Table of Contents

Vol. 1: January 1897: [No. 7]

Page.
The Universality of the Vedanta ... 73
The Power of Faith—
By P. V. Ramaswami Raju, S.B., ... 76
On Symbols—
By Swami Vivekananda ... 76
Thoughts on the Bhagavad Gita ... 77
Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa ... 78
The Atman: A story from the Upanishads—
By G. Narasimha Iyengar ... 80
O! Santith, Santith, Santith
By S. V. Narasa ... 81
Elements of the Vedanta. A strange vision
By S. V. Narasa ... 81
True Greatness of Vasudava Sastry,
By V. Narasimha Iyengar ... 83
Review ... 84
News and Notes ... pp. 2 & 3
The Ramayana of Tulsī Das: Translated from the original Hindi by F. S. Growse. Published by Pundit Kundan Lall, Fategarh, N. W. P., India. Price, Rs. 3. — The translation is excellent, and few Indian books have had the fortune to be so ably and faithfully rendered in the English language. Our oriental idioms and mannerisms do not easily lend themselves to be put in English garb. And considering this and other difficulties incidental to a work of this kind, the translator deserves to be highly congratulated on his success. Hindi being a far easier language to the South, it is well known that the celebrated Rāmāyana of Tulsī Dās, which, in the words of Griffith, "is more popular and more honored by the people in the North-West Provinces than the Bible is by the corresponding classes in England," has been made accessible to people of other provinces through the medium of a faithful translation.

Idolatry, by Alpha (Published by Babu Nandu Lal Ganguli of No. 5, Lucknow, C. L. Blawampoor).—This is a pamphlet of about 40 pages, full of interesting matter, and deals with the subject in an exhaustive manner. The writer truly remarks, "People think they are iconoclasts because they do not profess to worship outward images of clay, stone, &c. But they forget in their pride of superior knowledge, that they worship inward mental images, which are not less old or less evil."

"So our sati-devat idolatry really does nothing but mischief, as he creates classes among the ignorant masses, and sets one against another. He sows the seed of selfishness, hate and war."

And again, "Critics in their self-love abuse the Hindus roundly for what they call 'idolatry.' But if they take the trouble to enquire what and where the Hindumost form of worship, they will find that they call themselves blessed to become idolaters like the Hindus."

The Awakener of India: Devoted to Science, Philosophy and Religion, (published at Madras by a few graduates for free circulation).—No. 1. "Agnosticism" sets forth its nature and effects. One might well begin as an agnostic, but should not end there. Any amount of rational inquiry is welcome in the field of the Vedanta, and agnosticism is only a stepping-stone to the latter.

Swami Vivekananda's return to India.—It will be a source of great pleasure to our readers to hear that Swami Vivekananda will shortly be in our midst, that Madras, which will have the fortune of being his first landing place in India, is astir with the news and busy with preparations to welcome the great delegate whom she had the courage to send forth, almost without trying his powers, to a foreign land, and who has discharged that trust in a quite marvellous way. A meeting was held here on the 15th December last, and a committee has been appointed to arrange for his reception. The Swami left London on the 16th ult. On his way he would visit some places in Italy, and leave Naples per S. S. Prinz Regent Littofeld of the North German Lloyd line. She will reach Colombo on or about the 16th inst. The Swami wishes to stop there for a few days. Thence he will return to Madras by another steamer. He will reach Calcutta before the birthday Anniversary of Bhagvan Rāma-krishna Deva.

It is not yet known how long the Swami intends to stay in India. A great deal of work awaits him here, but he knows it better than we do. We may be sure, however, that, on his arrival here, many new schemes will be set on foot and successfully carried out, and that there will be a fresh awakening of the enthusiasm throughout the whole of the country. Those of our readers who may be desirous of seeing and hearing the Swami will, we trust, not lose the present opportunity of doing so.

Jesu and the Vedanta.—Miss Ellen Waldo, whom Swami Vivekananda is said to consider as one of his ablest disciples, (Continued on cover page 3).
News and Notes.—(Continued).

(Continued from cover page 2).

and who at the request of the Swami commenced her classes in New York, in November last, in her opening address on “The Vedanta in the West,” says, “It must not be supposed that the teachings of the Vedanta are in any way antagonistic to Christianity. On the contrary, if we examine any of the teachings of Jesus by the light of its interpretation, we shall find how wonderfully they harmonize with this philosophy. For instance, in his teachings, Jesus clearly recognizes and indicates the three stages of development into which the Vedanta divides its followers. First the dualists—who believe that God and man are two, and eternally separate. To such as these Jesus says, “Father in Heaven, heavenly mansions after death, and general dependence on the will of a Higher Power. The next stage, the qualified monists, those who regard the union between God and man as of the nature of the relation of a whole to its parts, Jesus symbolizes by the figure of a vine and its branches, which are one yet distinct, and in this sense he says, “My Father is greater than I.” The highest stage—the monists, those who believe that God and man are essentially One and inseparable, Jesus indicates when he says, “I and My Father are One”—and again—“The kingdom of Heaven is within you.”

It must always be remembered that Jesus was an Oriental and as such naturally used Oriental figures of speech.

From the fact that about three hundred years before the birth of Jesus, King Ashoka sent Buddhist missionaries into many Indian cities and made the city of Antioch and Alexandria in Egypt, and as we all know a portion of his youth was passed by Jesus in Egypt, it is not impossible that he may have actually been acquainted with some of the Hindu philosophy, though I am far from asserting that such was the case.

Dr. Barrows.—Swami Vivekananda, in writing to the Indian Mirror, says, “It was the great courage, untroubled industry, unfailing patience, and never failing confidence of Dr. Barrows that made the Parliament of Religions a grand success.

The Christ power which this must intends to bring to India is not the intolerant, dominant spirit, with heart full of contempt for everything else but its own self, but a brother who craves for a brother’s place as a co-worker of the various powers already working in India. Above all, we must remember that gratitude and hospitality are the peculiar characteristics of Indian humanity, and as such, I would beg my countrymen to believe in such a manner that this stranger from the other side of the globe may find that, in the midst of all our misery, poverty and degradation, the heart beats as warm as yore, when the “wealth of Ind” was the proverb of nations, and India was the land of the Aryas.

We trust that Dr. Barrows will not be misled by the biased representations of missionary friends but put himself in a sympathetic and liberal-minded attitude so as to understand the life and manners of the people at large. Appearances have often deceived, and the statements of overzealous converts prejudiced many a foreign visitor, and they have gone away with the impression that Hindustan means biddable images and hopeless hopeless and sympathetic eyes of the great doctor will, we are sure, find, that, unless one is willing to be misled, behind these there is a spirit of genuine philosophy and cheerful resignation. Even the poor of India are religious in the true sense of the word, if they are nothing else; and not the Godless devils they are often represented to be.

Christianity in India.—In his lecture to the Brooklyn Ethical Association on “The Evolution of Ethics,” Swami Saradâmananda said—“One more influence needs to be traced, that of Christianity. Those who believe that Christianity will supply India a higher system of ethics or a higher religion are mistaken indeed. The student of history knows well the fact that the high system of ethics which Christianity teaches was evolved in India before the birth of Christ, and was not only evolved, but was carried into practice in the daily life of the people. But the one great thing which Christian people have done in India is to bring about the revival of true thought. Before the English went there, the country had been too much tied up with the old authorities, and liberty of thought almost abolished. Western education has helped progress by bring back again the liberty of thought. Then again, trade competition with Western nations is breaking down the tramrolls of the caste system every day. The comparative study of the different religions has brought home the conviction that the ethical standard of the Vedanta, if not superior to all others, is inferior to none. But the one bad thing which the Christians have done, and still are trying to do, is to enslave and destroy the high ideals of the nation. If India knows anything and has anything to give to the world, then it is her religion, and she knows only too well how to judge of a system of ethics and religion. If it is not carried out in the daily life of its preachers.

Day by day it is coming out clearly that India will accept Christ as one among her many high ideals, but will never become Christian by giving up her own.

THE ARYA BALA BODHINI.
(Or Hindu Boy's Journal.)

Is the organ of the Hindu Boys' Association, of which Countess Wachtmeister is the President, and Col. Olcott, the General Ad

visor. It is to be published punctually on the 15th of each month. The aim of the Magazine is to stimulate the moral and religious education of Indian youth, and to create a true patriotic and religious feeling among them. The first number began in January 1905.

Does any Hindu father begrudge one Repea for his son's welfare?

Annual subscription including postage, Rs. 1-0-0. Half-yearly Rs. 0-10-0. Single copy 0-25. Names are registered only on receipt of subscription. All remittances should be made to the Business Manager, Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras, India.

Foreign subscription is 2 shillings or 30 cents per annum.

Terms of Subscription of the 'Viveka Chaitmaniti',
A MONTHLY TAMIL MAGAZINE.

Published by the Diffusion of Knowledge Agency, Triplicane.


Minimum Subscription Rs. 5 per annum.
Single Copy 1 As.; Back Nos. 8 As. each.


Subscription Price, Rs. 3-10-0 half-yearly.

Single copy, Current No. 2 As.; Back Nos. 6 As. each.

If strictly prepaid at the commencement of the term, a discount of the annual rate, and 2 As. off the half-yearly rate.

Subscription entered to begin with any April or May of each year.

Enrolled subscribers may not withdraw except at the end of the year.

To regular annual subscribers a half-yearly grace is allowed for the prepayment of subscription and in case of transfer half-yearly subscribers a week's time, within which all subscriptions, etc., will be paid to entitle them to the discount allowed.

Subscriptions cannot be closed in the middle of a volume. Indian subscribers are requested to pay their subscriptions in half-yearly installments. All orders for the annual subscription must be sent to the subscription department of the new year, i.e., in April or May; for otherwise one should have to pay for the whole of the current volume. Subscriptions are only renewed by V.F.A. for the second annual installment.

In all business correspondence, subscribers are requested to quote then register number found on the wrapper, as it would enable prompt attention and avoid possible delay and inconvenience.

Applying to C. V. SWAMINATHA AIYAR, Secy. D. R. Agency,
Triplicane, Madras.

Photographs


2. The Puthur Swami. (Each, postage extra.)

Applying to SOONDRAK BROS.,
Photo Artists, 20, Stringer Street, Madras.
THE AWAKENED INDIA.

January 1897.

Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa in Samadhi.
Cabinet size. Price Rs. 1, postage extra.

To be had at:

PALANI & CO., 47, Mahapoorin Street, Madras.

MATHAR NEETHY

3RD EDITION NEATLY GOT UP.

A prose work in Tamil, consisting full of morals essentially required for our women, with an appendix of Harichandra-pannam; 200 pages octavo. Price Rs. 8, with postage Rs. 9; commission to per cent. Apply to the Author, Mr. A. C. Murugesa Moodaer, Pensioned Supervisor, Local Fund, D. P. W., VELLORE, N. Arcot District.

The Masc. Standard. * * * * * "We commend the book on its own merits to the Tamil reading public, who are so much indebted to the author who in no small degree deserves to be aptly rewarded for the labour and time he must have spent over his little but worthy addition to the library of Southern India."
The Hindu. * * * * * "We are glad to introduce to the public a new work, 'Mathar Neethy', written by Mr. A. C. Murugesa Moodaer, Pensioned Supervisor, now at Vellore. * *

The Madura Mail. * * * * * "We are happy to welcome the third edition of this extremely useful and interesting book, intended solely for our wives, sisters and daughters. Within a period of eight years, it has reached a 3rd edition, showing that it has attained great popularity among the small and widening world of educated Hindu women of the Southern Districts. * * * * * We wish to see it in the hands of every Hindu girl and even grown-up women."

JUST PUBLISHED.

Yoga Philosophy: Lectures delivered in New York, winter of 1896—6, by the Swami Vivekananda, on Raja Yoga: or, conquering the internal Nature; also Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms, with Commentaries. Crown 8vo. Price Rs. 2-10-0. Postage extra.

Apply to:

MESSRS. T. S. SUBRAMANIA & CO., Booksellers, &c., TATTAMANGALAM, PALGHAT, INDIA.

DON'T MISS THIS.


Published price Rs. 30.

We are now selling this book to Sanskrit Students at the low price of Rs. 10 only. An early order is requested, as the number to be disposed of is limited.

Apply sharp to—

MESSRS. T. S. SUBRAMANIA & CO., Booksellers, &c., Palghat.

When ordering kindly mention this paper.

VALUABLE PUBLICATIONS.

1. The Bhagavat-Gita—Translated into English, with a learned Preface of 24 pages and valuable foot-notes—by Rabha Pratapdas Misra, Fellow of the Universities of Calcutta and Allahabad.—Coming from the pen of a distinguished Indian Sanskrit scholar and a genuine Hindu, it is the only reliable translation that has yet been offered to the public. It is written in clear and lucid English, and preserves the true devotional spirit of the original. That eminent scholar, Mr. R. H. Griffith, M.A., says, 'the great translator of Visenik and of the Rik, Sama and Adhara Vedas, thus remarks: 'I think your work is very good, generally very close to the original and as simple and lucid as the subject admits.' Price, leather cover, Rs. 2; cloth, Rs. 1, paper, as. 8.

2. Hansa Gita—Sanskrit Text, from the Madhuchista (Sanskrit Text), with English Translation, by the same author. The above mentioned scholar writes thus: 'The Translation is faithful and the English is good and appropriate.' Price, as. 4.

3. Brahman, Iswara and Maya (English) by the same author Price, as. 4.


5. Vedantic conception of Brahman (English) do. author.

6. Saraswati Sahasram (Sanskrit Text only) Price as. 2

APPLY TO

The Sanskrit-Ratnavali Publishing Society,

Chaukhamba, BENARES CITY.

Swami Vivekananda Series

Published and sold by S. C. Mira, No. 2, Nayan Chand Dutt's Lane, Beoudon Street, Calcutta.

No. 1—Vivekananda's Lectures in the Parliament of Religions, Chicago, America, with an analysis and Bengali translation and a portrait of Swami Vivekananda, (containing 160 pages); price 8 annas, postage 1 anna.

No. 2—Vivekananda's Reply to the Address of Madras with an appeal to Young Bengal. With an analysis and Notes.

No. 3—Vivekananda's Two Lectures (1) The Soul and God. (2) The Religion of Love.

No. 4—An Article on Reincarnation.

No. 5—Vivekananda's Reply to the Address of the Maharaja of Kedri, Rajpatuna.

No. 6—Is the Soul Immortal? and the Song of the Sanyasin.

No. 7—Swami Vivekananda in England, 1893.

No. 8—Another Version of the Lecture at Brooklyn.

No. 9—Address on Vedanta Philosophy—The Ideal of a Universal Religion.

No. 10—Swami Vivekananda in English, 1896.

No. 11—Karma Yoga (Madras Edition).

Price one anna and Postage 6 pices each from No. 2 to 11.

The Prabuddha Bharata Monthly circulation more than 4,000 copies.

Annual Subscription including Postage.

For India and Burma. Re. 1-8-0

For Ceylon. Re. 1-12-0

For Mauritius. Rs. 2-0-0

For Foreign Countries, i.e., those not served by the Indian Post. 4s.

For a Single Copy 3 as. postage 4 anna.

No order will be registered unless accompanied with remittance of the full subscription for a year, or accompanied with directions to collect the money by sending all the back issues of the current volume per V. P. P.

The Awakened India is published regularly on the 1st of each month. Complaints of non-receipt of copies cannot be attended to unless they reach the Manager's hands by the 20th of the month of issue.

Printed by Messrs. Thampuran and Co., at the Mina Firk, and published for the Proprietors by G. S. Narayana Chary, M. A., Trichinopoly, Madras.
The Universality of the Veda'nta.

We have seen that religion is a constitutional necessity with man, that it is not possible for him to pull on for a long time in this world of strife without conscious relationship with God. We have also seen that one common religion will not suit all mankind, and that, with increasing knowledge of man's growth and tendencies, all dreams of a universal religion appear more and more chimera. Religions have to differ according to different stages of human evolution; but these different religions may, as has been already hinted, be well cemented together into a compact whole by the power of a liberal and comprehensive philosophy. It was to illustrate this truth that Hinduism was taken up as the subject of our last leader.

Hinduism is really a very peculiar religion: it is, as we have seen, one of the most highly evolved of all religions, and, at the same time, the most conglomerate perhaps. It has eaten up almost all the great religions, and has assimilated with itself their best parts. It was said of Vāli, the great monkey-chief of the Rāmāyana, that he had the peculiar power of drawing to himself half the strength of his foes, and thereby defeating them. A similar thing may well be said of Hinduism. Great and noble religions came in contact with it; but it has devoured them all, as the magic rod of Moses did the serpents of the Egyptian sorcerers. Says Monier Williams, "It may with truth be asserted that no description of Hinduism can be exhaustive which does not touch on almost every religious and philosophical idea that the world has ever known. Starting from the Veda, Hinduism has ended in embracing something from all religions, and in presenting phases suited to all minds. It is all-tolerant, all-compliant, all-comprehensive, all-absorbing. It has its spiritual and its material aspect, its esoteric and exoteric, its subjective and objective, its rational and irrational, its pure and its impure. It may be compared to a huge polygon, or irregular multilateral figure. It has one side for the practical, another for the severely moral, another for the devotional and imaginative, another for the sensuous and sensual, and another for the philosophical and speculative. Those who rest in ceremonial observances find it all-sufficient; those who deny the efficacy of works, and make faith the one requisite, need not wander from its pale; those who are addicted to sensual objects may have their tastes gratified; those who delight in meditating on the nature of God and man, the relation of matter and spirit, the mystery of separate existence, and the origin of evil, may here indulge their love of speculation." It has been growing for centuries, nay ages, and is still a compact organism, though huge, with an infinite capacity to expand. In spite of its numerous imperfections, its officious, and too often mischievous, interference with society, and its lazy conservatism, it has,—at least in theory, often also in practice,—the unity of Godhead of Christianity, Muhammadanism, and other monotheistic religions, all the ethical perfection of Buddhism, all the liberty of thought of Agnosticism, all or all that is practicable in the charity of Socialism, and all the love and respect for humanity which Positivism has; nay more, for in its eyes humanity itself is Divinity. Really a huge structure this Hinduism; and to the superficial observer it is simply incoherent and mad; but when one looks into it closely, one discovers that there is a method in its madness, and that its heart-beats are surprisingly rhythmic and sound.

But whence this health? and what gives to it its compactness, receptivity, and many-sidedness? What kind of spirit is it that pervades through this monster fabric of a religion enlivening it from top to bottom? Is it the spirit of nationality or the bond of a common language, which unites together its various parts? No, it is the spirit of the philosophy on which it rests. Hin-
duism really is not one religion. It is a number of religions, a galaxy of spiritual lights knit together, 'like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid', by an immortal and all-embracing philosophy. It is a veritable Parliament of Religions, where different creeds have met together, in fraternal kinship and republican equality, under the guidance and support of a liberal and paternal philosophy. This philosophy is, our readers need not be told, the Vedānta, which can, as we shall see, knit together not merely the different members of Hinduism, but all the religions of the world.

The Vedānta is essentially catholic, because it recognises more than any other philosophy the grand and universal law of evolution, 'which none can stay nor stem.' Man is its study, man who develops from the brute into God. It takes hold of him from his earliest starting-point and unfolds to him his fullest possibilities. The most primitive and barbarous section of mankind is not too low for its notice, and the highest possible realisation of Divinity is the end which it promises to all alike. Its range is therefore the widest possible; and as every man has his religion, however grotesque, primitive, and barbarous, all the religions of the world, from the lowest fetishism to the highest Brahmagñāna, come within its pale. The religion of fear, the religion of love, and the religion of light, all fall within its scope. Its mission is to take up man just where he is and lead him onward, inspiring him with hope and filling him with such light as his mind could grasp. "Order and progress" is its watchword. The snake-worshipper who thinks that the serpent is the only God, is told that the serpent is God; but, as that God must be omnipresent and all-wise, he is gradually led on to believe that the serpent is only one of the many symbols by which He may be worshipped. One step further: the symbol is forgotten, or obtains an esoteric meaning, acceptable even to the philosopher, and the thing symbolised becomes all in all. Similarly again, if a man begins with taking a fancy for adoring his God with skulls and beads, he is told that his fancy representation signifies the highest, the mightiest, and the most beneficent Being, and that the skulls and the beads have an inner and beautiful signification; and thus gradually God gets better of the idol.

The above is exactly the process by which it was possible for Pariahs like Nanda, Tiruppan and others, to grow into Saints. The fullest possibilities are presented to every one, irrespective of his particular caste and creed; and that is how in the grand religious republic of the Vedānta, Brahmins often get degraded into fetish-worshippers, and men of the lowest castes come up as saints and sages and command the worship of all the country. The Brahmin Saint, Sundara, says, "I am the slave of the slaves, of the potter Tirunilā, shepherd Andya, the hunter Kannappa, the oilmonger Kalyā, and the chandālu Nanda;" and the majority of the Vaishnavite saints, whose poems are chanted forth every day by Brahmin lips in Srīragam, come from castes the members of which were worshippers of demoniac gods or hideous images; and even to-day, how easily has it been possible for many a low caste Hindu to shake off his clan worship and rise to higher regions of spiritual realization. In the United States, every man, no matter what his profession, has the liberty to hope that he might one day be the President of the United States, provided he has the capacity an good fortune required. An exactly similar freedom prevails in India in the religious sphere, however hard may be the caste restrictions; and it is open for barber and washermen to push on towards the realisation of dīnagñāna if only they have the mental capacity for it. The process by which such an evolution becomes possible is extremely mild and natural, and it is worthy of conscientious imitation, especially by foreign missionaries. The Vedānta does not convert, but makes the man grow for himself, by simply presenting the living and grand ideal. The examples of perfected men exercise a silent influence upon the whole community, and until into every man, irrespective of caste or profession, the hope of himself becoming one. The result is, from the Pariah to the Brahmin, every one aspires in his own humble way for religious realization through one or other of the four ancient great methods, Karma, bhakta, Yoga, and Gnāna, according to his mental aptitude and capacity. The spirit is throughout the same, however different may be its manifestations, and throughout there is an eager and hopeful looking forward towards the ideal of Liberation (mokṣa).

A peculiarity of the Vedānta, which undoubtedly contributes to its universality, is that it has a strong faith in the Providential government of the universe, in the omniscience of the immanent Power that resides in the world; consequently, it never hastily condemns anything, but draws attention to the good that may be in it. It has an unshakable faith in slow and natural growth, and seeks to correct, not by force, but by the silent magic of grand and powerful ideals. To take an example, flesh-eating is a prevalent vice among mankind; the Vedānta preaches kindness and love towards lower animals, and strongly condemns flesh-eating; and many sects have accordingly totally abstained from this relic of barbarism; but it must take a long time for all mankind to become vegetarian in its diet. And till then, the Vedānta says to the flesh-eating Śūdra, "Friend, if you are so fond of meat let the animals you kill be an offering to your God before becoming your food." The advantage is, a new idea is brought in, which will have its own wholesome effect, until the example of the higher castes could prevail against this barbarous custom. Even the Indian robber differs in some peculiar respects from his brethren of other countries: he never starts out on his holy pilgrimage without solemnly praying to his gods; and a portion of his plunder invariably goes to the deity. One day or other, the robber realises that his profession is not exactly the best that could be thought of, and that he will have to suffer for his sins, not only here but also hereafter. The God-idea then grows upon him, and induces him to retire from the field, a sadhu but a robber. The great Vaishnavite saint, Tirimangai Alwār, was in his phārīdhrama before he became a bhakta robber. He had a genius for robbing and was a veteran in the trade; he had a large following and was deservedly notorious. On a certain dark midnight, he was within the walls of the great temple of Srīrangam, resting the sleeping God Ranganātha. Silk umbrellas, silver utensils, golden thrones, diamond necklaces were all helped out of the temple; but a gold ring on Ranganātha's left remained tempting the infatuated robber. He tried his utmost to force it out, but it would not come, and he was determined not to leave it. His teeth were employed to bite it out, and while thus struggling, he felt or fancied he felt blood oozing out of the toe, and lost

* Śivite saint.
there stood Ranganatha before him in all His glory. The robber drew back, and at once broke out in a glorious hymn to Narayana, one of the very best in Tamil literature. The spoils of his night’s adventure were all returned; and the robber who would dacoit Ranganatha became a bhakta, and built His temple—the one which still stands. The Divine Thief (taskarandampete) got the better of the human thief.

This is how the Vedanta works; whatever was, was necessary; it says; and sympathy is the secret of its success. It condemns no man as accursed, gives up none as hopeless, but embraces all mankind within its fold, trusting to the silent work of time, the unaltering law of karma, and the power of living ideals, for the growth of both the individual and the society. This will explain how Hinduism is a multitude of creeds, closely knit together, and how its perplexing variety has a substratum of unity, which permeates it through and through as its prana or vital principle.

The Vedanta is not only broad and liberal, but also strong enough to be the backbone of all the religions in the world. There is nothing in it, which is not deeply and firmly rooted in the nature of things; and its theories are such as no logic, however penetrating and rigorous, could dislodge. Its truths stand the severest test, and can be verified by the best of proofs—direct, personal experience. It shrinks from no question, and is the only philosophy that completely solves the problem of life. It postulates nothing and insists upon nothing which cannot be verified. Religion is often said to be a matter of faith; true it is, but this license is at times extended to philosophy also. If both religion and philosophy be alike relegated to the domain of faith, then both must perish. Philosophy is the rational sanction of religion; religion as vulgarly understood is philosophy made popular; and in its highest sense, vis., realization, it is philosophy lived out, applied. Religion and philosophy must always go together, and any divorcement of the one from the other is extremely mischievous, and often proves fatal to both. Christianity as taught by Christ is one of the noblest religions in the world; but as it was rested on no philosophical backbone, it is gradually losing its power; and if it survives from the shocks of recent scientific researches, it can be only by being consciously rested on rational sanction. Such rational sanction is being rapidly discovered; for the truths which Christ taught have in them the stamp of immortality, but the unphilosophical church, which erected itself on them, hid their light under a bushel of rituals and theories about creation, birth-place of man, and other subjects which however much sanctified by the name of Religion—Geology, Physical Science, and History could have no patience for. The Vedanta on the other hand never lays any stress on any non-essential doctrine which scientific researches can displace. It never mistakes the purpose of religion, and takes care not to intrude on the province of Science and History. Even its theory of creation, beautifully and consistently elaborated as it is, it lays no stress on; and it says, an inquiry into the successive steps into which this material universe grew, belongs to Science, and not to Philosophy; it is enough for its purpose that the world, evolved in whatever order, is only phenomenal and can be nothing but a manifestation of the universal consciousness or God. To the real Vedanta who seeks to realise God in this world and with his own body, a thereafter is perfectly immaterial. He does not trouble himself about what lives he led in previous incarnations, as dog, horse, serpent, &c., nor about the dark or light-filled lokas he may pass through after leaving the body. It is enough that in the course of a single hour his mind is, by transmigrating from one thing to another, undergoing a series of births and deaths, and that he could, by alchemising that mind into the universal consciousness, put an end to the ever-recurring misery of birth and death, and become God Himself. The stronghold of the Vedanta could never be shaken. It is the one school of religious philosophy which never threatens with a ‘believe, or you will be ruined,’ but invites the most elaborate and searching enquiry. It shrinks from no questions, and outdoes all other systems in the rigor of its logic, the boldness of its intuition, and the final results of its search.

It is the one philosophy which dares to call God Himself, not merely the son of God or His servant. Universal Brotherhood is too low an expression to denote its abounding love, and a universal selfhood. ‘He who sees the universe in himself and himself in the universe,’ say the Upanishads repeatedly ‘is the sage,’ the perfected man.

Thus, we have seen that the national philosophy of India on which her religion is based, is broad enough to comprise within its sphere all the religions of the world, and strong enough to make them enduring and useful. Whether they will or no, consciously or unconsciously, all these religions are based upon the eternal verities of the Vedanta, for its range is nothing less than the range of the whole human race. It is conscious of its strength, and has entire sympathy with the diversity of religious creeds; nay, it recognizes even a vast variety, because it is eager that no man in this world should suffer for want of a religion suited to his nature; and whatever ‘isms’ may spring up in the unknown future, must fall necessarily within the boundless fold of the Vedanta. In its broad economy, every religion is accommodated in the proper place, and is made to lead on to higher religions with nobler ideals.

The sooner religions recognise their place and their kinship with the Vedanta, the better it will be for them and their growth will be sooner ensured. But for the support of such a philosophy which makes all the world akin, Hinduism would have ceased to be a religion long, long ago, and would have become a barren fossil to be dug out of oblivion by laborious antiquaries. It is exactly the want of such an enduring and liberal philosophy that has made Christianity shake to its foundations before the onslaught of modern science. It is the want of such a bold and all-embracing philosophy, that has robbed Buddhism of its pristine nobility and love, and split it into a number of lazy and ceremonious churches, and supplemented the pure Hinayana,—Buddha’s little vessel of salvation—with the half mythical Mahayana,—the large vessel of salvation. It is the want of such a generous and sympathetic philosophy, that has made Muhammadanism a by-word for religious intolerance and fanaticism. One peculiarity of the Vedanta is, as we have already indicated, that it never interferes with forms. It concerns itself solely with the life of religions. The Christian need not renounce his Christianity, the Buddhist need not give up his ancient faith, the Muhammadan may stick to his Mecca and the Koran; and yet all these may consciously follow the Vedanta, and seek with fervour to realise
The Awakened India. [January 1897.

its highest promises. Nay, their love to their respective Prophets and Bibles will become more dignified, more enlightened, and more sincere; and religious animosity will subside and the world move on to its great end with less friction. 

The Power of Faith.

There was a great Achārya or Religious Preceptor, who from time to time revealed to people the method of attaining eternal beatitude. This he did in various ways. To some he spoke at length about it; to others he gave laconic formulae, which, if they recited and meditated upon, led them by degrees to a knowledge of the Paramādīnā and the happiness that is the result of such knowledge. The period during which he was to instruct his disciples and others who sought enlightenment at his hands, had come. Crowds of people had gathered round his āstāna or hermitage. Among them, there were many that had mastered the Vedas and Vedāntas; many that had studied the various systems of philosophy and gained a very clear knowledge of the arts and sciences in all their branches. Many ruling princes had also come with their followers to receive instruction from the Paramahansa, for Brahmānīdā or knowledge of the Paramādīnā is dear to all—irrespective of their positions in life. The day on which the Preceptor was to begin instructing the people, actually arrived; and all appeared before him with reverential faces, and reciting stanzas from a great many poets suited to the occasion and the dignity of the Paramahansa. One after another, the learned approached him and received suitable hints in the Vedānta. Every face that returned from the āstāna beam’d with delight. Doubts had been destroyed like straws in a conflagration. Truth appeared before them like the distinct orb of the sun at break of day, and the way to final emancipation from the bonds of existence seemed clear and near at hand. Large concourses of the initiated assembled in the wood-lands around the āstāna, and, comparing notes, found the instruction imparted to them in perfect conformity with the tenets of the Vedas and the Vedāntas. The ruling princes also received at the hands of the Paramahansa such enlightenment as placed them much above the ordinary mortals of the world, and filled them with an internal light and peace to which they had long been strangers. The eventful day well nigh drew to a close. The orb of day was standing on the verge of the horizon, to go down and leave the world to darkness. A chandīla or man of the lowest order of human beings in India appeared at some distance before the āstāna, prostrating himself before the Paramahansa, who was seated in the āstāna, said—"Sire, I have long been desirous of receiving instructions at your hands; vouchsafe to tell me something of the Paramādīnā, that will destroy the gloom in my mind and fill it with light and peace." "Horror of horrors"—said the Pandit assembled around—"How can a chandīla ask for Brahmānīdā, and bow can the Paramahansa impart it to him?" The Paramahansa noted the request of the chandīla, and, after looking at him attentively for some time, said, "Begone!" "Well said"—exclaimed the Pandit—"Who knows the law better than the Paramahansa?" It was a custom of the āstāna that, the next year, the people then initiated should present themselves, and show to the Paramahansa the progress they had made. So the next year came, and a large concourse of people gathered round the āstāna. The Achārya propounded a query to which would show whether any of them had really profited by the instruction imparted by him the previous year. The answer was to be noted on a piece of bark and sent up to the Paramahansa with the name of the writer. Accordingly a great many pieces of bark went into the āstāna. He perused them all, and found that there was only one among them which contained the correct answer. It was somebody's "Begone!" It was the piece sent up by the chandīla. The Paramahansa declared what had actually taken place; the learned that were assembled there were astonished at what had happened. The Paramahansa addressed them as follows:

"You must know that faith is a powerful agent in the enlightenment of the heart. When the chandīla asked for instruction, he was told 'Begone.' This he took as his aphorism, and, meditating on it, first came to the conclusion that he should go away from the world and its ways, to make his path clear towards eternal bliss. Thus, by further interpreting the same word, he found all that was needed for the elucidation of his mind. He believed and he knew. None of you was capable of that degree of belief, for you have all been imbued with ideas of your greatness and the like. It is that the Yogi, 'Begone,' as he signs himself, has become a true disciple of mine. The learned, who heard this speech, were all convinced of what the Paramahansa said, and immediately adopted a life of extreme humility and faith. The Yogi, 'Begone,' became a preceptor to many of them.

P. V. Ramaswami Raju, B.A.,
Barrister-at-Law.

On Symbols

by Swami Vivekananda.

In each religion there are three parts, first the philosophy, then the mythology, and then the ritual. The philosophy, of course, is the essence of all religions, and the mythology has to express that philosophy through lives of great men, interspersed with stories of wonderful things and so forth; and then there is the ritual, which brings it to a still more concrete form, so that every one can grasp it—concretised philosophy is ritual. This ritual is Karma, and is necessary in every religion, because most of us cannot understand abstract spiritual thoughts, until we grow very much spiritually. It is very easy for men to think they can understand anything, but when it comes to actual experience we find we are mistaken, and that we have no conception whatever of abstract things. So, in that state of mind, we find a great deal of help from these symbols, the symbolic method of putting things before us. From time immemorial these symbols have been used by all varieties of religions. In one sense we cannot but think in symbols; words themselves are symbols for the thought; in one sense everything in the universe is a symbol. A chair is a symbol of the real chair behind, which we do not know. The thing we see is the symbol of the thing signified. The whole universe is a symbol, and God is the essence behind. This symbolism again is not created by man; it is not that certain people in every religion sit down and think out certain symbols, hands and feet, and so forth, out of
their own mind. These symbols are growth. Why is it that certain symbols are associated with certain ideas, with almost every one? You will find certain symbols universal. Many of you think that the cross began with the Christian religion, but it existed before Christianity was, before Moses was born, before the Vedas, before there was any record. You will find the cross among the Aztecs, the Phoenicians; every one had the cross. Again the symbol of the crucified Saviour, a crucified man upon a cross was almost in every nation. A circle is a great symbol throughout the world. Then there is the most universal of all symbols, sastrya. At one time it was thought that the Buddhists carried it all over the world with them, but it has been found out that ages before Buddhism it was used among nations. In old Babylon, in Egypt, it was found. What does this show? That all these symbols could not have been conventional. There must be some reason, some natural association between them and the human mind. It is just as no language can be created; simply so many people sitting down and saying we will represent this idea by this word and that by that word; it would be impossible because there never was an idea without a word, ideas and words are inseparable. There never was a time when they were not inseparable. These words may come in several ways. They may be sound symbols or colour symbols. Dumb people must think with other than sound symbols. Whatever there is any thought in the mind it must have as its counterpart some form that in Sanskrit philosophy is called nema upa, the name and form. Just as it would be impossible to create a language—that is, the natural evolution, the expression of the human mind—so it would be impossible to create a syllogism.

These symbols are the expressions of the religious thought of humanity. Wherever man wants to express the religious feelings in him, his method is to express them in certain peculiar forms, and just as thought calls out the form, so the form naturally calls in the thought. Just as the internal thought is projected outside as the form, so the external form must help to bring the thought in, and that is why we see the necessity of so many temples and churches and altars and all these things. It is easy to say what is the use of these temples and paraphernalia; every baby says that in modern times; but every baby when he enters finds one set of men, and when he comes outside finds another set of men. So that shows that the association of these forms has a tendency to bring into the mind the thought for which they stand as symbols. As such the study of syllogism cannot be neglected.

All over the world you will find images in some form or other. With some it is in the form of a man, and that is the best form. If I wanted to worship an image I would worship it in the form of a man, rather than of an animal, or a building, or any other form. One sect thinks this is the right sort of image, and another sect thinks not. The Christian think that when God came in the form of a dove it was all right, but if He comes in the form of a cube, as the Hindus say, it is very wrong and superstitious. The Jews think if an idol be made in the form of a chest with two angels sitting on it, and a book in it, it is all right, but if it is in the form of a man or a woman it is very horrible. The Mohammedans think that when they pray, if they try to form an image of the temple with the Kaba, the black stone, in it, and turn towards the west, it is all right, but if you form the image in the shape of a church it is idolatry. This is the defect of image worship. Yet all these seem to be necessary stages. These images and other things are quite necessary. You may try to bring your mind to concentrate, or even to project the thought. You will find that you will naturally form images in your mind. You can not help it. Two sorts of persons never require any images—the human animal who never thinks of any religion, and the perfected being who has passed through these stages. Between these two points all of us require some sort of ideal outside and inside. It may be in the form of a departed human being, or of a living man or woman. This is clinging to personality, and bodies, and is quite natural. We are prone to concretise. Why should we be here if we are not concretised? We are concretised spirits and so we find ourselves here on this earth. Idols have brought us here, and they will take us out. It is the houseopathic cure, similia similibus. Going after things of the senses has made us human beings, and we are bound to worship personal beings whatever we may talk. It is very easy to say “Don’t be personal,” but the same man you will find most personal. His attachment for particular men and women is very strong; it will not leave him when they die, but he wants to follow them beyond death. That is idolatry; it is the seed, the very cause of idolatry, and the cause being there it will come out in some form. Is it not better to have a personal attachment to an image of Christ or Buddha than to a living wicked man or woman? The Americans say it is very bad to kneel before an image of Christ, but they say it is the highest thing to kneel before a woman, and say “You are my life, the light of my life, the light of my eyes, my soul.” If they had four legs they would kneel on all four. That is worse idolatry than anything. Animals will kneel that way. What is this talk about my soul, my life? In five days it will go away. It is only attachment of the senses. Why does not man kneel to man if it is not so? It is lost covered by a mass of flowers, the same as you find in brutes. Poets give it a good name, and throw lavendar water and all sorts of things over it, but it is lost. Is it not better to kneel before a statue of Buddha, the Jina conqueror, and say, “Thou art my life.” I would rather a hundred times do that than kneel to any woman.

(From his American Lectures.)

Thoughts on the Bhagavad Gita.

(Continued from page 71.)

We have now arrived at one of the most interesting questions in our consideration of the Gita. The issue has risen from Arjuna to Krishna Himself, and many a hard and insulting judgment has been passed upon the poor author of the Bhagavad Gita for the advice he gave to Arjuna. The judges, as our readers already know, are our friends, the missionaries, who, in their own noble, refined and exemplary way, have either cast serious doubts on the sanity of Sri Krishna, or worse still, have sought to inculcate ill them by certain sections of the Penal Code. Unfortunately, the criminal who has been thus wisely condemned, is not available for punishment, and refuses to be produced before the tribunal by which He was condemned unheard. Our brethren are more eager to accuse than to understand, and judge before they hear; and, in their eagerness to benefit the world by
their sapient condemnation, they never stop to question the
finality of their judgments. Their moral and religious in-
dignation spares neither Rama nor Krishna; and the fact of
these latter being looked upon as avatars of God by a
beastish 'nigger' race, only excites their fury all the
more. "Love," says an English writer, "is one whether
it be called God or Christ, or Krishna, or any other individu-
alized expression of Truth. As long as this cannot be
seen, there will be war of sects and religious against each
other, and sending forth of missionaries to insult and
irritate, to teach creeds—not love and truth. The love of
Krishna is deep in the Hindu heart, and cannot be thus
lighted with impunity. Yet, under all these irritations,
the Hindu has yet to be found who would retort by any
insult or criticism of the founder of Christianity. To
the Hindu, such criticism of the pure and noble of any race
or age, is a dreadful crime, involving far-reaching retriv-
eutive effects. It is a pity we do not think the same.
To irritate and insult are easier than to understand. We
know how Christ has been handled in the Free Thought
tribunal; and how the Bible has fared under the dissecting
lance of its opponents. We, for our part, have no symp-
thies with scurrilous attacks and rash criticisms of holy
men and books—no matter of what country—though we
might not always succeed in understanding them.

So much for the narrow-minded attacks hurled against
the Gita by some fanatical missionaries. Now let us turn
to some of the moderate criticisms. Krishna advises Ar-
juua to fight, by telling him that there is really no death,
that the Aman is ancient, eternal; and killed not, nor is
cilled; and that he alone is wise who is not affected by the
pairs of opposites, grief and joy, sorrow and pleasure, &c.,
which soil not the Aman. Referring to this statement,
Bishop Caldwell attempts to prove its falsity, by suppos-
ing it acted upon in country life, in the following words—

"A man accused of murder neither denies his guilt nor
pleads that he committed the act in self-defence, but ad-
dresses the Court in the language of Krishna. 'It is needless,'
he says, 'to trouble yourselves about the inquiry any
further, for it is impossible that any murder can have taken
place. The soul can neither kill nor be killed. It is
eternal and indestructible. When driven from one body,
it passes into another. Death is inevitable, and another
birth is equally inevitable. It is not the part, therefore, of
wise men like the judges of the court, to trouble themselves
about such things.' Would the judges regard this defence
as conclusive? Certainly not.** Indeed, there seems to be
great force in Bishop Caldwell's arguments, and his logic
appears irresistible. Krishna's advice was really a bold
one. Here is Arjuna, unwilling to fight against his friends
and kinsmen, he is filled with pity and crie, "Having
behold, O Krishna, my kindred thus standing anxions for
the fight, my limbs fail me, my mouth is dried up, the
hairs stand upon my body, and all my frame trembleth.
Even Gândiva, my bow, falls from my hands, and my skin
burns. I am not able to stand; my mind, as it were,
turns round also. O Kesava, I behold auspicious, omens
on all sides. When I shall have destroyed my kindred,
shall I longer look for happiness? I wish not for victory,
domination, or pleasure. For what is dominion and enjoy-
ment, of life, or even life itself, when those for whom
dominion, pleasure and enjoyment were to be coveted,
have abandoned life and fortune, and stand here in the
field ready for the battle." Arjuna's arguments are ap-
parently very sound, and any man other than Krishna—
unless he was particularly interested in the destruction of
Duryodana and his host—would under such circumstancnes
have simply, it would appear, advised Arjuna to cease
fighting, and turn back from the battle-field.

All the great teachers of the world have uniformly
preached the doctrine of non-resistance, and Krishna's
advice to fight, given to a man who shrunk from fighting,
is certainly very strange. It is no wonder, therefore, that
the arguments employed by him have been charged with
being egotistic; and what is worse, the highest philosophy
is invoked to compel Arjuna to do an apparently unjustifiable
deed. The position which Krishna took must be recon-
sciliale with the teachings of other great men of the world;
or there is only one alternative, namely, that we must be
prepared to give up the Gita, and disclaim all allegiance to
its author. The principle of non-resistance is really too
deeply rooted in the nature of things to be false or erro-
rous: and one of the sincerest admirers of Christ, Count
Tolosi, vehemently recommends a thorough-going ap-
plication of this doctrine in all departments of human ac-
ivity; and if his interpretation of the doctrine be correct,
war itself would appear to have been condemned by
Christ. Plainly put, the case stands thus. All the great
teachers of the world preach non-resistance. Who-never
shall suit thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the
other also, is a glorious ethical precept; and the larger
the application it receives, the better it should be for both
the individual and the society. According to one of his
commentators, Jesus Christ, not the least of the prophets
of the world, condemns war itself. Peace, peace, peace!
is the one cry of the Upanishads. In the face of such an
overwhelming authority in favour of non-resistance, Krish-
na advises a man who is wholly unwilling to fight, to
engage in a bloody war; any worse. He contradicts not
merely the other teachers of the world, but also Himself.
For, again and again, in the Gita, He recommends aham
(non-injury)—e.g., XLI: 8. Is Krishna right, is the ques-
tion; and very much depends upon the answer. The case
is very strong against Him, and we have arrived at a
really critical stage of our discussion. But let us see if a
satisfactory explanation could be had for the strange con-
duct of Krishna; or otherwise, we must be prepared to
disclaim Him and His book. For "There is no religion
higher than truth.

(To be continued.)

Seekers after God.

II. SRI RAMAKRISHNA PARAMAHAMSA.

India is essentially a land of religious realization.
Throughout the community, there has been from time
immemorial an anxious groping after the unknown reality
beyond the phenomenal world. In one way and another,
efforts have been made, some of them desperate and wild
in their character, to see God face to face. All the re-
sources of the human mind, both in its emotional and its
intellectual side, have been stretched to the utmost to
obtain the undisturbed and sacred bliss of Heaven—the
peace which passeth all understanding. In India more
than in any other country, Paradise has been lost and re-
gained. The unquesting and unsuspecting optimism of
ignorance—the early Paradise of man—has necessarily to
be lost, when evil, sin, and grief assert their existence,
and claim a clear recognition. And pessimism, which is a
necessary result of such recognition and is at present a
prevalent tendency in some countries, has, at least in ours,
been fortunately replaced by a final optimism, the result of
Vedantic search and religious realization; and thus has
Paradise been re-won.
In no other country is spirituality so marked a national character; and if, to-day, in the midst of the most materialistic civilizations, we are able to preserve that character intact, it is due almost wholly to the influence of perfected men, who have from time to time appeared in our midst, and presented to public gaze, both by example and precept, the great ideal of Liberation. From the Vedic times downwards, successive waves of spirituality have risen and deluged our country from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin; and the influence of the unknown seers of the Upanishads, of Rama and Krishna, of Buddha, Sankara and Ramamurti, and other epoch-making characters, is still a living force in our society, and has at successive times given birth to lesser luminaries, the saints, sages and bhaktas of our land. Indeed, their influence is quite as living to-day as ever; and we shall have no cause to complain of our present age, when we remember that it has brought forth men like Chaitanya, Thayummanar, Dayananda Saraswati, and Ramakrishna Paramahansa. The last of these great men will form our study for the present.

In Nanda we saw a real bhakta of Southern India, sprung from the lowest caste. In the Paramahansa we shall find a genuine seeker after God of Northern India, sprung from the highest caste. Spirituality is not the monopoly of any particular sect or part of the country; and if only to illustrate this truth, the life of Ramakrishna comes in as a fitting sequel to that of Nanda the Pariah Saint.

The study of Ramakrishna—is of interest to us in another way also. He was a man who lived quite within the memory of many still living; and consequently, mythology has not yet succeeded in completely burying his genuine personality within its cumbrous folds. One great advantage in his case is that we can, with the help of his disciples and biographers, bring him back before us in imagination, and study him with immense profit—how he ate and slept, and what sort of life he lived, and so on. These details are not mere biographical curiosities; they give the real clue to his character, and help us in understanding where exactly he differs from other men. We can know what is common between us and him, and what is not; and, in the light of this knowledge, struggle to develop ourselves. In him we shall find an ideal which every one of us may try to reach. Ramakrishna Mahatman not endowed in mystery, incantated from mortal view, but, in the words of Max Muller, "a real Mahatman whom we can understand and sympathise with."

In another way also is Ramakrishna interesting to us. Though he himself never moved in the world, or, as a man of the world, and though he never professed to teach others, the influence which he exercised on Kesh Chandra Sen, G. C. (those (the Bengal Garrick and Shakespeare), Surendranath Bose, P.C. Mozosan, and a large number of highly educated men, was simply extraordinary. A score of young men who were closely attached to him have become masters after his death. They follow his teachings by giving up the enjoyment of wealth and carnal pleasure, living together in a wrist, and retiring at times to holy and solitary places all over India, even as far as the Himalayan mountains. The great apostles of the Vedanta in foreign countries—Swami Vivekanandha, Saradananda, Adevananda—all come from this wrist; and it was the voice of Ramakrishna that thundered in the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, and is now drawing forth to the glorious philosophy of the Upanishads the interest and admiration of all the civilized world. If, in no long time, the merits of the Vedanta come to be recognized among continental thinkers, it attains the high place which it eminently deserves among the philosophies of the world... great part of the credit for such recognition will be the due of the teacher who never taught, but lived his teaching. "The state in which the rulers are most reluctant to govern," truly says Plato, "is best and most quietly governed, and the state in which they are most willing is the worst." In the same way, it may be said, the teachings of those who are most anxious to teach are often the worst, and the teachings of those who have no idea of teaching often turn out to be the wisest and the most profound. At any rate, it was so in Ramakrishna's case. He declined to be the guru, in the proper sense of the word, to any one; and, in uttering his few famous sayings, which Max Muller regards as the spontaneous outburst of profound wisdom, clothed in beautiful poetical language, he never once dreamt of their commanding the admiration of European and American scholars. If he was a teacher of mankind, he was unconscious of it. Writing about his wonderful influence, Mozosomal says—

"My mind is floating in the luminous atmosphere which that wonderful man diffuses around him whenever and wherever he goes. My mind is not yet disenchanted of the mysterious and indestructible path which he pours into it whenever he meets me. What is there common between him and me? I, a European, civilised, self-centered, semi-sceptical, so-called educated teacher, and he, a poor, illiterate, shrunken, unpolished, diseased, half-idolatrous friendless Hindu devotee? Why should I sit long hours to attend to him, I who have listened to Dimaoli and Fawcett, Stanley and Max Muller, and a whole host of European scholars and divines. I who am an ardent disciple and follower of Christ, a friend and admirer of liberal minded Christian missionaries and preachers, a devoted adherent and worker of the rationalist Brahmo Samaj,—why should I be spell-bound to hear him? And it is not I only, but dozens like me who do the same. He has been interviewed and examined by many, crowds pour in to visit and talk with him. Some of our clever intellectual fools have found nothing in him; some of the contemptuous Christian missionaries would call him an impostor, or a self-deluded enthusiast. I have weighed their objections well, and what I write now, I write deliberately."

Ramakrishna* was born at the village of Sripor Kamarpore in the Hooghly District in the year 1834. He was the last of three sons, the first of whom was named Ramakumar and second Ramaswar. The Paramahansa was known in his childhood as Gadadhar, or familiarly, Gadai, signifying Vishnu—a name given him by his father, in commemoration of a vision the latter had, revealing to him the birth of a son who would prove a saviour of thousands. As a boy, Ramakrishna was somewhat lean, and fair in complexion, spoke sweetly, and was liked by every one. A place where he was most petted was the house of one of his friends Gangavilas, whose mother was exceedingly fond of him, preferring him to her own son, and reserving the best sweetmeats for him.

*(To be continued.)

* The details of Ramakrishna's life are mostly from a biography of his in Bengali by Ramachandra Datta, Q. A., one of his most devoted gurukshu disciples.

"Behold now, brethren," said he, "I exhort you, saying, 'Decide is inherent in all component things, but the truth will remain for ever! Work out your salvation with diligence.' This was the last word of tho Tathagata."

—The Gospel of Buddha.
The A'tman.

A STORY FROM THE UPANISHADS.

The highest aim of philosophy is to know what the A'tman is, and to determine its relation with the Paramešu-ātman or the Universal Soul; in other worlds, what soul is and how it is related to God. Philosophers have written a good deal on the subject, but generally in a language repleted with hard technical expressions. The utility of their writings is therefore confined only to the advanced students of philosophy, and the general public can derive but little advantage from them. Our ancient Rishis recognized the right of the general mankind to be taught of the A'tman, and the benefit to the community arising therefrom. Therefore, besides treating the subject in the philosophical way—using hard and intricate technicalities, such as in the Vedānta Sūtras and the commentaries thereon—they have put it in plain popular style intelligible to an average intellect. Teaching by parables has not its beginning in the New Testament of Christ, but originated in the Upanishads of the Hindu—

that body of sacred writings around which there shines an eternal halo of holy antiquity.

The story of Virochana and Indra in the Chandogya Upanishad throws a flood of light on the difficult subject of the A'tman. Once upon a time, so goes the story, the Devas and the Auras resolved to enquire after the A'tman; the Auras, from the motive that, when they will have understood the A'tman, they will be the lords of the whole world; and the Devas, simply from the motive that, if they knew the A'tman, they will be insensible and ever blissful. Indra among the Devas, and Virochana among the Auras proceeded forth, with sacrificial fuel in hand, to Prajāpati, and lived there as brahmacārias for a period of thirty-two years. Then Prajāpati said unto them, "With what intent do you abide here?" In reply, they said, "We have heard that the A'tman is insensible, imperishable and ever blissful. It neither eats, nor drinks, nor is it subject to any passions. It is an eternal truth, knowing which a man attains all the regions and has all his wishes realised. Having a desire to know that, we are staying here." To which Prajāpati said, "The being that you perceive within the eye is thus soul; it is Brahman itself, free from death and fear." By 'eye' he meant the eye of knowledge (prajñā-vādārat). The pupils took him literally; and, believing Brahman to be a mere reflection, asked, "Which do you mean, sir, the reflection which is seen in the water, or the one seen in a mirror?" To which Prajāpati said, "It is seen in both." Then Prajāpati asked them to bring a bucketful of water and to see themselves in it. On their doing so, Prajāpati said, "What do you see therein?" They answered, "We see ourselves, our pictures, to the very hair and nails, sir," returned they. Thereupon Prajāpati asked them to come well-dressed and beautifully ornamented, and then to see themselves again in the water. On doing so, the two pupils said, "We behold ourselves perfectly well in it: as we are dressed and adorned, so are our reflections there." Then Prajāpati said, "This is Brahman immortal and happy. The two pupils being satisfied, went away. Prajāpati, seeing them go away, said, "They are both going away without attaining the real truth. They won't profit much by this instruction." 

Virochana, the head of the Auras, when he reached home, announced to his subjects that he had learnt all about the soul, and unto them imparted this instruction: "Self alone is adorable. Only the self should be served, and, by worshipping and serving one's self, man attains both the worlds." Wrongly understanding, with him the sense of 'Self' to mean the ego or ahankāra, one's individual personality, they left off giving alms, believing in good works, and performing religious ceremonies; they became firm advocates of selfishness. Hence are they called Auras, who set up for themselves as their Upanishad. Their dead are besmeared with uncleanliness, and adorned with ornaments and costly remembrances; and they think that thereby they will overcome this region and that.

Now Indra, without going to the Devas, felt dissatisfied, saying within himself, "How can the reflection be the A'tman. It takes its form according to the external appearance of my body. It becomes adorned when the body is adorned; it is clean when the body is clean; it is blind when the body is blind; and it disappears with the dissolution of the body. Surely this cannot be the A'tman. I see no good in this." Full of these doubts, Indra went again to Prajāpati, and told him his doubts, to which the latter replied, "You are right, Mahāvān. This reflection is surely not the A'tman. I shall explain it again to you. Dwel here for another thirty-two years." Indra did accordingly. Then Prajāpati said, "The Soul is that which enjoys the state of dream, the feeling of being satisfied by the attainment of a wished-for object. This is Brahma, ever living and ever blissful.

For the time being, Indra was satisfied with this explanation of the soul; but, are long doubts began to crop up in his mind. He went back to Prajāpati, and told him that he was not content with that explanation. "Since it becomes not blind when the body is deprived of its eyes, and remains unmutilated when the body is mutilated, it is not affected by the defects of the body; nor destroyed by the destruction of the body; but since it feels as if it is being beaten, driven away, and put to grief and to weeping, I see no good in it. Initiate me, O father, into the true knowledge of it." Prajāpati, on hearing this, said, "Surely this is not the soul, it is higher and nobler. Abide here for another thirty-two years, if you are solicitous to know it.

Indra again did the same, and, after the expiry of the appointed term, he entrusted Prajāpati to explain to him the real truth of the thing. Unto him, then, said Prajāpati, "That in which the sleeper retiring is completely at rest and knows no dreaming, is the soul," and added, "This is Brahma, eternal and fearless.

This instruction seemed to satisfy Indra for the time being; but, shortly after, he began to question its sufficiency, saying, "How can this be the soul? During sleep it knows not itself; nor does it know these elements as they are. It seems to be altogether destroyed for the time being. I see no good in it." So again Indra came back to the Primeval Father. Prajāpati, and expressed his doubts before him, saying, "O father, when in the state of dreamless sleep, one loses all idea of individuality. The soul seems to be all destroyed for the time being. I can see no good in this." Even so it is," returned Prajāpati; "now dwell for five years more with me as a "

A large number of men in this world are selfish, and are therefore Auras or killers of the Self (A'tma-kirta of the Issa, Upan.) All those who through ignorance are devoted to the nourishing of their lives merely, and addicted to sensual pleasures, are called Auras. Such pernicious mistake like Virochana their lower selves, are called the eternal A'tman; even when they seek knowledge, they do it for the sake of show, and with impure motives.—Ed.
brahmachārīn (i.e., one who inquires about the Brahman), and I shall explain to you the real nature of the soul.

In accordance with this injunction, Indra abode there for five years more, at the end of which he again entreated Prajñāpati to instruct him. Then Prajñāpati explained, in these words, the true character of the Soul to Mahāraṇ (Indra):

"Listen now, Indra, to the true nature of the Soul. The body you have is perishable and transient. Yet it is a resting-place for the immortal and bodiless Soul. When thus embodied (i.e., imagined to be tied down to a body), the soul appears subject to desires and passions, but, in its own real nature, it is bodiless and free, and has nothing to do with desirable and repulsive objects. As the wind and the clouds, the lightning and the thunder, being all bodiless, issue forth from the yonder blue sky, by the intense heat of the sun, and take their respective forms; so man, rising forth through the Great Light of wisdom from a sense of bondage and attachment to his body, takes his own genuine form, i.e., himself becomes the Ātman or the Self which is distinct from the body. Then he becomes the best of men. He might then safely lord it over eating and playing and enjoying with women or equipages or relatives, for he is really unattacked and does not mistake the body for the Ātman, the only true entity. Just as cattle, though attached to an equipage, are really distinct from it; so is the soul, though attached to the body. Now, the Ātman is that which wills to see when you see. It is that which wills to smell when you smell. It is that which wills to speak when you speak. It is that which wills to hear when you hear. It is that which wills to think when you think. The mind is the celestial eye observing all the objects of desire. By the help of the celestial eye of the mind, the soul enjoys them all. Now, because the Devas adored that soul in the region of Brahma, therefore they obtained all regions and all their desires were fulfilled. He attains all regions and obtains all his desires who having duly enquired knows the soul." Thus said Prajñāpati, verily thus said Prajñāpati.

Then Indra went home happy, and all the gods rejoiced over his success.

From the above story, we learn that the Ātman is not the body, nor is it merely the consciousness of the waking state, nor that in the dreaming or the sleeping state. It is beyond the organs of sense, the ears, eyes, nose, &c.; but the will which guides their functions as hearing, seeing, &c., belongs to the Soul. The Soul is also beyond the mind, yet that which is the spring of thought in the mind belongs to it. The soul enjoys all things. It is the innermost principle of all the functions of the organs and the mind. It is the final consciousness in man, the absolute ultimate 'knower,' which works through the mind and the senses and the body, and is yet separate from them all.

Besides explaining the nature of the Ātman, the allegory also shows how earnest, pious-minded and persistent the search after It must be. Any inquiry into it conducted with base motives or want of zeal, will prove futile, or worse still, mislead and pervert the mind, as in the case of Virochana. Moreover, truth will always be revealed in this as well as in other departments of knowledge.

Om! Sa'nthi, Sa'nthi, Sa'nthi.

Peace, peace, peace.

There was once a great prophet, by name Elijah, who fled away from his countrymen, as they "forsook God's covenant and threw down His Altars." He took refuge in a cave and was told that God would appear to him. There came a great and strong wind, which rent the mountains and devastated the forests; Elijah thought that the Lord had come, but the Lord was not in the wind. After the wind, came the thunder and the lightning, but the Lord was not in them either. Then came an earthquake; the earth belched forth fire, the rocks were torn to pieces and the mountain was rent to its foundations; Elijah looked for the Lord, but the Lord was not in the earthquake. Then followed a beautiful calm, indescribably beautiful; and Elijah knew that God was there, and so He was.

The above is a beautiful allegory. The storm, the earthquake and the other things referred to, symbolize the rage of the senses, the intellect, &c. "The mind which follows the tempestuous senses goes to ruin, like a ship tossed about in the middle of the ocean by a tremendous storm." (Gita II. 67.) God dwells in the supreme tranquillity of the mind (Sa'ti). "He who is free from desire and without grief, beholds by the tranquillity of his senses the Majesty of the Ātman or God, who is subtler than what is subtle, greater than what is great, and is seated in the heart of the living being." (Kath. Upa. II. 20.) "But the man whose charioteer (the intellect) is wise, and the reins of whose mind are well applied, obtains the goal of the road, the highest place of Vishnu (God)." (Ibid. III. 9.)

A RECLUSE.

Elements of the Veda'nta.

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGE VISION.

We have seen in the two previous chapters that all of us, consciously or unconsciously, are every moment of our lives in the pursuit of happiness, which however acts upon the will-o'-the wisp. There is an Indian play in which a boy is blindfolded and led by another: the former enquires how far a particular place is from where they stand, and the latter replies, "Only a little distance off;" the boy walks a little farther, and then says, "what is this question: again walks a little, and repeats the question; but every time the question is put, the same reply is invariably given; and after wandering a long while in this strange and ominous play, the eyes are unfolded, and the boys return to where they started from. Our search for happiness in the external world is like this childish play; what we seek is always just a little way off. We therefore concluded that the mind must die; or, in other words, cease its functions, before happiness, which seems to be outside but within ourselves, is realised. But what do we mean by saying that the mind must die?
One morning, a few years ago, I was reading a favorite book of mine, when I came upon the words, “what profits a man to speak, when his mind is not yet dead?” I could not make out the passage: “the death of the mind—what does it mean?” I said to myself, “and how could those speak whose minds are dead?” My curiosity was roused. I respected the author of the book so much that I could not call the passage absurd; at the same time, I could not help thinking so. The words themselves, owing perhaps to the difficulty of their sense, had a strange fascination for me, and kept ringing in my ears all the day. In the evening, I was present at a post-mortem examination, and I was closely observing the process of dissecting the human body. The words of the sage I referred to, occurred to me at that time, and suddenly a desire rose in me to see the inner man dissected and laid bare to view as easily as the outer frame. I had not of course the materials for such an internal dissection, and so I had to go to bed with my desire unsatisfied. At about 4 in the morning, a strange vision appeared to me in my dream. A compact of rather a majestic stature, in a real grand manner, appeared, with his long hair of his face, folded up, and above, around, like the coils of a serpent, with sacred ashes shining in his bright forehead, with a beard which lent to him a rare Rishi-like aspect, and clad in orange-colored robes, appeared before me. I found a friend of mine, who were talking together, immediately rose and prostrated ourselves before the great yogin. He commanded us to rise, and gave sacred ashes first to me and then, muttering a few words by way perhaps of incantation, to my friend, and I! my friend fell down at once, and my own eyes began to whirl; a few seconds more, I felt that my vision had become clearer in some mysterious manner, and that I was able to see into the inner reality of things: every thing around me seemed ready to unfold the secrets of its nature. When I looked at my friend, I saw, to my great surprise, that his body melted away like dew before the sun, leaving behind a vast effulgence, which became clearer every second, and finally stood divided into five luminaries, arranged one above another but still connected to each other. The lowest was a tremendously big mass of light of the size of the moon, and equally bright, but of a beautiful red color. It was constantly rolling and changing within itself, and often projecting itself this side and thin like fire burning. Above it, and connected with it by a stream of orange light, was a circle of effulgence, much bigger in dimensions, perhaps as big as the sun; it was of a bright yellow color. It was a little steadier and the sight of it was really charming; above it, and of nearly the same dimensions, was a huge blue light even steadier; above it still was a vast expanse of violet, which seemed to be constantly changing and running in occasional streams, towards the three lights below, now towards the one and now to the other. In spite of its brilliancy, it was very terrible to look at; and constant changes within its body made it even uglier. It was very busy, and had constant transactions with the other spheres. It was really a relief when my eyes crossed over this ugly ocean of violet to a vast expanse of brilliant, spotless, white, spreading itself like an ocean of milk as far as eyes can reach, which was above all the other spheres. While the latter spheres were constantly changing within themselves, it was in a perfectly halcyon state of repose, without even a ripple to disturb its even tranquility. It was the purest of the group and had in it a beauty, a perfection, a calmness, and a serenity which no words can describe. It was the most splendid thing that I have ever seen in my life, and my eyes were riveted to it. I stood spell-bound before it, and was about to lose my consciousness in silent music of its splendor, when lo! the great yogin, who sat by me, gently struck me with a golden wand and directed me to look at the lesser lights. The series of the tremendously big and wonderful globes of lights before me, was really a strange vision. They colored all after an unmeasurable area on all sides, and even my newly acquired vision was not enough to gauge their vast proportions, especially when I strove to have a view of the biggest and topmost light, I had to strain my eyes considerably even then, and I could have only a glimpse of that demum of whiteness.

The strange magician before me touched the lowest light with his golden wand and said, “By the power I have from the Lord of Light, I bid thee speak, stop thy mad monkey-like restlessness for a moment, and tell me who thou art and what thy name?” At once that luminous vision bowed to the yogin and replied, “Master, all honor to thy sovereign feet. I am thy humble servant Mamis (that faculty which connects us with the outer world through words).” I am still doing what my master has made me do, my work is to wander forth and gather all I can from whatever opens out to my view, the senses are the doors by which I sally out; not a moment’s rest have I. By the power thou gavest me, and with the help of those above me, I create, sustain and destroy all the world of plants, animals, stars and men, and carry on thy eternal sport.” “Very well,” replied the magician, “On with thy work until I bid thee cease.” At once through the red light began to be restless as ever. The magic wand was then directed to the golden light above, which was imperiously commanded to unfold its secrets at once. “My Lord,” it said, stopping for a while its work, and bowing, “My Master, thy humble servant worships thy golden foot, my name is, as you chose to christen me, Intellect or Reason, people call me thy brightest image on earth. My work is to look into the harvest which the wandering Mamas hourly brings, and select the good from the bad. What last we dissolve in thee, I show my neighbouring spheres who and where thou art. Without me, they may not know thee.” The golden wand next went up to the third circle of light, which said, “My Lord! I accept my worship, thy humble servant sketches forth into action what Reason wishes to see done; myself and he are co-laborers and whatever he says, I try to do; desire and deed belong to me, and I am called Will.”

The conjurer then raised his wand towards the violet mass, and bade it speak. It was more vaguely in disposition, and cared not even to bow before him: “My name is Ego, the lower self,” it said “or Ahamkara, as I am deservedly called. All the lower spheres are mine by birth-right. I am their lord and sovereign, and know no superior. As with all kings, so with Ego, I am in constant worry; and my moods hourly vary: such is the fate of all sovereigns. I created myself and cannot die; but who are you? I command thee stand and unfold.” “Yes” replied the conjurer with a smile, and, raising himself up to his full height, coolly gave a severe blow to the impertinent ego that would command. The walls of my room, in which, strangely enough, all these lights seemed shut up, resounded to the noise of the blow. Poor Ego lost all color and died away in a second’s time, and with it, wonderfully enough, all the other spheres. Red, yellow, blue and violet, all died away at once; and what remained—a boundless ocean of brilliant white, the same as the topmost one, but apparently enlarged, if infinity could be enlarged, by the addition of the four great lights that died; vast effulgence, in the light of which suns, moons,
as nothing; a soft calmness which no words can describe; a beauty unheard of in the highest poetry of any land; a spotless radiance, before which my eyes quailed, and to which I myself was drawn as if by an invisible magnet. The conjurer of yggic pomp and mysterious powers, who sat by my side, sprang up as soon as he saw the unseizable brightness before us, and crying, "I am thou and thou art I," dissolved in that ocean of light and disappeared once and for ever. I stood like one enchanted for a few seconds, and felt a strange sensation of blessedness creeping over me, which gradually absorbed me, and drew me into the magic ocean of bliss, made me feel like a rain-drop lost in an ocean.

I do not know how long I remained in that state of unconscious and ineffable bliss; when I woke, it was 7 in the morning. The inquisitive rays of the sun had advanced far into the room, and my children-five of them they were—were sitting upon me, and making desperate attempts to rouse me to a sense of the world in which they were. I was up much against my will, and would have resumed my fairy slumber, but that was not to be. I felt extremely happy, and the remembrance of the blessedness of my strange sleep did not quit me the whole of the morning. I was all kind and joy that whole day, and the wonderful vision I enjoyed on that memorable night, is as vivid to me now as if I had seen it but an hour ago.

I thought over the details of my vision, or rather, dream, as indeed it must have been. The doubt about the death of the mind which had previously troubled me was now solved. I found that Manas, Intellect and Will were all one and the same essence as God or Atman into which the individuation and myself were both dissolved. They appeared distinct through Ahamkara; and when that was destroyed by the magician's wand, they returned to their original common essence. Analyzing further, and reflecting upon the statements, so to speak, of the several parties, I found that Manas, Reason and Will and Ahamkara were all one in nature, and different only in the functions they performed; for Manas is nothing but knowledge, perception, or consciousness of the outer world. Reason is nothing but the knowledge, perception, or consciousness of the mind refined still further; for the mind gathers impressions from the outerworld, and reason selects among them what is good and bad. The mind perceives the outerworld, reason in its turn perceives the mind. In other words the mind is knowledge acquired through the senses, and reason is the knowledge of that knowledge. In the same way, Will is knowledge applied. It is perception directed upon reason, and applied. Ahamkara is the sum total of these perceptions, the knowledge of the mind, the reason, and of the will. All these are constantly changing, and Ahamkara is therefore so unstable in its moods. It is nothing but the individual personality of man, the human consciousness which separates 'you' from 'me'—the sum total of the various states of mind, of grief and joy, pleasure and pain, and other pairs of opposite feelings, which are called. It identifies itself at one time with the body, as when we say, 'I am strong or weak;' another time, with the mind, as when we say, 'I am glad or I am sorry, &c.;' and when we say, 'I wish or I do,' it is one with the will.

The white light above the sphere of Ahamkara is the knowledge which witnesses all its varying moods; it is necessarily changeless. For, otherwise, there can be no connected consciousness of the varying states of the mind. It is that faculty in us which perceives the individual personality, and is called Sâkshi or Witness, the higher Ego. In every moment of our lives, the inner man or knowledge, as we might now call it, or Pragnâ is performing five functions simultaneously: the first is gathering impressions from outside; the second is that of sorting them; the third that of acting upon them; the fourth that of expressing itself as 'I see and think and do;' and the last, that of simply witnessing these various functions. It is knowledge itself pure and simple. What is termed Mind, i.e., from Ahamkara down to Manas, is also knowledge, but distorted into distinct appearances through the false medium of the Ahamkara or the lower self. The example of a prism will best illustrate this. As the prism disperses one light into several colors, so does this Ahamkara or the assertive personality of man disperse knowledge—which alone really is, and which is One without a second—into the several appearances of the manas, intellect, &c. When Ahamkara is killed, i.e., when man comes to know that his individual consciousness is not really different from Consciousness or Pragnâ as a whole, but only appears so, the manas, intellect and the will lose their false individuality, and what remains is knowledge undispersed and concentrated. It is this knowledge or consciousness which really is called God or Atman. The death of the mind therefore means nothing more than it knows and realises that it is not really different from the universal consciousness or Pragnâ, but only appears to be so, in other words, it 'enters into the Kingdom of God by being born again.'

True Greatness or Vasudeva Sastry.

(Continued from page 72.)

the jewels that she has to throw away, not for the hair she has to give away to the barber, but for the kindest husbands and the best of all that loved, her richest treasure, her dearest joy.

Krishna is no more, and over his ashes we can only sing the old dirge.—

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the ravenous winter's rage,
Thou mayst nightly walk and sing,
Home art gone; and live thy days.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the ravenous winter's rage,
Thou hast finished thy joy and pain,
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

CHAPTER V.

SUBBI AND THE 'WILD CAT.'

In the death of Krishna, Dindigul lost one of its best citizens; and the poor of the place, a generous supporter and friend. Krishna had large estates at his disposal, and a heart much larger; and no beggar, of whatever caste, was ever turned out of his doors, with a repulsive "no." Though young in years, he was the Solomon of the city, and one of the prominent leaders in all its public movements. No wonder then that, on his cremation day, the whole town was in tears; and a lot of philosophy had voluntarily emanated from the lips of all young and old; and mourning on the vanity of human life was the prevalent epidemic for the whole of the
day. The dead past somehow buries its dead, and no
vacancy is ever felt in the busy market of our world, any
more than the death of a wave causes a breach in the
bottom of the sea. The sky stained nothing but itself
even on that woful day; and the sun which rose next morn-
ing looked none the gloomier for Krishna’s death. Even
so late as the last century, there is authority to prove that
the planets above, the moon, and even our dull earth
kept tune with the changing moods of men, especially
the rich ones; for, when a Zamindar of N — died in 1785
A. D., the Poet laureate of his kingdom, inspired of
course by the never faltering muse, has stated that the
sun fled away with grief, that all nature wept, and the
moon herself kept out of her heavenly court in morn-
ing. It is not however stated, unfortunately, for how
many days the sun kept out of sight, and whether the
moon’s sympathetic was due that night or not. How-
ever it was, the skies were no mourning for Krishna’s
death, and life at Dindigul fell into its old rut not very
long after the sad event of the place. Even our Annam-
mâl and poor Krishna’s mother exchanged their grief
for a mutual quarrel between them; the latter gently
hinting that her son’s death was due to a fault in the ‘wicked’
Lakshmi’s horoscope, and the former loudly replying
that her dear daughter was widowed because she had
been married to the ‘sinful,’ ‘ungrateful,’ ‘short-
lived’ Krishna. A double passion now stirred up the
volcano-heart of Annammâl, and it required all the philos-
ophy of her husband to prevent an untimely eruption.

Lakshmi, poor Lakshmi, was simply inconsolable. She
often seriously meditated suicide; but she did not dare
make an attempt, as she was day and night surrounded by
a number of visitors and relatives. Many an eye was
bent towards her deep but ineffectual pity; and on the
tenth day, there was a little row among the elders of
the house when she refused to decorate herself, as the custom
is, with all her ornaments, and submit to be the cynosure
of a crowd of Job’s worthless. Annammâl insisted on
her doing it, with the desire to see her in the
height of her beauty before she changed once for all
the wife’s dress for the widow’s. It was really a
most melancholy scene when Lakshmi, one of the
fairest of her sex, and adorned with costliest jewels from
head to foot, sat bursting out in recurrent paroxysms of
inconsolable but useless grief, amidst a crowd of men and
women, most of whom perhaps came out of curiosity, but
were all drowned in tears at the sight of her unfortunate
angel-like beauty, which, in the course of a few hours,
would melt away in the ghastliness of widowhood. There
was a roar of weeping all around, and its melancholy noise
brought tears into the eyes of the most cruel men.
Annammâl violently beat her breast, and was simply wild
with grief. Even her husband could not bear the heart-
rendering scene.

While such wild wailing, terrible beating of breast
and tearing of hair went on in Krishna’s house, a
dark, sulky-faced man was sitting at the piai of a
house not far off, absorbed in a day-dream, which,
judging from the changing expressions and contortions
on his face, apparently forebode no good. A boy, naked
and dirty, was at that time playing in the street just
before him, and made some wild shouts, excited probably
by his play. The sulky-faced man aforesaid suddenly
started up from his reverie, and, running up to the boy,
who was evidently his son, took him up in his arms,
pressed him again and again to his bosom, and kissed him
all over the body with unspeakable joy. The boy, who
was a perfect stranger to such caresses from his gener-
ally cold and morose father, surnamed the Wild-cat, was
eager to rush out from the hands which held him.
Nâyanna Sattrîy, for that was the name of the man, would
not let him go. “My child, my dear child, my prince,
my joy,” he cried, and in his child’s arms, “leave me,
let me go, or I will tell mother,” and briskly kicked him.
The father’s caresses, however, did not so soon come to an end. He again and again squeezed his
boy, addressed him in a strange farrago of terms of
demand, but, all the same, the boy kicked him with his restive legs, and abused him in exchange. The
father, however, did not get offended, but laughed out-
right, to the impatience and disgust of the child, who
could not make out the meaning of his father’s sudden
affection for him. The one laughed and danced, and the
other kicked and screamed.

While this was going on, there came near them a
woman, and wanted water to wash her legs with. She
was the wife of Nâyanna Sattrîy, and was just then com-
ing from the polluted heroine of Krishna, and so asked for
water. At the sight of her, the boy aimed a violent
kick at his father’s teeth, and, very nearly bawling out of
them jumped out to his mother, screaming, “Wild-cat,
Wild-cat!” This amiable surname, ‘Wild-cat,’ was first
conferred upon Nâyanna by his beloved wife. Beginning
from the kitchen, it went all round the town; and the boys,
especially him only by that name. However much
he might have endured it as an expression of love from
his wife, he was not willing to be called by that name by
the street boys, and got angry whenever he was so ad-
dressed. The shrewd boys soon found this out, and grew
more and more eager to provoke him. So they would
always shout behind him, “Wild-cat, Wild-cat;” and he
muttering to himself, “These rascal boys! — all are not
wives,” would rush after them, pouring forth a torrent of
abuses.

It was a regular hunt once a day, whenever he appeared out. His wife alone enjoyed the privilege of
calling him ‘Wild-cat’ with impunity.

Now, as soon as the boys rushed forth to her, invoking her aid against the said Wild-cat, she directed her husband into the house, and solemnly proceeded to institute an inquiry.

“What do you mean, you wild-cat, by standing in the
street laughing, while the whole town pretends to weep?
and what again is the meaning of your ill-treating my
der child?” The wild-cat could only laugh in reply, his
nearly-broken tooth notwithstanding. The wife gently
chid him, saying, “Have you gone mad?”; and, employ-
ing a few words of abuse by way of demand, succeeded
in eliciting from him the following reply. “I have care-
fully calculated, and we have grown suddenly rich.”
The curios人士 said: “If, by calculating merely, you can
make us rich, go on calculating without even taking your
food, but why thus trouble my child?” He replied, “It is all
through him we have got rich, it is all through him you
know.” “What! has he found out any treasure for
you, my dear wild-cat?” impatiently asked Subba, for
that was the lady’s name. “Not so, not so!” ejaculated
Nâyanna. “That fellow Krishna is gone; and our child
Muttu will be the heir, you understand.”

At this stage, this edifying conversation was unfortu-
nately broken by the sudden appearance of a third person.

(To be continued.)

In philosophy, fact and duty, i.e. that which is, and
that which ought to be, are blended into one identity.

—Ferrier.