and have characterized it as a great medical puzzle. This feat was called by Mr. N. M. Ayyar I.S.C., 'particularly thrilling'. Mr. D. F. Leslie, M.A., I.P., Military Intelligence Officer, and Mr. C. E. C. Gregory also said that it was the best trick they had seen either in India or England.

There might be imitators of the trick, but I am certain that they will not be able to perform it fulfilling my conditions, namely, (1) to experiment on any member of the audience, (2) to fluctuate his pulse-rate and (3) to allow a medical man to operate. I challenge any illusionist to perform my feat as done by me in my presence.

As regards other inexplicable phenomena, what explanation can Western scientists give to Khuda Bux's feat of fire-walking? The young Indian walked bare-footed along a trench twelve feet long into which a ton of fire-wood, oak charcoal and ten gallons of paraffin had gone to make a fire 800 degrees Fahrenheit at the surface. Such a temperature is enough to incinerate flesh in a moment, still he walked this fiery path twice without the slightest injury to the soles of his feet.

And what explanation have they to offer to the poison and acid drinking feats of the Indian Yogis?

A well-known Western authority on Yogic Science has rightly pointed out: 'From the beginning of civilization the Orient has always been regarded as the head and fount of what we may call magic and mysticism. For this eminence she is indebted to the reports of wonders worked by Eastern occultists, reports which have been accompanied by accumulated evidence too convincing to be ignored'.

Science generally hesitates to acknowledge facts that it cannot explain. But to doubt what is beyond the reach of scientific explanation is not the same thing as proving its non-existence. The truth would appear to be that there is a whole range of well-attested facts that successfully challenge the known and well-established laws of nature, facts which science reluctantly admits but fails to explain.

One day, perhaps, science will be able to give a definite explanation. But that day is not yet come."

Professor Sorcar's Rope Trick is unusual in the fact that the first part of his act showing the upright rope and the man ascending it can be photographed, the man and rope actually appearing in the picture.

CHAPTER X

THE SNAKE-CHARMERS

Although many articles have been written concerning the snake-charmers of India and the Orient, I still receive many questions regarding the authenticity of their power, if any, and their manner and means of controlling the snakes. Some of the articles discount this power while others admit its possibility.

Many demonstrations have been given under scientific observation where the element of fraud or trickery was entirely eliminated, and these acts have proved to be genuine, that is, that the fangs and venom-glands of the reptiles had not been romoved. Often in these tests the snake-charmer is taken to a location unfamiliar to him where he also has to find and catch the snake on which to demonstrate, thereby insuring a snake free from drugs. I myself have witnessed these demonstrations.

It appears to be an established fact, however, that snakes, unlike other animals, are not receptive to the training or discipline to which other animals respond, either through fear or reward; they can in time become accustomed to being handled which would in turn render them less subject to timidity or anger.

It seems that there are some people who do not have a way with snakes and this attraction, if it may be so-called, is not confined to India and the Orient alone but is found in other parts of the world also. In America one often reads of people there who handle the poisonous rattlesnake with immunity.

Another point often questioned pertains to the reptile's responsiveness to music. Some authorities claim that the swaying from side to side of the cobra to the music of the flageolet is due not to the music itself, but to the swaying of the man's body, that is, that the erect reptile will sway in unison with the object confronting it in order to align

its position to strike. So far I have never seen nor heard of a snake striking or attempting to attack while the music was in progress. I doubt if the swaying of the snake's body is entirely due to its desire to maintain an aligned position, for other animals, the horse and elephant for instance, will sway their heads to rhythmic music without facing a swaying object. One needs only to visit the circus to verify this fact. One theory offered for the snake's reaction to music is that the vibration from this special type of music changes the reptile's state of consciousness, temporarily rendering it harmless and dispelling its fear, anger or timidity. Others claim that hypnosis is the answer.

The art of snake-charming is pursued in various ways; some use music, as shown above, while others resort to the use of herbs, roots and barks, claiming that their possession on one's person insures complete protection. Then there are some who offer salutations and obeisance to Ma Monsha, the goddess of snakes, and still others charm the reptiles through the chanting of Mantras (occult words).

During my boyhood when I was around eight years of age a snake-charmer with his pet cobra came to our village. It was a large snake, about ten feet long and its thickness equal to a man's arm. It was wintertime and the snake was very inert; it evidently felt the cold, for it did not readily respond to its master's coaxing to play. Being a small boy and seeing the snake was slow of movement, I began to tease it, pulling its tail and quickly dashing away. Apparently I was very courageous, for I repeated this several times before the snake-charmer turned the joke on me. He caught me by the arm and wound the snake around my neck, the hood of it resting on my right shoulder and its eyes steadfastly staring into mine as though trying to hypnotize or convey a message to me.

Frantically and unsuccessfully I tried to dislodge the reptile and I frankly admit that I was just about "scared to death". After a five minute struggle with the cobra I

began to cry, and with copious tears streaming down my face the charmer decided the time had come to remove his pet. Henceforth my behavior was irreproachable.

During my sojourn home in 1936 I visited a snake-charming camp. I have never as yet met a snake-charmer, and I have met many of them, who is afraid of snakes or shows the least timidity toward them. They also instill the same fearlessness in their children as usually this occupation is handed down from father to son, and often includes both sexes. Quite frequently the women far excel the men in proficiency and fearlessness. In the camp just mentioned I saw the charmer place a large cobra around the neck and shoulders of his small three-year-old son who accepted it as a matter of fact and rather enjoyed petting his strange playmate.

This man claimed the ability to call any snake in the summertime which is their mating season, but in the wintertime, he stated, it was very hard to arouse them from their deep lethargic state. When asked if he would try to charm and catch a snake if I located one, he replied that he would provided I gave him a dollar. The bargain was made. Shortly afterwards I heard through the villagers of an abandoned house that harbored a snake. I sent for the snake-charmer and then I discovered that he was called a Yogi.

The charmer came with several of his followers and together we went to the empty house. Before entering he asked me to search him. I questioned his reason. He said that the Hindus of today are not like the ones of yesterday but have learned from the Europeans to mistrust every one. They often claim, he said, that the charmer takes a snake with him to make it appear as though he has really caught one, and for that reason he wanted to be thoroughly searched. And he promptly proceeded to remove his clothes for that purpose.

He then played softly on the flageolet for about ten minutes, often stopping to call out, "Oh snake, if you are

true, answer my call; otherwise people will call me a fraud and will not believe my word. So answer if you are a hero; if you are a coward, you can stay there. I promise to feed you well and not harm you, and I shall light up the six candles for you and later on release you."

Then playing his music again for a few minutes, he later called me and pointed to a snake lying on a beam of the roof. Only a few minutes elapsed before it came down and went straight for the man, and as we stepped back the snake would follow us. When it was within eight feet of the crowd, the charmer went behind and seized its head. The snake was only four feet long but it struggled desperately to free itself, and in doing so bit the man on the thumb. This completely failed to disconcert the charmer in the least, and he placed his newly acquired pet in a basket.

I was anxious to record the snake-charmer's performance with my movie camera, and as soon as we reached the edge of the village we attempted to do this. But each time the new snake tried to escape and this forced us to use several others that were more accustomed to being handled.

Regarding the living quarters of the snake-charmers, their main preference is a tent, but I noticed that this special charmer had built a house for his cow though he and his family lived in a tent, even during the winter months.

Although the snake-charmers throughout their lives are surrounded by snakes and earn their livelihood displaying and handling them it is indeed rare for one of them to die from snake-bite.

CHAPTER XI

DEMONSTRATION UNDER HYPNOTISM

In front of the Ludhiana railway station usually from ten to twelve each morning, a man with a small boy between the ages of eight and ten may often be seen. The boy, hypnotized by the man, lies on the ground with his face covered, and many people surround them to watch their performance. I witnessed the following display of the man's hypnotic powers:

The boy was asked, "Who is coming?" "Surdar Sahib."

"How is he dressed?" "In European clothes."

"What has he in his hand?" "A camera."

These questions concerning me were correct.

The man next questioned the boy, "What is coming down the road?" "A bus."

"How many people?" "Twenty-five."

"How many men and how many women?" "Fifteen men and ten women."

"Who else is coming down the road?" "A man."

"Who is he?" "A Hindu."

"What is he wearing on his head?" "Turban."

"What color?" "White."

"Any one else coming down the road?" "Yes, a man."

"Who is he?" "A Hindu."

"What is he wearing on his head?" "A Gandhi cap."

"Who else is coming down the road?" "A policeman."

"What is his religion?" "Mohammedan."

"What else is coming?" "A horse and buggy."

"Who are in the buggy?" "An English woman and two Hindus."

"What else is coming?" "A horse and buggy."

"How many passengers?" "Five."

"How many people around us?" "Forty."

"How many Hindus?" "Thirty."

"Who else?" "Ten Sikhs."

"How many standing and how many sitting?" "Fifteen standing and twenty-five sitting."

"What is this man doing?" The man had put his hand on one of the bystanders. "He is eating a banana."

Pointing his finger at me the man asked, "What it Surdar Sahib doing?" "He is holding a camera."

"In which hand?" At first the boy said the right, then the left. I had purposely changed my camera from the right to the left hand to see if the boy were really hypnotized or if this performance were the result of collusion. The tests proved conclusively that the boy was hypnotized. He was able to answer correctly all questions relative to a person's actions, color and mode of dress, etc.

The man although possessing such powers lacked spirituality. After the performance he showed his true character for he endeavored to sell charms to the bystanders telling them their possession brought fulfillment of all desires. I myself could attach no value to them and I was sorry to see some of the people buy the charms.

The boy showed no undue brightness in my talk with him after the show, nor could he answer ordinary questions possible under the man's hypnotic spell. When hypnotized he could answer all questions accurately which proves that subconscious mind has limitless power to overcome space, to see and to know all.

CHAPTER XII

REBIRTH EVIDENCE

One visiting in Delhi (heart of India) should see Shanti Devi, a young girl who clearly remembers her previous incarnation. My desire to see the child led me to her school, and there I found her no different from other children her age except that she was very serious and her mind wandered easily. She loved to talk about her previous life, and as soon as I started to discuss her case with the teacher she at once came forward, anxious to respond to my questions. Questioned as to her seriousness she replied, "Any one would be the same in my position. My mind always reverts to my children in a former life, and at the same time thoughts of my parents in this life are also present; therefore my life is divided between two families and their love pulls me two ways."

As her case is very well-known and a report of it has been published by the Hindu University at Benares, I did not question Shanti Devi regarding actual facts already established by them.

Shanti Devi, aged nine is the daughter of a merchant, Rangbeharilal Mathur. Strange to say, the girl did not speak until the age of four or after. Her parents consulted the best physicians available, and later when the child began to speak she was found to be always comparing food and clothing used by her now with that formerly used by her at Muttra. She would say, "I used to wear this sort of dress," or "I used to eat those dishes, etc." When she attained the age of five, she began to say that she was a Chaubay of Muttra and that she had a house there. Gradually her parents and neighbors became curious and realized that she was telling facts connected with her previous life. Through questioning the following facts were learned:

1. That her husband owned a cloth shop in Muttra.
2. That she used to bathe at Vishram Ghat in Muttra.
3. That she had two sons and one daughter.
4. That her house, colored yellow, was opposite a grocery store and near the Dwarkadisha's Temple.
5. That she had some money hidden underground in her room at Muttra which was to be given to the Dwarkadisha's Temple.

Shanti Devi showed a great desire to visit Muttra, especially to see her son born shortly before her death.

The principal of the school questioned the girl closely regarding the above facts and as a result wrote to Mr. Kedarnath the husband of Shanti in her previous life. The address was given with great difficulty and only after much persuasion. Mr. Kedarnath replied that the address was correct but that some of the facts regarding the children and the shop were incorrect. He instructed his cousin living in Delhi to see the girl and ascertain the truth of the statements. Mr. Kanjimal, the cousin, came and was instantly recognized by the girl and the following further facts developed:

6. That she died at the age of forty-five.
7. That she used to wear certain types of ornaments.
8. That her husband had a mole on his cheek.

Mr. Kedarnath was convinced that the girl was no other than his first wife in a different body. He came with his wife and the son whose birth proved fatal to his wife (Shanti). The girl recognized them and had very confidential talks with the husband. She questioned his reason for remarrying, and she was reconciled when reminded of the promise made between them in her previous life, namely, that he should marry if the son survived. She had many other talks with him, their contents unknown as they were of a very delicate nature, according to the husband.

Later she was taken to Muttra to satisfy her great desire. She at once leapt with joy when she beheld the

Jumna Bridge from the train and said that she had reached Muttra. She then used some colloquial words known only to the local people. At the railroad station she recognized her husband's elder brother. She was made to lead the way from the station to Muttra City, and she did this wonderfully well without any assistance. She at once recognized the Gate of the city and correctly directed the driver to her house. She hesitated to enter the house at first as a great change had come upon the surroundings. The house was differently colored now and the grocery store, formerly high, had been made low. People of Delhi and Muttra have two different words for "water closet". Shanti immediately understood this word when being examined, while her parents failed to understand that term.

She then led all the people connected with her through a circuitous route to another house where she stated the money intended for the temple was hidden. She behaved as one thoroughly familiar with the house and its surroundings and without hesitation designated the corner of the room where the money was hidden. At first the husband appeared hesitant about allowing the men to search for the money, and later when their efforts proved futile, he admitted taking it after Shanti's death. No doubt remains with the people as to the genuineness of this rebirth evidence.

There are many other cases of rebirth evidence in India and below are a few of them:

An amazing story which appears to be generally believed comes from the village of Shadinagar in Farrukhabad where a girl, aged seven, states that she remembers her previous life and confirms her assertion by identifying persons who, she says, were related to her in an earlier life. This girl, named Mst. Ramkali, is the daughter of Pandit Ganga Vishnu, a Brahman. At the age of three years she told her father of her earlier life and said that she formerly lived in a village named Maglabag. She further stated that

she had three sons one being born shortly before her death. The eldest was named Siyaram and the second Ram Swaroop. She insisted on meeting her "sons" of a former life.

Her parents endeavored to dissuade her but the girl's yearning began to impair her health and eventually the father accompanied the wife and daughter to Maglabag, the village described by the child. Upon approaching the village the child pointed out two houses in the distance where she stated she had lived during her previous existence. She entered one of the houses and approaching two of the men inside, recognized them as her "sons". The girl was then cross-examined. She accurately described alterations and repairs made to the house which were effected some years ago, and to other questions asked by the villagers she gave correct replies.

Then there is the four-year-old Burmese child who has astonished the Buddhist priests of Bogale, the headquarters of the Pyapon district, by the stirring sermons in metaphysical themes in which he preaches to select audiences. A correspondent writing to the Ragoon Gazette recently gave interesting information about this boy's wonderful gift of reading at sight most difficult passages from Pali metaphysical works and repeating them from memory after a single perusal.

A Poonghi or priest of the monastery who examined the boy very closely found that he was able to read and to write both Pali and Burmese quite correctly and with ease and also able to answer questions on intricate and abstruse points of the "Ashidhamma" (Buddhist Psychology). The boy has had long discussions on old Buddhist doctrines and the priests are convinced that this is a case of knowledge carried on from a former life when he was a Buddhist himself.

The following cases have been mentioned in the A. B. Patrika Bi-Weekly:

"The Saugar correspondent of the Local Vernacular 'Swadhin' is responsible for the publication of an item in its last issue stating that extraordinary interest centers around a two-year-old boy, blind since birth, who recites the Ramayana, Gita and Mahabharata quite correctly and with exceptionally clear pronunciation. His intelligence excels to a point wherein he explains to the audience the meaning of portions recited by him. Extremely sharp-witted he immediately points out mistakes committed by others, either in explanation or pronunciation. He belongs to a Kurmi family. The boy also narrates interesting anecdotes of his previous life. The same correspondent adds: 'The boy told his parents that in his previous birth he was a great Mahatma and would leave this world after five years. He is always surrounded by crowds who come for his Darshan (blessing).' "—July 1, 1937.

"The activities of a 'miracle' boy, aged three years, have created a great sensation at Gopalgunj. The boy, Ananta Kumar, is the second son of Babu Jogendranath Malaker, a local post office employee. He remembers his previous life and has been giving amazing incidents regarding it. One morning the boy without provocation suddenly burst into tears and cried aloud to his mother, 'I shall go home.' No one understood the significance of the remark. Asked for an explanation he replied, 'This is not my home. I am an inhabitant of village Fajilpur (sometimes the boy mentions the name of Ulajipur) in the district of Chittagon!' The only way of reaching this village is by train to Luxum, then via a road leading through a field. The boy gives the details of the house and family as follows: 'I was the son of a Brahmin. I had a large house there which consisted of three bedrooms, one biathakkhana and one kitchen. There were three tanks connected with the homestead. I left three sons and four daughters there.'

He occasionally states the name of 'Meher Kalibari'

and the name of 'Sarbananda' whom he mentions as Sarbananda Bhai. He also describes a palmtree and a banian tree at the foot of which an earthen jar was placed. He mentions the name of one Dakhinrangan Thakus as the worshipper of the Meher Kalibari. Virtually every day the boy cries and requests his parents to take him there.

The child is always morose and thoughtful and does not care for the companionship of children his age. One day when unusually pensive and in response to his mother's question regarding it, he replied, 'I am only thinking how you will live if I go away.' Another day during his meal he suddenly stopped eating and remained so for some time. Questioned for a reason the boy said, 'You refused to give alms to the poor man in the courtyard; therefore I do not like to take your food.' It was not until the mother had given alms to the man that the child resumed eating. In the morning he usually eats 'muri' and distributes most of it to the animals. He easily recognizes pictures of the gods and goddesses."—July 26, 1936.

"The amazing memory of a four-year-old girl who distinctly remembers all the events of her past life has baffled all psychologists, reports the Pioneer of Lucknow.

This child prodigy is Munni, the youngest daughter of Pandit Girish Chandra Avasthi, Professor of Hindu, Lucknow University. For a child of her age she is very serious and excels in the art of cooking. One day while assisting her mother in the kitchen, she casually remarked that at her place food was differently prepared. Asked by her surprised mother to explain, the child replied with a far-off look in her eyes that in Benares she had a two-storied house. Convinced that this was a mere figment of imagination the mother regarded this as an idle remark. A few days later the child gravely expressed the desire to see her son, Billar, in Benares. Without waiting for further questioning, she added that she had five children in her previous life. She confided to her mother that Billar was

an infant when she died, and although now reconciled to her present life she at times could hardly resist the urge to go to Benares to take Billar in her arms. That her story is no idle fiction is supported by the fact that she gives full details of her house and the temples of Benares although she has never been there.

Her father now firmly believes the story of his daughter's previous life and attempts are being made at his request by a taluqdar to communicate with the girl's former relations at Benares to confirm her statements."—January 27, 1935.

Remarkable talent displayed by some children at a very early age also serves as evidence of rebirth. If it were not a case of bringing with us knowledge acquired in a previous life, then should we all be in the same state, all capable of like production. But this is not the case as proved by our child prodigies, some exhibiting almost unbelievable mastery of the piano or other musical instrument, while others display unusual mental prowess in mathematics, languages, literature, etc.

Unusual genius or talent along special lines is the result of lifetimes of great effort and application toward one goal, be it music, literature or otherwise. Through reincarnation none of our efforts are lost even though its reward often comes in a distant life. Desire and intense application toward one goal through many lives create in one the ability and facility to perform difficult acts with the maximum degree of perfection. The ability of geniuses is not accidental, it is a reward they have justly earned. Adaptation and fitness toward certain vocations prove our familiarity with them in a former life. We should therefore never condemn the "square peg in a round hole" for that person is merely on the bottom rung of the ladder in acquiring knowledge pertaining to that certain pursuit.

CHAPTER XIII

FIRE CONTROL

There are many things in the world that science today can not explain. They simply say that these things cannot be although they are happening all the time. Among them is the fire-walking feat—walking barefooted through a pit of live coals. Science's only answer to this feat was that a fire-resisting drug or chemical had been applied, or that the feet were protected by a thin covering or sheath, thus making the fire-walker immune. But today the fire-walkers have disproved this by permitting their feet to be examined and bathed before execution of this feat.

There are many people in India today possessing this power which baffles modern science. Not only India, but Africa, Burma and many other countries claim the performance of this feat within their domains. These latter countries claim its performance by faith alone. But the Yogis of India from time immemorial have by practicing the Science of Yoga developed hidden faculties of the body that have enabled them to resist the ravages of fire. To awaken these hidden faculties requires daily faithful practice, ceaseless practice for month after month, year after year, during which time they learn to control Prana, the negative force of the body, and with it eventually awaken the Kundalini or positive energy lying dormant within us. The awakening of the positive energy allows the Chakras to be opened one by one in proper order which gives mastery over the nature elements, as explained in Chapter XV on Levitation.

Whenever a Yogi wishes to raise the vibration of his body above that of fire, he applies the technique of Yoga to open the fire Chakra, and this in turn renders the body fire-proof, not even a hair on his body can be singed while the vibration is thus raised. As I said in Chapter XV that

opening of the fourth Chakra permits levitation, so also does the opening of the third Chakra permit fire control. The fire then as far as the Yogi is concerned is as ineffectual as a summer breeze.

I now recall with amusement my own reaction when as a small child I first witnessed this great power of fire control. My uncle, my mother's brother and a Yogi, came to visit us one summer, and during the daytime out in the open unprotected from the broiling sun, he would sit amid intense fires for long periods of time. The fire was immense on which he sat, and even though the flames continually licked his body and often completely engulfed him, he would sit there, quietly and unperturbed, as though he were a figure of stone.

The ordinary temperature was 110° while the heat from the fire was that intense as to make it unbearable for us to stand closer than thirty feet, and then only for a minute or two at a time; yet there my uncle would sit in the midst of that fiery inferno, oblivious to his surroundings, for hours at a time practicing fire control. What the degree of temperature was at the fire proper is a matter of conjecture, but at another fire-walking demonstration held under scientific observation, the temperature was proved to 800° Fahrenheit.

I was a constant spectator and as I daily watched my uncle, he appeared as a great superman to me and his powers miraculous, and except for the time he was practicing this fire control I was his very shadow. But one evening as I watched him sleeping peacefully, I could not resist the temptation to see what would happen if I touched him with something hot while he was asleep. So I quietly went to the fire, picked up a large red-hot coal with the tongs and promptly applied it to his bare flesh, and presto! with a sudden leap and a scream he was out of bed in a second—just like an ordinary mortal. The heat was indeed very real to him and he demanded an explanation from

me. When I told him I only wanted to see if fire never affected him, awake or asleep, he said, "Put it on my leg again." This time he showed no reaction to its heat because he had at once raised his vibration above that of fire.

He was a great master and inculcated in me my earliest concept of Yoga. Before the death of his wife he had never followed the practices of Yoga, but as he stood beside the funeral pyre of his devoted wife, heartbroken, he resolved to find solace in Yoga; and instead of returning to his home after the ceremony he left the small village to seek a Guru. Two years later he returned, a Yogi and possessor of great powers, such as written above.

In addition to controlling the fire through Yoga, many Hindu boys learn its control through the use of Mantras (occult words). A younger member of the family, when about fifteen, acquired this Mantra and applied his newly gained knowledge in a very boylike and mischievous way. The custom prevails in India for the sons of the family upon marriage to bring their wives to the paternal home to live instead of creating a separate establishment for themselves, and shortly after the bride's arrival it is customary for her to display her proficiency in the culinary arts to her recently acquired relatives.

In my home village however she often found to her sorrow, due to this boy's prankish play, that her efforts were futile; she could not even so much as boil water, to say nothing of cooking food. When the fire was thus controlled, even though the wood was consumed and reduced to ashes, it lacked heat and would neither cook food nor boil water. Though the food be left on the fire for hours untold, it would remain in its original state, cold and uncooked, while the distracted bride, unaware of what was happening, would often relieve her feelings in an outburst of tears. After awhile however the fire controller would nonchalantly reappear on the scene, silently chant another

Mantra, and lo! in short time the water would boil and the food would simmer. No new bride to the village ever escaped this ordeal because he knew every one there and was always a welcome guest in their homes.

Once when I asked about this fire control and how long it had taken him to master it; he said about two months. We were standing beside the fire when we were talking and he said to me, "Put your hand in, it won't burn you." Well, after all, he was only my "kid" brother and I knew his mischievous streak, so I very slowly and carefully put it in and was surprised to feel absolutely nothing. Taking it out he told me to try it again, and without hesitation this time I quickly plunged it in and without hesitation I pulled it out twice as quickly, for the young imp had chanted the second Mantra to break the spell of the first and the fire was plenty hot and burned me.

This is the same young brother who took such delight after my arrival in America many years ago in awakening me every night at midnight. I knew instantly who was doing it so retaliated by awakening him at the same hour every night. As there is twelve hours difference in time between India and here, it is noon there while midnight here and vice versa, which made it easy for us to do this. After this had gone on for several months, I received a letter from my mother saying that my brother was accusing me of awakening him every night and would I please stop it; I replied that I would willingly stop if he would. When my mother questioned him regarding his part in this, he at first denied it but later admitted that he also was wasting much good effort in disturbing my nightly slumbers, but at my mother's behest he ceased these nocturnal visits and so did I. And to think this is the same young man whom the villagers greatly revere. I may say here though that he attained the same great powers in two years' time that required twelve years of practice for many people to master.

Although fire-walking has been practiced in India from

ancient times onward, only recently it has attracted the attention of the Western world. Khuda Bux, an unknown Indian conjurer, through his fire-walking feat in London and New York attained instant worldwide fame, and his unusual performance presented a difficult puzzle for science to solve. The extraordinary part of his demonstration was the confidence he inspired among the spectators to repeat his act without injury or undergoing any preliminary rituals.

The publicity awarded Khuda Bux was responsible for bringing forward many other exponents of this difficult feat, and then the world realized that many people capable of its execution have been living quietly in India right along. Among them was Sheikh Fazel Illahie of Quetta who gave a splendid demonstration before a group of people including military and civil officials of Karachi, medical men and journalists, and like Khuda Bux, he also induced several others to perform this feat uninjured. Before he crossed the fiery pit the medical men present not only carefully examined his feet but also bathed them to insure further precaution against the use of any fire-resisting chemical. All element of trickery was eliminated.

In preparation for the fire-walking feat many tons of wood are burned until only a pit of red-hot coals remains, usually four feet wide and thirty feet long.

Another great Hindu fire-walker, Yogi Divekar, I have written about in another chapter.

And thus you see that fire, both friend and foe of man, can be controlled and subjected to his moods if he is willing to spend sufficient energy and time in learning the secret of its mastery.

CHAPTER XIV

LEVITATION AND HOW IT IS DONE

That levitation of the body is possible has now been established beyond doubt in India. The cause of levitation has not been studied nor investigated as yet in the West.

India is very far behind the West in its material development, in its machinery, in its worldly knowledge. The West is very far behind India in its inward development—in knowledge of the Self—the Atma.

In Indian history are ancient records of the practices of levitation. At the birth of Buddha a Rishi came by air from the Himalayan heights to Kapilavastu City, the birthplace of the Buddha. Buddha and many of his followers visited Ceylon by air. They did this many times as is recorded in the dialogues of the Buddhist followers in Ceylon. That the great Yogi Gurakh Nath often traveled by air is a matter of record. Gurakh Nath not only mastered the principle of levitation, but also achieved victory over death and decay and lived on this earth for more than a thousand years.

Sri Guru Nanakji is another great master who often traveled by air. He is considered one of the greatest saints ever produced by India, and his every word is beloved by Hindu, Mohammedan and Sikh alike. In fact, he stands alone as the only saint whose teachings are revered and honored by all Indians. As Christ is worshipped by the Christians, in like manner is Guru Nanakji adored in his country.

One of the most interesting phases of the life of this great man is recorded in the book, Jannam Sakhi, which deals with his travels by means of levitation over the entire earth and his visits to the sun, the moon and the many planets. The book records that he traveled millions of miles and found many unknown solar and planetary sys-

tems existing other than our own. Guru Nanakji was one of the very few to visit the planets. When he visited the planets, two of his disciples, Mardana and Bhai Bala, accompanied him. The latter became an historian and recorded the many trips; the book previously mentioned, the Jannam Sakhi, is the result of his writings. In that volume we read of Guru Nanakji meeting Guru Gurakh Nath and thousands of other Yogis. There they discoursed at great length on the philosophy of the Self (God), and they also gave demonstrations of causing their personal belongings to float unsuspended in the sky, many of which completely disappeared from sight and were brought back through the power of Guru Nanakji.

Guru Nanakji gave accurate measurements of distances between the various suns and planets, and these figures are now being verified by science today. He fully described the life conditions on these planets as that of highly evolved beings living there under very different conditions from those on our earth plane. Their bodies are unaffected by cold or heat, hunger or thirst. They attain all satisfaction by mere will. They consider this earth and its inhabitants to be of the lowest form, mentally and otherwise, and as we regard the lowly worm, just so do they regard us. They look upon a gross body as a thing unclean and diseased, and questioned Guru Nanakji as to his reason for bringing his with him. He replied, "My two disciples and I come for a short visit only; we expect to return again very soon to our home on the earth planet."

Following is the first story to be recorded of Guru Nanakji's travels by his disciple, Bhai Bala. It covers a twenty-seven hundred mile trip by levitation made from Mecca to visit the Guru's sister at Sultanpur:

"Sitting at Mecca at noontime, Guru Nanakji said to me (Bhai Bala), 'My sister desires to see me; we must go to her.' That evening the three of us, including Mardana, went there by levitation.

"The villagers who saw us coming said, 'Congratulations, Devi Nanakji (the Guru's sister), your brother is here.' Devi Nanakji ran toward her brother and attempted to touch his feet but he held her hands and said, 'Sister, you wanted to see me and for that reason I came.' His sister replied, 'It was noon when I thought of you. You must have been very close at that time.'

"Mardana then said, 'We were at Mecca this noon when your brother told us of your desire to see him. He received your thought message at that time and said that we were going to his sister's this evening. I said, "Master, how long will it take us to make that twenty-seven hundred mile trip?" His answer was, "I shall transport you there in about a minute." After that we spent several hours visiting friends in Mecca. Then he said, "Come now, let us go to my sister's." We sat down and obeyed his command to close our eyes, and after a minute he told us to open them. To our surprise upon opening our eyes, we found that we were here in this village near your home. Deviji, no one can understand this master. He can transport us thousands of miles in a moment. He can turn stones into gold and do many other wonderful things.' "

Guru Nanakji restored life to thousands of dead people. He was the Guru possessed of the mighty power to transform an ordinary person into a superman. Through his power and influence many people awakened the memory of their past lives.

At some later date I may translate the full account of the works of this great master.

At the time Buddha was born the Rishi Asita, Master of the five Dharana (the five nature elements) and who lived near the peak of the Himalayas with his sister's son, saw many propitious signs and the Sons of God moving in the sky, rejoicing and proclaiming the name of Buddha. As he surveyed this, his spiritual eye beheld the entire world and he saw that within the palace of King Suddha-

dana in Kapilavastu a boy had been born, radiant with holy glories and bearing the thirty-two marks of the Great Man.

The Rishi Asita called his sister's son and said to him, "If this boy Buddha remains at home, he shall become king of all worlds, rule the earth without weapons and become victorious by the force of righteousness. But if he wanders afar, he shall live the life that has not been lived by any one. I shall go to see him."

Thereupon the Rishi Asita with his sister's son ascended into the sky like a swan and proceeded to Kapilavastu; having arrived there he ceased to manifest his supernatural power and entered the city on foot. He approached the king's palace and said to the doorkeeper, "Inform your king that a Rishi awaits at the door." The doorkeeper reported to the king, "A Rishi stands at the door; he wishes to see you."

The Rishi Asita was immediately ushered into the king's presence and said, "Hail! Hail! O king, mayst thou live long and rule thy kingdom righteously."

The king respectfully bowed to the Rishi and said, "Be seated please; I do not remember having seen you before. With what object in view dost thou come?"

"I have come to see thy son."

"He is asleep," said the king, "wait until he awakens."

"Such a great man does not sleep long," said the Rishi, "such saints are wakeful." A loving sign from the Rishi to the Buddha awakened him. The king carried the child to the great Rishi who upon beholding the thirty-two marks of the Great Man took him in his arms and stood meditating. Said the Rishi, "if this child remains at home, he shall become a great king; if he wanders forth, he shall become a great Buddha. He shall set in motion a perfect wheel of righteousness, such as has never been done by any one before.

"For the benefit and happiness of the world, he shall

teach righteousness. He shall proclaim blessedness in the beginning, in the middle and at the end, ever profitable, clear, unique, pure, perfect and godly. Learning righteousness will save us from rebirth, decay, disease, grief, pain, sadness, suffering and death. He shall gladden those burning with desire, hatred and maya (illusion). He shall open the path to Nirvana, redeeming those beings who have fallen by the side. He shall release their bonds and set them free. He shall give light to the ignorant; he shall take pain away from the sufferer. A boy like this is not born often; sometime, somewhere the Buddha is born after millions or billions of years. He shall show humanity the way to the state of immortality."

Thereupon the Rishi Asita with his sister's son, who was devoted to him, left the king's palace. Then by his own power they took the route of the sky to their own hermitage in the Himalayas.

Levitation is said to have occurred in numerous instances in the lives of Christian saints, among them St. Theresa who frequently levitated, usually when listening to St. John of the Cross discoursing on the Eucharist. Occasional levitations by other saints are also reported, but the most conspicuous one in this respect was St. Joseph of Cupertino who is alleged to have had rather long flights through the air, while at other times his untimely levitations greatly inconvenienced his brother monks who often found them slightly boring.

A point to be noted is that in these cases the levitating always appeared to be involuntary. St. Theresa, for example, endeavored to prevent them by holding herself down by force, whereas the Indian Yogi can levitate himself at will.

The question ever in a person's mind when reading such an article is just "how" this levitation is performed—what lies behind its execution—what physical aspect enters into it—can anyone do it—why is it that the people

capable of its performance are reticent in displaying such powers to the world—is it a matter of illusion, etc.

I, myself, have witnessed many displays of this unusual power, not only those demonstrations of my own master but also many others. I often saw them display mastery over the nature elements including fire and levitation, materialization, telepathy, etc., and these phenomena, so-called by many people, lost their unusualness and became ordinary feats to me.

The true Yogi can levitate at will. It can be done by raising the Apana (one of the five vital forces) to the Prana and then allowing the Udana to raise the body at the will of the Yogi; or it may be the result of Yogic exercises and Pranayama which in turn release the Kundalini energy that rises and opens the various Chakras, earth, water, fire, air and ether. When the fourth or Anahata Chakra is opened, levitation is mastered. The technique of these practices is imparted gradually by the Guru to his disciple and it requires long and conscientious practice. He of evil intent or malicious nature never receives this instruction from the Guru. Nor is the desirer of worldly fame and public acclaim ever accepted as a disciple. By the time these great powers have unfolded themselves to the disciple, his evolvement and development are so great that all yearning for personal display and self-aggrandizement is gone—the desire for complete liberation consumes all worldly thoughts and worldly pursuits, and the greater the powers the more quiet and self-introspective the disciple becomes.

This may account for the reason that many of the curious travel seekers leave India disappointed. The true Yogi and master realize that the attainment of such powers is for the sincere student of Truth, not the seeker of the unusual who would fail to comprehend its significance. For great would be the havoc wrought if these limitless powers were attained by an evildoer. There is nothing

capable of resisting the Yogi's powers.

Each Chakra has a certain power allotted to it. The first or Muladhara is the earth Chakra; the second, Svadhhishthana, is the water Chakra which enables one to walk upon the water; the third, Manipura, is the fire Chakra and this gives one control over fire; the fourth, Anahata, is the air Chakra and this gives one power to levitate; and the fifth, Vishudha, is the ether Chakra which opens the door to liberation and enables the Yogi to live as long as desired. This is often spoken of as the five Dharana.

Levitation is not a matter of illusion—a good illusionist can make a person see anything desired; levitation is a tested fact and reality.

Now, regarding the actual physical execution of this power as scientifically treated in the Yogic text-books:

In this body the vertebral column is surrounded by the seven Chakras; there are rivers, seas, mountains, fields and lords of the fields also.

There are the seers and sages and all the stars and planets as well. There are the sacred pilgrimages, the shrines and the presiding deities of the shrines.

The sun and moon, agents of creation and destruction, also move in the body. The earth, water, fire, air and ether are also there.

The beings of the three worlds are also to be found in the body. Surrounding the spinal column they are engaged in their respective duties. He who knows this is a Yogi; there is no doubt about it.

At the top of the spinal cord there is the nectar-rayed moon in this body which is called Brahmanda, with eight powers.

In the human body there are three hundred fifty thousand Nadis (nerves). Of them the principal are fourteen—Sushumna, Ida, Pingala, Gandhari, Hatijinvika, Kuhu, Saraswati, Pusa, Sankhini, Payaswind, Varuni, Alambusa, Viavodari and Yasasvini. Among these the

chief are Ida, Pingala and Sushumna.

The Sushumna alone among these is the highest and most beloved by the Yogis. All other Nadis of the body are subordinate to Sushumna.

By mastering Udiyana (bring up) the Yogi can walk on water or tread the air.

Life is the evidence of the Prana and the five vital forces operating in man's body. They control all the powers of sensation and action. The action of life is fivefold, thus: The Prana causes the chest to expand and contract, thus causing breath to flow in and out, providing the body with oxygen and removing the carbon dioxide; the Samana controls the chyle (digested food juices—assimilation) and operates down from the heart to the navel; the Apana in charge of excretion and elimination performs its duties between the naval and the soles of the feet; the Udana carries the chyle from the nose to the crown of the head; the Vyana is all-pervading. The Prana is foremost of these vital forces and next is the Apana, as the main Prana raises the body upward and the Apana pulls it downward. When a Yogi raises the Apana upward to the Prana, then the Udana will take the body up or anywhere that the Yogi wills. It is Udana life force that carries the soul in the dream state or at death. Yogis always raise the Apana by practice of Udiyana Bandha or Mudra. The word Udiyana means to fly. Mastery over these forces is one of the great achievements of Yoga.

By Samyama on the correspondence of the body and Akasa (ether), by meditation upon the fluffy lightness of cotton, the Yogi may pass through space (levitation, air-walking, etc.).

Akasa surrounds everything, filling all unoccupied space. When the Yogi masters the law of atomic cohesion and diffusion, he can wander through space, walk upon the waters, or use light-rays as pathways.

He meditates upon the airy lightness of cotton until

he understands its loose structure which allows air to penetrate and offer less resistance to the pull of gravity. By the application of the knowledge thus acquired, he conquers gravitation in his own body and attains the power of levitation.

The first step of complete realization of Brahma is to be attained according to Yoga by means of opening the six Chakras in their proper order.

The result of practicing Yoga is complete realization of God, or Godhood, which is to be achieved by means of opening these six Chakras, for without awakening the Goddess Kundalini the Chakras cannot be opened. Hence the eight Siddhis cannot be attained. These Siddhis are: Entering dead bodies and bringing them to life again, etc.; making the body large or small and becoming enclosed, disappearing, etc.; making the body light and traveling thousands of miles in a moment; making the body as heavy as a mountain, etc.; success, all desires and objects, clairvoyance, clairaudience, etc.; obtaining powers to cast off the old skin like a snake and keep a youthful appearance for an unlimited time; taming wild animals and bringing them under control; obtaining dominion of the universe, blazing like a light, etc. They are attained only by the practice of Asana, Pranayama, Mudras, Dharana, Dhyana, Samadhi and Samyama.

India is indeed a land of mysteries to all the world. This is due to the reason that no other country has so thoroughly studied the Atma—the self knowledge—as India has done. She has investigated and found that the mind possesses unlimited power, that it can control earth, water, fire, air and ether—as demonstrated by Professor Divekar, a Yogi, in 1928. The demonstration I refer to was given before a select audience and was attended by many members of the ruling families.

The performance was held outdoors. Burying himself in a pit for more than sixty minutes and lying down be-

neath blazing logs of fire were among the feats that amazed the audience. The professor started his performance by showing the powerful action of concentrated acids upon various objects. He then subjected his hands to the same acids, and even though the fumes were rising profusely they were unaffected by this treatment. Doctors and chemists present found it difficult to believe these mysterious powers of the Yogi. Then holding two glasses in his hand, the professor began eating them, the glasses being crushed by his teeth.

Lying down, his body was covered with firewood which the committee immediately set afire. The firewood began burning while the professor was in a state of Samadhi, and when the fire had become intense he opened his eyes and remained there a few minutes longer, showing no signs of discomfort. The fire was extinguished and strangely enough he arose unscathed, not a hair singed. After allowing a steam roller to pass over his body, the Yogi drank what he termed his last dose, a mixture of deadly poisons containing nicotine, hydrochloric acid and some other poisonous substances. These feats completely baffled the doctors and chemists and when the professor still appeared in perfect condition after consuming these deadly poisons, many of the skeptics present were compelled to admit that there was something mysterious about the man.

These feats of Yogi Divekar were not illusory. The question then arises as to the reason he was not burned when covered with the burning wood. This feat was made possible through the power of Yoga, by practice of which he had mastered the five Dharanas, meaning that he had become master of the five nature elements.

A few of my American Yoga students claim to have demonstrated the phenomenon of levitation. Their claim is substantiated by the testimony of friends who witnessed the demonstrations.

CHAPTER XV

FROM STAGE DRIVER TO MASTERSHIP

Many years ago in India there was a young stage driver named Deva Puri. Although creditably performing his duties he soon realized that his remuneration therefrom failed to provide the necessities of life.

Today a Sadhu with numerous followers, his ashrama is considered one of the largest and wealthiest in India, valued at thousands of dollars; there all classes of people are welcome. He maintains open house at all times and many persons other than Sadhus and Yogis accept his generous and free hospitality. Similar to other ashramas the people are under no obligation there; they are free to come or go at will. The Sadhu never asks a person to come or leave; one may remain indefinitely if he desires. The ashrama is ideally situated and very accessible, only a half mile from the nearest village and Ludhiana seven miles distant. The building and gardens are very beautiful, and this combined with its size and value places it among the finest ashramas in India. The healthful winter climate makes the months between September and March the more desirable time to visit there.

Meetings are held twice daily; these consist of reading aloud the Sacred Books followed by the Sadhu's detailed lecture on the subject read. Although unschooled and untrained the Sadhu speaks words of Wisdom and Understanding. During the lectures that we attended the impassioned fervency of his eyes held us steadfast—as though magnetized they attracted and held our attention. The intense enthusiasm of the man while speaking literally made his eyes balls of fire—so lost was the outer self, so prominent the inner.

The Sadhu does not require his disciples to exercise or practice, although he himself admits practicing half of each

month, disappearing at that time. He has thousands of ardent followers.

We found the man exceedingly considerate and thoughtful, for when he learned of our arrival he immediately postponed for our benefit a trip contemplated for that morning. That afternoon and the following morning he conducted special meetings, during which time we had a splendid discussion on the philosophy.

The Sadhu is well-worth seeing and his lectures beneficial and enlightening. But I noted that his disciples who speak English have failed to grasp his understanding.

We found the Sadhu not easily deceived. When we visited him a policeman in civilian clothes accompanied us and only a few minutes had elapsed before Deva Puri pointed to the man, demanding his purpose there.

"I came to see you," was the reply.

"No, no," said the Sadhu, "speak the truth. You are not seeking Wisdom or Truth; you are after only your salary."

The man then admitted his occupation.

I regretted to notice that his followers, similar to many others, believe their master the only one in the world, even greater than Gandhi. This is one of the diseases of discipleship, as all disciples believing their master the only one miss the Truth in other teachers.

Nearly every three or four miles in this section of the country one will find Sadhus living in ashramas founded by them; all offer free food and shelter. I am sorry these worthy men are not conversant with English, for one visiting there would be compelled to employ an interpreter who had a thorough understanding of the philosophy to translate properly their work.

CHAPTER XVI

THE LIVING SAINT

On my sojourn through Europe and Asia, I called in the winter of 1936 on Rishi Singh Grewal in his home town in Badowal, District Ludhiana, Punjab in Northern India.

Having stayed at his home with his family for about six weeks, I came in closer touch with villagers and had a good chance to study the homelife of the Hindoos of Northern India. We Westerners have ever had the privilege of staying in one of the out-of-the-way villages and of sharing the daily life of a Hindoo family: yet the great Indian emancipator Mahatma Gandhi says, that in order to feel the pulse of old Indian culture in the India of today, one has to go to the out-of-the-way villages that are not touched by Western civilization and its often degrading, confusing influences.

Here I met Krishna Kaur and when my thoughts go back to those days in the "Heart of the world"*, I love to call her in my mind "The Living Saint". What was it about her that made me stand in awe before such sublime humbleness and dignity.

We hear and read about persons having lived saintly lives of activity ages back, being canonized by religious groups, churches and the like. But to see and live with someone of such unquestioned sainthood was quite an extraordinary experience.

The general conditions in the "Heart of the world" seem startling to us, somewhat catch us off our guard and one has to remind oneself that outer living conditions, modern hygiene and comfort, do not necessarily signify in any way the state of culture in a country. Having lived

---

**I am referring to India as the "Heart of the world".*

all my life in Western civilization, to be set back in surroundings outwardly like, let us say, medieval times, was quite an experience for me.

But we must remember that India has been the stamping ground of the greedy, selfish West. Patiently and silently (with few exceptions during the last two hundred years) the "Heart of the world" has given, not only from its never ceasing spring of spiritual inspiration but all of its material resources too—only to see them used in this ever-remaining struggle for technical supremacy in which the Western world has lost its heart and blocked its way to true wisdom. So we find the degree of mortality in India is still a very high one, just as it was one hundred and fifty years ago in Central Europe.

And so Krishna Kaur found herself at twelve years of age, having to take care of two younger brothers and a younger sister. This was in 1907. A few years later her father passed on too, so she became the head of the family and had to do all the housework besides.

In 1912, when she was seventeen years old, she was married to Fateh Singh Grewal. According to an age-old Indian custom, very little known in this country, she did not come to live with her husband until three years later in 1915. I was told in India that it often takes five years after the first marriage ceremony until the marriage is truly consummated. So when we hear about early marriages in India, the fact is, that ceremonies of different types are spread over three to five years before the true consummation of marriage. This changes the actual age of marriage somewhat.

The age old customs are most faithfully adhered to in the rural part of India, and Mahatma Gandhi states in his writings that over 90% of India's 340 millions are living in the more remote rural districts.

Krishna Kaur's was a happy married life and her husband was successful in his business. Her first child, a son,

was born in 1921 and her only daughter in 1924. Both children were still very young when Fateh Singh passed away in 1927.

According to our ideas the young Hindoo bride finds herself in rather difficult surroundings, having to live with her mother-in-law and all her brothers-in-law and their wives in one house. In the Indian community household system, all male members of the family bring their brides into their parents home to live and rear their own families there. All subordinate themselves to their husband's parents; all earnings go into the joint family savings, which are entirely managed by the eldest member of the family. A seemingly difficult situation commanding a great deal of self control and family community spirit, which faithfully adhered to, brings about an understanding and spirit of consideration for one another. Obviously this callsl for restraint and self-sacrifice, a forgetfulness of self for the good of the group. And obviously many problems will arise which will be real tests of character.

Krishna Kaur never had a bad word or misunderstanding with her mother-in-law Diya Kaur, or a falling out with Chanda Singh Grewal, her husband's father.

When I picture her in my mind now as the head of the large household, walking about the large enclosed patio, so stately, with queenlike carriage, fulfilling her many household duties, I often thought that only great love and understanding could have given her the humility and strength to fill her position with good grace. Great restraint one needs to fit oneself harmoniously in such a large family. She seemed born to rule with the vibration of her heart and the serenity of her thoughts. There was a queenly dignity to her carriage, the outer appearance of an inner soul force, for soul force she did have. It was sheer genius which she displayed in keeping radiantly alive that happy, harmonious family spirit. This, when trying

circumstances would have disrupted a less beautifully guided family. *(See illustration.)*

Not a baby is born in the village, not a villager passes over without her being called in to wait upon those in despair. Not that she is a nurse or a midwife or learned of the holy shastras; it is her very presence and the spiritual vibration she brings that answers their needs. In their households she represents the very spirit of God. Into their distress she brings that still peace and surety.

A villager has an unexpected guest and Krishna Kaur's household provides an extra charpayi (bedstead), extra oil lamps and often so much that her own household falls short of these articles.

There were the three little children of her sister-in-law who passed on very young, and one other child of a niece by marriage, who all wanted to be attended to by Krishna Kaur, and no jealousy is felt on the young mother's part.

It is this wonderful vibration from a pure, utterly self-less heart living to serve that makes Krishna Kaur what she is today. Her life has been greatly influenced by Guru Nanak's teachings, the founder of the Sikh Religion. Her thoughts are few and all good. She loves to forgive and forget the past. She is friendly to all beings.

There is one particular circumstance in this household worth mentioning. It came to pass that a woman of the more modern Indian youth type (to call her sophisticated might be saying too much) married into this family of wholesome Hindoo villagers. Not only did she evade her own household duties, but she expected to be waited upon and showed her dissatisfaction in many ways; making no attempt to harmoniously fill her place in the home.

But no criticism came from Krishna Kaur, no reproach. She would rather do the other woman's work without hesitation, thus keeping peace in the family and continuing without interruption the usual friendly, hearty family spirit.

We find few people today with such purity of heart paired with such an advanced state of mind control. Yogis of India tell us that when the mind is controlled and the heart purified through self restraint, self sacrifice and self-less actions, the divine self from within shines forth. Yet in "Yoga Vashisht" Ram is quoted as saying "It is possible to dry up the ocean, to root out the Himalaya Mountains or to eat fire, but it is harder by far, to control the mind."

It seems to me that through her utter selflessness, her constant serving for its own sake, not seeking any reward, Krishna Kaur has reached that stage where the real self shines forth; where the mind is so controlled that the influence of her pure heart is constantly sowing seeds of love and kindness, forever bringing peace to those about her.

We speak of illiteracy with a sense of degradation. Yet here is one who can neither read nor write but has attained the highest human goal of cultural achievement, that of purification of heart and control of mind.

We often find people in India who cannot read or write, still they lecture about Truth Wisdom and often know some of the holy books of India by heart, having heard the text read to them only once. Krishna Kaur's young brother-in-law taught her the entire text of Guru Nanak's teachings in his "Japji" and Krishna Kaur repeats daily by heart the full text of this wonderful gem of religious thoughts to herself. This is her every morning worship.

Thinking of her I realize the great opportunity which ordinary life offers us, to attain liberation in taking the right attitude towards its problems. —Ernest Haeckel.

The above pages are written by E. Haeckel, about my sister-in-law. I am adding only few pages of which she meditates, but I have also written a chapter about her life which I am saving for my book which I am writing of great women of India.

ASHTAPADI VII

By association with saints the face becometh bright.
By association with saints all impurities are removed.
By association with saints pride is effaced.
By association with saints Wisdom is revealed.
By association with saints man understandeth the nearness of God.
By association with saints everything is decided.
By association with saints the jewel of the Name is attained.
By association with saints we should strive for the one God—
What mortal can express the praises due the saints?
Nanak, the glory of saints is merged in that of God.
By association with saints the Unseen is attained.
By association with saints man ever flourisheth.
By association with saints the five evil passions are restrained.
By association with saints man retaineth the nectar.
By association with saints man becometh humble toward all.
By association with saints one shall hear fascinating converse.
By association with saints the mind wandereth not in any direction.
By association with saints it becometh stable.
By association with saints freedom from illusion ensues.
Nanak, by association with saints God is well pleased.
By association with saints all enemies become friends.
By association with saints man becometh very pure.
By association with saints man feeleth not enmity for another.
By association with saints man's feet walk not awry.
By association with saints a man can not become evil.
By association with saints man knoweth the Supreme Bliss.
By association with saints there is no fever of pride.

By association with saints man abandoneth all self-conceit.
Only God knoweth His saints' greatness—
Nanak, there is an understanding between God and saints.
By association with saints the mind never wandereth.
By association with saints comfort is ever attained.
By association with saints man attaineth the unseen.
By association with saints man beareth the unbearable.
By association with saints man's position becometh exalted.
By association with saints man shall reach the Palace.
By association with saints man's righteousness is completely established.
By association with saints man attaineth the treasure of the Name—
Nanak is a sacrifice to the saints.
By association with saints one's family is saved.
By association with saints acquaintances, friends and family are saved.
By association with saints that wealth is attained
From which every one gaineth advantage.
Dharmraj performeth service for those who associate with saints. (Dharmraj, the ruler of heavens.)
By association with saints the Devas sing man's praises.
By association with saints sins flee away.
By association with saints man singeth the praises of the nectar.
By association with saints man reacheth every place.
Nanak, by association with saints man's birth is profitable.
By association with saints man hath no travail.
On beholding and meeting them man becometh happy.
By association with saints blemishes are removed.
By association with saints hell is avoided.
By association with saints man shall be happy in this world and hereafter.
By association with saints they who are separated from God shall meet Him.
By association with saints he fulfills his desires.

By association with saints man departeth not empty.
The Supreme God dwelleth in the hearts of saints;
Nanak, man hearing God's hallowed name from saints shall be saved.
By association with saints man heareth the Name.
By association with saints man singeth God's praises.
By association with saints man forgetteth not God.
By association with saints man shall assuredly be saved.
By association with saints man regardeth God as dear.
By association with saints man seeth Him in every heart.
By association with saints man becometh obedient.
By association with saints I have been saved.
By association with saints all maladies are destroyed.
Nanak, association with saints is attained by good Karma.
The Vedas knew not the greatness of saints;
They described them as far as they had heard of them.
The greatness of saints is beyond the three gunas (qualities).
The greatness of saints pervadeth every where;
There is no limit to the glory of saints.
The glory of saints is ever limitless;
The glory of saints is the highest of the high;
The glory of saints is the greatest of the great;
The glory of saints appertaineth to them alone.
Saith Nanak, my brethren, there is no difference between God and His saints.

—From Sukhmani.

CHAPTER XVII

STILL ALIVE AFTER TWELVE YEARS WITHOUT FOOD

During my travels I heard that Bibi Gulab Kaur, a young Sikh woman, had found that food and water were not necessary for her existence. At that time she had taken neither of them for twelve years. When I first heard this she was visiting in Calcutta.

Later while visiting a relative I heard that she was then living in a temple only five miles away, and I arranged to leave the following morning to interview her. She was not at the temple, though, having gone to attend a meeting of Sikhs at Mastuana. Before I left there I questioned several persons concerning her life; only one out of the five to whom I spoke claimed that fraud was the basis of the woman's strange life. Even that man advised me to see her.

I gathered considerable information regarding the life of Bibi Gulab Kaur from the young man who accompanied me to the station. He knew her well. This remarkable woman, he informed me, was about thirty years of age and for the past twenty-five years had lived in that vicinity.

During that time Saint Uttar Singh, one of the best known of modern Sikh leaders, was making regular visits to this temple in the village of Bale Wala, and following one of his lectures he instructed those who were ill or suffering to come to him.

Bibi Gulab Kaur, now ill, was carried to the temple in a very weakened condition induced by stern dicipline, to see Saint Uttar Singh. She asked and received the saint's permission to live at the temple; there she quickly regained her health without taking nourishment and her body re-

gained its normal strength. She led an active life with work at the temple occupying her time. Six years passed this way, then Saint Uttar Singh passed on. Saint Bishan Singh of Kajulla was elected to assume his duties, and when he visited Bale Wala he adopted Bibi as his daughter.

At the station the young man who related this told me that he regretted his inability to take me to see her, naively informing me he was without funds. He promptly accepted my invitation to accompany me and early that evening we reached Guruduwar of Kajulla. To our disappointment we found that she had just left for another temple fifteen miles away. That night we remained in one of the many rooms adjoining the temple, and at three that morning we were awakened by the sound of a drum. I asked the man, "Where's the fire?"

"Time for your bath," was the rejoinder.

I informed him that I was not accustomed to cold water bathing and thereupon returned to my slumbers. But not for long — half an hour later the man again awakened me and stated that hot water was now ready for my bath. With no alternative I arose and took a bath at 3:30 a.m. and later entered the temple to enjoy the chanting and divine music which lasted until nine in the morning. We did not remain that long and before five o'clock while the stars and moon were still shining we were on our way to Mastuana.

This temple was the headquarters of Saint Uttar Singh and is very desirable for self-development — no foreign distractions, only the temple and college and six miles from the nearest village. There one may see many hundreds of young Sikh men who have renounced the world and are living there for spiritual unfoldment. The disciples claim that bathing in one of the special tanks connected with this temple will cure any illness.

Jiwan Singh, one of the disciples, related much of the saint's life history as we walked through the gardens surrounding the temple. He showed me a spot near a brick kiln where formerly fire would not pass, a fact tested and proved. The saint had personally told the young man this story. The disciple said that the saint in telling the story pointed to a tree and said that under that tree a Yogi had produced such a state of calmness at one time that even fire could not pass there.

"But," said the saint, "I shall cause the fire to pass because we need the bricks." And after this, the young man continued, the fire actually did pass.

I found the men there very broadminded; I had frankly expressed my belief in addition to criticizing them severely on several points. They thanked me for speaking frankly.

Disappointment again awaited us that afternoon for we were informed that Bibi Gulab Kaur would not return that day and that it would be necessary for us to walk to another village where she was attending a special meeting. I certainly was making a tour of the temples to catch up with this woman.

Two hours later found us at the other temple and at the end of our mission, for there we met the young woman and the saint. Upon seeing the saint my companion touched his feet and asked for his blessing. He mentioned that I also had come for his blessing. I said, "Not for blessing, I came purposely to see a young Sikh woman who is living without food." *(See illustration.)*

The saint pointed to her, and to my surprise I saw a healthy slender young woman dressed as a man. My numerous questions to her were answered by her father; he claimed that she had taken no food for the past twelve years. We talked for an hour before I sought permission to photograph her; she consented provided that I first photograph her father. This proved to be the last film in my camera and made it necessary for me to walk three miles to the nearest town for additional ones. And there

my trouble began for no films of the proper dimensions were available; however I was very fortunate for the photographer of the Maharajah of Shangrura offered to assist me by developing my films and to roll new ones on the spool belonging to my camera. Completion of this work early that evening enabled me to return to the temple that night, and I walked the returning three miles through the open fields. I met no one and as I followed the narrow footpath I wondered to myself if I were not slightly crazy walking in the dark like this in a strange unknown place. The wheat reached to my shoulders, and this combined with the narrowness of the path and the intense darkness indeed resembled a maize with only a canopy of stars overhead to guide me.

I reached the temple in time to enjoy a long conversation with the young woman and her father before being shown to my room. There I found that the usual custom was to arise at two o'clock, bathe and be prepared for the three o'clock meeting. I discovered these meetings were very long, lasting six hours, but they afforded me a splendid opportunity to study the young woman. During the day I also kept a close vigil on her actions and daily routine as well as accompanying her and several others on their customary three mile morning and evening walks. She led an energetic life and was active in the temple work. I failed entirely to see her take food or water during the entire week of my sojourn there. She was always present at the two daily meals, although she herself never participated in the food, firmly believing that to do so would result in illness.

She has been under official observation in Calcutta several times and always under constant guard during these scientific tests. The tests proved conclusively that here was a person who had risen above the exigency of food and water, it not being a matter of days and months, but years, since food had been a factor in her life. I sincerely

believe she has found the solution to the high cost of living.

Before I left she herself had freely and willingly responded to my many questions regarding her mode of living, her physical reaction to the denial of food, her elimination, etc. To the latter she replied, "None." She declared that outside of feeling the cold slightly she experienced no discomforts whatsoever in abstaining from food.

I now leave this case to be solved by the scientists whose belief it is that no being can survive an unusual length of time without nourishment or liquid.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW LONG CAN LIFE BE SUSTAINED WITHOUT FOOD?

The above question is extremely difficult to answer correctly as the duration of existence without food varies with individuals, their mode of living and training. Likewise does the requisite amount of food vary that is considered necessary to maintain life within the body—if food is an essential item for the continuance of life on earth.

The general consensus of opinion deems that three meals a day constitute a normal consumption of food, while there are a few who specify the daily need of only one or two meals. Often the denial of a meal to the three-a-day consumers gives rise to considerable mental anguish.

The greater percentage of people believe that a varied diet is a prerequisite to perfect health, and this may also be questioned as you shall read later on. In India there are hundreds of Yogis possessing perfect health and a super-abundance of vitality who subsist on milk alone. And there are still hundreds of other Yogis who have sustained life for years at a time without food or water, who live on Prana alone (pabbinhari—living on air). I am personally acquainted with many of them, a few among them being women.

There are today a number of persons living in India who have not undergone the rigorous Yogic training to reach the high state of development comparable to the Yogis but who are living normal healthy lives without food, and some without both food and water. Although their number is indeed negligible compared with the great masses requiring sustenance, it is a proved fact that people can and do live without food as verified by the following cases. These cases are well-known throughout India, the

persons involved having been subjected to scientific observation held under medical supervision where all possible chance of fraud and collusion was completely eliminated. The following cases are above question and doubt:

According to a Vazagapatam correspondent a woman of the weaver caste residing in Gangupudi village is attracting considerable public attention. It is reported that she has been living for the past thirteen years without taking a drop of water or a morsel of food. Although of delicate constitution she appears healthy and has given birth to three children. Her case was investigated by a magistrate and some officials of Vazagapatam. It seems that one day while enroute to her parents' home she fell down, becoming unconscious. She was removed in that state to the Vazagapatam hospital where she later regained consciousness; although apparently uninjured she was unable to open her mouth or to speak. She remained in the hospital for over two weeks, the doctors' efforts in aiding her to open her mouth, speak, drink or eat proving futile. Nevertheless as her health continued to be normal and as the doctors could not diagnose her affliction, she was discharged and taken home. Two years later Papamma suddenly opened her mouth one day and began speaking. During all that time she has led a married life and attended to her household duties without eating or drinking. She states that at no time has she experienced the sensation of thirst or hunger. She has become the mother of three children in that state.

In the village of Patrasayar in Bankura lives Srimati Giri Bala Devi, aged sixty-eight, who has been fasting for the past fifty-six years since she received Mantras from her Guru at the age of twelve. She leads an active life and can freely discuss the higher philosophy and religious matters; she is an adept in Pranayama and Yoga. She takes nothing except a leaf of Tulsi daily, not even a sip of water. Of buoyant disposition she resembles a child, although she has

been married for many years. She has no elimination. Her strength is sufficient to enable her to pursue her domestic duties as any other young member of the family. She recently had the opportunity to come to America, but as she had no order from her Guru permitting this she declined.

In the village of Krishnachandrapus is a young woman named Provati Dasi who has been living without food or liquids for about twenty years. Her case has been thoroughly investigated by the medical profession. The President of the Local Union Board of that district writes as follows:

"The woman has been without food and water for about twenty years. She only bathes twice or thrice daily, has no elimination although occasionally urinates. She is in sound health and performs all the household duties pertaining to a woman of her position and circumstances."

The above facts are well-known to the villagers who at first suspected fraud, but after subjecting the woman to continuous observation for extended periods of time, they were ultimately satisfied as to the genuineness of her case. There is absolutely no motive on the part of the woman to practice deception, as neither she nor any one else on her behalf has ever tried to make any monetary gains by a public demonstration of this unusual fasting power.

How long can life be sustained without food?

CHAPTER XIX

LONGEVITY

The Sacred Books of India contain many references to the great ages attained by the ancient Rishis and Yogis in olden days. In the Mahabharata mention is made of a king who lived 66,000 years; in the Ramayana, the great Indian epic, and also in the Yoga Vashist we read of the long-lived men of Truth, and there is also the story of Parhlad who lived thousands of years. Brishma, the greatest fighter in the Mahabharata, enjoyed life beyond 300 years, and many others mentioned therein also attained to a great age. Even the Mohammedan historian refers to the unusual longevity of the Indians in earlier days, the average age being 110 years.

Although the aforementioned persons belong to a bygone era, there are many people today who have enjoyed a greater span of life than the allotted three score and ten. I have personally met many Yogis whose ages exceed not only the century mark but are near or have surpassed the second one, and in practically all cases I have noted their extreme youthfulness and virility. Masters known by me as a small boy who were then very aged, men well advanced in years during the period of my grandfather's childhood and personally known by him, are alive and active today, apparently ageless if judged by their youthful appearance.

Extreme longevity however is not confined to the adherents of Yoga only, for there are many ordinary persons whose years have placed them in the centenarian class; often in these cases though, unlike the Yogic followers, they have not retained their youthful appearance, their physical strength nor the complete usage of their faculties. But there are exceptions where they have retained their health in advanced years though not their youthful ap-

pearance. Below are several such cases, all well-known, that have attracted public attention in recent years. It is reported that verification of the authenticity of the claimants' statements has been made.

Mohammed Akher Uddin Sarker, an inhabitant of Tarash, Pabna, is reported as being an old man of 166 years, being born in 1772. He has lost his eyesight and is unable to move. His food consists of milk and plantain. His descendants include sons, grandsons and great grandsons. Although he can freely converse about the affairs of the East India Company, the man is illiterate, hence detailed accounts cannot be given by him.

From Cairo, Egypt, comes this account of longevity: From the latest census figures available of the country it is found that there are two persons in Egypt who are more than a century and a half old. One of them, Hassan Ali Abdul Moneem, is passing his 153rd year; he stated in an interview that he never ate meat, merely consuming the liquid from it. Both his mental faculties and health are in good condition. He has a son aged 100 years. The other is a woman named Raffaiya Sayyid who claims her age to be 157 years. Her daughter is aged 107 and both of them are in good condition.

In recent years the newspapers referred a great deal to a Turk, Zaro Agha, who though beyond 150 years of age, was traveling through Europe and the United States, claiming the distinction of being the world's oldest being. His claim for this distinction, unchallenged for many years, was lost to a Chinese named Lee Tsingyun who came into prominence in 1931 when he celebrated his 253rd birthday, and according to reports received still possessed good health. He lives on a farm in Kaihsien, a town in the southern Szechwan Province. Lee claims that proof of his great age lies in a box full of his old fingernails which according to the Chinese custom he allowed to reach a great length. But verification of his age is affirmed by

Professor Wu Chung-Chien, Dean of the Department of Education at Minkuo University, through comparison with dynastic records. In addition to his extraordinary age, Lee has received further fame, due to the report that he has found in the form of medicinal herbs a fountain of youth which has contributed largely, it is claimed, to his longevity. In his earlier days he was a dealer in herbs. Still healthy and energetic he can walk about thirty-four miles a day. He has survived twenty-three wives and is now living with his twenty-fourth.

There is traveling throughout India today a bazigar (wandering acrobat), aged 122, who easily recalls performing before the Maharajah Ranjit Singhji, the last great ruler of the Punjab before the British control. By name Boora, he recalls with pride the many rich gifts bestowed upon him by the Maharajah. He still claims the power to lift with his teeth, of which he has thirty in good condition, a twelve-foot girder. Boora is the father of eight children, the eldest being ninety. In his younger days he possessed remarkable strength, often at one time lifting four full-grown donkeys under his arms while his teeth supported a huge iron girder attached to a rope. Even at this advanced age he is still very optimistic about the future and hopes to follow his vocation as a wandering acrobat for many years to come. His eyesight is perfect.

Reference may be made here to Alfred Arnold of London who sometime ago inserted this advertisement in the newspaper: Man, aged 106, active as at 40, needs employment. Youthful appearance; highly educated: linguist. Questioned regarding his longevity he stated that all credit was due to Hatha Yoga.

He said, "That means the science of concentration. When I was seventy I met a 147 year old Yoga teacher while I was at Benares, India. He taught me the law of rhythm. I learned rhythmic breathing and rhythmic exer-

cises and gave up eating meat. 'There is no reason why any one using the Yogic knowledge should die before he is 150 years old,' my teacher told me." Alfred Arnold looks about fifty.

Extreme longevity is not confined to human beings alone. For instance the frog may be incarcerated for almost unbelievable periods of time without food, air or water, yet they will emerge when released in perfect condition. In this state, although alive, all animation is suspended, the frog being in a complete state of immobility with lips and eyes sealed. Strange as it may seem, the frog follows practically the same method of suspending life as the Yogi does upon entering Samadhi, that is, rolling the tongue upward and backward toward the soft palate, or in other words the Khechari Mudra. Frogs may live hundreds of years in this lethargic state.

Bacteria also has been known to remain inactive and alive for extended periods of time and to assume activity upon being subjected to normal conditions.

To my knowledge, however, the Captain Yogi surpasses them all. He is supposed to be over 360 years of age. Healthy and alert, he looks only slightly past the half century mark. He was a captain in the army under the Moghul rule. Although I had heard a great deal of this Yogi, it was not until 1937 that I met him. He does not care to talk about himself or his age; he is a man of divine Wisdom, one with all who loves all and hates none. He is above the elements, being unaffected by heat or cold, hunger or thirst.

CHAPTER XX

FORTY-FIVE DAYS IN SAMADHI (SUSPENDED ANIMATION)

My visit to the holy city of Benares, city of temples and mysteries, was for the purpose of seeing a young Yogi who a year previously had remained forty-five days in Samadhi (Yogic trance). He proved to be an interesting and a very persistent Yogi, for he stated that it was his intent to remain in Samadhi a longer period the next time.

Rikhikesh was the locale of this remarkable case of Samadhi (perfect absorption of thought into the object of meditation, the Supreme Spirit, the eighth and last stage of Yoga). The structure that held the young Yogi during this Yogic trance was scarcely sixteen feet square and four feet high. Equipped with two small barbed ventilators, its entryway was sealed with a stone securely cemented in place immediately upon the Yogi's entrance. A guard was on duty at all times. Before entering the tomb, the Yogi left instruction that on the forty-fifth day between seven and ten a.m. when they should hear him say Om, he was to be taken out and given fruit juice and his body carefully massaged with a prescribed oil. If the sound was not heard he should be considered dead.

Throughout the forty-five days crowds of people quietly observed him in Samadhi, the highest form of penance practiced by Hindu Rishis in olden times. The body becomes practically lifeless, and in Hindu parlance, "the Pranas are carried to the brains." During this entire period the Yogi did not eat nor even drink water, being dead in fact for all practical purposes. On the appointed hour at eight a.m. the Yogi said Om in a low voice. He was removed by his disciples and given fruit juice; his body which had become pale and thin was massaged. The termination of his Samadhi was celebrated with great

enthusiasm by the people.

Many years ago the Samadhi demonstration of Yogi Haridas to convince the King of the Punjab that entombment of a man alive for an extended interval did not necessarily mean death brought him worldwide fame.

Preparatory to entering Samadhi for this demonstration, Yogi Haridas purified his system according to the Yogic practices, following which he seated himself in the well-known Padma Asan (posture) and performed the Khechari Mudra. In this Mudra the tongue is rolled backward and upward at the time of inhalation; this closes the passage in the soft palate, thereby retaining the nectar in the Dasumaduwar. As long as the nectar remains in the head, that long does the soul remain in the body. The Khechari Mudra is the only exercise which successfully closes the open passage through which the air passes to and from the lungs and through which the nectar flows downward. Thus it is by application of this Mudra that the air and nectar are sustained within the body simultaneously. Following this Yogi Haridas' ears, nostrils, eyes and mouth were closed with cotton and wax, and he was encased in linen on which was stamped the seal of the king. He was then placed in a wooden box in this sitting position and lowered into the vault which immediately afterwards was covered with earth. Corn was sown in the ground, and the space enclosed with four walls and surrounded by sentinels.

Forty days later, the time specified for Yogi Haridas' release, the corn had reached the height of a man. There were no signs of deception and the seal on the door remained unbroken. Upon unearthing him at the end of the allotted time, the medical men conducting the demonstration for the king found his body cold and rigid and announced they could find no sign of life, saying that it resembled a corpse except that the top of his head was warm. They as well as the king believed him to be dead.

The Yogi's disciples sought permission from the king to awaken their Guru, and this obtained they bathed his head with warm water, later removing the cotton and wax from his ears and nostrils, following which they opened his mouth to draw forward his tongue. They repeated this many times for the tongue being in that position continuously for forty days flew back to the soft palate. After massaging the body with clarified butter and injecting air into his ears, mouth and nostrils, the blood circulation started; he was then compelled to swallow a small amount of butter, after which he opened his eyes. Within thirty minutes he was speaking freely.

Previous to this demonstration for the King of the Punjab Yogi Haridas was buried alive for four months at Jummoo in Kashmir. On the day of his burial he was clean-shaven, and four months later upon his release his face was still as smooth as the day of his entombment. This proved that he controlled the vital force and suspended every function within the body while in Samadhi.

This account of Yogi Haridas' demonstrations of suspended animation while buried alive in Samadhi was related to me by several of his disciples who were present and assisted in restoring him to consciousness after his release.

It has always been conceded that to maintain life within the body that the heart must function, that its cessation means immediate death. There is always the exception however that proves the rule and in this case it is Samadhi. There is also on record the rare case of a Dr. Crook in London whose heart has not functioned for several years, and yet he is alive and well.

In a statement Dr. Crook said, "I suppose I am a lucky person; I am absolutely fit and well and suffer no inconvenience whatever. The muscles of my heart have become strengthened in such a way as to compensate for faulty valves. Any suggestion that I am liable to die at any moment is without justification."

CHAPTER XXI

THE GOLDEN TEMPLE

We enjoyed our visit to the Golden Temple very much, and the three hours the chief guide spent in showing us the temple and its surroundings were greatly appreciated. *(See illustration 10.)*

There is said to be a Hindu tradition mentioned in the Bhavishyat Purana to the effect that in olden times there was somewhere between the Ravi and Bias rivers a sacred pool known as the "Amrit Kond," that is, "the pool of nectar" or "pool of immortality." which was a subject of contention between the gods and the demons. This pool is identified by Hindus and Sikhs with the "Amritsar" or "tank of immortality" which now constitutes the center of Sikh worship; but the present importance of the tank is believed to date from the time of the first Sikh Guru, Guru Nanak (A.D. 1469-1538). The story is that Guru Nanak, while resting in the neighboring village of Tung, asked a man called Buddha who was herding cattle to bring him some water in a vessel from a tank close by which occupied the site of the present Golden Temple. Buddha said that there was a tank at the spot indicated, but that it was dry. The Guru said, "Go and see; the tank is not dry." Whereupon Buddha went and found to his astonishment that the tank which had been quite dry in the morning was now full of water. Buddha thereupon brought water to the Guru and became one of the best known of his disciples.

No particular attention however was paid to the spot until the time of the third Guru, Amardas, who chose the site for the present temple on First Har, Sambat 1620 (A.D. 1564). After this, in 1577, the fourth Guru, Ramdas, in order to carry out the wishes of his predecessor purchased a plot containing two hundred and fifty acres

of land which came to be known as Chak Ramdas or Guru ka Chak or Ramdaspur, and in this plot he commenced the excavation of the present tank on the First Magh, Sambat 1634 (A.D. 1577). The fifth Guru, Arjan, spent a great deal of his time at Amritsar and commenced the masonry construction of the tank on First Magh, Sambat 1645 (A.D. 1588).

One of the legends connected with the digging of the tank runs as follows:

"Guru Ramdas first began digging a tank at the place where the tank known as Santokh Sar now is, that is, to the south of the present Town Hall. Deep in the earth he found a chamber closed on four sides. He opened one side and found an old Yogi sitting in posture. The Guru, who knew the Science of Yoga and the method of restoring breath, reanimated the man who then fell at his feet and exclaimed, 'I shall now attain salvation. I was longing to see thee, and now after all I have beheld thee.' He then indicated the place where the sacrd Amrit Kond existed. Santokh Dev, as this Yogi was called, was shut up again at his own request in the same chamber, and the tank of Santokh Sar was formed over the site."

Guru Arjan, the compiler of the Garanth Sahib, is said to have composed the following verse:

"We have seen all places, but none like thee,
Thou art founded by God, therefore thou art beautiful,
Thou art populated immensely, O unrivalled Ramdaspur.
Nanak says: All sin may be washed off by bathing in Ramdas, the tank."

The tank is not a perfect square, the length of the sides at the base being 470 feet and at the top 510 feet. The depth is slightly over seventeen feet and the water level just a few inches less.

The pavement surrounding the tank is known as the Prakarama; it is thirty feet broad, of well laid white

marble diversified by ribs of black and brown.

The central shrine is known as the Harmandar, or Hari-Mandar, that is, the Temple of God. It stands on a platform approximately sixty-five feet square in the lake and is in itself a square of about forty feet with four doors, one on each side, and consists of a single room surrounded by a covered gallery. The exterior walls are adorned below with marble inlay and above with reliefs in copper gilt. The dome is also carved with heavily gilded copper plates. It was Maharajah Ranjit Singh who first in 1803 roofed the Harmandar with these sheets of gilt copper which now cause it to be known among Europeans as the "Golden Temple".

The Golden Temple maintains a free hotel, kitchen and hospital where both food and medical care are gratuitously dispensed to all the people. Thus they perform a noble service to mankind. One visiting this city should not leave without seeing this beautiful temple. Around April thirteenth of each year, the Hindu New Year, there is a great gathering, the people coming from near and far. All men of official rank lose their standing as such upon entering the Golden Temple, even a king is no longer a king for the time being. Upon entrance into the temple all human beings become equal.

The following devotional hymns are among the many that are daily chanted at the temple:

SIKH HYMN

In the midst the Creator stood
And not a hair of His head was touched.
The Guru will render ablution therein very beneficial,
And by chanting God's name thy sins shall depart.
O Saints, Ram Das' tank is excellent;
He who batheth in its waters shall liberate his
family and his own soul.

He who here below rejoiceth in song
Shall attain the fruit his heart desireth.
He who while adoring his God
Cometh here to bathe shall be made safe and whole.
He who immerseth himself in the tank of the saints
Shall attain final liberation.
Meanwhile meditating on God's name,
Death shall not approach him, nor shall he suffer
transmigration.
He to whom God is merciful
Knoweth Wisdom.
His cares and anxieties shall depart
Who seeketh the protection of Guru Nanak and God.
Bathing in the tank of Ram Das
Destroyeth all the committed sins of man,
And he shall attain purity by his ablutions.
The perfect Guru hath given us this boon,—
When we meditate on the Guru's instruction,
God bestoweth all comfort and happiness,
And causeth one to cross safely o'er.
In the association of the saints uncleanness
departeth,
And the Supreme Being abideth with us.
Nanak by meditating on the Name
Hath found God the Primal Being.
He who batheth therein, having meditated on God,
Shall be completely restored to health.
He who batheth in the tank of the saints
Shall attain salvation.
He who meditateth on God's name
Shall not die or suffer transmigration.
He to whom God is merciful
Is thoroughly versed in Wisdom.
Guru Nanak hath entered God's sanctuary;
He hath removed all my cares and anxieties.

CHAPTER XXII

RIKHIKESH—THE HOME OF YOGIS

Late one evening my nephew and I departed for Rikhikesh and arrived there early the following morning.

Rikhikesh is fifteen miles from Hardwar and is the ancient holy of holy places where the foremost Indian men of Wisdom spend their winters. The home of Wisdom, it not only attracts the greatest Munis, Rishis and Yogis but also those seeking understanding. In the summer months these holy men return to the heart of the Himalayas. Their number runs into the thousands, exceeding that of a fair-sized city. A newly built rail road leading direct to Rikhikesh has made it very accessible. This place is devoted entirely to the spiritual side of life with the materialistic aspect of the community completely eliminated. With the exception of a few restaurants and a religious bookstore, no business is conducted there. I believe this is the only community of its size in the world to be free from the mental strain of business worries and all that accompanies it.

Nearly all the provinces and many of the larger cities have established dharmasalas and ashramas there for the purpose of accommodating the pilgrims. There are hundreds of temples and chatis there, all offering free food and shelter to thousands of persons.

Not far distant from Rikhikesh and surrounding the holy Ganges River in the vicinity known as Swargashrama, one will see for many miles along its banks numerous one room dwellings, each surrounded by a garden, that have been erected for the Truth seeker who desiring liberation has renounced all worldly enjoyments and has come there for higher unfoldment. These dwellings are known as ghofas, and being singly occupied form a secluded

retreat for the Truth seeker. Although the rainy season is longer there, Swargashrama is exceptionally desirable to such a one.

Rikhikesh is the headquarters of the Baba Kali Kamli Wala group of ashramas. Some years ago, before 1900, the government granted this great man a large tract of land for the purpose of cultivating all kinds of foodstuffs. This is the saint who established convenient resting stations, dispensaries and shelters every few miles enroute to the Himalayan temples. These places offer free food, shelter and medical care to the pilgrims and the needy, and many of them are also equipped with fine libraries.

The life of this man was very interesting. In his younger days as a wandering mendicant he walked through China, Russia, the Gobi Desert and the Himalayan Mountains, shoeless and clad only in a blanket. The blanket being black gave him the name of Kali (black) Kamli (blanket) Wala (owner), and it was thus that he received this name. He was indeed a man of power who had risen above the elements, being unaffected by heat and cold.

To fulfill a dsire he once remained on one foot without food for a long time until the richest men of the city came to him and begged that he sit down and eat, that he refrain from this self-imposed discipline. He said to them, "I saw pilgrims dying in the Himalayan heights on their way to the holy shrines. They lacked sufficient clothes, food and medicine. If you sincerely want me to eat or sit down I shall do it on one condition—promise me that you will furnish sufficient money to build shelters and supply food and other necessities to the pilgrims. These stations should be within ten miles of one another." His request was granted and thus is shown the power of one perfect man. This great Yogi has passed on to heaven, but the good work is still carried on. His name is beloved throughout India. A person should secure information

from these headquarters before undertaking a journey into the Himalayas.

Badrinath, Kedarnath, Gangatori, Jamnotori — these are among the many temples located in the Himalayan Mountains; some of them are very secluded and isolated, having an altitude of over ten thousand feet and separated from the nearest town by one hundred miles. Between May and October is the more desirable time to visit the temples.

Among the many hundreds of Sadhus we met at Rikhikesh was Swami Tapubanji, highly esteemed by his disciples and associates. His pleasing personality and benign expression clearly indicate his deep sincerity in his belief. But I regretted to hear during our conversation his statement that man can not attain Self-realization without a Guru. I believe this idea of seeking a Guru which is prevalent in India causes great harm, for as a rule the seeker in searching for a teacher who he believes will do all for him often fails to accomplish his purpose, that of helping himself. Swami Tapubanji is popularizing this idea.

After our talk I frankly expressed my opinion of his ideas. Some of his disciples were shocked while others admired me. They declared that I was the first person to speak so frankly to him. I had asked the Swamiji who was the Guru of Gorakh Nath, and he had answered Matsyendra. And who was the Guru of Matsyendra, I next questioned. The Swamiji, being unable to answer, replied that he must have had one. I then demanded to know who was the Guru of Siva, the greatest Yogi, or of Guru Nanak. Unable to answer he became silent.

One of the Swamiji's disciples informed me the following day that they and their master were sorry my identity was unknown the previous day, and invited me to call upon them again.

Although the Swamiji and I differed on several points, it was a real joy to visit this saintly person on whose face ever hovers a sweet smile. His kindly but piercing eyes at all times burn with the fire of love for his fellowman. He has a happy contented nature and among the many Swamis I met, I consider him the most highly evolved. Any one visiting Rikhikesh should endeavor to visit him. *(See illustration 13.)*

There are other great Swamis that should be included among the great men visited there. Among them are Gow Swamiji, well-known there and admired by many rajahs, and Swami Siva Nandaji, author of many volumes on the ancient Wisdom. The latter has a small ashrama a mile from Rikhikesh on the bank of the Ganges. Next to his ashrama is the famous library of Swami Rama Tirtha. Another noted teacher, Swami Satyananda, has a splendid ashrama in the opposite direction from Rikhikesh toward Hardwar. The majority of the Swamis speak English.

A person seeking the highly developed Yogis is more likely to meet them at Rikhikesh than elsewhere in India. I have mentioned only a few of the great Sadhus, Yogis and Swamis living there, just the ones I met by chance.

If one happens to visit there during the month of March, he should look for Yogi Brahma as this is the only time of the year he is at this holy place. Once a year for a week he comes down from the high mountains. He is one of the few real Yogis who admit great advancement. Although nearing the century mark, his body has retained the youthful suppleness of a young boy. He demonstrated to Mr. Haeckel many of the ancient Yogic postures and Mudras. *(See illustration 14.)*

The majority of Swamis in Rikhikesh, in speaking of him, say, "Oh, he is only a Hatha Yogi." But I personally wish that these same men would practice the Science of Yoga as he has done and see the surprising results upon their minds and bodies. (Physical fitness is an aid to

spiritual development.) This should not be construed to mean that Yogi Brahma has not spiritual development, for one can not become a Yogi without spiritual unfoldment.

One look upon the above Yogi will convince you that the Divine Bliss which is promised in all Yogic text-books can be attained by those who follow the same path. The mere reading of a million books of science alone will never make one a Yogi—practice is essential.

Sadhu Geshwanand in his youth was very discontented. A strong man of unusually heavy build, he then consumed enormous quantities of food — sufficient to serve ten or twelve persons. Today, now a Sadhu, his demands for food have lessened to the point insufficient for even a child. He first became known through his great will power, having the sustaining power to remain in the freezing water during the winter and in the sun the entire summer. He now winters at Rikhikesh where he is well-known.

Wherever he may be today one will see him at all times surrounded by large numbers of people, either sitting or standing, and among them may be seen many maharajahs.

At a special group of meetings conducted by the Sadhu which I attended, I saw many rulers who had come in expensive automobiles purposely to get his blessing.

In the evening we listened to the Sadhu chanting and this greatly affected all. *(See illustration 16.)*

In the summer he returns to the high mountains near the source of the Ganges River.

CHAPTER XXIII

SILENT MUNI LIVES WITHOUT FOOD

Mr. Haeckel was my guest for several weeks; he departed for Rikhikesh three weeks in advance of me. Ere long he had advised me to hasten there, that he had witnessed wonderful things besides meeting many fine Yogis, Sadhus and Swamis.

Upon my arrival there I interviewed the ones he considered the best, but I discovered that they had not attained the high state of unfoldment comparable to the higher Yogis I desired to meet. Thereupon Mr. Haeckel solemnly asked where our search for these elusive men of power would next lead us. My answer was to tell him to be ready to leave early the following morning.

The next morning three of us, including my nephew, started toward the Himalayas. Our destination led us along the fine new road following the Ganges River, and the lovely ever-changing scenery won our constant admiration.

Enroute we passed several holy places known in ancient times, among them being Sri Lakshman Kond where in the olden days in this spring water the great Sri Lakshman daily performed his ablutions. Formerly I had always observed the ceremony of bathing there, but due to my European clothes I deferred this until later even though urged by the attendant. There at Sri Lakshman Kond are many priceless rare old books relating the life history of its founder. The attendant appeared very anxious to relate the history of the place to us. A mile distant, he informed us, one may see the spot where Sri Lakshman remained motionless on one foot for a hundred years.

The temples with their background of picturesque scenery combined with the murmuring of the holy Ganges greatly tempted us to remain, but time and plans permitted

us no such indulgence. These temples previously mentioned are in the Garhwal State. The rulers have constructed a splendid seventy-five mile highway leading direct to Deva-Prayag.

Leaving Sri Lakshman Kond we crossed the new steel bridge recently erected by the Maharajah of Terhi Garhwal. We photographed many beautiful scenes before we returned to the opposite bank and started toward Rikhikesh, reaching Swarg Ashrama shortly before noon that morning. As we approached this ashrama our attention was attracted by a man loudly calling to us. We discovered his duty was to hail all passers-by and invite them to visit the temples and to remain for dinner. I teased him by saying that his place was in America—that he would make a fine salesman. I sought his assistance in my search for a Yogi. He promptly declared that I had come to the right place; within an hour, I was informed, I should see hundreds of them coming there. "For what?" I asked. "For their dinner."

"I am not seeking that type of Yogi; I am searching for one who has risen above food, a man of power."

He then pointed to a footpath which he instructed us to follow, saying that it led to a cave wherein lived Muni Baba without food. We immediately set forth and made our way through the lovely gardens to the footpath.

As we approached the cave we paused before the entrance and gazed intently at the Muni inside; we saw before us, sitting in Asana (posture), a man of youthful appearance, nude except for a loincloth, his uncovered hair falling below his shoulders and his face brilliantly radiating the Light within. To one unfamiliar with the customs of these holy men, his hair would appear as though gray, but we knew that his long wavy hair was covered with ashes. Later I found that this man with the firm slender body was greatly older than his appearance indicated. As we stood there we could feel the harmony

of his peace and calmness envelop us. *(See illustration 15.)*

We saluted the Muni and entered the cave; he acknowledged our greetings with a nod. He did not speak, thus observing his vow of silence made eight years before. The Muni was attended by one disciple who urged us to depart, saying that since we had now seen his Guru we might as well leave. I told him to be quiet, that we had made the trip to see his master, not him.

But he persisted, "What is the use when he does not speak?"

I then began talking with the Muni. He wrote on a slip of paper that he had long since ceased to speak; that he cannot think, and more than that, many other teachers call him crazy. I replied that if his high state of unfoldment constituted craziness, I too would willingly become crazy like him. He smiled understandingly and wrote that was untrue, that my purpose there was to discuss Yoga with him and not to receive his blessing, and that I also believed that being saved by others was not worthwhile. Here was a man who actually knew the contents of my mind and the object of my visit.

Mr. Haeckel now interrupted us and asked me in English to repeat to the Muni that he had been a student of Yoga for twenty years and had ever been seeking a man of his high unfoldment, and would he accept him as a disciple. To which the Muni wrote, "You are welcome, the cave is yours."

Haeckel looked around and said, "Do you believe I could withstand the hardships of living in this bare cave?"

I hesitated to repeat this to the Muni, and my friend then instructed me to say that he would return within two years. To my surprise as I was hesitating the Muni wrote, "I shall return within two years."

The Muni, though not conversant with English, understood the meaning of every word. The Muni wrote that

love, hate, or any other word, in any language, would have its same vibration.

When informed that I considered him the greatest Yogi I had encountered in my travels — he had neither taken food nor uttered a word for eight years — he and his disciple urged me to extend my journey a hundred miles farther into the mountains and to interview a Yogi living there who though at least a hundred years old had retained the youth of a man of twenty-five.

They insisted I would make this trip. I stated that this was practically impossible, it not only being very hazardous but that the snow-covered road was closed and impassible until the twelfth of May. As this was now the latter part of March, I intended to return home, and when I left they were still insistent in their belief that I would return to make their suggested trip.

Before leaving the Muni proffered me a textbook on Yoga which I refused as it was the only one he possessed.

We returned home, crossing the Ganges River by ferry and thus saved ourselves many miles of walking.

CHAPTER XXIV

PURITY OF THE GANGA MAYI WATER (THE MOTHER GANGES RIVER)

To the Hindu there is no place or river higher or holier than the Ganga Mayi. History relates that the foremost Indian saints and Rishis in olden days daily sang the praises of Ganga Mayi. From the ancient to the present day thousands of persons yearly make the pilgrimage to the source of this holy river. Those unable to afford such an extended trip choose instead one of the many holy places such as Benares, Hardwar and Rikhikesh. Still others, more unfortunate, unable to afford the journey at all beseech the fortunate ones to bring them some of the holy water from the Mother River.

The custom prevails in India that the committer of a sin, upon forgiveness of it, is given the holy Ganga water.

The belief of the Hindu is that bathing in the waters of the Ganga Mayi purifies one from sin and disease, and that any one fortunate enough to reach the source and remain there three days without food, meanwhile daily bathing in its waters and chanting a mantra, not only attains salvation for himself but also for the seven past and future generations of his family.

It is ever the wish of the Hindu that he may die beholding the River Ganga Mayi. For that reason virtually all the wealthy people of India build a home on the banks of the river from where they may look upon it when consigning the ashes of their beloved ones to her. Following the cremation of every Hindu his ashes are always cast into the Mother River. There is one exception though; the ashes of him who commits suicide are never thrown into the waters of the Ganga Mayi because he was too cowardly to fulfill his duty. The Hindus thoroughly be-

lieve that if one's ashes are not offered to the Mother River that his soul will never have peace.

According to the Hindus the Ganga Mayi is a river of spiritual nectar. It gives purity and long life.

We read in the Mahabharata the following comment of King Yudhisthira after bathing in the holy Ganga waters:

"Yudhisthira, king of justice, said, 'How great must be the force of a pious deed! Having taken my bath at this holy spot in proper form, I seem to touch no more the region inhabited by mortal men! O Saint of virtuous life, I am beholding all the regions.' "

One may perceive the powerful significance attached to the waters of the Ganga Mayi from the following Indian prayer:

"To the Devas, the Yakshas, the Nagas, the reptiles, the trees, the Vidyadharas, the Jaladharas, those flying in the sky, those going without food and those who are inclined to sin, I make this offering of water, with a view to soothing their tormented souls. Let those who are or are not related to me in a former existence and those who expect offering of water from me, derive satisfaction from this offering of water. I pray for peace to the heaven, firmament, earth, water, vegetable kingdom, and the Devas, Brahma, all and sundry, and let that peace come unto me."

The prevailing foreign opinion however of the merits of the Ganga Mayi does not coincide with the home belief if judged from the many derogatory remarks read in their books and newspapers — remarks that clearly show the writers' unfamiliarity with their subject. They heap upon it such epithets as filthy, germ-laden, contaminated and diseased, and state that the Hindus cast their dead into it, forgetting to take into consideration the latters' firm belief in cremation and the Mohammedans' in burial. Small animals, such as the snake and dog, are buried upon death.

I emphatically declare it to be an actual fact that from the source of the river to the city of Benares, not one city empties its sewage into it. I also know that the Hindus would not permit this as they realized thousands of years ago its purity and holiness, and they intend to keep it as such. I have seen the water from the Ganga Mayi kept in homes for many years, sometimes forty and fifty years, and yet it has remained fresh throughout that time.

After suffering centuries of European ridicule through their belief, more than twenty-five years ago the French scientists came to India to investigate the purity of this holy water. To their surprise they found it was absolutely free from disease germs. They also discovered that is possessed medicinal properties capable of curing both dysentery and cholera.

Later professors from both California and Yale Universities testified to the verity of the above statements. The University of California even went as far as to bring water from the Ganga Mayi for medical purposes. It appears that the Hindus were not the fools thought by the Europeans.

The following article from the Manchester Guardian gives additional data on the Ganga Mayi; it is being quoted in full:

"The Ganga Mayi is the holiest river of Hindustan associated in the Hindu mythology with divers benign deities. Various points on the river's banks are the goals of immense pilgrimages held at various times and seasons, and there is pious merit in every sip from or plunge into its waters—above all is that last plunge when the charred remains of the dead are committed to its keeping. Simple folk will tell you that it is because the gods have made it holy and rid it of the snares of disease that lurk in lesser streams and pools. The more sophisticated have it the other way about; they say that because the ancients found the Ganga free from mischief they gave it gods and god-

desses in their hymns and legends. Their judgment is endorsed by modern science.

It was found many years ago, of course, that the Ganga water—foul to the eye in many reaches, defiled by every sort of material cast into it by man and beast—contained the bacteria of some of the deadliest diseases of mankind. Yet it remained comparatively innocuous, and no man could discover why. A new generation of scientists set to work. They arrived at the theory that the water nourished other orders of bacteria, so minute as to defy the sight even when the most powerful microscopes were used, and that these maintained a constant victorious war against their mischievous neighbors. The theory was put to the test. A supply of Ganga water was so filtered that according to all known laws there should have been left in it no living organism whatever. The water thus filtered was then treated in the accepted manner for obtaining a culture of bacteriophage but without perceptible result, and a few drops of it were poured into a test tube containing a slightly milky culture of malignant bacteria—the germs of various diseases, such as cholera, dysentery and enteric. The milkiness disappeared; the bacteria were microscopically examined and were found to be dead. The inference is that what was poured into the test tube was not the inert fluid that contemporary knowledge says it should have been, but contained filter-passing organisms that are inimical to the bacteria of the diseases bottled in the test tube.

It remained to discriminate, if possible, though all the work had to be done in metaphorical darkness as black as pitch—between bacteriophage that might destroy the bacteria of one disease, others of two, and yet others of three diseases, and it is claimed that the bacteriophage inimical in their natural element to a single disease can be trained to attack two types of bacteria, and later three or four. Thus has been produced a culture of which a few drops

administered through the mouth to a dysentery patient have effected in a few hours a cure that normally takes several days or weeks.

Not all the experiments indeed have been so successful, and not all the expert doctors accept the new cultures as an absolute cure. But the results obtained in successful tests were wonderful enough to induce the most eager quest in the School of Tropical Medicine here, one of the great institutions of its kind,—and to justify an exhibition of the experiments before a select number of the general public only the other day. Perhaps the Ganga Mayi is to give up at last its age-old secret, vindicate the honor in which it is held by the faithful, and afford mankind a longed-for and secure relief from some of our most stubborn scourges."

CHAPTER XXV

PUNDIT RAMA SINGHJI

While at Rikhikesh I visited hundreds of Yogis and Sadhus. There I noted that many of them were large in stature. Free of turban and clothes except for a loincloth, with their long hair flowing, in appearance they resembled the ancient Rishis.

Pundit Rama Singhji was among the finest whom we met there; he cares little for rajahs and maharajahs, holding them in light esteem and often refusing to see them. So far he has eluded all photographers. Contrary to his warning I followed him to the river one day with this intention. Standing on the bank of the Ganges he demanded my reason for following him. My reply was to ask why he was going my way.

"What do you want?" he questioned.

"Permission to photograph you." He pointed to another Yogi who always spent the days standing there with closed eyes and advised me to photograph him.

"Should I ask his permission?"

"No, if you want a picture, take it without asking."

As I was photographing the other Yogi, Rama Singhji went into the water and my photograph of him is not very satisfactory. I applied his advice to his own picture and took it without his permission.

Standing nearby was one of his tall and handsome disciples. My attempts to question him proved futile, and when he noticed my camera pointed toward him he quickly jumped into the water, calling out, "You can have it."

That evening I revisited this lovely spot, so ideally set in a grove of beautiful trees on the bank of the holy Ganges half a mile beyond Rikhikesh. Around here are many ghofas, small one room dwellings made of grass and individually occupied by the Truth seeker. This place is well

worth seeing. In the mornings and evenings this is an excellent place to hear discourses on Truth and to see the Yogis and Sadhus in their meditation. One would never forget the picture of serenity these men present while meditating in this magnificent setting. Seated in the Buddha pose, their breathing undiscernible, with their flowing long hair falling below their shoulders and their nude bronzed bodies so motionless and yet so vibrant with life, they resemble statues—living Buddha statues. Some sit with closed eyes, while others with eyes opened and raised upward. Though their eyes are open they do not see. *(See illustration.)*

The chanting of these Punjabi Yogis certainly charms the ear and stirs within one his soul to ecstacy. It is as though an electric current is passing through the body, so very vibrant and rhythmic is the chanting. It becomes an intangible 'something', readily felt but not seen. The listener enters a state of complete calmness and repose, and temporarily his worldly worries are non-existent.

One visiting at Rikhikesh should by all means see Pundit Rama Singhji and the other great men with him. They spend their winters in this beautiful grove just mentioned.

CHAPTER XXVI

MY VISIT TO DEVA PRAYAG IN THE HIMALAYAS

Departing from Rikhikesh with Deva Prayag as our destination, we followed the fine recently constructed road closely paralleling the Ganges River for many miles. Within two miles we had come to the ashrama of Muni Kireti, and there as in previous years we found available the services of coolies to aid one in making the trip afoot. Another two miles brought us to Lakshman Jhoola. The road follows the left side of the Ganges, and on the opposite bank we could see hundreds of small white one-room dwellings set amid natural gardens; these were built by the disciples of Baba Kali Kamli Wala for the seekers of Truth and throughout the winters they are individually occupied by them and Yogis. It is indeed a colorful sight to behold—the cottages, so white and glistening through the green verdure, form a beautiful setting for the orange-colored robes of the Yogis. These dwellings or ghofas are spread along the banks of the Ganges for about two miles and form the ashrama known as Swarg (heaven) Ashrama.

Before reaching Lakshman Jhoola one will come to Sri Lakshman Kond, and of this and the great Sri Lakshman I have written in another chapter. Continuing one will see the narrow high bridge leading direct to Sri Lakshman Temple surrounded by several ashramas, all worthwhile seeing. There one never fails to meet some of the greatest Yogis.

Approximatly two miles from there is Garurha, with scenery indescribably beautiful, and just beyond this is Phoolwari (garden of flowers) where abounds a superabundance of flowers of many varieties. The beauty and serenity of Phoolwari literally embraced me, for it was with decided effort that I forced myself to leave this enchanting spot. In that spot a longing ever arises within me to remain there forever; its natural beauty untouched by man certainly is a monument to the handiwork of Nature.

Then within the next twelve miles or so one will come to Gular, Chatti, Nayee Mohan, Chbote Bijani, Barhi Bijani and then to Kond Chatti, spaced at two or three mile intervals along the road.

Within another twenty miles at odd distances the traveler will pass Bandarbhel, Maha-Der, Semral Chatti, Kandi Chatti where free food, shelter and medical care are obtainable; and then to Byasghat where he will unexpectedly find a post office. The ensuing thirty-five miles of road are straight and level. From Byasghat to Umrasu is five miles and another four miles brings one to his destination—Deva Prayag. Supplies, postal and telegraph services are available at this most holy of holy places and its Dharma Sala offers free food, shelter and medical care.

There at this chosen spot meet the rivers Bhagiratha and Alaknanda, the later on the right leading the way to Kedarnath, Badrinath and Mansarowar, and the former on the left coursing its way to Gangotori and Jamnotori.

Deva-Prayag is greatly to be desired by those seeking self-mastery. The glories and merit of this holy shrine were highly praised in ancient days by the Rishi Vyas in his book, the Mahabharatha. The few pages of this book which I am giving below will show the great importance and significance attached in olden times to Deva-Prayag and the other holy places and tirthas, sacred bathing shrines, connected with them.

Rishi Vyas in the Mahabharatha here begins to extol the benefits to be derived from bathing at the tirthas located in these sacred places:—

One bathing at the tirtha called Koti earns the reward equal to bestowing a thousand kine. Having encircled Koti one should then proceed to Jyeshthasthana. Beholding

Mahadeva who is there one will shine like a moon. O bull of the Bharata race, there is a far-famed well. There, O greatest of Heroes, in that well are the four seas. He who with soul subdued bathes there while exalting the gods and the Pitris, purified from sin, attains to a glorified state. One should then continue, O worthy king, to the renowned Sringaverapura where Rama, son of Desaratha, forded the Ganges.

One pursuing a Brahmacharya life with senses controlled, by bathing in the Ganges becomes purified from all his sins and likewise attains the merit of the Vajapeya sacrifice. Thence should one sojourn to Mayuravata dedicated to Mahadeva of great intelligence, and there beholding the god and bowing before him and encircling the shrine, one earns the Ganapatya status, O Bharata. One is purified from all his sins by bathing in the Ganges at that tirtha. And then, O sovereign, proceed to Prayag whose glories have been chanted by the Rishis and where reside the gods with Brahma at their head, the Directions with their presiding deities, the Lokapalas, the Sidhas, the Pitris beloved by the world, the mighty Rishis—Sanat-Kumara and others, stainless Brahmarishis—Angiras and others, the Nagas, the Rivers, the Suparnas, the Gandharvas, the Seas, the Apsaras, and the Lord Hari with Prajapati. There are three fiery caverns in that tirtha among which swiftly flows the foremost of tirthas, the Ganges. There in that region uniting with the Ganges is the world-purifying daughter of the Sun, Yamuna, worshipped over the three worlds. That region between Yamuna and Ganges is considered the mons veneris of the world, Prayag being the foremost point.

The tirthas Prayag, Pratisthana, Kamvala, Acwatara and Bhagabat are the sacrificial stages of the Creator. There, O greatest of heroes, adoring the Brahma are the Rishis invested with the richness of Yoga, and in embodied forms the Vedas and Sacrifices. The learned claim that Prayag

is the most sacred—in fact the foremost of all tirthas in the three worlds, O worthy one. One is purified from all sins by visiting or chanting the glories of that tirtha, or by taking a little earth from it. The merits of the Rajasuya and the horse-sacrifices are his who bathes in that confluence celebrated over the world.

Wherever one bathes in the Ganges, there too he attains the merit equal to a sojourn to Kurukshetra. There is an exception favoring Kanakhala but the merit attached to Prayag is the greatest. As fuel is consumed by fire, likewise are the sins of him who bathes in the Ganges destroyed by the waters thereof even though they number a hundred. . .

By reason of their purified senses, their belief in Godhead and their knowledge of the Vedas are men of reverence and enlightenment able to visit these tirthas. He who does not adhere to his vows nor has his mind under restraint or is impure, a thief, or of warped mind, does not bathe in tirthas, O Kauravya. Ever mindful of virtue you are of pure character. O virtuous one, by your virtue you have ever pleased your father, your grandfather and great-grandfathers, and the gods with Brahma at their head and the Rishis also. You, O Bhishma, who resemble Vasava will attain to the region of the Vasus and have endless fame on earth. Those foremost of Rishis — Valmiki, Kasyapa, Atreya, Kundajathara, Viswamitra, Gautama, Asita, Devala, Markandeya,, Galava, Bharadwaja, Vasiththa, the Muni Uddalaka, Saunaka and his son, and Vyasa the greatest of Yogis, Durvasas the foremost of Munis, Javali of great austerities — all these renowned Rishis invested with the wealth of Yoga are awaiting in anticipation of your arrival. O mighty monarch, by sojourning at these sacred tirthas will you unite with them. And Lomasa, a famed Rishi of limitless energy, will come to you. Follow him and me, O virtuous one, and by turns sojourn at these tirthas. Even as King Mahabhishma will you attain great fame by this. And, O tiger among men,

like the righteous Yayati and King Puruavas, will you blaze forth with the radiance of your own virtue. With the brilliance of the Sun himself you will shine among kings, even as King Bhagiratha and the renowned Rama. And, O great king, even as a Muni or Ikshwaku, or the highly distinguished Puru of Vainya are you honored in the world.

As in ancient days the slayer of Vritra after destroying all his foes governed the three worlds, his mind tranquil, likewise will you govern your subjects after vanquishing all your foes. And having subdued the earth according to the customs of your order, O mighty monarch, you will attain fame by your virtue, even like Karttaviryaryuna.

CHAPTER XXVII

UP TO VILWA KEDAR

We said farewell to Deva Prayag and started toward Janak Ashrama, thirteen miles distant, passing enroute Rani Bagh, Kolta and Rampur. My visit to this ashrama again fulfilled one of my boyhood desires, and it was with regret that we said good-bye and started toward Vilwa Kedar, four miles farther on.

History relates that Arjuna, hero of the Bhagavad Gita, practiced Yoga there for many years. Rishi Vyasa has described this renowned place in his Mahabharata, following of which are a few pages.

Vaisampayana continued,—Having pronounced these benedictions, Krishna the daughter of Yajnasena became silent. The strong-armed son of Pandu having encircled his brothers and Dhaumya also then grasped his handsome bow and departed. And all the beings began to follow the path that Arjuna of enduring energy and valor, impelled by the yearning to behold Indra (god), pursued. Many mountains wherein dwelled Yogis were traversed before he reached the abode of the celestials in the sacred Himalaya. In one day the high-souled one arrived at that hallowed mountain, for like the winds he was endowed with the speed of the mind as a result of his Yogic practices. And having penetrated the Himalaya, also the Gandhamadana, he passed over many rugged and hazardous places, continuously walking day and night without weariness.

Upon arriving at Indrakila Arjuna paused for a moment. And then a voice he heard in the sky saying,—Stop. At the sound of the voice his eyes searched everywhere. And Arjuna equally skilled in both hands beheld before him sheltered by a tree a Yogi, tawny-colored, thin and with matted locks and shining forth with the radiance of Brahma. And the mighty Yogi seeing Arjuna pause there greeted him, saying,—O child, who are you, coming

hither with bow and arrow and your suit of armor equipped with scabbard and gauntlet and evidently adhering to the customs of the ruling class? Weapons are unneeded here. Here dwell the peaceful learned men, without anger or joy and faithful to Yogic practices. As peace and harmony ever prevail here, unavailing is your bow. Therefore, O child, cast afar this bow of yours. A pure state of life you have attained by your presence here. O hero, no man compares with you in strength and valor.

Thus was Arjuna frequently addressed by the smiling Brahman. But he was unsuccessful in dissuading Arjuna, steadfastly devoted to his purpose. Again the regenerate one, happy at heart, smilingly addressed Arjuna, saying,—Blessed be you, O slayer of foes. I am Cakra; speak forth the desired boon. Thus addressed the heroic Arjuna, that perpetuator of the Kuru race, bowing his head and clasping his hands responded to him of a thousand eyes, saying,—O illustrious one, even this is the goal of my desires; grant me this boon. From you I desire to learn all the weapons. Then the chief of the celestials smilingly replied to him, saying,—When you have entered this domain, what occasion is there for weapons? Already you have attained a pure state of life. Ask for the regions of bliss that you desire. Arjuna thus addressed responded to him of a thousand eyes, saying,—Regions of bliss I do not desire nor objects of enjoyment, nor the status of a celestial; what do you say of happiness? O chief of the celestials, the prosperity of all the gods is not desired by me. Having left my brothers in the forest awaiting me and without avenging myself on the enemy, shall I incur the ignominy of the world for all ages? Thus addressed the slayer of Vritra, adored of the worlds, gently spoke to Arjuna, saying,—when you are able to behold the three-eyed, trident-bearing Siva, the lord of all beings, then it is that I shall bestow upon you all the celestial weapons, O child. Therefore endeavor to attain the sight of the greatest of

the gods for, O son of Kunti, it is after you have perceived him that you will then attain all your desires. Having thus addressed Arjuna Cakra thereupon disappeared. Devoting himself to Yoga Arjuna remained there.

At Yudhishthira's command Arjuna of limitless prowess departed from Kamyaka to obtain a sight of Cakra, the chief of the celestials, and of Sankara, the god of gods. Armed with his celestial bow and sword with a golden hilt, Arjuna of great force continued northward toward the summit of the Himavat to effect the object of his desire. And Arjuna, foremost of all warriors in the three worlds, with mind serene and steadfastly adhering to his resolution, immediately devoted himself to Yogic practices. And alone he entered that fearful forest abounding with thorny plants, diverse kinds of fruits, flowers and trees and inhabited by various species of winged creatures and swarming with animals of varied kinds and frequented by Siddhas and Charanas.

When Arjuna penetrated that forest forsaken by human beings, the sounds of drums and conchs began to reverberate throughout the heavens. And upon the earth rained a heavy shower of flowers while the clouds extending over the firmament cast a dense shadow. Arjuna forthwith reached the breast of the Himavat after having traversed these formidable and timbrous regions at the base of the great mountain, and abiding there temporarily began to shine in his brilliancy. And there he beheld many trees with widespreading verdure, resounding with the dulcet notes of the winged warblers. And there he saw rivers with waters deep blue occasionally broken by turbulent eddies, echoing with the sweet tones of swans and cranes. And the melodious strains of the male kokila together with the notes of the peacocks and cranes echoed throughout the banks of those rivers. The mighty warrior became enchanted upon seeing those rivers of holy, pure and delicious water with their picturesque banks. There-

upon the enraptured Arjuna of limitless energy and high soul surrendered himself to the austere practices in that pleasing and woody region, and supplied with a black deer skin and staff and clad in a covering of grass, he began to eat fallen withered leaves.

And the first month was passed by eating fruit every third night; the second month every sixth night, and the third month each fortnight. And Arjuna began to subsist on air alone when the fourth month came. Balancing on the tips of his toes with arms upraised and with no support he continued his practices. In consequence of frequent bathing the locks of the illustrious hero assumed the delicate hue of the lotus.

Then the mighty Rishis assembled before the god of the Pinaka to relate to him the intense asceticism of Arjuna. And saluting that god of gods (Siva, the greatest Yogi) they apprised him of Arjuna's practices, saying,—This son of Pritha endowed with limitless energy is engrossed in the most arduous of Yogic practices on the breast of the Himalaya. The earth, heated by his practices, is smoking all around. We know not the final objective of these practices, O god of gods; however, he is causing us great anguish. It behooves thee to restrain him.

The lord of all beings, the husband of Uma, replied,—It does not befit you to indulge in grief over Arjuna. With cheerfulness and promptness return whence you came; to me is known the desire within Arjuna's heart. His desire is neither for heaven, prosperity nor long years. And that which he desires, even this day I shall fulfill.

Vaisampayana continued,—Gratified by the assurance of the Mahadeva the truth-speaking Rishis returned to their respective abodes.

Observing the wonder of Arjuna and noting his emaciated body due to ascetic practices, I addressed him in a voice thunderous deep, saying,—O Arjuna, your act without comparison has elated me. There is no Kshatriya

comparable to you in valor and patience. Your strength and prowess, O sinless one, are nearly equal to mine. I have been delighted with you. O bull of the Bharata race, behold me. O large-eyed one, I shall bestow upon you eyes to view me in my pure form. Hitherto you were a Rishi. Triumphant you shall be over your foes, likewise the dwellers of heaven. As you have pleased me, I shall present to you an irresistible weapon. Forthwith shall you be able to wield that weapon of mine.

Vaisampayana continued,—Then Arjuna beheld Mahadeva, that god of fiery magnificence, that wielder of the Pinaka, that one who abides in the mountains of Kailasa attended by Uma. That subduer of hostile cities, the son of Pritha, bending low and bowing his head worshipped Siva and inclined him to grace. And Arjuna said,—O chief of all gods, O Kaparddin, O thou of blue throat and matted locks, I know thee for the Cause of all causes, O three-eyed one. O lord of all. All the gods find refuge in thee and from thee this universe has sprung. The three worlds of the celestials, the Asuras and men are incapable of subjugating thee. Siva art thou in the form of Vishnu, and Vishnu in the form of Siva. The great sacrifice of Daksha has been destroyed by thee in days gone by. I salute thee, O Hari, O Rudra. On thy forehead thou hast an eye. I salute thee, O Sarva, O thou that bestowest objects of desire, O bearer of the trident, O wielder of the Pinaka, O Surya, O thou of pure body and Creator of all. I reverence thee to attain thy grace. The lord of the Ganas thou art, the source of universal blessing, the Cause of the causes of the universe. Beyond the foremost of male beings, the highest thou art, the Subtlest thou art, O Hara. O renowned Sankara, it befits thee to forgive my faults. It was due to my desire to behold thee that I came to this great mountain cherished by thee which is the worthy abode of Yogis. Thou art adored of all the worlds. I worship thee to attain thy grace, O lord. Regard

not this imprudence of mine as a fault, nor the combat in which from ignorance I engaged with thee. I implore thy protection, O Sankara. Forgive me all I have committed.

Mahadeva said, — In your life heretofore you were Nara the friend of Narayana. In Vadari you were absorbed in austere Yogic practices for several thousand of years. Great might dwells within you as well as in Vishnu, that first of male beings. By your might you both hold the universe. Taking hold of that merciless bow whose twang resembled the deep roar of thunder, O lord, you as well as Krishna had punished the Danavas during the coronation of Indra. O son of Pritha, even this Gandiva is that bow worthy of your hands. I seized it from you, O foremost of male beings, assisted by my illusory powers. And, O son of Pritha, inexhaustible will be this pair of quivers worthy of you. And your body will be free from disease and pain; your valor is incapable of being frustrated. With you I have been pleased. Ask of me the boon you desire, O first of male beings. O chastiser of all enemies, O giver of due respect to the deserved, there is no male being equal to you even in heaven, nor any Kshatriya your superior.

Arjuna said,—O renowned god having the bull for thy emblem, I beseech of thee, O lord, if thou wilt fulfill my desire, that fierce celestial weapon, the Brahmacira wielded by thee—that weapon of appalling prowess which devastates the whole universe at the end of Yuga—that weapon by help of which, O god of gods, by your grace I may attain victory in the frightful conflict which shall ensue between Karna, Bhishma, Kripa and Drona, and me—that weapon by which I may subdue in battle the Danavas, Rakshasas, Evil Spirits, Picachas, Gandharvas and Nagas — that weapon which when hurled with Mantras yields thousands of darts and ferocious looking maces and arrows like snakes of virulent poison, and by which I may combat Bhishma, Drona, Kripa and Karna of ever slanderous tongue. Such is my utmost desire, O

renowned destroyer of the eyes of Bhaga, that I may fight and attain success.

Bhava replied,—I will present to you the Pacupata, that chosen weapon of mine, O potent one. You are qualified to hold, to hurl and to withdraw it, O son of Pandu. This is unknown to the chief of the gods, to Yama, to the king of the Yakshas, Varuna of Vayu. How could men become aware of it. But, Arjuna, this weapon must not be cast without just cause, for casting it forth at a foe of minute strength may destroy the entire universe. This weapon is capable of slaying all the mobile and immobile creatures in the three worlds. And by the mind, the eye, words or by the bow itself, it may be cast.

Vaisampayana continued.—Upon hearing these words Arjuna purified himself. With rapt attention he approached the lord of the universe and said,—Instruct me. Then to the best of Pandu's sons Mahadeva conveyed the knowledge of that weapon resembling the embodiment of Yama, together with all the mysteries pertaining to the hurling and withdrawing of it. Henceforth that weapon began to serve Arjuna as it formerly did Sankara, the lord of Uma. With gladness Arjuna accepted it. And the earth in its allness trembled at that moment. And by the thousands the sounds of conchs, drums and trumpets began to be heard; simultaneously hurricanes and whirlwinds began to blow. And the gods and the Danavas beheld that fierce weapon in its embodies form remaining aside of Arjuna of limitless energy. And the three-eyed deity by his touch dispelled whatever evil had been in the body of Arjuna of immeasurable energy. And the three-eyed god commanded Arjuna saying,—Go into heaven. Then, O king, Arjuna with joined hands and bowed head, adoring the god, gazed upon him. Then to Arjuna, the mightiest of men, Bhava the lord of all who dwell in heaven, the deity of fiery magnificence abiding on the mountain-breasts, the husband of Uma, the god of passions under complete

control, the fountain of all blessings, bestowed the mighty bow called Gandiva, destructive of Danavas and Picachas. Then departing from that sacred mountain with snowy plateaus, vales and caves, chosen haven of the sky-ranging Rishis, the god of gods attended by Uma ascended into the skies in view of that mightiest of men.

Vaisampayana continued, — Hearing these words of Arjuna, Matali the charioteer of Cakra presently mounted the car to control the horses. Then with a joyous heart Arjuna cleansed himself by bathing in the Ganges. And the son of Kunti silently repeated his customary prayers. Then with oblations of water he duly and according to the ordinance propitiated the Pitris. Lastly he supplicated the Mandara—that king of mountains, saying,—O mountain, ever are you the retreat of holy, heaven-seeking Rishis of righteous conduct and behavior. It is through your grace, O mountain, the Brahmans, Kshatriyas and Vacyas attain heaven and their fears allayed revel with the celestials. O mountain, O king of mountains, you are the ashrama of Munis and on the slopes you hold numerous sacred shrines. Joyously have I abided on your heights. Now leaving I bade you farewell. Your plateaus and bowers, springs, brooks and shrines on your breasts I have frequently seen. The luscious fruits growing on thee I have also eaten and my thirst has been quenched with draughts of fragrant water from your springs, sweet as ambrosial fluid itself. O mountain, as a child rests happily on the lap of his father, so have I, O exalted one, sported on your slopes echoing with the notes of Apsaras and the chanting of the Vedas. O king of mountains, daily have I joyously lived on your plains.

Arjuna of sunlike brilliancy and subduer of hostile heroes thus having bidden farewell to the mountains ascended the celestial car.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MUNI AGASTYA ASHRAMA

Four miles beyond the Janak Ashrama is Vilwa Kedar; following is the city of Sri-Nagar, the only large and well-known city of this district and in olden days the capitol of the Garhwal State. There one will find a post office, telegraph station, Dharma Sala, and supplies for sale.

From Sri-Nagar to Sukrata, then to Bhatti Sera, to Khankara and then to Narkota, Gulabrai and Rudra Prayag where supplies and the facilities of a post office, telegraph station, Dharma Sala and free dispensary are available. From here to my destination, Uttarakhand.

At Rudra Prayag converge the rivers Mandakini and Alaknanda, likewise the two roads paralleling them, the one following Alaknanda coming from Badrinath and the other from Kedarnath. From Rudra Prayag one will pass Chhatoli and Rampur before reaching Agastya Ashrama, a distance of nine miles. A person may go there by airplane as the Himalaya Airway Company maintains an airport at this ashrama, the trip from Hardwar consuming an hour with a fee of twenty-five dollars. Coolies and horses also may be hired there. This beautiful place is named in honor of the great Muni Agastya, the memory of whose life and great deeds have been immortalized in prose and verse, the subject of which is familiar even to the small children of India.

Rishi Vyasa, the author of the Mahabharata, has devoted considerable space to the history of this highly evolved Muni Agastya and his illimitable powers, and following are a few pages from this book:—

Vaisampayana said,—Following this the royal son of Kunti, ever celebrated for his lavish gifts to Brahmans, departed for the ashrama of Agastya and there in Durjaya prepared his dwelling. It was here that King Yudhishthira,

that foremost of speakers, questioned Lomasa regarding Agastya's motive for slaying Vatapi there. And the king further queried him as to the extent of that man-destroying Daitya's prowess and the reason the sublime Agastya's wrath rose against that Asura.

Thus examined Lomasa replied,—O son of the Kuru race, in the days of yore in the city of Manimati there dwelled a Daitya known as Ilwala with a younger brother called Vatapi. One day that son of Didi beseeched a Brahman endowed with the Yogic merit, saying,—Bestow upon me a son equal to Indra, O mighty one. A son like Indra was not granted the Asura by the Brahman. At this the Asura became wrought with anger against the Brahman and henceforth, O king, the Asura Ilwala became a slayer of Brahmans. Gifted with the power of illusion, the inflamed Asura transformed his brother into a ram. And Vatapi also, possessor of the power to assume any form desired, would immediately assume the form of a ram. After being properly prepared the flesh of that ram was offered as food to Brahmans. After consuming it they were slain, for one even in the abode of Yama when vocally enjoined by Ilwala would appear in reembodied form endowed with life and present himself to Ilwala. And so the Asura Vatapi having been transformed into a ram, properly prepared and fed to the Brahmans, would thereby be summoned by Ilwala. And the powerful Asura Vatapi, the foe of Brahmans, gifted with mighty energy and illusory power would, O king, upon hearing the loud voice of Ilwala tear apart the flanks of the Brahman and laughingly emerge, O lord of earth. And thus it was that the cruel Daitya Ilwala, O monarch, having feasted the Brahmans oftentimes destroyed them.

Lomasa said,—When Ilwala was apprised of the Rishi Agastya's arrival and the kings within the confines of his domain, with his ministers went forth and duly worshipped them. And that prince of Asuras graciously

welcomed and entertained them, O son of the Kuru race, with carefully prepared meat supplied by his brother Vatapi transformed into a ram. All the royal sages beholding the great Asura Vatapi who had been transformed into a ram thus cooked for them became pensive and unhappy, and were nearly dispossessed of themselves. But Agastya, that foremost of Rishis, spoke thus to the royal sages, saying,—Do not commit yourselves to grief. I shall consume the great Asura. And the mighty Rishi seated himself while Ilwala smilingly served him the food. And the entire supply of meat supplied by Vatapi transformed into a ram was consumed by Agastya, following which Ilwala began to summon his brother. But only a quantity of air accompanied with a deep thunderous roar came forth from the illustrious Rishi's stomach, O child. Repeatedly Ilwala said,—Come out, O Vatapi.

Then Agastya, the best of Munis, burst into laughter and said,—How can he come out? So soon has that great Asura been digested by me. Beholding his brother already digested, Ilwala became sad and unhappy; clasping his hands, along with his ministers he addressed the Rishi Agastya and his companions, saying,—Why are you here and how can I serve you? Agastya smilingly replied to Ilwala, saying,—O Asura, we are aware that you possess mighty power and vast wealth. These kings do not enjoy great wealth, also my need of wealth is great. .Bestow upon us what you can without injuring others. Thus addressed Ilwala bowed to the Rishi, saying,—Foretell my gift and I shall bestow all upon you. Hearing this Agastya said,—O great Asura, ten thousand kine and as many gold coins you have purposed to give each of these kings. And twice as much you have purposed to give me and also a car of gold with horses fleet as thought. If you will enquire now you will learn that yonder car is made of gold. Thereupon Ilwala enquired and ascertained that the car intended for Agastya was actually a golden one. Then the

Daitya with saddened heart gave away much wealth and the golden car to which were yoked two steeds, Virava and Surava. And, O Bharata, Agastya with the kings and all the wealth was taken to his ashrama within the flash of an eyelid by those steeds. And obtaining Agastya's permission those royal sages departed for their respective domains.

And Agastya with this wealth satisfied his wife's desires. And Lopamudra, his wife, then said,—O worthy one, all my desires have been accomplished by you. Beget me a child possessed of mighty energy. And Agastya said to her,—O glorified and beauteous one, your conduct has greatly delighted me. Listen to my proposal regarding your offering. Would you prefer a thousands sons or a hundred sons each equal to ten, or ten sons each equal to a hundred, or only one son who may subdue a thousand? Lopamudra replied,—One son I would have equal to a thousand, O exalted one. One worthy and learned son is preferable to many evil ones.

CHAPTER XXIX

KEDARNATH — AND THE DANGERS CONFRONTING THE SEEKER IN THE SNOW-COVERED HIMALAYAS

In the course of much traveling I finally reached the mountain range, the one most highly revered in the entire Himalayas, where is located the source of all Indian rivers including the holy Ganga Mayi (Ganges). There within a radius of twenty miles arise the many rivers which yield forth the cool waters that nurture all India, without which it would indeed be a barren waste.

Within this region here known as Uttarakhand the foremost Indian Rishis, Munis and Yogis have established themselves, not only those of today but also those in ancient times; and throughout the centuries to the present day it has ever attracted the highest of Indian minds. It has in no wise lost its charms of yesterday, and thousands, nay hundreds of thousands, of pilgrimages are made yearly to pay homage to these holy places known as Badrinath, Kedarnath, Gangotori and Jamnotori, all in this vicinity. With an altitude of twelve thousand feet it is eternally covered with snow, and from there one can see within a distance of twenty miles many snow-covered mountain peaks towering high into the heavens, some with an elevation exceeding twenty-five thousand feet.

One summit, Nanda Devi, has never been scaled. This summit is practically inaccessible for it is surrounded by a wall-like formation fifteen thousand feet high. There is however a secret pass or entrance through a deep gorge known as the source of the Rishi Ganga River through which one may approach it, but it is an extremely hazardous and dangerous trip to all who seek to penetrate its heights.

Within this small circle of twenty miles was the birthplace of the Wisdom of India. There one will note the forest is very dense, its trees unusually tall, and there live many highly evolved Yogis, those Yogis who have overcome the nature elements—heat and cold—hunger, thirst, etc. In their blissful state they present a picture of tranquillity and happiness, and this unconsciously raises the desire for Wisdom and Self-realization within the observer. It is through the guiding Wisdom and instruction of these Yogis that ordinary men become perfect and destroy their ignorance.

The nights are bitterly cold but this has never chilled my enthusiasm and yearning to visit this holy of holy places—the heart of India and Indian Wisdom. Fear and the baser emotions are unknown there, even the wild animals respond to the gentle and kind influence of these great men.

Enroute to Kedarnath from Agastya Ashrama one will pass at odd intervals within a distance of twelve miles Saurhi, Chandrapuri, Bhiri, Kond Chatti, and then Gupta Kashi. The latter, a large village, is known as the Sacred Benares and there one may hear many legends related by the pandas whose duty also is to collect the gifts of money offered by the many pilgrims for support of the Kedarnath Temple. This village also has a post office, telegraph station and Dharma Sala offering free food and shelter. Leaving Gupta Kashi one will next pass Nala Chatti, Narain Koti, Mai Khanda, Phata, and Rampur, within a space of twelve miles. A road from Gangotori connects with Rampur and from there on is the most difficult part of the journey.

Although wide, the mountainous road is flanked by precipitous banks, and in the rainy season the traveler faces not only the danger of slipping over the bank to instant death but that of landslides also. From Rampur to Trijugi Narain and then to Gauri Kond all within six

miles where one will find several springs, one with hot water which tempts all to bathe in it.

From Gauri Kond passing through Rambarah to Kedarnath is just seven miles. Kedarnath with its altitude of nearly twelve thousand feet and its perpetual blanket of snow is the goal of all pilgrims. Half of each year this village is inaccessible, being completely buried in snow; even the temple is closed, its head and staff moving twenty-six miles below to Ukhinath for the winter months. Surrounding Kedarnath one may see many high, eternally snow-capped mountain peaks and among them the unattainable Nanda Devi. One visiting there for the first time will hardly believe his eyes when he sees these Yogis and Sadhus, nude except for a dhoti (loincloth), walking in the snow. Even the summer months are bitterly cold with a strong piercing wind always blowing off the snow-covered mountains, but these holy men are impervious to the intense cold.

The stone temple, built on the banks of the Mandakini River, has many private buildings and Dharma Salas connected with it as well as a post office and telegraph station.

There at Kedarnath we met a Yogi whom historical records prove to be over three hundred and sixty years of age, the same records proving his captaincy in the Indian Army during the Moghul rule of India. The trip to see this man so close to the four hundred mark was extremely interesting and worthwhile. Upon meeting him we were surprised to note the suppleness of his body, his youthful gait and aspect. I questioned him regarding the Yogic course of exercises he followed, for he had passed his youth before Yoga claimed him. Unselfishly and generously he responded to my numerous questions and devoted considerable time demonstrating the various Asanas, Mudras and Pranayamas. His execution of the exercises thrilled us, his body so very pliable and responsive to the most

difficult of Yogic practices. It was a thrilling sight to behold him when he slowly and continuously for several minutes inwardly breathed and then raised his body from the ground, balancing it on two finger-tips, meanwhile retaining his breath and this position for an almost unbelievable length of time. Although I had heard of this great Yogi as a boy from my Master, this was our first meeting and I remained as his guest for two days.

Rishi Vyasa in his Mahabharata has dwelled considerably on the tirthas and these holy spots in the Himalayan Mountains. He greatly stressed the spiritual significance attached to visiting these sacred shrines.

CHAPTER XXX

THE INDIA NATIONAL CONFERENCE

During Christmas week, 1936, the India National Conference convened at Faezpur, a small village two hundred and fifty miles from Bombay. I considered this an excellent opportunity to meet the greatest of Hindu leaders and therefore arranged the twenty-six hundred mile trip to attend that session of Congress.

I made this journey alone. Entering the train I met a rich Hindu whose purpose and destination coincided with mine. He proved to be interesting, considerate and very generous, for he insisted upon taking care of my expenses. I was very fortunate in meeting him because he was acquainted with the leaders and made my interviews with them extremely easy. We were together a great deal at Faezpur and also returned on the same train. His home was in the city of Kalka in the Himalayas. I regretted that time prevented my accepting his kind invitation to visit his home.

This trip also afforded me the opportunity to attend Mahatma Gandhi's daily prayer meetings at four in the morning and eight thirty in the evening.

Over two hundred thousand persons assembled at Faezpur for this special conference. Even though the crowds were very dense no policemen were on duty. It was surprising and satisfying to note how smoothly the meetings progressed; I also observed the mannerly conduct of the people during mealtime, at all times there being a complete lack of confusion. My only criticism was the length of the meetings—from three until midnight.

The first meeting was opened with the following song:

BANDE MATARAM

I bow to thee, Mother,
Richly-watered, richly-fruited,
Cool with the winds of the south,
Dark with the crops of the harvests, the Mother!

Her strands rejoicing in the glory of the moonlight,
Her lands clothed beautifully with her trees in flowering bloom,
Sweet of laughter, sweet of speech,
The Mother, giver of boons, giver of bliss!

Terrible with the clamorous shout of seventy-million hands,
Who saith to thee, Mother, that thou are weak?
Holder of multitudinous strength,
I bow to her who saves,
To her who drives from her the armies of her foemen, The Mother!

Thou art knowledge, thou art conduct,
Thou our heart, thou our soul,
For thou art the life in our body,
In the arm thou art might, O Mother,
In the heart, O Mother, thou art love and faith.
It is thy image we raise in every temple.
For thou art 'Durga' holding her ten weapons of war.

'Kamala' at play in the lotuses
And Speech, the Goddess, giver of all lore,
To thee I bow!
I bow to thee, Goddess of wealth, pure and peerless.

Richly-watered, richly-fruited, the Mother!
I bow to thee, Mother
Dark-hued, candid,
Sweetly smiling, jewelled and adorned,
The holder of wealth, the lady of plenty,
The Mother!

—By BANKIN CHANDRA CHATTERJEE,
Translation by SRI A. GHOSE.

Every morning while there I arose at three o'clock and walked to Mahatma Gandhi's camp to attend his prayer meetings. Usually there were only a few people present. As soon as the Mahatma joined the group he would sit in Asana on a robe spread upon the ground, and with his head bent downward and his chin nearly touching his chest, similar to the Jalandhara Mudra, he would remain motionless for fifteen minutes, his breathing hardly perceptible. Some of his followers would begin chanting, later being joined by the visitors. The chanting consisted of the following: Jai Ram, Jai Ram, Jai Ram; Raja Ram, Raja Ram, Raja Ram (Victory to God; God is the Ruler). The morning and evening meetings were alike, and they constituted the most enjoyable part of my visit there.

My usual routine there consisted of interviewing the leaders a few hours each afternoon, attending the general meetings from three to eight o'clock, then the prayer meeting at the Mahatma's camp, following which I would return to the main meeting until closing time.

All the Indian leaders from the young to the old proved themselves second to none; they spoke bravely and fearlessly, and severely condemned the English Government for their misrule. Some of the speakers were so extremely emphatic in their condemnation that the newspapers were unable to publish their speeches in full through fear of reprisals from the government.

I heard the Mahatma deliver his first political speech

since his retirement in 1934 when he unfolded in his inimitable language his conception of Swaraj for India. With staff in hand and accompanied by Khadi workers, he rose to the rostrum and acknowledged the spontaneous and respectful ovation from the audience. He expressed his regrets over the delayed opening of the meeting, due to the unexpected immensity of the crowds. He said:

"We were not prepared for such onrush of crowds. My objective was to get as big a crowd in the Exhibition grounds as possible to get money to cover the expenses. This trade-trick was a deliberate design and if some of you have seen 'Khaddar' or 'Swadeshi' articles by accident or mistake, I feel satisfied and share in the good done.

"I have no doubts and experience here has shown us all that the Congress will gain greater and greater strength through the holding of sessions in villages as in preference to cities. Volunteers and Desh-Sevikas came in such large numbers that services of hundreds of them had to be refused. By God's grace the first experiment has been a great success.

"I have no new tale to tell. Mine's an old old story and I can only put it in a new garb. Akhil Bharat Charkha Sangh and Khadi have been in existence for eighteen years. The Village Industries' Association was started from the Bombay session.

"My faith in Khaddar is undiminished. I still say Swaraj hangs by the end of a cotton thread. I repeat our Swaraj, Purna Swaraj or complete independence or freedom from any sort of foreign domination can only be built up on four corner-stones. First, we must live well, not only get pittance or meagre subsistence but good food, ghee, milk and vegetables and, if a man so minded wants even meat. For dress you do not want merely 'langoti' though it is no bad dress. But as worldly men you must have all sorts of dresses and full dresses. Our women who dress elegantly and fashionably now should be able to go

about with pomp and show even after the attainment of freedom.

"But our political setting should also be Indian and not European. We do not want a model of the British Parliament or Russia or Portugal or Germany or Italy (I cannot talk of Spain for they are in struggle). My freedom will not be like theirs. My political structure will be purely Indian. If you ask how we will run our Government I cannot tell you here and now although at the Round Table Conference I said I can give the Indian Constitution today. Then I had the Congress Constitution in mind, a Constitution in the development and growth of which I had a hand.

"Under my Swaraj even foreigners can live if only they respect our flag. My independence is for all. I tell my Socialist friends you are not talking anything new. Our ancestors always said, this is God's earth. It is neither of Capitalists nor of Zemindars nor of anybody. It belongs to Gopal who reared cows. It is his who is a cowherd. Neither a Raja nor a Zeminder can say it is his. Eventually even our body is not our own. The only thing eternal is the soul. I have talked of two fundamentals.

"The third is moral or social or political. Our politics is eternal truth based on non-violence. This is what the Congress has told you.

"The fourth fundamental is Dharma which means faith in God and truth. God is truth. My truth is a living force. It will live even after the world perishes. It is imperishable. It is Sat-Sri-Akal or Ana-ul-Haq or God in the Bible. All religions believe in this eternal truth. Religion is not a Hindu cutting the throat of a Muslim or a Muslim of a Sikh. I have not talked of Hindu, Muslim or Sikh religion. I have talked of something Who is the basis of all religions and Whose blessings we require in everyday life. This is our freedom or Swaraj or what I

call Ram Raj. This Swaraj is hanging by the end of a cotton thread.

"On one side is our parliamentary program for which I am responsible as also I was responsible for not taking it up. I believe our parliamentary program chalked out at Ranchi and Delhi was good. This program is good but it is not for you and me. For the parliamentary program only a few are required, only a few hundred need attend it. This is only for about a thousand people among 350 millions. Those going to the legislatures are our servants. They go there at our behest. The most that we can do for them is to cast our votes in their favor since they are Congressmen. The Congress has nominated them. If we have faith in the Congress we should vote for Congress nominees and do our duty. I do not know how many of you have votes but I may tell you that I have no vote. I cannot vote or stand. If I do, they say, you are not fit. You have been sent to six years of imprisonment. I would like to know whether you would like me to join and work for three and a half crore of voters or for the remaining thirty-one and a half crore of people without votes. I ask you, whom do you want me to choose for company?"

The Mahatma paused here for an answer to his question and the reply came from many around him, "We want you for the thirty-one and a half crores."

A woman, "With women folk."

Gandhiji, "I have been brought up and bred by them. I am always with you."

"I said in 1919 in Calcutta that if you follow me on my terms you will have Swaraj in one year. I am not ashamed of what I said then. I repeat that if you follow the same conditions, you will have Swaraj from me. But what is happening in Bombay? Hindus and Muslims are killing each other. Have we got one crore of charkhas that I asked for? How many have spun for half an hour daily? Has untouchability gone? Thanks to Travancore

Durbar it has gone from there. But what about caste Hindus all over the country? Are Hindus really religious and look upon others as their brethren or sons of the same God? The removal of untouchability was a religious responsibility of the Hindu alone. He has failed in that. How many of you have given up drinking? I had asked students to leave schools and colleges and asked lawyers to leave law courts and legislators the councils. Have you carried out these? Then I gave you in simple language a dynamic program. I am asked why I who was always opposed to the council entry program blessed it in 1934, both at Ranchi and Patna. I am a realist and I thought as a realist it was necessary for me to bless the council entry program then. These are the things I talked of then. I am originally a Bania and if one business did not start well I start the other and that is why parliamentary program has been placed before you. But again I repeat Swaraj rests at the end of a cotton thread.

"We may have to go to jails again. That will be to atone for our sins. Are we all non-violent? Do we all wear khaddar? If you don't do the simple things that I ask you to do you will have to go to jails to atone for your sins.

"It is not a big thing for thirty-five crores (350,000,-000) people to throw a stone each and finish the few lakhs (few hundred thousands) of Britishers in this country. What sort of a freedom would that be? What will God say if we win our freedom that way? He will certainly not like it. We are Satyagrahis and we will not do anything of that sort.

"Many might be doubtful about my strength and capacity. I know you will say that our young men and women would go to jail. Who are you, old man, to go to jail? Let me assure you I am filled with the same strength and energy I had years ago. Is there any issue on which I can go to jail? Show that and I will go. I am even pre-

pared to mount the scaffold if there is an occasion. I feel the same about Jawaharlal. I can assure you that I feel confident that Jawaharlal would mount the scaffold if India's freedom needed it. Where is the necessity for us to go to Lord Linlithgow and the British Parliament?

"During my stay at Shegaon I have been visualizing a state when Lord Linlithgow will come to the Congress and declare that he was sorry for the wrong impression he had about the Congress and Congressmen. He would say, 'I am sorry for the wrong impression we had formed of you. We thought that you were terrorists and violent people, but we have now realized that you are really non-violent.' Lord Linlithgow will then ask us whether he and his men could stay in India or whether we want them to leave by the next boat. We will say, 'There is no need for you people to go. India is a vast country. You and your people can stay comfortably provided you accommodate yourselves to our conditions here. We will then live as sugar and milk together. We do not want any immigration laws. You can add sugar to our already sweet milk.' That is my dream. It can be had if you carry my message to the villages and encourage village industries.

"I am not saying this sitting in a drawing room. I am declaring it in an open meeting where there are press representatives who will convey it to proper quarters.

"I do not know whether I will be able to meet you and address you next year. Not that I am on my death bed, but I am nearer death than many of you and one cannot say what will happen during the next year."

CHAPTER XXXI

MY IMPRESSIONS OF MAHATMA GANDHI

In Mahatma Gandhi one sees the living manifestation of the ancient Rishi, Muni and Yogi of olden days. To me he appears as the embodiment of all the great saints of the world. The Mahatmaji has passed through the eight steps of Yoga, namely, Yama, Nyama, Asana, Pranayama, Pratyahara, Dhyana, Dharana and Samadhi. To know him is to realize that within him abides the true and ideal man, the perfect One, the One with all and the Universal Self. Truly gentle he ever avoids the cruel penetrating word and those with whom he speaks quickly feel at ease in his presence. Above anger, enmity, fear and hate, he symbolizes the Essence of Truth and Righteousness.

The Mahatmaji is master of his speech; at all times his conversation begins with a soft word and sweet smile, indicative of the peaceful repose within, and these combined with his deep fervent belief in himself and the righteousness of his cause have greatly aided him in influencing his adversaries. Even though at times harshly addressed by them, his reply though firm is tempered with gentleness and understanding.

Greatly pleased, he is childlike in his response to small services tendered him, but it appears that the majority of other people's deeds only causes him to suffer; however, he refuses to remember these unkind acts and at the same time prays to the Almighty to forgive them for their ignorance. Readily forgiving those who seek to harm him, he holds no animosity toward them.

He feels for all living creatures as he has found that he is One with all and that he is the Self in all. He is the personification of faith, truth and Wisdom. By association with him the sinner, the thief and the wrongdoer forsake their sinful deeds and turn to right living and virtue. He

abhors falsehood, discord and injustice, but forgives the doer of such. The possessor of a magnetic personality, silent, reserved when necessary, with a deep devotedness for Truth and humanity, he ever gives and seeks naught for himself. Never wavering from his ideal of peace he is amenable to reason. As the foremost soldier and master of peace, he fights fearlessly and dauntlessly for it, at all times refusing to surrender or be swayed from his original ideal. Full of power, simple, pure and above joy and sorrow, he is divine, patient and the savior of mankind and one with all living creatures.

I do not believe that the power to describe justly this great soul lies within the scope of the written or spoken word. The nearest approach to which one may come in realizing his greatness without personally knowing him is through reading his own articles; for that reason I am giving below several of them, the first one entitled "Non-violence in infinitely superior to violence" being an excerpt from his statement to the judge who sentenced him to six years' imprisonment:

"I believe that non-violence is infinitely superior to violence, forgiveness is more manly than punishment. Forgiveness adorns a soldier. But abstinence is forgiveness only when there is power to punish; it is meaningless when it pretends to proceed from a helpless creature. A mouse hardly forgives a cat when it allows itself to be torn to pieces by her. I therefore appreciate the sentiment of those who cry out for the condign punishment of General Dyer and his ilk. They would tear him to pieces if they could. But I do not believe India to be helpless, I do not believe myself to be a helpless creature. Only I want to use India's and my strength for a better purpose.

Let me not be misunderstood. Strength does not come from physical capacity. It comes from the indomitable will. A definite forgiveness would therefore mean a definite recognition of our strength. With enlightened forgiveness

must come the mighty wave of strength in us which would make it impossible for a Dyer and a Frank Johnson to heap affront upon India's devoted head. It matters little to me that for the moment I do not drive my point home. I feel too downtrodden not to be angry and revengeful. But I must not refrain from saying that India can gain more by waiving the right of punishment. We have better work to do, a better mission to deliver to the world.

I am not a visionary. I claim to be a practical idealist. The religion of non-violence is not meant merely for the Rishis and saints. It is meant for the common people as well. Non-violence is the law of our species as violence is the law of the brute. The spirit lies dormant in the brute and he knows no law but that of physical might. The dignity of a man requires obedience to a higher law—to the strength of the spirit.

I have therefore ventured to place before India the ancient law of self-sacrifice. For Satyagrah and its off-shoots, non-cooperation and civil resistance, are nothing but new names for the law of suffering. The Rishis who discovered the law of non-violence in the midst of violence were greater geniuses than Newton. They were themselves greater warriors than Wellington. Having themselves known the use of arms, they realized their uselessness and taught a weary world that its salvation lay not through violence, but through non-violence.

Non-violence and its dynamic condition means constant suffering. It does not mean meek submission to the will of the evil-doer, but it means the putting of one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant. Working under this law of our being, it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust empire to save his honor, his religion, his soul and lay the foundation for that empire's fall or its regeneration.

And so I am not pleading for India to practise non-violence because she is weak. I want her to practise non-

violence, being conscious of her own power. No training in arms is required for realization of her strength. We seem to need it because we seem to think that we are but a lump of flesh. I want India to recognize that she has a soul that cannot perish and that can rise triumphant above every physical weakness and defy the physical combination of a whole world.

The fact is that non-cooperation by reason of its non-violence has become a religious and purifying movement. It is daily bringing strength to the nation, showing it its weak spots and the remedy for removing them. It is a movement of self-reliance. It is the mightiest force for revolutionizing opinion and stimulating thought. It is a movement of self-imposed suffering and therefore possesses automatic checks against extravagance or impatience. The capacity of the nation for suffering regulates its advance toward freedom. It isolates the forces of evil by refraining from participation in it in any shape or form.

The war which the people of India have declared and which will purify and consolidate India is a war with the latest and most effective weapon. In this way what has hitherto been in the world an undesirable but necessary incident in freedom's battles, the killing of innocent men, has been eliminated; and that which is the true essential for forging liberty, the self-purification and self-strengthening of men and women, has been kept pure and unalloyed.

Patriotism is both exclusive and inclusive. I believe absolutely that India has a mission for the world. My religion has no geographical limits. If I have a living faith in it, it will transcend my love for India herself. Non-violence is the first article of my faith. It is also the last article of my creed."

The Mahatmaji has stated many times, "I refuse to be angry or revengeful." The following excerpt from the Mahabharata clearly shows the basic foundation of the previous statement:

"Anger is the slayer of men and is again their prosperor. Know this, O thou possessed of great wisdom, that anger is the root of all prosperity and all adversity. O thou beautiful one, he that suppresseth his anger earneth prosperity. That man, again, who always giveth way to anger, reapeth adversity from his fierce anger. It is seen in this world that anger is the cause of destruction of every creature. How then can one like me indulge his anger which is so destructive of the world? The angry man committeth sin; the angry man killeth even his preceptors. The angry man insulteth even his superiors in harsh words. The man that is angry faileth to distinguish between what should be said and what should not. There is no act that an angry man may not do, no word that an angry man may not utter. From anger a man may slay one that deserveth not to be slain, and may worship one that deserveth to be slain. The angry man may even send his own soul to the regions of Yama. Beholding all these faults, the wise control their anger, desirous of obtaining high prosperity both in this and the other world. It is for this that they of tranquil souls have banished wrath. How can one like us indulge in it then? O daughter of Drupada, reflecting upon all this, my anger is not excited! One that acteth not against a man whose wrath hath been up, rescueth himself as also others from great fear. In fact, he may be regarded to be the physician of the two (viz., himself and the angry man). If a weak man persecuted by others, foolishly becometh angry towards men that are mightier than he, he then becometh himself the cause of his own destruction. And in respect of one who thus deliberately throweth away his life, there are no regions hereafter to gain. Therefore, O daughter of Drupada, it hath been said that a weak man should always suppress his wrath. And the wise man also who though persecuted suffereth not his wrath to be aroused, joyeth in the other world, having passed his persecutor over in indifference.

It is for this reason hath it been said that a wise man, whether strong or weak, should ever forgive his persecutor even when the latter is in straits. It is for this, O Krishna, that the virtuous applaud them that have conquered their wrath. Indeed, it is the opinion of the virtuous that the honest and forgiving man is ever victorious. Truth is more beneficial than untruth; and gentle than cruel behavior. How can one like me, therefore, even for the purpose of slaying Duryodhana, exhibit anger which hath so many faults and which the virtuous banish from their souls?

They that are regarded by the learned of foresight, as possessed of (true) force of character, are certainly those who are wrathful in outward show only. Men of learning and of true insight call him to be possessed of force of character who by his wisdom can suppress his risen wrath. O thou of fair hip, the angry man seeth not things in their true light. The man that is angry seeth not his way nor respecteth persons. The angry man killeth even those that deserve not to be killed. The man of wrath slayeth even his preceptors. Therefore, the man possessing force of character should ever banish wrath to a distance. The man that is overwhelmed with wrath acquireth not with ease generosity, dignity, courage, skill, and other attributes belonging to real force of character. A man by forsaking anger can exhibit proper energy, whereas, O wise one, it is highly difficult for the angry man to exhibit his energy at the proper time!

The ignorant always regard anger as equivalent to energy. Wrath, however, hath been given to man for the destruction of the world. The man, therefore, who wisheth to behave properly must forever forsake anger. Even one who hath abandoned the excellent virtues of his own order, it is certain, never indulgeth in wrath (if he behaveth properly). If fools, of minds without light, transgress in every respect, how, O faultless one, can one like me transgress (like them)? If amongst men there

were not persons equal unto the Earth in forgiveness, there would be no peace among men but continued strife caused by wrath. If the injured return their injuries, if one chastised by his superiors were to chastise his superior in return, the consequence would be the destruction of every creature, and sin also would prevail in the world. If the man who hath ill speeches from another returneth those speeches afterwards; if the injured man returneth his injuries; if the chastised person chastiseth in return; if fathers slay sons, and sons, fathers; and if husbands slay wives and wives, husbands, then, O Krishna, how can birth take place in a world where anger prevaileth so! For, O thou of handsome face, know that the birth of creatures is due to peace!

If the kings also, O Draupadi, giveth way to wrath, his subjects soon meet with destruction. Wrath, therefore, hath for its consequence the destruction and the distress of the people. And because it is seen that there are in the world men who are forgiving like the Earth, it is therefore that creatures derive their life and enjoy prosperity. O beautiful one, one should forgive, under every injury. It hath been said that the continuation of species is due to man being forgiving.

He, indeed, is a wise and excellent person who hath conquered his wrath and who showeth forgiveness even when insulted, oppressed, and angered by a strong person. The man of power who controlleth his wrath, hath (for his enjoyment) numerous everlasting regions; while he that is angry, is called foolish, and meeteth with destruction both in this and the other world. O Krishna, the illustrious and forgiving Kasyapa hath, in this respect, sung the following verses in honor of men that are ever forgiving:—Forgiveness is virtue; forgiveness is sacrifice; forgiveness is the Vedas; forgiveness is the Cruti. He that knoweth this is capable of forgiving everything. Forgiveness is Brahma, forgiveness is Truth; forgiveness is stored

ascetic merit; forgiveness protecteth the ascetic merit of the future; forgiveness is asceticism; forgiveness is holiness; and by forgiveness is it that the universe is held together.

Persons that are forgiving attain to the regions obtainable by those that have performed meritorious sacrifices, or those that are well-conversant with the Vedas, or those that have high ascetic merit. Those that perform Vedic sacrifices as also those that perform the meritorious rites of religion attain other regions. Men of forgiveness, however, attain those much adored regions that are in the world of Brahma. Forgiveness is the might of the mighty; forgiveness is sacrifice; forgiveness is quiet of mind. How, O Krishna, can one like us abandon forgiveness, which is such, and in which are established Brahma, and Truth, and Wisdom, and the Worlds? The man of wisdom should ever forgive, for when he is capable of forgiving everything, he attaineth to Brahma. This world belongeth to those that are forgiving; the other world is also theirs. The forgiving acquire honors here and a state of blessedness hereafter. Those men that ever conquer their wrath by forgiveness attain the higher regions. Therefore hath it been said that forgiveness is the highest virtue.—These are the verses sung by Kasyapa in respect to those that are ever-forgiving.

Having listened, O Draupadi, to these verses in respect to forgiveness, content thyself! Give not way to thy wrath! Our grandsire the son of Santanu will worship peace; Krishna the son of Devaki will worship peace; Kripa and Sanjaya also will preach peace. And Somadatta and Yuyutshu and Drona's son and our grandsire Vyasa, every one of them speaketh always of peace. Ever urged by these towards peace, the king (Dhritarashtra) will, I think, return us our kingdom. If, however, he yieldeth to temptation, he will meet with destruction. O lady, a crisis hath come in the history of the Bharatas for plunging them into calamity! This hath been my certain conclusion from

sometime before! Duyodhana deserveth not the kingdom. Therefore hath he been unable to acquire forgiveness. I, however, deserve the sovereignty, and therefore is it that forgiveness hath taken possession of me. Forgiveness and gentleness are the qualities of the self-possessed. They rpresent eternal virtue. I shall, therefore, truly adopt those qualities!" End of Yudhishthira's discourse on anger and forgiveness appearing in the Mahabharata.

The following article by Mahatma Gandhiji is entitled "My Mission in Life" and these few brief words of his will give the reader a good conception of his philosophy of life:

"I do not consider myself worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with the race of prophets. I am a humble seeker after truth. I am impatient to realize myself, to attain 'Moksha' (liberation from illusion) in this very existence. My national service is a part of my training for freeing my soul from the bondage of wish. Thus considered, my service may be considered purely selfish. I have no desire for perishable kingdom of earth; I am striving for the kingdom of heaven which is 'Moksha'. To attain my end it is not necessary for me to seek the shelter of a cave. I carry one about me if I would but know it. A cave dweller can build castles in the air, whereas a dweller in palaces like Janak has no castle to build. The cave dweller who hovers around the world on wings of thought has no peace. Janak though living in the midst of people and circumstance may have the peace that surpasseth all understanding.

For me the road to salvation lies through incessant toil in the service of my country and there through humanity. I want to identify myself with everything that lives. In the language of the 'Gita', I want to live in peace with both friend and foe. Therefore, though a Mussulman, Christian or a Hindu may despise me and hate me, I want to love him and serve him even as I would love my wife

or son though they hated me.

So my patriotism is for me a stage in my journey to the land of eternal freedom and peace. Thus it will be seen that for me there are no politics devoid of religion, they subserve religion. Politics bereft of religion are a death trap because they kill the soul."

Many persons have only a very indistinct idea of the term "Satyagraha" — its meaning and application. The following article by the originator of the word, Mahatma Gandhiji, clarifies this subject:

"For the past thirty years I have been preaching and practising Satyagraha. The Principles of Satyagraha as I know it today constitute a gradual evolution.

The term Satyagraha was coined by me in South Africa to express the force that the Indians there used for full eight years, and it was coined in order to distinguish it from the movement then going on in the United Kingdom and South Africa under the name of Passive Resistance.

Its root meaning is 'holding on to truth'; hence, it is truth-force. I have also called it love-force or soul-force. In the application of Satyagraha I discovered in the earliest stages that pursuit of truth did not admit of violence being inflicted on one's opponent, but that he must be weaned from error by patience and sympathy. For what appears to be truth to the one may appear to be error to the other. And patience means self-suffering. So the doctrine came to mean vindication of truth, not by infliction of suffering on the opponent but one's own self.

This law of love is nothing but a law of truth. Without truth there is no love; without truth it may be affection, as for one's country, to the injury of others; or infatuation, as of a young man for a girl; or love may be unreasoning and blind, as of ignorant parents for their children. Love transcends all animality and is never partial. Satyagraha has therefore been described as a coin, on whose

face you read love and on the reverse you read truth. It is a coin current everywhere and has indefinable value.

Satyagraha is self-dependent. It does not require the assent of the opponent before it can be brought into play. Indeed, it shines out most when the opponent resists. It is therefore irresistible. A Satyagrahi does not know what defeat is for he fights for the truth without being exhausted. Death in the fight is a deliverance and prison a gateway to liberty.

It is called also soul-force because a definite recognition of the soul within is a necessity if a Satyagrahi is to believe that death does not mean cessation of the struggle but a culmination. The body is merely a vehicle for self-expression; and he gladly gives up the body when its existence is an obstruction in the way of the opponent seeing the truth, for which the Satyagrahi stands. He gives up the body in the certain faith that if anything would change his opponent's view, a willing sacrifice of his body must do so. And with the knowledge that the soul survives the body, he is not impatient to see the triumph of truth in the present body. Indeed, victory lies in the ability to die in the attempt to make the opponent see the truth which the Satyagrahi for the time being expresses.

And as a Satyagrahi never injures his opponent he always appeals, either to his reason by gentle argument or to his heart by the sacrifice of self. Satyagraha is twice blessed; it blesses him who practises it and him against whom it is practised."

Through reading the few preceding pages one may thus readily understand the greatness of Mahatma Gandhi and the reason his name will ever be uttered in the same breath with the greatest Indian saints whose names will endure throughout the ages to Eternity.

CHAPTER XXXII

ENGLAND PERPLEXED BY ITS AFRICAN FIRE-WALKERS

Missionaries in Durban, Natal South Africa, up to quite recently had made a splendid record of conversions. They were highly elated at the results of their labors. They gave some of the credit to the British Government which had established a splendid system of government schools. Practically every Natal born Indian—there are about 150,000 Indians in Durban, most of them immigrants from India, and their native-born progeny—was able, by means of these schools, to speak English as well as Hindustani.

Their knowledge of English made it easy for the missionaries to tell them about the Christian faith. In their work of proselyting, the good teachers, while impressing upon the Indians the serene beauties of the heaven which awaits all true believers, did not neglect at the same time to draw graphic pictures of the seething hell which was in store for others.

They told the natives about the devil whose imps stabbed the bodies of the sinful with pitchforks, and of the everlasting fire in which is roasted the soul of the unsaved. For a while they received splendid results; then a wholesale backsliding became painfully evident. They investigated into the causes and made startling discoveries indeed.

Priests of a peculiar Hindu cult which specializes in fire-walking and other curious practices which would be the death of an ordinary man had invaded Natal with their Kavadie, or idol.

They had gone through a system of religious training which robbed the place of punishment of all its terrors. Did Satan's many imps stab with pitchforks? Well, they

could themselves stick pins and needles all through their flesh, through their breasts, arms and legs, through their tongues, and do so without any discoverable evidence of pain or without permanent ill results. They could laugh at them for that part of punishment.

As for the everlasting fire, the missionaries found out, these now scorned it. Their priests could walk with naked feet over a path of red-hot coals. Not only that, but their feet would not be burned. They seemed not only to be immune to the pain, but to relish it. And what they could do they promised their followers they also could.

There was no doubt about it. The Indians of Natal had a ceremony which they called Theemeethe, or fire-walking, which took place periodically within the precincts and grounds of the Hindu mosque. Missionaries were privileged to attend this ceremonial if they cared to. When they came to witness it they looked upon one of the most extraordinary spectacles they had ever seen or imagined.

The first thing that met their eyes was a huge pile of dry branches and logs which had been transported thither on six lorries. There were fully six tons of fuel in the stack. This had been set ablaze and was crackling merrily. Missionaries who took their stand in the vicinity were soon driven off by the fierce heat of the flames as they leaped up in the breeze. Meanwhile hundreds of Indian women in their gay-colored sauris began to arrive on the scene. As they passed by the images of the three Brahman deities, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, they deposited nearby gifts of cereals, fruits and other offerings.

The crowd, which soon reached huge proportions, was worked up to a high pitch of religious frenzy. The fervor was greater, more hysterical, than at any of the Christian revivals ever held in Natal. The noise of the crowd was a signal that the Soutris, or fire-walkers, were nearing the completion of the preparation and ritual they had been undergoing at the hands of the priests in the mosque

before passing through the fiery ordeal.

In a short time, headed by a band of ten Indians performing weird and mournful music on reed pipes, the Soutris came into view.

There were nine men of varying ages and a woman who might have been about sixty and who had snow-white hair. This was her tenth time in the ceremony of Theemeethe, and the onlookers accorded her not a little reverence. Some of the men had undergone the test on previous occasions. Others were making their first attempt. All the men were literally plastered all over their backs and chests with small silver hooks which had been inserted by their priests and from which descended small brass weights of about an ounce each.

It was apparent that the priests had pinched up a small piece of flesh into which they had inserted a hook, and that they had done this so long as any available space remained on the disciple's body. The tongues of these men were protruding, and inspection showed that they were kept in position either by a thin, vertically placed wooden skewer or by a horizontally placed knitting needle. In each case the tongue was pierced about an inch from its tip. There was no sign of blood on them.

The Kavadie, or fire god, who is supposed to protect its devotees, is carried around the fire pit.

Meanwhile the burning wood had become a sizzling mass of white-hot charcoal, which willing workers with the aid of long-handled rakes had spread out over a space of some fifteen feet square and some two to three inches deep. The embers were white-hot and gave off terrific heat. The Soutris took up a position within the enclosure in which the fire was burning.

After circling around the enclosure for a few minutes, they all drew nearer and nearer to the fire zone, and reaching to a certain point each one without the slightest sign of hesitation or fear proceeded to walk through the

glowing embers. No undue haste was made. As a matter of fact, allowing for their feet sinking to a certain extent in the burning charcoal, their gait was no different from what it might have been had they been strolling along a pavement. One of the men returned to the starting point, and awaiting his turn walked through the fire a second time.

At the conclusion all the Soutris proceeded as if nothing had happened to the outer entrance of the mosque, accompanied at the request of the high priest by the party of physicians who there and then made a critical examination of their feet. Except that the hair on their legs had been singed by the heat, in no case after the adhering ash had been brushed off was there a sign of blister or burn.

Ready hands removed the hooks and skewers. It was apparent the hooks had penetrated the skin and the skewers the tongues, yet no blood flowed.

So, after this, what had any Indian to fear from Satan and his laboratory?

Skeptics who visited the scene were unable to prove there was any faking about any phase of the ceremony. They were within a few feet of the actual fire, as close as the intense heat would let them come, and they all made sure that no footwear of any description was used by the Soutris, nor as far as they were able to discover, had their feet been anointed with any visible preparation. A possible explanation which occurred to them was that very thin asbestos soles tinted the same color as the feet might have been used. But when they examined the feet of the Soutris they found no such things.

How could the terror of Hades be injected into the minds of people who were able thus to lacerate their flesh and walk through fire?

The missionaries have asked the government to put a stop to the fire-walking ceremony. It is not the policy of the British Government to interfere with the religious

practices of the people in its domain unless such practices be proved in violation of public policy. No proof has been furnished that the ordeal of the Soutris results in permanent disability or injury.

The standpoint of the government, as expressed to the missionaries, is this:

"We can't stop it with law. If it can be stopped at all it must be stopped by yourselves through education."

As a matter of fact, the fire-walking ceremony is practiced by members of various cults throughout the world. It was until quite recently a common rite in Tahiti. According to accounts, the Tahiti ceremony was conducted in this way:

"A pit was dug in which large stones were heated red-hot by a fire which had been burning for many hours. The upper stones were pushed away just before the ceremony so as to leave the lower stones to tread upon. Six natives, wearing crowns of flowers and wreaths of garlands, appeared upon the scene. They bore poles nearly fifteen feet long, ostensibly to be used in toppling over the upper stones. The poles were presumed to be long enough to protect them from the heat which radiated from the pile.

"The fire-walker, tall, dignified and flower-crowned, appeared with naked feet and a large bush of ti leaves in his hands. After going partly around the fire each way uttering what seemed to be commands to it, he went back and beating the stones nearest him with the ti leaves, advanced steadily over the central ridge of the pile, followed by two others. The leader then turned and led the way back, this time with several new disciples. A third and fourth time he crossed, each time with a larger following."

In Auckland, New Zealand, the Fijis have a fire-walking ceremony similar to the Tahiti spectacle. In a pit about twelve feet in diameter and three feet deep a fire is lighted on which are placed stones which grow to be

white-hot. Over the stones the natives strew leaves, and then after chanting a hymn the fire-walkers advance to the hot stones and squat down on them. The ceremony here is said to be a curious survival of cannibal rites.

There are fire-walkers also in Sinjar, in Mesopotamia, among a set called the Yzdes. Unlike the Natal Indians, the Tahitians and the Fijis, the ordeal in this case seems to be accompanied by great pain. A traveler who witnessed the ceremony gave this description of it:

"The Yzdes, being devil-worshippers, profess to accomplish their fire ordeals through the help of the powers of evil. A fanatic stands before a brazier waiting for it to become a mass of glowing coals. Beside him a priest exhorts him with wild chants and assures him that when he steps upon the hot coals he would be bathed in cool air sent to him by the devil. The moment that his feet touched the hot coals the face of the devotee contracted with agony, but for three full minutes he remained there, apparently in a state of catalepsy. At the end of the ordeal he was carried away, his feet cruelly burned."

Were this the case in Natal steps might be taken by the government to stop the practice. But the Natal fire-walkers, exhibiting their feet after each ordeal, show no signs of any damage, nor do they appear to suffer from the ordeal.

And the backsliding of converts continues apace.

This article reprinted through the courtesy and consent of the American Weekly, August 14, 1932.

CHAPTER XXXIII

BLACK MAGIC OF AFRICA

Is it possible for men to convert their bodies into animal form?

Can certain natives in the Malay States, in Liberia and other portions of Africa change themselves into leopards or lions or antelopes, as they claim—and their stories are borne out by consular agents—go through with an adventure and then, by simple willing, shift back to mortal shape?

Donald S. Pocklington, now home on leave from the superintendency of the Firestone rubber plantations in Liberia, and living in Brighton, Michigan, does not attempt a "yes" or "no" to those questions. He merely tells of his own experiences, take them or leave them.

The natives believe it can be done. One is not so sure that Pocklington does not believe it can be done. He speaks hesitantly about what he has seen. "Of course," he says, apologetically, "sitting here in what you call your civilization, it sounds absurd, and yet—"

There is that tale of Pocklington's companion. Why, as suggests Pocklington, should Henning lie to him? They were good friends, too—friends for years.

Being born in Liberia, Henning, the companion, put credence in this most baffling, exotic and unbelievable aspect of the magic craft of zoomorphism before he went down to school at Sierra Leone.

When he came back, the white man's derision was part of him. He laughed at native pretensions in this direction and put his tongue in his cheek at talk of leopard men.

That is, he did until an old antelope man—a native who professed ability to change himself into an antelope

and back again at will—challenged him one day when he laughed at the antelope man's claims.

"Very well, I will give you proof tomorrow," said the antelope man, and went away.

Now, back in the jungle lived Henning's father and mother. It is three days' laborious walk by trail to where they live. It is impossible to make the trip in less time except by plane and there are no planes.

The next morning the antelope man reappeared. He bore with him a sprig of a pepper bush, and said:

"Here is my proof."

"A pepper bush means nothing," snorted Henning.

"Listen! Last night in their hut, your father said—" and the antelope man remembered what the father had said, "and your mother said—" and he gave the mother's words. He went into detail about the conversation carried on the previous night by Henning's people three days' walk away.

"But what about this pepper sprig," asked Henning.

"While your father and mother were talking, village boys were gathering wood for a fire in front of their house, and as they were gathering it an antelope leaped across the pile of wood and picked up this sprig of pepper. I bring it to you as proof."

The doubting Henning sent a runner to the village where his parents lived. Their conversation tallied with the story of the antelope man. Boys had been gathering brush for a fire, and an antelope HAD leaped over the brush, much to their amazement, and vanished almost immediately with a piece of wood in its mouth.

Admitting that zoomorphism has yet to be seriously investigated, John W. Vandercook, writing a series of articles on voodooism for Harper's some time ago, had this to say:

"European and American anthropologists, followers of the most pitifully conceited of all sciences, have felt that

a decided shame attaches to anyone who even admits to curiosity in anything so palpably impossible. It is an ancient attitude and an uncomfortable one. I confess to somewhat the same feeling toward radio. Nevertheless, stories of such phenomena persist, and British colonial officers have put themselves on record as having seen black men turn to lions before their eyes."

Vandercook repeats the account of a bishop, who once spent a night of terror in a town raided by a herd of leopards.

In bright moonlight, the bishop said, the leopard pack came down into the town, made the streets a bloody nightmare, killed and carried off certain men, and then disappeared into the forest. This much, the bishop swears, he saw.

To what he saw he added two things he knew.

First, the very men killed had been warned beforehand that they had incurred the fatal anger of the secret society of human leopards, a zoomorphistic sect.

Secondly, he knew—"and every one knows"—says Vandercook, "that the African leopard is a solitary beast that never goes in packs."

Yet that night, the bishop testified, he saw, smelt and heard not less than fifty cats all moved by one purpose.

"Possibly," comments Vandercook, "zoomorphism comes under the head of hypnotism, and possibly not. Anyhow, the dark gigantic forest hides many things we are too young to understand."

Pocklington has found the elephant men, he says, more reliable than the leopard man.

There was trouble on the rubber plantation some time ago. Leopards were entering the plantation at night and working destruction. One time, a herd of buffalo, incidentally, made a raid on the plantation in what Pocklington describes "as a moment of deviltry" and destroyed some five hundred trees.

He set traps for the leopards. One trap was baited with a kid, and another with a dog. Pocklington waited. Each morning the traps were empty, however. He decided to advise with one of those singular natives who assert they can turn themselves into leopards.

"A weird looking fellow," said Pocklington. "Hands clawy and scaly and a feline cast to his face. I had heard they used nets over themselves to produce the mottled appearance of leopards and occasionally appeared with iron claws."

Pocklington told the leopard man he would give him a pound sterling apiece for every leopard he caught.

The next morning the traps still were empty. The leopard man had an unique explanation. If Pocklington had been at home in his United States, he would have laughed at the excuse. He didn't laugh, however. It is bad form—and sometimes dangerous—to allow oneself the luxury of ridicule in the jungle.

He was very sorry, the leopard man was, but he had roamed the rubber plantation the night before as directed and had come upon some other leopards.

But a pretty problem presented itself. The leopard man said that the leopards he encountered were leopards he knew to be leopard men exercising the cat half of their dual personality. They were natives, that is, acting the role of leopards.

Pocklington says, however, he has been unusually successful in employing elephant men on hunts.

You engage an elephant man. He tells you where to be at a certain time. He promises that he, as an elephant, will lead them before you. And then, he continues talking something like this perhaps:

"Don't shoot the first one. That will be me. Don't shoot the second, either. That will be me, too. And be sure not to shoot the one with the broken tusk, for that will be me, also."

Thereupon, the warning having been given, the elephant man disappears into his hut. What happens in the hut no one knows. At least, Pocklington doesn't. Possibly there is much ado with nostra and chant. The door of the hut does not open again, however, until you return from the hunt.

"The unexplainable part is that the elephants DO appear and they DO show up where he says they will and at the time he says they will," said Pocklington. "Seems ridiculous, doesn't it? I've had it happen to me, though, and I can't make head or tail to it. I might say that whenever an elephant man, moreover, has told me not to shoot a certain elephant with a broken tusk because that will be he, an elephant with such a broken tusk was among the elephants. Maybe it was just a coincidence," Pocklington made a gesture with his hands to indicate befuddlement, "but I don't know."

And then there are the river people and their storied powers.

A hippopotamus, one day in the Dequia river, a small jungle stream, was cutting up riotously. He had a bad tooth, it was thought, and was terrorizing the natives, breaking up their dugouts and canoes with celerity and thoroughness. The natives called on Pocklington for help. He grabbed his gun and shot the hippo.

Word came to him by native underground a little time later that he had made a grievous mistake. The hippo, it seemed, was not a hippo at all, but a person who had been turned into a hippo and loaned by the river people to one chief to prey upon the tribesmen of a rival.

The story went the rounds that the river people, hearing vague reports of the calamity, went to the first chief and said they had heard that their fellow, in the guise of a hippopotamus had been shot.

If it was true, they said, the river people would demand a sacrifice from the town. That sacrifice would be severe.

It would call upon the town to give the lives of twenty-seven of its people.

"Well, it was true, of course, that I had shot a hippo," said Pocklington, "and it IS true that a short time afterwards one of the town's dugouts capsized and seven persons were drowned. The next day two children of the town were drowned in the river. Probably just a coincidence; I don't know."

There are no harbors in Liberia. Surf boats take you in. There were only fifteen miles of road when the Firestone people went in, now there are 150 miles.

Sun affects women more than men. Malaria, yellow fever, dysentery. Living at a tension all the time. November to February dry; rainy season brings 165 to 185 inches of rain, as against 33 to 39 in Michigan. Three-inch rain not uncommon in a night, or 10 inches in 24 hours.

Death awaiting one in the underbrush. Not unusual to find mutilated bodies. One way the natives have of getting medicine, or rather medicine as they see it. Various parts of the anatomy go into concoctions. Ointments and washes of dubious value, but the natives have extraordinary confidence in them. They rub the back of the hand with one salve to give that hand force in a fight; massage the arms with others to strengthen them.

Chief products are ivory, cocoa, coffee, palm oil and palm kernels, and piassava, the coarse fibre that goes into brooms. No agriculture or husbandry of any kind. Everybody after government jobs. Think hard work or tilling the soil demeaning. Have inferiority complex, which may account for love of flattery and self-important airs.

"And yet a genial, kindly people," said Pocklington, "and that goes for the cannibals."

No boys or children ever are supposed to see the devil masks worn in the devil dances. The rubber man brought one of them home with him. They take months to make and are considered one of the holies. Pocklington's mask

was given to him by a native secretly and he kept it well hidden until he got out to sea.

Made of soft cawk wood, it is easily worked when soft, but when it has seasoned and dried it becomes very hard.

"We had quite a ceremony when it was given me," remembered Pocklington. "The native who made it put some fungus, herbs and leaves inside and set them off with gunpowder to reconcile the spirits to the idea of white man having a devil head."

Pocklington believes that Mohammedanism has a good lead on Christianity with Liberian natives because its attitude toward polygamy is in harmony with native desires.. Moreover, he says, a native cannot conceive of a forgiving god. They may propitiate a god who punishes, but are a bit careless about a god who forgives.

He had a house-boy who had been in a Christian missionary school for three years. Pocklington took the boy to task for it.

"How it be you tief, what God going to say?"

"I go say, 'God, I tief but I sorry,' and God going to say, 'All right, boy, so long you're sorry don't do 'em some more.' "

"Suppose you tief first time and then you tief two times, what God going to say?"

"I say, 'O God, I'm sorry too much,' and God will say, 'All right, don't do 'em some more'."

"Well, suppose three times?"

"I go talk to God, and I say, 'I sorry too plenty God—' "

And so on, endlessly, says Pocklington, indicating the human weakness to repeat what one can "get away with without inviting the patrol-wagon."

—Detroit Free Press, Sept. 6, 1931.

Reprinted through the courtesy and consent of the Detroit Free Press.

In closing this volume I would like to announce that volume three—Lives and Teachings of the Yogis of India is now ready and will be out in 1940. This book deals with the inner teaching of Yoga. It is Dialogue form, questions and answers namely "Truth serves as a basis of all things. I shall now relate to thee the forms of Truth, one by one, and also its indications in proper order. It is befittting for thee to hear also how Truth may be acquired. Truth as it exists in all the form is of thirteen kinds."

The part one deals with Relative of Atmic inquiry—A Dialogue revealing the Self. The part two deals with The Mystic Pool. Virtue, wealth, pleasure and liberation how to attain. A Dialogue—What is God? The path and power of Yogis. The Yoga is the key to mastery.

Part three—Excerpts from the Asa Di Var. Hymns from the Guru Garanth Sahib. Hymns of Name Dev and Hymns of Kabir.

If interested in having this volume three please drop a post card to Author.

The volume one Lives and Teaching of the Yogis of India as known "Great Masters of the Himalayas Their Lives and Temples Teaching". This book reveals the marvels they perform. When you are through with the book, you will have had a visit with me to the Holy Temples of the Himalayians and Tibet. What is highest meditation? The meaning of Om (Aum) fully explained. Half of this volume deals with Yogic teaching, pages 143. Price $1.25.

OTHER BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR

YOGA VASHISHT OR HEAVEN FOUND

A splendid book written especially for the truth-seeker who hungers for spirituality.

In this book one gets a clear vision of the "Seven States of Wisdom" by understanding the liberation easily

to be attained. It also gives the "Seven States of Ignorance".

CONTENTS

Introduction.
Sri Ram the Truth-seeker.
How the Wise ought to Live.
How Suka attained Highest State of Bliss.
The Way to Blessed Liberation.
Creation of the Universe.
Queen Chundalai The Great Yogin.
Mahabharata Quotation.
How Egoist Bali attained Samadhi.
How King Janak attained Emancipation.
How Suragho, King of Hunters attained Realization of Self.
Long-lived Yogi and Secret of his Longevity.
The Goal of the Yogi and Levitation.
How to Live. Truth and Faith my Pride.—PRICE $3.00

KUNDALINI
THE MOTHER OF THE UNIVERSE

India is the mysterious land. The things of which we have read in old histories and all religious books of their marvelous feats are still happening today.

Yogis are performing such feats as walking on red hot coals of fire; being buried alive for months and others quite as extraordinary, however, far too many to enumerate.

These are all accredited to the Power of Kundalini.

CONTENTS

Poem to Kundalini, Mother of the Universe.
Introduction.
"Yoga and Its Objects."
Location of Kundalini.
What is the Kundalini: When Awakened—What Then?
Mudras move the Kundalini.
Power of Pranayama Yoga.
Power of Dharana, Dhiyana and Samyama Yoga.
Power of Samadhi Yoga.
The Highest Occult Mantrams of Kundalini.
Why we Worship Siva.
Review of Rev. Leadbeater's "Off the Trail".
Also Kundalini Chart.—PRICE $3.00

(See Outside Back Cover)

RAJA YOGA—GUIDE TO YOGISHIP

Of all books published on yoga, none it like this. Giving needed help to learning Yoga by themselves; it guides to Yogiship; it reveals the mystery of great hidden power within. System of Raja Yoga fully explained. To know the fundamentals of Yoga one should make it their duty to go through this book.

SUBJECT TREATED, WITH PAGE NUMBERS

What is Yoga? 1; Means of Mental Conrtol, 2; Lower Mind, 4; Higher Mind, 6; Three Qualities, 8, 74, 114, 195; State of Free Soul, 10; Five-fold Modifications, 12; Nature of Imagination, 14; Sleep as a Modification, 15; Reproduction of Thought, 16; Retraint of Modifications, 18; What is Practice? 19; Who it Fit for Yoga? 20; Samadhis, 23-26, 58, 61, 104, 195; AUM, 30; Obstacles to Yoga, 32; Prevention of Obstacles, 34; Pranayama, 35-50, 106; Boundless Power, 51, 57, 120; Thought Transformation, 52-54; Yoga of Action Karma, 62, 184, 186; Afflictions, 64; What it Ignorance, 65, 78, 183; Result of Pleasure, 67; Result of Pain, 68; Vice and Virtue, 70; Means of Avoiding Pain, 72, 79; All for Him, 76; Owning and Owned, 77; Seventh Stage—Discrimination, 79; Annihilation of Impurity, 80, 103; Eight Means of Yoga, 82; Can the Married Practice Yoga? 90; Gandhiji on Brahmacharya, 91; Hindu Law-giver on Brahmacharya, 97; Asana, 104, 105; Highest Control of Senses, 108; What is Concentration? 109; What is Meditation? 111; What is Samayama? 111, 112; Cause in Effect, 114; Past and Future Perceived, 117; Universal Language, 118; Previous Lives, 118; Knowing Thoughts of Others, 119; Karma, 120; Mind, A Television, 121; Fourteen Worlds, Their Size and Inhabitants, 123; Seeing Inside the Body, 125; Living Without Food, 125-131; The Living Burial, 131-143, 165-168; What a Man Thinks in His Heart, 144; Clairaudience and Clairvoyance, 144, 152; Transference of Mind, 145; Twelve Englishmen Held Helpless by Will of Fakir, 146-148; Levitation, 148-151, 153; Mastery Over Elements, 153-159, 164; Food Materialized, 158; Contracting or Enlarging the Body, 159-162; Miraculous Feats, 162; Mastery of Sensations, 164; Mastery Over First Cause, 164; Wisdom Thru Discrimination, 167,168; Yogi Cannot be Deceived, 167, 169; Immunity to Fire, 169-171; Walked Across Fire Pit, 171; Miracles of the Master, Christ, 173-176; A Challenge to Science, 168; Supremacy Over All, 176; Temptation, 177; Intuition, 179; Achievements of Yoga, 181; Change of Body, 182; One Mind Governs All Minds, 183; Meditation-born, 183; There is No Beginning, 185; Varying Perception of Observation, 188; Objective Perception by Mind, 189; Absolute Independence, 177, 180, 196.

Its two hundred pages printed on the best of paper and cloth bound, price of $3.00.

Pransa Upanishad, 75c; Self Awakes, $1.00; Lexicon of Hindu term of Yoga, $1.00. Order from P.O. Box [redacted], Santa Barbara, Calif., U.S.A.