THE PRABUDDHA BHARATA
OR
AWAKENED INDIA

Table of Contents

VOL. 1.] MAY 1897. [No. 11

Work and Saints... 121
Mahabhishkramana or the Great Re-nunciation... 124
Gnana Yoga
By Swami Vivekananda... 126
Martha and Mary... 126
Thoughts on the Bhagavad Gita—
The Doctrine of Non-resistance... 127
An Idler and a Temple Trustee... 127
By A Recruit... 128
The Skandopanishad of the Yajur Veda... 128
Elements of the Vedanta: The Atman... 139
Karma Yoga
A Synopsis of Swami Vivekananda's Lectures... 132
True Greatness or Vasudeva Sastry
Chapter VII. By T.C. Reddym... 133
Reviews... 2
News and Notes... 2
IMPORTANT NOTICE.

As the first year of the "Awakened India," is drawing to a close, the Manager takes this opportunity to request the subscribers to be good enough to register their names for the second year, either by remitting Rs. 1-8 by M. O. or by sending a post card authorising him to send the July number, i.e., the 1st number of the second volume by V. P. for Rs. 1-10, including the V. P. commission.

The journal being the cheapest of its kind in all India, the system of advance subscription has strictly to be adhered to. No copy, therefore, of the 1st number of the second volume will be sent to those who do not comply with the above request in time. The favor of early compliance is solicited from all the subscribers.

V. B.—Please quote your present register number and also write your full address legibly.

Reviews.

The Human Aura by A. Marques, S. D. (Office of Mercury Native Sons' Building, 514 Mason's Street, San Francisco, Cal). Present copy, also, the Manager of the Theosophist, Madras, price Rs. 2, This very interesting contribution was originally meant as a lecture to the groups of Theosophists of the Shela Branch, Bombay, and of the Golden Gate Lodge, San Francisco. It contains nearly all that has been said by the best authorities on the Aura, supplemented by the reader by the author's own observations. Misses Marie A. Walsh rightily observes in her able preface, "The book is really not so much tentative, and the reader who honestly receives its message will find therein a synthetical conception of the Aura, which will serve as a foundation and framework for all future building on the subject. Whoever reads it will want to build, to investigate, he will want to verify and to know for himself this unseen life, how objectively formed in form and color with all the ties that move it to be done, and crystal, to star dust, and flower petal, to light, sound, form and colour, to the very central sun itself." Great and momentous consequences for humanity are looked for from the extensive cultivation of the faculty of seeing the aura. "Now, admitting that there are observers on the former occasion a growing number of sensitive who can perceive this aura, there can eventually be one result. All hypocrisy and crime will be vain, when men will be able to see every other man just as he really is, not as he tries to appear, and the world must, therefore, be on the eve of some psychological revolution as profound as the reformation, and as the Bible predicted for the time when men will rush to end and know and knowledge will increase, just as certainly is the case now-a-days. The aura is as is now well known a subtle, invisible essence of fluid that emanates from human and animal bodies and even things, as it is a part of the life and the body, as it is the electro-ether and at the same time an electro-mental aura, called in Theosophy, the akasic or magnetic. The existence of the aura was well known to our ancients. In the caves of Elthra, there is a figure of Inadranu, the wife of Indra, sitting with her infant Sun-god in her arms; next to her are the heads of the Later Khudri Bhavaksi and Devaki, the heads of all the personages mentioned in both cases represented as surrounded with a golden halo, thus anticipating by several centuries before Christ the favorite representation of the Catholic aureoled "Sanisima Maria" with her divine "Bambino." The aura was also well known in ancient Egypt, Greece and even Yucca and Peru. The body is very interesting and suggestive throughout and contains three appendices, the last of which gives in detail the method of training the psychic sight: the method, the author says, may be supplemented at will by the cautious practice of what the Hindus term the other method of the Taraka System of Hatha Yoga, though the simple study of this aura does not necessitate going deeply into Yoga practices.

The beautiful frontispiece is really a triumph in the art of color painting. The book contains several illustrations which are all admirably well done.

Marathasangraham by C. Ramayya Gurn, Madras, (sold by V. N. Narasimha Iyengar, No. 6, Narayana Mudali Street, Black Town, Madras). This is a Telugu translation of the Bhagavad Gita. The rendering generally follows Sankara's commentary and is throughout wonderfully spirited and accurate. Indeed, few other translations bring out the spirit of the original more fully. The Bhagavad Gita being a very important and very much oft-quoted portion of the "Bhagavad Gita," the translation of this book is therefore of great value to every lover of Telugu, as it has accomplished its difficult task. The book, though it has not been properly advertised, has run through five editions, which indicates how it is appreciated by the public. The translation has the merit of being acceptable alike to dactylists, metrists and qualified metrists and therefore finds favor with all Telugu-knowing people. It has already become a household book in many families and deserves to be in the hands of every Telugu-knowing man and woman. The translator is a member of the Madras University Press, and is the next, opposite to it, translator. This is of great help to those who wish to make "Punyagam," the sacred book. The get up is excellent and the book is in every way sufficiently attractive. (Price Rs. 1.2 as by V. P. Rs. 1.)

The Scorpion: This is the name of an article originally contributed to the Indian Medical Record and reprinted in pamphlet form by V. S. Balasundaram Mudaliar, Diplomate in Ophthalmology and Surgery, Member of the Bhaban, Lahore, London, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, etc., etc. (Record Press, 150, Bhatmaha Street, Calcutta). The writer appears to have made a special study of the scorpion and gives us a succinct form the European, the Indian and the Persian methods of treatment for scorpion stings. The writer quotes from Theosophist a word and evidently believes in the efficacy of mantras and charms.

News and Notes.

Female Education—very sensible advice:—In a well considered article, contributed to the Theosophist (March No.), Mrs. Bosanquet, one of the sincerest and most valued friends of our poor motherhood says:—"Necessity is the mother of invention. For the first time in India there is no prospect of such a complete revolution in social life as would break up the family system, drive the women out into the world to earn their bread, make them competitors with men in every walk of life. Of what possible value can it be to her to know all about the Wares of the Bazaar and the dates of our English battles? How much is she the better for learning Latin? of what value to her is it to pass the Matriculation examination? Why should ordinary Indian girls have a detailed knowledge of English Geography, while ordinary English girls are never taught de-tails of Indian Geography—for the very sufficient reason that there is no such Duty? Let us take, for example, the study of music. But above all else must the Indian girl be trained in the devotion and piety to which her nature so readily responds. Not only should she read, but she should learn by heart, stories and poems from the best Indian Literature, stories and sacred verses. No girl should leave school without becoming familiar with the Bhagavad Gita and knowing much if not all of it by heart. All the great heroes of Indian story should be made familiar to her, with their inspiring example and elevating influence. The Indian ideal of womanhood should be made living to her in these heroic figures and she should be taught to regard them as her exemplars in her own life. With heart thus trained and memory thus stored, she...
will be fit to be "the link-man at the house" and the hearts of husbands and children will safely trust in her. Girls thus educated will make the Indian home what it ought to be - the centre of spirituality, the strength of the national religious life. Among those who are in hope to survive the gloves of the past, the bonds of fidelity to the gods and dharma, the intellectual grandeur of Gridhr, the all-sacrificing spirituality of Maitreyi.

The Birth-place of Buddha: The pillar erected by Asoka on the sacred spot where Buddha was born and recently discovered by Dr. Fisher contains an inscription to the effect that "Zakim Nibbana (that is Asoked twenty years after his accession) is literally 'mounting' him all the way to the very spot where he cut down the sacred tree." The pillar is 25 ft. high and was found near the Nalanda village of Padaura, two English miles north of Purnandapur.

Important Notice: We invite the attention of our readers to an important notice of the Manager which appears on the second page of the cover and it is our sincerest hope that every one of our subscribers will comply with the request contained therein immediately.


"THE WEALTH OF INDIA." A monthly journal of Indian products, industries and trade, most of the matter is contributed by Mr. T.G., and Dr. J. Full of useful and practical information of the above subjects, which will open the eyes of the public to the vast undeveloped resources of India, teaching educated youth how to obtain a profitable and independent livelihood, and showing every one how money can be earned.

Annual subscription Rs. 3 including postage.

Apply to Manager, "WEALTH OF INDIA." 116, Lower Chiton Road, Calcutta.

Raja Yoga Philosophy. Lectures delivered in New York, Winter of 1895, by the Swami Vivekananda, on Raja Yoga, or conquering the inner nature also Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms, with commentaries. Crown 8vo. 1896. Price Rs. 2 10/.

Selling most rapidly.

We have also a large stock of Swami Vivekananda series published by S.C. Mitra, Calcutta. Apply sharp to Messrs. T.S. SUBRAMANIA & Co., booksellers &c., Patna.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY. A Sanskrit English Dictionary, being a practical handbook with Transliteration, Accentuation and Etymological Analysis, by A.A. Macdonell, a. v. P. H. D. Cloth 3 to.

Published Price Rs. 30.

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


("READ THIS!")

Worth Buying!
Worth Reading!!
Worth Presenting!!!!

SELF-HELP;
With Illustrations of Conduct and Perseverance
By Dr. S. SMITH, Author of Lives of the Engineers.

Price Rs. 2 10/.

Published by Messrs. T.S. SUBRAMANIA & Co., booksellers &c., Patna.

Prizes, 1st. £10, 2nd. £5, 3rd. £2, 4th. £1, 5th. £1/6d. 6th. £1/3d. 7th. 8th. £1/1d. 9th. 10th. £2/6d. 11th. 12th. £3. 1st. £20, 2nd. £10, 3rd. £5, 4th. £3, 5th. £2, 6th. £1, 7th. £1/6d. 8th. £1/3d. 9th. £1/1d. 10th. £2/6d. 11th. £3. 1st. £20, 2nd. £10, 3rd. £5, 4th. £3, 5th. £2, 6th. £1, 7th. £1/6d. 8th. £1/3d. 9th. £1/1d. 10th. £2/6d. 11th. £3.
31. The Hymns of the Samaveda, as above, in one volume. Cloth bound, Rs. 4; paper, Rs. 3-4.

32. The Hymns of the Atharvaveda, as above, in two volumes. Cloth bound, Rs. 12; paper, Rs. 10-8.

33. Griffith’s Metrical Translation of Valmiki’s Ramayana, complete in one volume, 8vo, cloth bound, gilt lettering, Rs. 6.


35. The Ashtadhyayi of Panini, containing Sankrit Sutras and Vritti, with notes and explanations in English based on the celebrated commentary called the Kasika—translated by Baha Srimanandabha Varma, M.A., Mississip. N. W. P. To be completed in 8 vols., Royal 8vo, £2,400 paper, 5 vols. already out. Price, payable in advance: for the complete work, including postage:

- Indian, Rs. 20; Foreign, £2.
- Price, payable by instalments, per volume, excluding postage: Indian, Rs. 3; Foreign, £.5.

36. The Bhashavad Gitaj, Translated into English, with a selected Preface and valuable Foot-notes by Baha Premandebha Mitra. Price, leather cover, Rs. 3; cloth, Rs. 1 paper, Rs. 8.

37. Brahma Iswara and Maya, by Baha Premandebha Mitra, Rs. 4.

38. Hindu System of Worship, by Dr. Asok Sen, Rs. 4.

39. Vedantic Conception of Brahman, by Mr. Annie Besant, Leather cover, Rs. 5 paper, Rs. 8.


(N.B. The price quoted above are exclusive of postage.)

Apply to—THE SECRETARY, Swami Vivekananda Publishing Society, Benares City.

Now Ready.

Swami Vivekananda’s Visit to Ceylon.

With full reports of his first two lectures delivered on Island, copies of a discourse presented to him in various parts of the Island, and extracts from English and American papers.


Price—Single copy 8s. 0d. Twelve copies 5s. 0d. Postage per copy 9d. 0d. extra.

Apply to—V. V. AMPALIA CHETTIYAR,

2, Brass-founder Street, Coimbatore.

1001 GEMS III
OF HINDU RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS.

from the earliest to the living Sages and Teachers.

Price—4 Anna.

Will be published as soon as 500 names are registered. Names are registered by Messrs. THOMPSON & CO. Printers, Publishers &c., Broadway, Madras.

Excellent Photographs of the Present Day Religious Revivalists.

Worth having! Worth preserving!! Worth remembering!!!

The following are available at 1 Re. each, cabinet size:

1. The present Jagadguru of Sringeri—a worthy successor of the ancient throne of that Muni. 2. Swami Vivekananda, in his Savuah dress, or in his American dress. 3. Paramahamsa Haridwarananda, in Srimad, M. H. P. B. Rastak. 4. Mrs. Annie Besant. 5. Colonel H. S. Olcott. 7. A large size group photo of Swami Vivekananda and four of his brother disciples, Rs. 2 each.
Work and Saintship.

"By works the votary doth rise to Saint,
And Saintship is ceasing from all works."
-Bhagavad Gita.

Our ignorance is simply appalling. Verily has it been described as an unfathomable ocean of darkness. Who made this utter darkness my home, cries Thayumânavar, 'and reduced my knowledge to lightning-like flashes?' When the divinity within us reveals itself in such occasional flashes we realise the slavery we are in, the depths of ignorance in which we are sunk, but the moment their glare vanishes, we forget our position and fall in love like the prisoner in the story with the very chains that bind us. 'Aho!' exclaims the sage, pitying the lot of man who, forgetting his real Self which is infinite, fancies the fleeting world to be all-in-all, 'look at the wonderful work of ignorance; it has magnified an atom into a mountain and reduced a mountain to an atom.' We have lost all sense of proportion, or rather, an adequate sense of proportion is impossible to us so long as we are what we are—the victims of illusion. No wonder then, that truth is not always welcome to us and that in our ignorance we often glorify our very bondage.

On such example of our worshipping our own fetters is doubtless the false importance we attach to active work, active benevolence and the like, and the preference we often give to them over calm meditation and silent worship. The sage who buries himself in Self-realisation is generally regarded as a mere lumbard and active work is proclaimed as the be-all and end-all of existence. 'Get leave to work,' says the poetess, and adds 'it is the highest you get at all.' To seek for truth with the utmost singleness of purpose and the most unfaltering courage, to kill out all 'sense of separateness,' and become the transcendental Reality that lies behind the universe, by a course of the most intense and the most absorbing meditation—all this is nothing, and 'getting leave to work' is the highest that one can get! Referring to this deification of action, a great English writer justly observes 'What is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh. Like the sportsman, who, by the most curious perversion of logic and glorying in his very shame, defends the brutality of slaughter or the cruelty of hunting an animal to death on the ground, forsooth, that the courage of the human animal is thereby fed and increased (as if true courage required to be kept up by such means!), so the man, who has been brought up to Western ways of thinking, not only fails to realise the very first axiom of true thought, but with the perverted idea of his race glories in his very shame, for he exalts action above meditation.' When we come to know what is really meant by action, and what place it occupies in our evolution, we will have no hesitation in fully endorsing the above remarks, and proclaiming that not getting leave to work, but getting leave from work is the ideal to which one should aspire with all his heart.

For, what is action? Action is a necessity of our nature. By the very nature of things it has been forced upon us. We have not to get leave to work; we are bound to work. There is not a single moment in which we really are not working. Here working or action is confined not only to physical or external activity. The corresponding Sanskrit word Karma has been thus defined by Shankara.—Karma is the activity or restlessness of the body, mind or the senses. In its largest sense, 'there is never a single moment,' says the Gita when man 'does not do Karma; for all men who are not masters of themselves are compelled by the principles in their nature to do Karma.' (III. 5). Until we transcend nature and become masters over ourselves, we are always working and bound to work; and all compulsion is slavery though we may not realise our position.

Nor is this all. The necessity to which we are subject is itself a child of ignorance. For whence came the
necessity to work thus incessantly? The only satisfactory reply to this question is furnished by the Vedânta. Few systems of philosophy go deep enough to supply an answer and the theories of Divine Will, Fatalism and the like offered by others, are hardly satisfying. The truth is, as the Vedânta says, we are ignorant of the fact that all that exists is one infinite undefinable ocean of Pragnâna (consciousness) and there is no duality anywhere.

"Verily," says the Chândogya Upanishad, "that Immensity (Pragnâna) extends from below, it extends from above, it extends from behind, it extends from before, it extends from the south, it extends from the north—of a truth it is all this." (VII, xxv. 1.) Our sense of separateness is then mere ignorance. And "where there is, as it were, duality," says the Brhadâranyaka Upanishad, "there sees another, another thing, there smells another, another thing, there tastes another, another thing, there speaks another, another thing, there hears another, another thing, there minds another, another thing, there touches another, another thing, there knows another, another thing." In other words there arises the necessity to do Karma. The genesis of Karma is more fully given elsewhere in the same Upanishad as follows. The root of Karma is desire and the root of desire is Sankulpa which may be figuratively described as the out-breathing of the Atman through Maya. The earliest beginning of manifestation is Sankulpa. In other words, as soon as the Unmanifest began to manifest itself, duality sprang and then naturally desire, and through it Karma, and through it of course plurality, i.e., the world. Karma then is due to desire, which itself is the off-spring of duality, which again originated through avidya or ignorance.

According to the Vedânta then, we alone are responsible for our misery; it does not make the slightest attempt to throw the blame on any one else. That we are incessantly compelled to work is our own fault. Ignorance is the cause of bondage. This explanation of the Vedânta is the best conceivable; for no fate outside us can reasonably be held responsible for our slavery; and to attribute our suffering to the Will of Providence is against all pious and enlightened conceptions of God. We suffer, because we fancy ourselves separate from Him, the only Reality. We are really infinite, but think ourselves to be finite; we are really eternal, but through our ignorance fancy ourselves mortal; and the moment we cut up by our misguided imagination the indivisible One into parts, selfishness, desire, passions; Karma and slavery follow. We are restless then, because we are ignorant; we incessantly work like slaves, because we do not know who in reality we are. All this is not mere theory; for it could easily be seen that as soon we realise our infinity, our eternity, our oneness with all that is, all Karma must in reality cease; no more could there be any compulsion to work; for as the Brhadâranyaka Upanishad says, "How does one, to whom all has become his own Self, see anything, how smell anything, how taste anything, how speak anything, how hear anything, how mind anything, how touch anything, how know anything?" According to the Vedânta then, or, as we might as well say, as a matter of fact, the necessity under which we labour that of having to perform Karma and thus sowing the seed for successive rounds of births and deaths is due to our ignorance. We fancy, through avidya, that we are separate from the Brahman and that the world exists apart from us. As soon as this idea of separateness comes, the mind, the senses, and the body, all become active and the result naturally is Karma. And any action however noble, however benevolent and however praiseworthy according to our false standards, is necessarily the result of ignorance and therefore cannot absolutely good. "However we may try," says Swâmi Vivekananda, "there cannot be any action which is perfectly pure or any which is perfectly impure, taking purity or impurity in the sense of injury or non-injury. We cannot breathe or live without injuring others and every bit of food we eat is fallen from another's mouth: our very lives are crowding out some other lives. It may be men or animals or small microbes, but some one we have to crowd out. That being the case, it naturally follows that perfection can never be attained by work. We may work through all eternity, but there will be no way out of this maze: you may work on and on and on but there will be no end.

It clearly follows from what we have said that getting leave to work cannot be the highest we can get. We are bound to be incessantly active and every act which we do, however good it may appear to us, is necessarily the combined result of ignorance and compulsion and besides, is a mixture of good and evil. We work not as masters but as slaves, not wisely but in ignorance and our work can never be absolutely good. The Gita says, "Every work bath blame as every flame is wrapped in smoke." Such being the nature of action, can that be our ideal? Certainly not, unless ignorance, slavery and evil could satisfy our wants. Deification of action then practically means worshipping our fetters or, to use the words of the writer above quoted, 'glorifying in our shame.' Action or restlessness is not the ideal. Our deepest and the most persistent impulses all point just the other way and they deserve to be respected. They are really the voice of the Deity within us, and it is through them and not against them that we can possibly work out our salvation, and they all unmistakably point towards rest or repose, towards knowledge, towards freedom and towards truth. Happiness, truth, freedom, goodness, these are the ideals or rather, the ideal for, they are really but different aspects of the same ideal. There is not a single moment in our lives or for that matter, in the life of any
sentient being, in which the struggle to reach the ideal, the groping though in the dark after freedom, truth, and happiness is really absent. Even things which we are wont to call inanimate struggle for them. Indeed all change, all restlessness, all activity is for repose and freedom. Like all the rest of the universe, we also work then, not for the sake of work but for the sake of rest. There is only one man who works for work's sake and that is the gnāni (wise man) for whom nothing more has to be gained, and who even working does not really work (Gitā III, 27), but for us who are always consciously or subconsciously seeking happiness and rest, action is the means and actionlessness the end. So the Gita says

By works the rotary doth rise to sainthood, and sainthood is ceasing from all works.

We work in order that we may be freed from work. The highest then is not to get leave to work, but to get leave from work.

The only possible way to escape the necessity to work, to transcend nature which has enslaved us is to clear up our ignorance which is the mother of all our misery.

'The natural cows are not cows,' says the Nārada pari-vṛājika Upanishad, 'but they are the real cows who think that they are different from the Brahman. Wise men escape death by knowing the Brahman. There is no other road to salvation.' ‘If in this world,’ says the Kena Upanishad, ‘a person knows the Self, then the true end (of all human aspiration) is gained; and great is the loss of him who does not thus know.’ (II 5.) That ignorance is the cause of our slavery and knowledge of our real nature alone can free us from this is very well put in the following Brūti. ‘Those who believe in duality are not masters of their own selves and go to perishable regions, while he who realises the reverse becomes his own king.’ ‘I am immovable; I never become old. I am immortal. I am without the distinctions of mine and another’s. Wisdom is the essence of my nature. I am verily the ocean of the bliss of Moksha (freedom),’ says the sage, in the Átmabodha Upanishad. Moksha is defined as freedom from the bondage of attachment which arises through ignorance (Sarvasvāparānashād). To the sage who breaks the bond of ignorance by knowing the supreme immortal Brahman dwelling in the heart (Mund. Upa. II. 1, 10) the necessity for doing Karma ceases, ‘for he is his own king’ and has transcended nature. He is free, he is blissful, he enjoys supreme rest and he is himself the Truth, for Truth means the Absolute and the only Existence (the Brahman) of which the Vedas speak.’ (Sar. Upa.) ‘In him all the ideals meet. He is the adorable one,’ say the Upanishads. ‘All beings pray to him who knows the Brahman.’ To such a man, there is nothing more to be done. ‘The man who rejoices in his Self, is satisfied and happy in his Self, has no more Karma to perform. To him no benefit could arise by doing Karma here, nor does any loss accrue by not doing; and there is not in all things which have been created, any object on which he has to depend (Gitā III, 17, 18). ‘My ignorance has fled,’ says the sage, ‘I cannot say where. My little self which was doing Karma is dead and I have nothing more to do as a necessity’ (Ātma. Upa.) ‘To the Yogin, who is gladdened with the nectar of wisdom, and whose duties have all been performed, there is nothing to be done. If there be it is added, “he is not a real knower.” ‘Let men sorry or ignorant,’ says the Tripti Dīpa, “make themselves busy from desire of a son and the like; but I do not; for I have nothing to wish for, being full of joy. Let them who wish to go to other worlds perform Karma; but how should I, who am all the worlds in myself perform Karma, what am I to perform and for what purpose? ……..I shall, though my deed is done, live for the good of the world in the path prescribed in the Śāstras.”

To transcend nature, to destroy ignorance and attain perfect sucerese of work and be, what in truth we unconsciously are, the true. the omniscient, the infinite and the blissful, Brahman be beyond the gaining whereof as Sankara says there remains nothing to be gained, beyond the bliss whereof there remains no possibility of bliss, beyond the sight whereof there remains nothing to be seen, beyond becoming which, there remains nothing to be become, beyond knowing which there remains nothing to be known, and which has been described as the highest end, the best riches, the supreme world, the greatest joy—this is the ideal. To check the ignorant wanderings of the restless mind and know that changeless illimitable Pragnāna is our real nature and thus escape Karma, in a word to do nothing is the best thing to do.

It is not, however, for a moment asserted that action is useless and that great souls, who in the past have shed their life-blood in the cause of righteousness and justice, or for their country's sake, did a foolish thing. Action has its place and a very necessary one in our growth. As the Gita says ‘by works the rotary doth rise to sainthood.’ One beautiful contrivance in the Government of the Universe is that our very fetters help us, in course of time, in obtaining our freedom and thus, it is given to us so to work that we will have to work no longer as bondsmen. Freedom from work or sainthood is the end which, whether we will or no, and consciously or unconsciously, we are struggling to attain every moment of our lives.

It need not be feared, however, that to become sainthood is to become dead to the world. How sages serve the world and how work leads to sainthood are subjects which we shall consider on a future occasion.

‘Growth is better than permanence and permanent growth is better than all.’

‘Ideas are the great warriors of the world.’
Mahabhinishkarman

or

THE GREAT RENUNCIATION.

(Continued from page 113).

Thenceforth his one aim was to find out the remedy, if remedy there be, for the ills of the world. The rubies and diamonds of the palace, the music of the Vina, the dance of women, all lost their charm for him, and many a time did Yasodhara catch him weeping with no selfish grief. She observed with anxiety the rapid change that was coming over her lord, and tried all her womanly arts to beguile him from his melancholy. The prince in turn comforted her with kind words and sweet expressions of love which, however, only served to reveal the depths of the grief within.

Siddhārtha wept because the world was full of woe, and Yasodhara wept because her lord wept; and one night, a moonlight night it was, while she was sleeping sweetly pillowed on the royal bosom of her lord, she suddenly cried out with fear and turning round and kissing her lord three times awoke him, saying, "Awaken lord, awaken and assure me that thou art here with me and thou wilt not leave me." Siddhārtha woke up surprised and asked her, "What is it with thee, O my life. Why dost thou weep thus? What shouldst thou fear when I am by thy side? what frightens thee?" Speaking thus, he gently threw his arms round her and wiping her tears with his garment tried to compose her, but the more he sought to soothe her, the greater grew her grief and she burst out in tears saying, "My lord, take off thy hands. Be not so kind and loving, if thou art going to be cruel, and then suddenly raising her face bathed in tears which seemed to lend a new beauty to, added, "Wilt thou really leave me, thy own poor Yasodhara? only say, O my love, that thou wilt not." The prince asked her the cause of such sudden suspicion and she replied, "Something is telling me these last so many days that thou art thinking of leaving me and to confirm my fear I dreamt now—ah, what a dream!—that a white bull came wildly courting through the city and a cry arose from Indra's temple. "If ye stay him not, the glory of the city goeth forth." But none, could stay him and I wept aloud and locking my arms about him, bade the gate be barred but he shook me off, trampled the wanderer down and passed away. Then the four Regents of the earth lighting from heaven swiftly swept unto our city; at once the golden flag of Indra on the gate fluttered and fell, and in its place there rose amidst showers of flowers from above a new banner all the folds of which contained happy messages for all mankind. Then arose a fearful cry 'the time is nigh, the time is nigh.' I heard that dreadful cry and looking for thee, found only an unpressed pillow and an empty robe and not thee, my life, my love, my king, my world; at once my heart ached and I thought of thine absence, my ankle rings and golden bangles all fall off, the jasmine in my hair withered to dust, and this our bridal couch sunk to the ground and something rent asunder the crimson pardah. Then far away I heard the white bull low and far away the embroidered banner flap, and once again the cry 'the time is come!' But with that cry which still shakes my spirit, I woke, O my love, what may such visions mean, but that I die, or worse than any death, that thou shouldst forsake me and this innocent little child by my side?"

Siddhārtha fully understood the meaning of those dreams and realised within himself that the hour was come for his glorious self-sacrifice, that he was summoned by the power above to take up the cause of suffering humanity. With a look full of compassion and 'soft like the last soft smile of sunset,' he embraced his weeping wife and said, 'Comfort thee, my dear. What need for fear when I love thee more than I love myself. Be sure my love, that come what may, my love to thee will never change. For a long time past my heart is burning with passionate love for all that lives, and often hast thou caught me musing on how to save us from the thraldom of misery. Life is at best a lowly drawn agony, and its pains abide, its pleasures are as birds which light and fly; men live and die and whirl upon the wheel of life and pain and kiṃkara spoke of agony, its tier of tears, its wave of nothingness. I have been yearning to know if this were the eternal lot of man, if there is no escape from this merciless round of misery, and if I grieve for griefs which are not mine and burn with love for souls unknown, how much should I not love those that share my griefs and joys and most of all thou my dearest, gentlest, best Yasodhara? Therefore take comfort my dear, and whatever happens, remember that I love thee and will always love thee well, and if sorrow falls, forget not that there may be a way to peace on earth through our woes, and as a proof of my unfailing love to thee, take this my kiss.'

Thus comforted, the princess went to bed, her face still wet with tears, and looking up her lover in her arms as if she feared that he might forsake her or be taken away. Hardly had she slept when she sighed as if the former vision had passed again, 'the time, the time is come.'

"Whereist Siddhārtha turned,"

And, lo! the moon shone by the Ganges the stars
In that same silver order long foretold
Stood ranged to say, "This is the night!—Choose thou
The way of greatness or the way of good:
To reign a king of kings, or wander long,
Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped"
—alternatives in choosing between which surely most of us would at least have hesitated. For different, however, was the action of the prince. No sooner did he hear the words 'the time, the time is come,' than he replied within himself, 'I come, I come. The picture of countless millions of souls struggling for escape on the vast prison-like earth stood before his eyes in all its awful vividness and casting a farewell look upon his weeping Yasodhara and gently freeing himself from her lovely embrace, he rose up and said within himself 'Dear sleeper, thy face is still wet with tears. But the tears of the numberless struggling souls shrinking for help weigh heavier in the balance. When thou waketh, weep not at the unpressed pillow and the vacant bed, but comfort thyself that thy lover though far away from thy fond embrace still loves thee with passionate but unselfish love, and pray that what comfort he might be able to wring from the vast unknown for the sake of suffering humanity might be thine also along with others, may more thine than others.' Thine child may not inherit thrones and rule over kingdoms, yet, a more glorious inheritance may be his if the powers so will. 'Farewell my love, farewell my child, farewell my sweet Yasodhara,' and saying thus he gently kissed her sleeping face for one last time and closing his eyes as if for fear of being wakened from his mission, stepped towards the door but thrice he opened them and came back. At last he raised himself and conjoining with all the power of his imagination the vision of suffering souls, he bade a fourth and final farewell to the innocent Yasodhara and shut noiselessly behind him the door of the apartment in which she unsuspectingly lay sleeping.
Great Siddhārtha, resolute Siddhārtha all glory to thee! —
This poor earth of ours, sorely needed help and help was
never more generously given than when thou crossed the
threshold of thy secret chamber where "skill had spent
all lovely phantasies to lull the mind." Few have felt
with thee the blow given on the neighbour's cheek as
if given on their own and very few indeed have made
such bold sallies into the domain of truth and brought
from there such lasting treasures as thou and few,
indeed, to none else within history's ken was it given
to remove a royal couch, a vast kingdom and the
loveliest of wives and that when she was in a state
which would have softened the stoniest of hearts. Thy
heart was the tenderest that bent, thy life the largest ever
lived, for it was lived for all the world. In thee, there
was not the least tinge of the lower self, thou wast thyself
the spirit of the universe, all its pervading life and no
extravagant honor does the Hindu pay thee when he reckon-
s thee among the avatārs of his God or the Buddhist
when he worships thee as God himself. The other im-
mortals of the world all seem to sink by thy side and
among the phials that have risen to heaven from age to
age from our far earth, few have risen higher than that
which bears thy name. Numberless are the brave souls
that dared to scoff at the Circean spell of the world and
kicked away the pleasures that might have been theirs.
But not even among the foremost of them, the Chris
t and Mahābhārata of the world was any whose renunciation
was as glorious as that which is discreetly styled the
Mahābhārata, the Great Renunciation. In this coun-
try and elsewhere, numberless souls have knocked against
the prison walls of the world, but few have sought the
care for the ill of life, purely for the sake of others.
Buddha was as happy as worldly circumstances could make
him; for himself he had no special cause of grief
and never was that well-known saying of the English
poet.

All are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another’s pain.
The unfeeling for his own.

more fully illustrated than in the life of prince Siddhārtha.
To return to the story. The Rubicon was crossed and
the beggar prince was soon on the back of his trusted
steed which brought him before birth of dawn beyond
his father's domains. The princely sword and belt, the last
remnants of royalty were sent back to the king his father
with a prayer to

"...forget him till he come
Ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom won
From lonely searchings and the strife for light;
Where, if I conquer, let all earth be mine—
Mine by chief service—toil him, mine by love!
Since there is hope for man only in man,
And none hath sought for this as I will seek;
Who cast away my world to save my world." 

The beggar's yellow robe and bowl were all that he now
owned—a great renunciation indeed, but a greater one
was soon to follow.

(The continued.)

Earth is an arrow passed round with tears,
The way to Heaven is through the sea of tears:
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wreck of many a ship but no man drowned.
universe, that will not help you at all: you may be buried in all the books you read, but that will not help you. It is the heart that reaches the goal, follow the heart. It is the pure heart even beyond the intellect; it gets inspired; it knows things that reason can never know, and whenever there is conflict between the pure heart and the intellect always side with the pure heart, even if you think what your heart is doing is unreasonable. Reasoning will come later on.

Even though it may be every instant desiring to do good to the poor, and your brain may tell you that it is not polite to help these poor men, yet follow your heart, and you will find that you make less error than by following your intellect. The pure heart is the best mirror for the reflection of truth, as all these disciplines are purifying the heart, and as soon as it is pure all truths flash upon it in a minute; all truth in the universe will be there in your heart if you are sufficiently pure.

These great truths about these atoms, and the finer elements, and the fine perceptions of men, have been discovered ages ago by men who never saw a telescope, or a microscope, or a laboratory. How did they know all these things? It was through the heart; they purified the heart. It is open to us to do the same to-day: it is the culture of the heart, really, that will lessen the misery of the world and not that of the intellect.

Intelligence has been cultivated; result—hundreds of sciences have been discovered, and their effect has been that the few have made slaves of the many—that is all the good that has been done. Artificial wants have been created; and every poor man, whether he has money or not, desires to have those wants satisfied, and when he cannot, he struggles, and dies in the struggle. This is the result.

Through the intellect is not the way to solve the problem of misery, but through the heart. If all this vast amount of effort had been spent in making men pure, gentler, more forbearing, this world would have a thousandfold more happiness than it has to-day. Always cultivate the heart; through the heart the Lord speaks, and through the intellect you yourself speak.

You remember in the Old Testament where Moses was told "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou treading is holy ground." We must always approach the study of religion with reverent attitude; he who comes with a pure heart and a reverent attitude, his heart will be opened; the doors will open for him and he will see the truth.

If you come with a crude sort of intellect you can have a little intellectual gymnastics, and when I have time enough I will be very glad to give you a little exercise in that line. You can have intellectual theories but not truth. Truth has such a face that any one who sees that face becomes convinced. The sun does not require any torch to show it; the sun is self-effulgent. If truth requires that evidence, who will evidence that evidence? If something also is witness for truth, where is the witness for that witness? We must approach with reverence and with love, and our heart will stand up and say this is truth, and this is untruth.

The field of religion is beyond our senses, beyond even our consciousness. We cannot "see" God. Nobody has seen God with his eyes or ever will; nobody has God in his consciousness. I am not conscious of God, nor you, nor anybody. Where is God? Where is the field of religion? It is beyond the senses, beyond consciousness. Consciousness is only one of the many planes in which we work, and you will have to transcend the field of consciousness, to go beyond the senses, approach nearer and nearer to your own own centre, and as you do that, you will approach nearer and nearer to God. What is the proof of God? Direct perception, just as there is proof of this wall. I perceive it. God has been perceived that way by thousands before, but that perception will be of one who wants to perceive Him. But this perception is no sense perception at all; it is super-sensuous, super-conscious, and all this training is needed to take us off from the senses. This body as it were, by means of all sorts of past work and bondages is being dragged downwards; those preparations and purity will make it pure and light. Bondages will fall off by themselves, and we will be hurled up beyond this plane of sense perception to which we are tied down, and then we will see and hear, and feel things which men in three ordinary states neither feel, nor see, nor hear. Then we will speak the language as it were, of madmen, and the world will not understand us, because they do not know anything but the senses. This religion is entirely transcendental. Every being that is in the universe has the potentiality of transcending the senses, even the little worm will one day transcend the senses and reach unto God. No life will be a failure; there is no such thing as failure in the universe. A hundred times man will hurt his foot, a thousand times he will tumble, but in the end he will realize that he is God. We know there is no progress in a straight line; you throw a stone into the air, and if you could stand long enough, it will come back exactly to your hand. Every soul is in a circle, and will have to complete it, and no soul can go so low that there will come a time when it will have to go upwards. It may start straight down, but it must also have to take the upward curve, in order to complete the circuit. No one will be lost. We are all projected from one common circle which is God. We are like little bits of stone projected from a common centre; some go a little lower or higher, but each one will have to complete the circuit, and come back to the centre from which it started. The highest intelligence, and the lowest intelligence God ever projected, will come back to the Father of all lives. 'From whom all beings are projected, in whom all live, and unto whom they all return; that is God.'

(Martha and Mary.)

‘When there is no food for the ear, a little may be given for the belly.’—Kwast.

In the course of his rambles Jesus once went into a certain village where a woman named Martha received him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary who sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word. Martha was vexed at being left alone to attend to the supper, while her sister without minding her household duties sat listening to Jesus' preaching. So she came to him and said 'Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me.' And Jesus answered and said unto Martha, "Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing alone is really needful in order to live and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.'

Referring to this story 'Pilgrim' writes, 'The story of Martha and Mary is a standing protest against our deformation of action...but the churches called after the name of the great Teacher, and whose representatives have become as a rule mere echoes of the world's self-seeking have been reduced to accept the world's apologetic theory that the teachings of Christ are incapable of practical
application—indeed, as the author of Scientific Religion points out, the present state of things in Europe has absolutely made them so.

But though the literal application of Christ's teaching has become an impossibility in the West, there are still spots on the earth's surface where the fever of the modern life has not yet reached, where the lust of wealth and luxury—the Gods or Demons whom the West worships—have no power to quicken the pulses in many a quiet household, whose inmates have at least inherited from their modest ancestors a juster appreciation than is met with in the West of the ephemeral character of life, and the worshipping reverence for those who are capable of true salvation.

Thoughts on the Bhagavat Gita.

THE DOCTRINE OF NON-RESISTANCE

We have seen that Mr. Caldwell's argument is after all a profound paradox due to want of proper understanding. After unwarrantedly applying the teaching of Krishna to the affairs of ordinary life, the learned bishop proceeds to observe, 'Here it must be remembered that Krishna does not base his exhortations to Arjuna on the justice of the war in which he was engaged. That ground might have been taken with propriety, and Arjuna was evidently persuaded of the justice of the Pandava cause. But Krishna's arguments are not based on the limited idea of justice and necessity, but upon transcendent doctrines respecting the immortality and impossibility of the soul, which if proved by him, would equally prove that no unjust war that ever was waged to be innocent.' Hosty criticism is the bread and cheese of some people and the bishop seems unfortunately to be one of them; and in his passion for condemning, he forgets that between Arjuna and Krishna there was and there could have been no question of the justice of the war. Arjuna had certainly no scruples on that point for the war was no sudden or unpremeditated affair; and he did not ask Krishna about it. All that happened was that on seeing the wilderness of men arrayed before him in battle order, determined to fall victims, the poison of churning being the cause of the day, he was struck all on a sudden with overwhelming pity and Krishna told him how a wise man would behave under the circumstances.

Naturally the advice of Krishna appears to us at the first sight as strange as bold; and it cannot appear otherwise, so long as we are not wise men—so long as the idea of our being bodies does not leave us. To the sage from whose standpoint alone does Krishna speak, all that is is Aman, and the idea of his being eternal and infinite is as natural to him, as that of being mortal and finite is to us. The sage simply laugheis within himself at the hold which ignorance has over us, blinded by which we attribute death to that which can never die. Our idea of life and death, however much we may cherish them, are anything but real, and it is unreasonable that the sage should give them the importance we attribute to them. Death is simply a change of conditions, may, even less, a change of dress as Krishna puts it. To Puranajana, (in Sri Bhagavadi, who fancies himself a woman and weeps over her dead husband in the forest, the sage says, 'Awake, thou great soul; remember what thou art. Thou art seokless, who is thy husband? Thou art the only Reality; then why dost thou weep? Remember who thou art and wake up.' Similar is the advice of Krishna. We are all dreaming and in the long and confusing dream we are in, we fancy ourselves loving, hating, fighting and dying; there are, however, a few blessed souls here and there who have waked up from that dream and these are the wise men to whom Krishna refers; and to them there is neither joy nor grief, neither birth nor death. They being in an altogether different state of existence, to criticise them from our standpoint is, to say the least, an act of perversity which those who are anxious to the dream of life will never commit themselves to. Dreaming as we are, it is a privilege to understand that we are dreaming and that there are men who have waked up from the dream. It is a privilege certainly to grasp the idea that what is real to us cannot be real to them also.

Those who know say that the real spirit of the Vedánta can never be grasped until Krishna's advice to Arjuna and the story of Buddha (see December issue) are understood in the proper light. Both teach the same lesson—that our love being a result of ignorance cannot be real and therefore does not deserve to be glorified. It may be useful to say; it may help us in growing, in drawing out the Spirit within us, but after a particular stage we shall ourselves see that it is a child of illusion, not different in its nature from misleading a mother with a pearl for silver. We must love not the imaginary and perishable beyond but the everlasting Spirit within. The sage should really love, all our love is selfishness; we love because we are plowing to us, and we love only those who are related to us, or are useful to us. Arjuna had no scruples of conscience when he slew the innumerable hosts of Kalikeys and other Rākshasas; his heart never troubled him then, and now, when he sees his kinsmen arrayed before him in battle order, he is struck with pity and feels unable to fight because they are his kinsmen. This surely is not love; it is too narrow and selfish to deserve the name of love. The sage on the other hand, loves all alike, in other words, loves because his nature is love. And to kill a living being is impossible for him. Except when duty compels, and even when he so kills, he will never forget that really there is neither lover nor the slain. This is the drift of Krishna's advice.

So far about Mr. Caldwell's criticism. Now we shall proceed to consider a question which we ourselves have raised, namely, whether Krishna's teaching is consistent with the doctrine of non-resistance which has been uniformly laid down in the scriptures of all countries, but whose real meaning has not been understood by its best advocates, and indeed, cannot be understood except in the light of the Vedánta. We shall see that Krishna's advice to Arjuna instead of being opposed as at first sight it appears to be, to that great doctrine; is in fact the correct interpretation of it—a point which, if established, will show that, whoever may be the prophet that proclaims a truth, one has to turn to the Vedánta for the correct interpretation of that truth. Indeed, the Vedánta philosophy is universal in its nature and affords the key to the scriptures of all countries alike, and if they refuse to accept its aid they must go to the wall some day or other.

But a few years back, there occurred a circumstance which clearly shows that Christ can never be understood except with the help of the Vedánta. Count Tolstoi, one of the sincerest followers of Christ in these days, wrote a book called 'What I believe,' which attracted an immense amount of attention both in Europe and America, and the chief theme of which was the precept 'Resist not Evil.' And he put the following questions in connection with that teaching: 'Did Christ really demand from His disciples that they should carry out what He taught them in the Sermon on the Mount?' And can a Christian
THE AWAKENED INDIA. [May 1897.

Then, or can he not, always retaining a Christian, go to law or make any use of the law or seek his own protection in the law? And can the Christian, or can he not, take part in the administration of government, using compulsion against his neighbours? And the most important question hanging over the heads of all of us in these days of universal military service — can the Christian dream be not, retaining a Christian against Christ's direct prohibition, promise obedience in future actions directly opposed to his teaching? And can he, by taking his share of service in the army prepare himself to murder men and even actually murder them? These were the questions put and according to the Court's own conviction, Christ's commandment. Resist not Evil is incompatible with government of any kind, legislation, courts of justice, war, and indeed, everything without which society in these days is impossible. He contends for a literal and thoroughgoing application of the Sermon on the Mount at any cost, and believes, that the moment it is done throughout the world, the Kingdom of God would come.

This position naturally provoked a good deal of discussion. Some critics said that by following Christ's commandment, the whole world and all good men would come to ruin; some that force may be used for defending others though not for selfish purposes; a position obviously not warranted by the precept which admits of no exceptions. A few others recognised the commandment and thought it was nearly coincident with some other portions of the Bible Others, like Farrar, entered into the discussion—but evaded risking a direct reply. Some plainly said that the doctrine of non-resistance was an immoral doctrine. According to others, the teaching on the Sermon on the Mount is a string of very pretty impracticable dreams, de charmaul docteur as Renan says, fit only for the simple and half savage inhabitants of Thibet who lived 1800 years ago and for the half savage Russian peasants—Sudive and Obdarey—and the Russian mystic Tolstoi, but not at all consistent with a high degree of European culture. Christ's teaching is no use said Lingsell. "because it is inconsistent with our industrial age!"

This is how Christ has been understood in the West; his teachings are either immoral or useless, or invalidated by those of others or inconsistent with the progress of the age. It must, however, be admitted that there is some sense in this almost unanimous disapproval of the doctrine of non-resistance as presented by Count Tolstoi. There is something in us which keeps telling that the commandment is in itself a good and worthy ideal, but at the same time, it is obviously impossible that a whole society could ever follow it without at once getting wiped out of existence altogether. The fact is, the commandment of Jesus is an individual ideal and not meant for the society at large. Indeed, students of the Vedanta would readily see that the application of the doctrine to the life of a society is not merely harmful but altogether impossible. for every society is composed of men who are in different stages of spirit-progression, with infinitely different pasts, and infinitely different futures. No two men in the world are alike, for the Karmas of no two individuals can exactly be similar, though all of us have to progress on the same lines of evolution. There is such an infinite variety of stages in the course of our progress, that it is impossible that all in the world can simultaneously do a thing or attain a state. For instance, to become a sage may be the common ideal for all men, but a whole nation cannot attain to sagehood at the same time. This, however, does not take away from the ideal itself; the ideal is true, and will be true for all eternity, though a nation of sages is an unrealisable dream. In the same way, non-resistance is the ideal for all men alike, the end to which we have all of us to attain, though no society as a whole can adopt it as its profession. Neither did the Vedanta pronounce that they could not only serve as ideals for the individual, though the Western people to whom the doctrine of Karma is not sufficiently familiar, still persist in dreaming of millenniums and kingdoms of God on earth. All the controversy about the doctrine of non-resistance would have been avoided had it been recognised, as what it really is, the ideal for the individual. It is a path, that even the clergy did not lay any stress on the grandeur of the concept, but were content with regarding it as either impracticable or opposed to other portions of the Bible. This really is a melancholy state of affairs and shows how little Christ is appreciated. We Hindus, who can understand his teachings and appreciate them at their real worth, would seem to be much better Christians than those who regard the Sermon on the Mount as a string of pretty impracticable dreams; and we cannot altogether help sympathising with Count Tolstoi when he says: "Strange as it may seem, the church is, as churches have always been and cannot but be, institutions not only alien in spirit to Christ's teaching, but even directly antagonistic to it. With good reason Voltaire calls the church Fia parie: with good reason have all, or almost all, so-called sects of Christians recognised the church as the scarlet woman foretold in the Apocalypse; with good reason is the history of the church the history of the greatest cruelties and horrors. There is nothing in common between the churches as such and Christianity except the name, but they represent two principles fundamentally opposed and antagonistic to one another. One represents pride, violence, self-assessment, stagnation and death; the other meekness, patience, humility, progress and life." Our object, however, is not to condemn Christian churches and so we request the reader to take these extracts at what they may be worth.

We have now seen the nature and application of the doctrine of non-resistance and now, let us proceed to enquire into the meaning of that great commandment. The Vedanta rightly points it out to be a proper ideal for the individual and the same philosophy may be trusted to give us its correct meaning.

(To be continued.)

An Idler and a Temple Trustee.

A certain sage was living in the temple of M... He occupied a corner in the temple and used to sitting there all day long and till midnight with closed eyes; he would never stir from the place except for attending to the calls of nature. Nothing could draw him away from his corner, not even the festivals of the temple, nor the crowds of men and women that were coming and going. The trustee of the temple thinking that he was a sage ordered a ball of rice to be supplied to him from the temple kitchen every day, and in the evenings before going home, would scrupulously pay his respects to him. A few years after, this pious trustee died and was succeeded by his son. New brooms sweep clean; so the new trustee.
who like most other young men thought his father a fool, began to reform the temple according to his own wise notions and one of the reforms was that the 'idle fellow in the corner,' as the sage was respectfully styled by the trustees, was deprived of the ball of rice regularly supplied to him for a number of years. The 'idle fellow,' however, did not leave the corner on that account, nor seemed to be affected by the reform in any other way except that he went out for a few minutes in the moon to beg for his bread. This done, he returned to his corner and closed his eyes as ever, as if no new trustee had been appointed. To the young man who was anxious that his reform should be appreciated, and the 'idle fellow' should be taught to be more busy, it seemed doubtful if the latter even knew that the temple supply had been stopped and that he lived by begging—he seemed to take to the change so easily and never trouble himself about the cause for that change. This, to be sure, was not sufficiently flattering to the young man who was bowed to and honored at every turn in the temple as if he were a monarch; and he was determined to bring the 'idle fellow' to his senses.

With this object he went to him one day and without the least ceremony asked him why he was idling away all his precious life-time. The sage welcomed him kindly and requested him to take his seat. The trustee accordingly sat down and the sage also sat, as motionless as ever and spoke not a word. Thus five minutes passed. The trustee got no reply to his question nor did there seem any prospect of his getting one. He naturally got tired of the interview which was in truth the dullest he had had in his life-time. He was unable to sit composed, a thousand things distracted his attention; he grew restless and so rose up to depart. Just then, the sage looked up and requested him to sit for a few minutes more and the young man had to comply. But he had already exceeded the maximum amount of time he could sit in that fashion and so grew exceedingly restless and uneasy, while to his immense surprise the 'idle fellow' was as composed and silent as ever. On his making a second attempt to retreat, the sage entreated him again to sit for a few minutes more; the young man explained 'Impossible, I cannot sit for one second more; sitting quiet is the most difficult thing I have known. I will do anything rather than sit as you do and fled away. And the first thing he did after leaving the sage was to order two balls of rice to be supplied to him every day from that time at the rate, as he put it, of one ball in him that runs and jumps and fights and two to him that sits both day and night.

This funny little story illustrates the difficulty of calm and constant meditation. As Rama said to Hanuman: 'One can more easily cross all the oceans, drink off all the air, and play with mountains as balls, than control the wandering mind.' In the same way Thiyunandavar says: 'One may with less difficulty control a mad elephant, blind the mouths of bears and tigers, ride on the back of a lion, play with the color, melt and alchemise all the five elements and live by it, roam in the world, unmown, command the gods, live in eternal youth, enter other bodies, walk on water, live in fire, and acquire wondrous powers, than take the mind and be quiet.'

A REFUSE.

'Can one get out of anything what is not in it? If we get life in any sense out of what we eat and drink and breathe, is it not because food and water and air have each life in them?'
The wise always believe the glorious state of Vishnu as easily and freely as the wise eye beholds the vast expanse of heaven. The Brahmans, the knowers of the Brahman whose eyes of wisdom are ever awake, praise the glorious state of Vishnu in diverse ways and make it widely known.

Thus command the Vedas regarding salvation. Thus is the Upanishad. Om Tat Sat.

Elements of the Veda’ná.

CHAPTER V.

The Atman.

Before compelling the stupendous and real-scaring world before us to take off its mask and unfold itself to us, it may be well to consider in some detail the nature of Pragñána with which we have to prove its identity. We have already seen that it is the real Self within us as distinguished from the false Self or personality and that its nature is Sat-Chit-Ananda. We have also seen that it is really changeless, being the Sókhi or witness to our changing moods and that Ahankára, (our personality) will, intellect and Mams are not different from it in essence but only in functions.

Let us see what this means. All change is necessarily in space and time; change is inconceivable unless in space and time and whatever is changeless therefore transcends space and time; in other words, is infinite and eternal. Pragñána being changeless is therefore infinite and eternal; besides being changeless, it cannot be an effect, for every change is an effect due to some cause. This Pragñána is our real Self and so we call it the Atman. We are in reality infinite and eternal; and our regarding ourselves as finite and mortal is therefore a result of ignorance. Mâyá or Aridga as it is called. We shall examine into the nature of this Mâyá later on, but it is a fact that all of us are really infinite and eternal; we are all Pragñána and Pragñána being changeless and therefore indivisible, there is no real finiteness anywhere. There can be no plurality of infinite existences; Pragñána therefore exists alone without a second and all appearances of finiteness are necessarily unreal. They are mere illusion. The infinite Pragñána appears as a multitude of finite things like a single sun appearing as many in different vessels of water—says the Vedánta. It clearly follows that our Mams, intellect, will and Ahankára are all illusory modifications of the Atman and all that exists, all these innumerable worlds, these suns and stars and moons are only apparently different from the infinite Pragñána—our own Atman. So says the Bruti. “Verily I extend from below, I extend from above. I extend from behind. I extend from before. I extend from the south. I extend from the north—of a truth I am all this..... Verily the Soul extends from below, the Soul extends from above, the Soul extends from behind, the Soul extends from before, the Soul extends from the south, the Soul extends from the north—of a truth the Soul is all this.” (Chandogya Upan., VI, xxv)

The conclusion appears a very bold one to be sure; but the logic of the argument is rigorous and irresistible. We are obliged to admit a changeless factor within us as the necessary background for all our changing moods and that factor by the very fact of its being changeless is infinite, eternal and indivisible. Our Mams, intellect, will and Ahankára are, we are bound to admit, not different from it in essence but only in functions; and those functions the inner man or Jiva performs because it functions itself and the world cons. it to be different from Pragñána through ignorance. In truth there can be nothing outside the infinite Pragñána; nor could there be anything inside it, for being changeless it is indivisible. Things may be different, says the Vedanta, the way is unsurpassed in its analysis of the subject; it treats of, in three and only three ways: different in kind like a tree and a hill, or of the same kind but separately existing like one mango tree and another, or different as part and whole like a tree and its stem. The infinite and indivisible Atman cannot admit of anything outside and different from it in kind, for in that case it cannot be infinite, nor could there be a similar thing outside it, for then there will be two infinites which is impossible, nor could there be any part of it for it is indivisible. Therefore the Atman exists alone without a second. The Atman is “without distinctions” (Máthiékya Upan. 7). There is fought beside the Atman, say the Upanishads repeatedly and it being infinite and indivisible all finiteness is mere appearance. “No thing never becomes many but can appear as many” is an axiom. “All this is born of Me, (i.e., the real Self) all this exists in Me and all this gets absorbed in Me. I am all the wonderful world” (Kaivalya Upan.). “He is the Self of all. He is all. There is nothing outside Him. The changeless Atman is one without a second. There is nothing so real as He. He is Sat, He is Chit, He is Ananda; this Atman is one without duality” (Nárisethána Upan.). “There is no world outside the Atman. There is no bliss outside the Atman. There is no refuge outside the Atman. All the world is (made of) the Atman. There is nothing outside the Atman anywhere. There is not a rush outside the Atman. There is not even a husk outside the Atman. All the world is in reality the Atman” (Tájáka bindu. Upan., VI). Since diversity in the universe must necessarily be unreal, the same Upanishad adds “If there be anything outside Me, it is surely unreal like a mirage. The world may be said to exist if one could be frightened by the horns of a hare. The world may be said to exist if one's hair could be quenched by drinking of a mirage.” Thou art all. Thou art all... There is taught outside thee. It has been established that all that is seen is unreal.” (Máthu Nára. Upan. 1).

The universe then has no real existence apart from the Atman and all differences are necessarily mere appearances. This is a logical conclusion which we are bound to accept, though its truth can be found out only by Self-realization—by realizing that we are infinite and eternal. We shall deal with this subject more fully later on, when we examine the nature of the universe itself; we came across this point in our inquiry into the nature of Pragñána.

We have said that the nature of the Atman is Sat, Chit and Ananda, Existence absolute. Knowledge absolute and Bliss absolute. It cannot but be those, for unless it be absolute existence its infinite nature is impossible. It knowledge, for its very nature is Pragñána (intelligence consciousness); and absolute, because there is nothing outside it; and we have seen it is Bliss itself. Sat, Chit and Ananda, however, are not qualities of the Atman; they are its nature (Svarápa). They are merely different aspects of the Atman and whatever is Sat is necessarily Chit and Ananda and vice versa. If they were qualities, they might exist separately at least in idea from the Atman, but the Atman can be nothing unless it be Existence, Pragñána and Bliss; it is impossible to separate them even in idea from it. These therefore are not attributes but different names, as it were, of the same thing.
In order that work may be unselfish it is absolutely essential that we shall be unattached. While we are working for another, because we have feelings of particular regard for that other, that is motive in our work. We must fill ourselves with the feeling that we are one with the whole universe; those who believe in God should see God in everything; and if we can get this idea it will be impossible that we become attached in our work; in other words, our work will be unselfish and therefore not limited by cause and effect. Work as masters and not as servants. Care not for the results, for that also is a motive.

But to attain this end we must understand clearly that the lower kinds of work are not to be despised. The majority of us are unable to work without motive and Karma Yoga teaches us to make that motive the highest. Our ideal will thus be to work for others rather than for ourselves, and constantly increase the circle of those for whom we work until it attains the same goal as embracing all and everything. Duty is not to be despised; we must indeed, work and by means of duty, but over recognising that duty is not the end, and recognising also—which is of great importance—that duty varies according to nationality and creed. The highest point of duty is reached when we recognise the truth and justice of the customs of those around us, among whom we are placed, and suit ourselves to the customs of those around us, rather than try to make our customs subservient to our own preconceived notions of what customs and habits should be. As the Svami Virokhdhanna once said, "we should always try to see the duties of others through their own eyes, never want to judge the customs of other races or other peoples by our own standard." The only way to do duty is to fulfil that which comes to hand. The nature of the work is not its test, but the manner in which it is done. "To work you have the right, but not to the fruits thereof," and the Karma Yoga says, man can work without motive and has done so in the past.

(Shri Ram’s Voice.)

True Greatness or Vasudev Sastry.

BY T. C. NATARAJAN.

CHAPTER VII.

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE.

It was six o’clock in the morning when a servant woman was engaged in sweeping the entrance to Mr. Namjuna Iyer’s house, and while so engaged she was also reeking her young daughter, who was a few steps away from her inside, for her carelessness. ‘Why do you stare that way,’ she exclaimed, addressing the little girl who really seemed staring at something and tongue-tied with fear. ‘Why do you stare that way,’ I asked at the passer-by in the street, the silly girl. ‘Mind your work or I will beat you with this brush’ and snatching she actually raised aloft the weapon in her hand as if to show that she was determined to keep her work. As she erected herself a little in this menacing attitude, she suddenly caught sight of a terrible figure which was standing just a foot behind her. It was that of a Yogi in an yellow robe hanging loosely over him from neck to foot and with a black cobra over his shoulders. He’s hair was matted and folded round above round over his head like the coils of a serpent; his beard was long; he wore a large quantity of sacred ashes on his forehead and his eye-rids with a big circle of red powder in the middle and held in his hand a yego-danda. He was
Then he took a pinch of sacred ashes in his hand from a purse in his possession and put it in the mouth of a girl who was standing by. At once the girl began to laugh and dance, saying: 'I see India; there is Indrani; there is Urvasi; that is Ramda; how happy. I am coming to you' and so on, but all that ceased as soon as the mysterious stranger put his hand on her head. A second pinch of sacred ashes burst a boil on the hand of another. As the mysterious stranger was thus giving proofs of his wonderful powers, a Brahmin residing a few houses off rushed in and fell at his feet three times exclaiming: 'Thou art a Siddha Purusha.'" He bid the Brahmin come with the serpent now before me, which for the first time these happy eyes of mine saw at Trichinopoly coming out from the image of Thäjumaniwar, flying last night across the sky among a host of radiant forms all of them perhaps Siddhas and just now I heard that thy sacred feet had lighted here and blessed the house of our master.' 'My friend,' said the stranger: 'So not all this in public; this is nothing.' 'Certainly nothing,' replied the Brahmin: 'for a Siddha like you.' Then the stranger desired to be left alone for an hour in a separate room. A room was accordingly provided and as he was about to enter into it, the Brahmin said 'Swâmi, even stone walls were not able to keep you in Madras. Therefore assure us that you will not suddenly leave us' and the Yogi condescendingly said: 'I shall stay all this day here' and shut the door behind him.

As soon as he went in, the Brahmin approached Mr. Narayana Iyer and congratulated him on his extraordinary privilege of having as his guest no less a man than a Siddha Purusha. He related eloquently and with wonderful vividness how, when once he had gone to Trichy and wasworshipping the god Thäjumaniwar along with many others, the glorious guest of the Deputy Collector came out from the head of the image in the presence of all the people there, and how, after staying there for a few minutes to bless the worshippers, he flew into the air in open day light; how once when he made his appearance in Madras, holding in his hand wine bottles—for the holy ones can drink and do many other things with impunity—for which he had not obtained license, he was shut up by the then Police Commissioner in his own room, and how a half an hour after, he was walking along the beach with the same wine bottles, though the Commissioner had himself locked up the room and kept the key in his own possession, and how thereafter the police were ordered not to arrest him on any account whatever; how only the last night he was seen flying above with a host of Siddhas and many other equally wonderful incidents of the great Yogi's past life. Narayana Iyer felt it difficult to believe all of them at the same time, though the wonderful efficacy of the sacred ashes which the stranger had, had to be admitted.

Sreenivasan, however, thought that they should be true, all of them, and related his strange dream and the stranger's coincidence that followed. 'Otherwise' he argued 'how could I have dreamt that wonderful dream? He must have been sitting in the skies at that time and descended here directly. What a most wonderful coincidence!' It was agreed on all hands that the stranger was a mysterious being, probably superhuman, possessing wonderful powers. Narayana Iyer was in doubt whether he, being the great and responsible officer, he was, might not have been deceived all that was said and thereby lose the weight of his position to it; but just then there happened an event which assured him that not merely all that was said, but much more that was not known must be true.