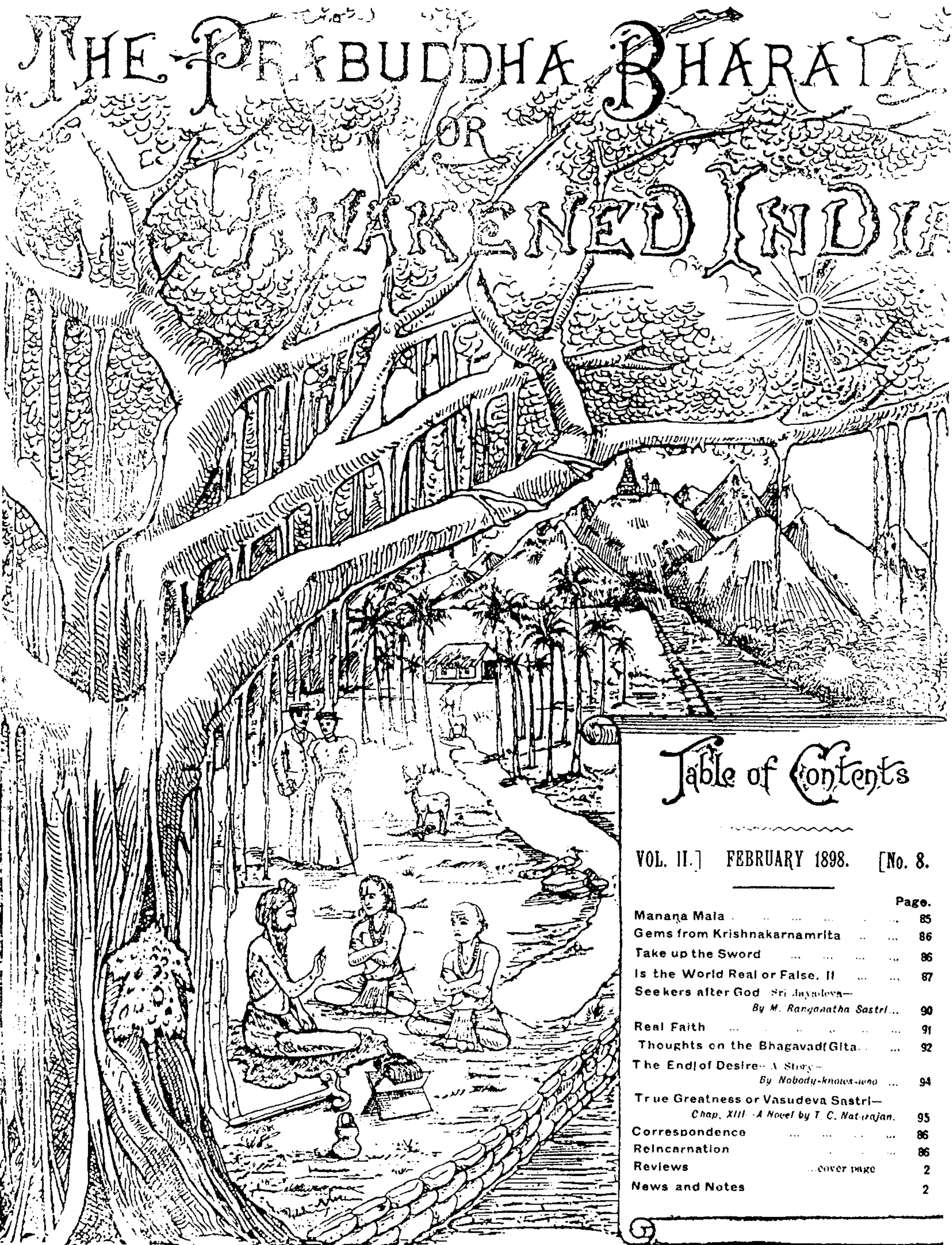


# THE BUDDHA BHARATA OR WAKENED INDIA



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## Reviews.

**Hertha**, by Elizabeth Hughes (Salisbury Block, 247, South Spring Street). This book of little over 80 pages studies one of the greatest problems of the modern age, the woman question, from the standpoint of the spirit, of the basic laws of sex which apparently have not yet been fully understood. As the title of the book 'Hertha,' mother Earth, suggests, the plea for the emancipation of women is based on her natural position of mother, mother in the larger sense of the word. Says the author "The external in nature corresponds with the masculine, the feminine corresponds with the interior: Man is born of woman as the grain is born of the earth: Man is the ultimate fruit containing the perfection of nature. Woman is the cause of all perfection in man underlying by silent, potent forces, all manifestations of his beauty and deformity, his perfection and imperfection." "Again the real woman is strong and graceful as the Venus of Milo." She does not advocate a revival of the spirit of chivalry by which woman became "placed in a false position, the recipient of honors. She did not always earn or merit". Nor is she for any assertion of rights which always has a tendency to antagonise, but for steady development from within by which woman will get back her natural place by virtue of the undying laws that govern the universe. For this development, for the realisation by women of her natural sanctity and position, she has to work herself trusting to God alone and certainly not to the 'purely masculine traditions of the past.' But how to work is not pointed out and the author does not enter into details. She however presents lively, graphic and beautiful pictures of many great women characters down from the Hebrew Sarah to our Pandita Ramabhai, from which some valuable lessons may be gleaned. The nature of the book is a little dreamy and we for our part have no such hope as the author has of a coming millennium when 'the fierce world struggles will at last be ended and a great life tree will blossom from the very central the mother being conjoined with the father, stem filling the earth with the fragrance of the heavens.' We are glad to note however, that the plea for woman's freedom is based not on the low materialistic theories held by the "wild woman" but on her inherent divinity as mother. The great Mann says "One mother is more valuable than thousand fathers" and "Wherever women are honored, the gods are satisfied." The style is throughout charming and in places even poetic and the book is studded with many valuable truths which one will always do well to bear in mind and several ancient myths and traditions are most beautifully interpreted.

We have been favoured with a number of Tamil pamphlets, (publications of the Ripon Press, Madras), a list of the names and prices of which is given elsewhere. All of them are controversial in their nature and chiefly refute the dualistic Saiva Siddhanta which, they argue, is unsupported not merely by the Srutis, but even by the writings of the great Sivite teachers and is opposed to reason. We do not want here to enter into a consideration of the respective merits of the Advaita which these books uphold and the Saiva vāda which they refute, but they reveal a wonderful grasp of the Vedānta and considerable scholarship both in Sanskrit and Tamil and a critical acumen of a high order. The writers always know what they are about and their arguments are often wonderfully subtle. We cannot however help remarking that it will be good for both the parties to abstain from all controversy, for it only leads to misunderstanding, abuse and quarrel, besides creating an objectionable kind of literature, though we are glad to note that the books before us are written in a spirit of honest inquiry and criticism and are generally free from vulgar abuses in which some writers in Tamil, especially when treating of religious subjects, unhesitatingly indulge.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the following Hindi books and pamphlets from Hari Gnan Mandar, Phillore District, Jullundur, Punjab. 1. The Satyamrita pravāh or the nectar stream of truth (price Rs. 5). 2. The Sraddhāprakāś containing the lives of Pandit Sraddhārām and his widow. 3. The Bhāgyavati, a very interesting narrative, in easy style, chiefly meant for females. 4. Satyadharmamuktavali. 5.

Dharma Samvāda. 6. Satopadesa. 7. Nityaprārthana. Being unacquainted with the language in which they are written, we regret we are unable to review them.

Our thanks are also due to S. Vaidyanathu Iyer, Esq., the city magistrate of Bangalore, for a copy of his interesting lecture delivered at Trivandrum on Aryan achāras; also to P. K. Sankara Das, Esq., for a copy of his well-written life of Sri Sankara which contains much of interesting matter.

## News and Notes.

**The Theosophical Conference.**—We gladly extract the following from the address on the occasion of the Prince of Siam, a cousin of the emperor, who has renounced his position and adopted the yellow robe of a Buddhist monk, which was read for him by Col. Olcott.

...The world of to-day seemed to him more miraculous than all the miracles in the world. That men should be so universally selfish and hypocritical as to profess to belong to one or other of the beautiful religions in which were to be found the true spirit of the universal brotherhood of all living beings, and yet were so divided by the man-made laws and customs as conventionally to regard themselves as Hindus, Siamese, Mahomedans, or Europeans, and each conventional race subdivided into so many races and families, and treating one another with anything but a brotherly regard, seemed inconceivable to him. More anomalous and miraculous to him still was the apparent increase of evil throughout the world as education, civilisation and enlightenment, so-called, spread, amidst the activity of the teaching of Christianity, Buddhism, Hinduism, Theosophy, etc., and the multiplication of Societies that professed to remove those evils and lead men to peace and contentment in the present, and the final emancipation from sorrow and misery in the future. He saw this increase of crimes and cruelties, but no spiritual advancement made anywhere. Great spiritual sufferings seemed to afflict mankind and greater sufferings seemed to be in store for them.

If Theosophy would undertake, in addition to the work of bringing men together into one universal brotherhood, the duty of leading men by example and practice, and train them, instead of teaching them any religious truth, by their exemplary lives as they were either true Christians, or Hindus, or Buddhists, whatever be their religion, instead of hypocrites as they now appeared to be, and would for the present leave alone such things as the astral body, the knowledge of which was of no salvation to anybody, it would be conferring the greatest of all boons of the century. The one work that was needed now was, he believed, example and practice, and not theories.

We invite the special attention of our readers to the intense earnestness of the speaker, his intolerance for sham and hypocrisy and his longing for practical realisation instead of mere book-learning and theoretical knowledge, qualities which are indispensable in every real seeker after truth.

'Knock and it shall be opened' said the Lord, and therefore what one has to do is to knock with all one's might and earnestness.

**The Young Men's Hindu Association, Madras.**—The Anniversary of the Association was held on the 15th January evening, when Swami Ramakrishnananda read a paper on Bbagavan Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa and the Hon. Mr. Justice Subramania Iyer presided. In the course of his very interesting lecture the Swami laid special stress on the religious catholicity of Ramakrishna Paramahansa, his humility, his love for mankind and the frequency with which he went into the state of Samadhi. The chairman drew the attention of his hearers to the many valuable lessons which one might learn from the life of the Paramahansa suggested that his sayings should be collected and published in a book form and exhorted the young men to work energetically for the association.

We request the attention of our Tamil and Telugu readers to the important prospectuses published elsewhere.

**Miss Margaret Noble.**—Miss Margaret E. Noble, of Wimbledon, has come to India to assist Swami Vivekananda

**News and Notes—(Continued).**

in his Indian work. She is a lady who has had marked success in higher educational work in England, and there is a great deal of originality in her views on education generally, which she will no doubt bring to bear in the work which the Swami is setting on foot. Since the Swami left London she has been foremost in continuing to keep the ideas propagated by him green for his next visit, probably a year from now. She has joined the Swami who is at present in Calcutta.

**The Maha-Bodhi Society and Famine Relief.**—In the beginning of the present year, when the horrors of the Famine were felt throughout India, the Maha-Bodhi Society of Calcutta issued a strong appeal to all the Buddhists of Asia for immediate help to alleviate the distress of the people from the effects of the Famine. Within a very short time, the Society received a ready and generous response from the Buddhist people of Asia. Since April last, the Society, with contributions from the Asiatic Buddhists, has opened relief centres at Benares, Buddha-Gaya, Moorshedabad (at Moorshedabad for two months only, under the kind supervision of Swami Akhandananda) and Jessore. At each of these places the Maha-Bodhi Society has distributed rice and clothes among the distressed people for months together. The Society's principal relief centre has been at Lohagara, which is an important place in the Sub-Division of Narail (Jessore). At this place, the Society has given aid to nearly 1,200 men daily. These men have been daily supplied with half a seer of rice each. Besides this distribution of rice, the Society has given monthly grants, which vary from Rs. 2 to Rs. 6, to poor families inhabiting different districts of Bengal. At present altogether 60 such families are receiving aid. It has been the special aim of the Society to relieve the numerous poor but respectable persons and widows of high caste, who will endure almost any privation rather than apply for public aid. The number of such families applying for the Society's charity is still on the increase. The Society has also directed its charities to the agricultural class, who were reduced to the position of the day labourers during the famine. For these men, having lost all in their struggle, required immediate help to give them a fresh start in life. The great demand of the famine-stricken people, who have flocked to receive the Society's charity, has been clothing. These poor starving people were practically naked, and if they had a rag, it was so rotten, filthy and scant, as barely to cover their nakedness. In the middle of October, the Society was favoured with the most welcome gift of 10,800 yards of cloth by the Buddhist Priests of Ceylon; and it is simply impossible to describe what a boon these cloth proved to the Famine-stricken people. No nobler idea could have been conceived than that of sending these gifts in kind to clothe the naked. At the suggestion of the Hon'ble H. E. M. James, the Vice-Chairman of the Indian Famine Relief Fund, half of that big consignment was made over to the Central Committee, Indian Famine Relief Fund, for distribution in Central Provinces and North-West Provinces. Out of the remaining half, the Society has distributed 700 pieces of new cloth and *chadders* at Lohagara. In Calcutta, too, the Society has distributed similarly 300 pieces of new cloth and *chadders* amongst the recipients of the Society's charity and other equally deserving men. The Society has also given 60 pieces of cloth to the Benevolent Society, and 50 pieces to two other charitable societies.

**Yoga Sutras of Patanjali.**—We learn with pleasure that this standard work on Yoga Philosophy with its commentaries is to be brought out soon in Telugu by the Editor of the *Satwa Sādhani*, Madras. The price per copy of the book to those that register their names now is As. 12, and to others Rs. 1-2-0. The book will be issued in April 1898. We wish the Telugu public will afford every encouragement to the undertaking.

**Swami Vivekananda's Mission.**—A strong committee consisting of Messrs. V. G. Suryanarayana Sastrin, B.A., M. S. Purnalingam Pillai, B.A., S. A. Tirumalaikolundu Pillay, B.A., P. Singaravelu Moodeliar, B.A., V. P. Muthuswami Aiyar, B.A., N. Balarama Aiyar, and T. A. Swaminatha Aiyar, has been formed at the Aryan Association, Madras, for the purpose of translating and editing the lectures of Swami

Vivekananda delivered in India and elsewhere, in Tamil, Telugu and Canarese. The attempt is to carry out the Swami's ardent wish that Religion should be taught in the Vernaculars of the country and that the masses should be taught well in the practical principles of the Vedanta. This is the most important branch of work. This is the real work which will bear substantial and ever-lasting results. In order that the Swami's views and teachings may be placed within the easy reach of all, the translations will be sold at one anna per form of 8 pages demy, so that each lecture will, according to the size of the pamphlet, cost not more than 2 or 3 annas. Orders for copies must be made to the Secretary, Aryan Association, Black Town, Madras.

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“He who knows the Supreme attains the highest.”—*Tait. Upa. II. 1. 1.*

Vol. II.  
No. 8.

MADRAS, FEBRUARY 1898.

PUBLISHED  
MONTHLY.

Manana Ma'la'.

OR

THE MEDITATIONS OF A MAUNI.

What is meant by saying that Brahman is beyond the reach of words and thought? The answer is that just as the sweetness of sugar is not expressible in words nor conceivable by the mind and has to be understood only by actually tasting of it, so can Brahman be known only by realisation and no amount of talking or imagining can tell us what He is like. This is a very simple instance, but is worthy of being meditated upon.

What is the mind? It is not a substance in itself but only that *standpoint* viewed from which Brahman appears diversified in the shape of the world.

There are two kinds of giving: One is pure and the other impure. The first is to give without any concern about the result and without taking any credit for it and immediately forgetting it—this is giving in the name of God as Tâyinnânavar gave away the shawl presented to him by the king, to a poor Pariah woman. When asked by the king who felt insulted by this, where the valuable present he made was, he replied he gave it to Akhilândes'wari—the Mother of the universe.

*Satsanga* means not merely good company, for men however good may not wholly agree with one another: and then they are liable to separation by various accidents, disease, &c. The real *Satsanga* is companionship with the only Sat, Existence Absolute, the A'tman; this is a changeless companionship when once rightly formed; it is above all accidents and is inseparable. The best of friends is the A'tman.

The attempt to kill the mind is like digging a pit and trying to bury one's shadow in it. However deep one may dig and however carefully he may close the pit, the shadow will always be above it. So whatever means one may take for killing the mind it cannot be killed, for with what is it to be killed? The only way in which it could be subdued is by bribing it into subjection through gentle means, by lulling it into sleep with the help of such internal object as it could rest on with ease and thus making it realise its true nature which is unchangeable *Pragna* the Self.

The world is the shadow of the soul.

A fruit can ripen only in the natural course and no amount of beating it with a stick will make it ripe. But its ripening will be accelerated by placing it in the midst of fruits already ripe. In the same way every man has to learn and realise the truth of his own accord and cannot do so merely through others' efforts, however sincerely they may work for him. But the company of wise men who have already attained to truth hastens his progress.

## (Gems from 'Krishnakarna'ncita.\*

1. अपिजनुषिपरस्मिन्नात्तपुण्योभवेयं ।  
तटभीषयमुनायाः तादृशोवशनालः ।  
अनुभवतियएषश्रीमदाभिरसूनोः ।  
अधरमणिसमापन्यासधन्यामवस्थां ॥

✓ Ab, on the banks of the Jumna, to be myself that blessed flute, will it ever be; how infinitely rich and enviable its position,—so near the lips of the Lord.†

2. साकापिसर्वजगतामभिरामसीमा ।  
कामायनोभवतुगोपकिशोरमूर्तिः ।  
याशेखरेश्रुतिगिरांहृदियोगभाजां ।  
पादांबुजेचमुलभात्रजसुन्दराणां ॥

May the beautiful form of that shepherd boy—who is the end and aim of all the worlds—fulfil our desires,—the form which you can see at the head of the Vedas, or in the heart of the Yogis in meditation or at the lotus feet of the beautiful shepherd-lasses (the Gopis).

- x 3. राधापुनातुजगदच्युतदत्तचित्ता ।  
मन्यानमाकलयतीदधिरिक्तपात्रे ।  
तस्यास्तनस्तबकचंचललोलशृष्टिः ।  
देवोपिदोहनधियावृषभंतिरुंधन ॥

May Rādhā and Krishna purify our minds—Rādhā who, with her mind absent on Krishna, once churned an empty vessel, and Krishna, who, with his eyes playing on Rādhā once set about milking a bull.

4. वरमिदमुपदेशमाद्रियध्वं ।  
निगमवनेषुनितान्तचारखिन्नाः ।  
विचिनुतभवनेषुवल्लुत्रीनां ।  
उपनिषदर्थमूलखलेनिवद्धं ॥

Oh, ye who are weary of wandering in vain in the wilderness of Śāstras, search for the Meaning of the Upanishads (Sri Krishna) in the cottages of the shepherdesses, where it is tied down to a mortar.

5. मातः किं यदुनाथदेहिचषकं कितेन पातुपयः ।  
तन्नास्यद्यकदास्तवानिशनिशाकावांधकारोदये ।  
आमीत्याक्षियुगंनिशाप्युपगतादेहीतिमातुर्मुहुः ।  
वक्षोजांशुककर्षणोद्यतकरःकृष्णस्सपुष्पातुनः ॥

Mamma; well, Yadunātha; Please give me the cup what for?; to drink milk; there is no milk now; when can it be had, then? at night; when will that be? when the darkness sets in; Krishna thereupon closed his own two eyes and pressed for milk saying that the night had come; May such Krishna protect us.

\* A very popular poem in praise of Sri Krishna by a poet named Lilāsuka.

c. f. † It is the miller's daughter,  
And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
That I would be the jewel  
That trembles in her ear:  
For hid in ringlets day and night,  
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

Tennyson.

6. कृष्णेनांबगतेनरंतुमधुनामृद्वक्षितास्वेच्छया ।  
तथ्यकृष्णकएवमाहमुसलीमिध्यांबपश्यानने ।  
व्यादेहीतिविदारितेशिशुमुखंदृष्ट्वासमस्तं जगत् ।  
मातायस्यजगामविस्मयपदं पायात्सनः केशवः ॥

\* Krishna, while out on play, ate a large quantity of mud, mamma; 'Is it a fact, Krishna?' (asked the mother); 'Who told you like that?' 'Balarama'; 'It is all false, please see my mouth, mamma.' May Kesava into whose mouth, the mother (seeing for the mud) saw all the worlds, to her great astonishment, protect us.

7. कस्त्वंवालबलानुजः किमिहेतमन्मन्दिराशकया ।  
युक्ततन्ननीतपालविवरेहस्तंकिमर्थन्यसेः ।  
मात कचनवत्सकमृगयितुं मागाविषादक्षणात् ।  
इत्येववरबलुवंप्रतिवचःकृष्णःसपुष्पातुनः ॥

Who are you, child? "Brother of Bala;" "But, what have you got to do here?" "I thought it was my house."

But, why put your hand into the butter cup?" "Don't be offended, mamma, I am searching for a missing calf" May Krishna who readily answered thus to a shepherdess protect us.

8. लाकानुन्मदयन्श्रुतीमुखस्यन्क्षोणिरुहान्हर्षयन् ।  
शैलान्निद्रयन्मृगान्निवशयन् गोवृन्दमानन्दयन् ।  
गोपान्सभ्रमयन्मुनीन्मुकलयन्सप्तस्वरान्जृम्भयन् ।  
ओंकारार्थमुदीरयन्विजयतेवंशोनिनादःशिशोः ॥

Ah, the glorious music of the child's flute. It maddens all the worlds; it voices forth the meaning of the Vedas; hearing which, the trees rejoice, the mountains melt, the deer and the cows lose themselves in rapture; a music which sets the *munis* contemplating, which sounds the seven notes and gives out the meaning of ओं. G. S. K.

## Take up Sword.

I have done at length with dreaming;  
Henceforth, oh, thou soul of mine,  
Thou must take up sword and gauntlet,  
Waging warfare most divine!

Life is struggle, combat, victory,  
Wherefore have I slumbered on  
With my forces all unmarshalled,  
With my weapons all undrawn.  
The great, deep, mysterious secret  
Of a life to be wrought out  
Into warm, heroic action,  
Weakened not by fear or doubt.

In this subtle sense of being,  
Newly-stirred with my vein,  
I can feel a throb electric,  
Pleasure half allied to pain.

O, those olden days of dalliance,  
When I wanted with my fate,  
When I trifled with a knowledge  
That had well-nigh come too late.

But my soul, look not behind thee,  
Thou hast work to do at last,  
Let the brave toil of the Present  
Overreach the crumbling Past.

# The Prabuddha Bharata

OR

## AWAKENED INDIA.

FEBRUARY 1898.

### Is the World Real or False?

II

"This so solid-seeming world after all, is but an air-image over Me, the only reality; and nature with its thousand-fold productions and destruction, but the reflex of our inward force, the phantasy of our dream."—*Carlyle*.

A careful analysis of the universe leads us, as we have seen, to the conclusion that there is, as a substratum behind the various and constantly shifting states of matter and mind, a permanent and changeless Self which appears to unite with them and be a witness to all their modifications. We say 'appears to unite' for we have also seen that this union is only *Adhyāsa* (erroneous superimposition) and consists in confounding the one with the other. Says Sankara "It is a matter not requiring any proof that the object and the subject (*i.e.*, the Kshetra and the Self or Kshetragna) whose respective spheres are the notion of the *Thou* (the non-ego) and the *Ego* and which are opposed to each other as much as darkness and light are, cannot be identified. All the less can their respective attributes be identified. Hence it follows that it is wrong to superimpose upon the subject whose Self is intelligence and which has for its sphere the notion of the *Ego*,—the object whose sphere is the notion of non-ego and the attributes of the object, and *vice versa* to superimpose the subject on the object. In spite of this, it is on the part of man a natural (beginningless) procedure which has its cause in wrong knowledge (*Avidya*) not to distinguish the two entities and their respective attributes although they are absolutely distinct, but to superimpose upon each the characteristic nature and the attributes of the other and thus coupling the Real and the Unreal to make use of expressions such as '*that am I, that is mine*.'" But for this mutual superimposition which is due to *Avidya*, there will be no such thing as the world; for, as the Lord has said, whatever is born, the moving or the unmoving, is from the union of Kshetra and Kshetragna. The Self does not really unite with the Non-self and the duality of the knower and the things known into which the world gets reduced is itself a result of *Adhyāsa*. As Sankara says, "The existence of a knowing personality depends upon the erroneous notion that the body, the senses and so on are identical with or belong to the Self of the knowing person. For without the employment of the senses perception

and the means of right knowledge cannot operate. And without a basis (the individual soul) the senses cannot act. Nor does anybody act by means of a body on which the nature of the Self is not superimposed. Nor can, in the absence of all that, the Self which in its own nature is free from all contact become a knowing agent." (*Com. Ved. Sut. Introduction.*)

Elsewhere he says "The Immutable Consciousness (the Self) is spoken of by a *figure of speech* as the cogniser just as in virtue of its heat, fire is said by a figure to do the act of heating. It has been taught in the *Gītā* by the Lord that the Self has in itself no concern with action or with its accessories or with its results. They are imputed to the Self by *Avidya* and are therefore said to belong to the Self only by a figure" (*Com. on the Bhagavat Gītā XII. 2*) The Self by itself is thus neither perceiver nor actor nor enjoyer, but by its being confounded with Kshetra or Non-self, it appears in the form of a finite individual soul acting, perceiving and enjoying and is variously called *Jiva*, *Chetana*, *Prakriti*, *Kshetragna* (on account of its contact with Kshetra), *Purusha* and so on. 'Extrapersonal attributes are superimposed on the Self, if a man considers himself sound and entire or the contrary as long as his wife, children and so on are sound and entire or not. Attributes of the body are superimposed on the Self if a man thinks of himself (his Self), as stout, lean, fat, fair, as standing, walking or jumping. Attributes of the sense-organs if he thinks I am mute or deaf or one-eyed or blind. Attributes of the internal organ when he considers himself subject to desire, intention, doubt, determination, and so on. Thus the producer of the notion of *Ego*, (that is, the internal organ) is superimposed on the interior Self which in reality is the witness of all the modifications of the internal organ and *vice versa* the interior Self (which is the witness of every thing) is superimposed on the internal organ, the senses and so on. In this way there goes on the natural beginning and endless superimposition which appears in the form of wrong conception, is the cause of individual souls appearing as agents, and enjoyers and is observed by every one.'

This wrong conception of the eternal and boundless Self being something which is changing and finite, this sense of separateness which is due to *Avidya* is really the basis of the phenomenal world. Though the Self does not change, it appears to do so and is mistaken to be actor, perceiver and enjoyer, that is, in one word, *Jiva* and just as when a person is dreaming, the objects seen in his dream appear to him to be real, similarly so long as one fancies himself to be a *Jiva apart from the Self*, the world which is its play-field and which is composed of the ninefold *Samsara* of actor, action, acting, knower, knowledge, thing known, enjoyer, enjoyment and the thing enjoyed, is real to him. Narada

said to Pururava "If there be I (the individual soul, the Jiva) then there is Thou (things cognised by the Jiva) and the 'I' and the 'Thou' together make up the world. But the moment the I is found to be false, the world vanishes." So also does Sankara say "And if the doctrine of the individual soul has to be set aside then the opinion of the entire phenomenal world—which is based on the individual soul—having an independent existence is likewise to be set aside."

Here the intelligent reader will not fail to ask "Well let the Jiva which acts, enjoys and perceives be, if you please, a fictitious entity with reference to the Self from which it fancies itself to be separate and let also the world which springs from its identification with Non-self be false. But does not this presuppose that there are two things Self and Non-self equally real and distinct though only appearing to unite in the shape of the phenomenal universe? How could one say then, as our Sastras declare that the Self alone is real? A very pertinent question to be sure and there are many ways in which one might proceed to answer it. But the best method perhaps is the one suggested by the Gītā. The Lord says "Earth, water, fire, air, ether, Manas (Ahankara) Buddhi (Mahat) and Ahankara (Avyakta combined with Avidya)—thus My Prakriti is divided eightfold. This is the inferior (Prakriti): but as distinct from this know My superior Prakriti, the very life, O mighty-armed, by which this universe is upheld" (Gītā VII. 4, 5.) In commenting upon these verses Sankara rightly points out that earth etc., are not gross substances but the rudimental elements, Tanmātras as they are called, which are nothing but the objects of the senses. Thus earth here means odour which appeals to the nose; water, taste which appeals to the tongue, and so on. In this grand classification, then the Lord has divided the universe into two factors the Jiva (the superior Prakriti) the perceiver, actor and enjoyer and things which correspond to its activity. These together constitute the Prakriti or manifested Nature of the Lord or Self. Both depend on the Self and owe their existence to It, and of the one *i.e.*, the Jiva, we know that it is a fictitious entity the result of a wrong sense of separateness, but what is the relation between it and the other the Achetana Prakriti or Kshetra? These two as Mr. Ferrier rightly points out are identical. He says "To think of light without allowing the thought of seeing to enter into the thinking of it is impossible. We begin and end in thinking of the seeing of light. So with regard to all colored objects such as trees, houses etc., they can be thought of only by our thinking of our seeing of them... Similarly with regard to sound and hearing. So every objective is found to have a subjective clinging to it and forming one with it. The faculty and the object are inseparably united." This is exactly what the Sruti says: "Now we will explain how in the same Knowledge (Pragna or Self) all beings are also absorbed. Speech verily milked one portion thereof: its object the name was placed outside as a rudimentary element: the vital air verily milked a portion thereof; its object the smell was placed outside as a rudimentary element... the mind verily milked one portion thereof: its object, thoughts and desires were placed outside as a rudimentary element" (Kaushitaki Up. III)

On the above section Sankara observes, "The organs of sense cannot exist without Pragna nor the objects of sense be obtained without the organ, therefore—on the principle, when one thing cannot exist without another.

that thing is said to be identical with the other—just as the cloth being never perceived without the threads is identical with them, or the false perception of silver being never found without the mother-of-pearl (the basis of the illusion: the false silver is not different from it, so the objects of sense being never found without the organs are identical with them and the organs being never found without Pragna are identical with Pragna." This in other words means that the Achetana Prakriti or Kshetra does not exist independently of the Chetana, but is only another aspect of it and the latter in its turn is not independent of the Self. Thus the non-self (the last form of which is the rudimental element of Akas) gets merged in the Jiva which as Sankara points out 'enters within the whole universe and thus sustains it'; and the Jiva in its turn gets merged when it knows itself into the all-absorbing Self. It is thus the Jiva which so to speak projects the non-self, for it becomes what it perceives, and when there arises the slightest differentiation in the shape of a Jiva, the footing being lost, the natural result is rolling down and down and the creation of an infinitely variegated universe.

It is in this sense that the world is compared to a dream. Just as the horses, chariots and palaces which one sees in his dream are perfectly real to him so long as the dream lasts, in the same way so long as one fancies oneself to be actor, perceiver and enjoyer, that is, in one word Samsari, so long it does not enter one's mind that the world of effects with its means and objects of right knowledge and its results of actions is untrue, but when he wakes from this dream of his being something finite and limited then for him all phenomena cease. So says the Sruti "Where there is *as it were* duality, 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, but how does one to whom all has become mere Self, see anything, how smell anything, how taste anything, how speak anything, how hear anything, how mind anything, how touch anything, how know anything?" (Bri. Up. IV. 5. 15.)

When by the grace of the A'chārya, one realises that the individual soul or Jiva is not different from the Self, but only appears to be so, he gets, above all delusion and grief and above the death to which according to the Upanishads he passes who herein sees diversity. It is through such realisation that the *rishis* have declared for the good of us all "All this is born of Me (that is, the Self) all this exists in Me and all this gets absorbed in Me: I am all this wonderful world" (Kaivalyopanishad) "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 Self extends from below, the Self extends from above, the Self extends from behind, the Self extends from before, the Self extends from the south, the Self extends from the north, of a truth, the Self is all this." (Ch. Up. VII, 25). When this boundless light of the Self is reached, then and then alone can the truth of the unreality of the universe be fully understood. The opinion of the Srutis which are nothing but the statements of men who realised the Self, to whom the Self was not a mere logical theory, nor a metaphysical unknowable but the only reality, is unmistakable on the subject. The Tejvindopanishad says "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 words of the son of a barren woman. The world may be said to exist if an elephant could be killed by the horns of a hare. The world may be said to exist if one's thirst could be quenched by drinking of the mirage." Says the Mahopanishad 'O Nitaka, a wild elephant is tied up in a hole in a corner of a mustard seed, a mosquito is fighting with a herd of lions in the cavity of an atom, an infant bee has devoured the Mount Mahameru, seated on a lotus seed; think of the world whose nature is illusion as being only as real as the above' (i. e., if the above things be true then it is also true that the world exists.)

Surprisingly bold as these words appear, there is no use of quarrelling or finding fault with them, for their authors speak from a standpoint about which we are utterly in the dark. Verily what is daylight to them is dark midnight to us. They attained a place where they merged their illusory finiteness into that all-absorbing and all-felicitous immensity that transcendental Bhuma "where they saw nothing else, heard nothing else and knew nothing else." That was their home, sweet home and that is our home too, but we are far, far away from it wandering in ignorance among the deceiving variety of phenomena. In the words of the Sukarahasyopani-shad we are sleeping the sleep of ignorance and dreaming the dream of I and Mine (Jiva and the world), because we mistake the non-self for the Self but, as a man who remembers in his dream that he is dreaming, is very near waking, so for those who are firmly convinced even by intellectual inquiry that the Self alone is real and that the confounding of it with the Non-self is the cause of this dream of the world, the waking may not be far off and the trumpet tongue of the teacher uttering the memorable words That art thou' may rouse them ere long from their slumber and make them open their eyes to the light, in the cool bliss of which, they will forget their past sleep and dream and even the gracious voice that woke them up.

In the meanwhile, to call the world unreal while being in it and of it would be an Irish bull, and the soldier who cried that he was dead should be considered much saner than a man who without giving up his little personality and selfish ways, without having approached the Teacher and, realised the Self calls the world a dream, a delusion. In this connection it may not be out of place to remind certain Christian critics of the Vedanta that its sublime truths are not meant for mere theoretical comprehension and intellectual criticism, but for practical realisation after a steady course of service and training. Somehow we have now the bhâva (no-tion) of our being finite little selves, and the manifold world diversified according to the tendencies that spring up and develop in every one of us is only a modification (Vikara) of this bhâva—this erroneous sense of separateness. As the individual souls proceed in the slippery road of Avidya, these tendencies increase in strength and number and as the result, more and more diversified does the world get for them. Now in order to check this suicidal career of creating newer and newer foes and dragging a heavier and more and more lengthening chain at every step, the one thing most needed is a proper inquiry into the nature of the Self and the final cure for the multiplying misery of life in the phenomenal world is to know that one is 'not this' 'not this'—body, the senses and so on—but That, that which has no name by which to be called; and the richest legacy which a most loving

father gave to his most beloved son Svetaketu, was a simple sentence of three words 'Thou art that.'

It should not be understood for a moment that the non-existence of the world is limited to certain states. What the Vedanta says on the other hand is, that the world is not merely unreal in certain states of consciousness, but that it is really non-existent. Just as when a rope is mistaken for a serpent the latter does not exist there and never did and there was only the rope all the while, in the same way the Self alone exists and the world is with reference to it an illusion. Instead of the Self being a result of the experience of a certain state of consciousness it is the world that depends upon and is limited to such states. The Self exists before we realise it and after we realise it. It exists at all times and when we realise it, we find that that is the only reality.

That this is the opinion of the Srutis also is clearly pointed out by Sankara in his commentary on the Vedanta Sutra (II. 1. 14). He says, "Nor can it be said that this non-existence of the phenomenal world is declared (by Scripture) to be limited to certain states; for the passage 'Thou art that' shows that the general fact of Brahman being the Self of all is not limited by any particular state. Moreover, Scripture, showing by the instance of the thief (*Kh. VI. 16*) that the false-minded is bound while the true-minded is released, declares thereby that the unity is the one true existence while manifoldness is evolved out of wrong knowledge. For if both were true how could the man who acquiesces in the reality of the phenomenal world be called false-minded? Another scriptural passage ('From death to death goes he who perceives therein any diversity,' *Bri. Up. IV. 4, 19*) declares the same, by blaming those who perceive any distinction. Moreover, on the doctrine, which we are at present impugning, release cannot result from knowledge, because the doctrine does not acknowledge that some kind of wrong knowledge, to be removed by perfect knowledge, is the cause of the phenomenal world. For how can the cognition of unity remove the cognition of manifoldness if both are true?"

Though thus the Self be the only reality and the universe an illusion based upon it, we differ with regard to our attitude towards them not only between one another, but every one with reference to himself. Before inquiry we believed things to be what they seemed and had not even an intellectual recognition of a permanent substratum behind the impermanent phenomena. After enquiry we are able to acquiesce at least in theory that the world is not absolutely real. At the same time, speaking from the intellectual plane, it is not absolutely unreal, for, its existence is our indubitable experience and it is at this stage that the Srutis designate Mâyâ as different from both Sat, the real and Asat, the unreal, as Anirvachaniya, that is, as something which is inexpressible. The world appears as one vast Mahendrajâla, magical illusion, ordained by the Almighty Self. So far we can go intellectually. There is however a stage in which even this appearance vanishes and where the world is not felt any more than a dream in the waking state. It is here that Maya really ends and it is with reference to this state that the Sarvasâropanishad says that though Maya is beginningless yet she has end. This is the state of Samâdhi, but realisation does not mean this particular state alone, but includes as well what is called the Sahajasthiti or natural state being that in which the sage whose mind is filled with peace moves about as the Gita says 'without attachment, without selfishness, without vanity and rests, happily in the nine-gated city

of the body having renounced all actions by thought and therefore neither acting nor causing the act.' In this state the world appears, but the seer knows that it is utterly unreal and as a mirage appears to be water even after one has known that it is not water, so even after one has realised that what exists is only the Atman, the world will appear to be real, but it is an illusion which can no longer deceive him. To reach this glorious state of freedom from all delusion, one has to practice Samadhi for a long time under the instruction of a gracious teacher, and merely to say that the world is unreal will not enable one to reach the reality any more than can a man in the dark reach the light by merely crying 'darkness, darkness.' The reality has first to be seen and then only will the unreal become unreal to us.

We have discussed at some length one of the most important problems of philosophy though we cannot pretend to have done anything like justice to it. The conclusion to which our analysis and discussion led us though there is only one way of realising it—initiation from the Acharya and steady practice of Samadhi—is intellectually provable in many ways and instead of approaching the question from psychology as we did, one may proceed ontologically or cosmologically and will, we are sure, reach the same conclusion provided one does not get nervous and stop in the middle.

## Seekers after God.

### IV. SRI JAYADEVA SWAMI.

These songs of Jayadeva soon became the favourite of the people of Bilvagam, who regarded them as next in sacredness only to the Vedas and sang them on all great public occasions. The fame of the Ashtakas was however not confined to the little village of Bilvagam, for it so happened that some of the villagers went to Jagannath to attend the great annual festival of the place, and they naturally recited several Ashtakas in the presence of the great God, and all that heard them were struck with their splendid music and poetry and praised them most ardently. The king of the place, who was himself a poet of no mean order, used every year to compose a number of songs in honor of the Lord and recite them during the festival and this year also he did the same, but the people showed a decided preference to Jayadeva's songs by the side of which they were as water to wine, as candle light to that of the sun. The king, greatly vexed at this, lay down at night on his bed without taking any supper and cursing his fate, when a thought struck him that thirteen of his stanzas might perhaps be accepted if duly recited in the Temple. The next morning he did so with the result that the people praised them and gladly sang them along with those of Jayadeva Swami.

The fame of Jayadeva thus reached far and wide, and his father-in-law who was rejoiced at his greatness paid him a visit, and after a stay of some days took with his permission his wife Padmavati for a short sojourn with her mother. A few days after Padmavati's departure to her parent's house, a rich merchant named Bhagavad Das, a native of a neighbouring village, came to Bilvagam, and there meeting with Jayadeva requested him to go with him to his place and be a guest in his house for sometime. Jayadeva accordingly accompanied him, and rich and hearty was the welcome accorded to him by his friend, who entertained him in his house for a number of days, and then sent him to Bilvagam in his own carriage loaded with

many costly presents. Between the two villages there lay a small forest, while passing through which a band of thieves attacked Jayadeva. The helpless Brahmin gladly gave them all he had with him, his garments included, but the robbers, suspecting from the readiness with which he gave away his things, that he might have in his mind some plan by which to report the matter to the authorities and get them punished, cut off in spite of repeated appeals for mercy both his hands and feet and threw him into a ruined and waterless well.

A more miserable and helpless situation than that in which poor Jayadeva found himself it is difficult to imagine, but the great Bhakta bore it all patiently in the fullest confidence that what happened was not an act of the thieves but the bidding of God. Himself who being the fountain of mercy would not have ordained it, had it not been for his good in some way or other. The physical pain was unendurable and he addressed many piteous appeals to heaven and attempted with some success to forget his suffering in Yoga Samadhi. Padmavati returned from her father's house to Bilvagam and not finding him there got very much alarmed that he had abandoned her and gone away as a sanyasi. Her father searched for him in all the neighbouring villages but could not find him and so they concluded that Jayadeva had retired to the woods or some cave to do penance. The grief of Padmavati so young, simple and loving, knew no bounds. Though she was a model wife she reviewed her past career to recollect if she had done any wrong to her husband on account of which he had abandoned her but could not think of any. She hardly knew what to do, her condition was miserable and helpless. Praying and weeping became her sole occupation both day and night and all the consolations which the good people of the neighbourhood offered her could not comfort her much.

In the meanwhile it so happened that the king of that province who had been out hunting came to the very well where Jayadeva Swami was lying helpless, to see if there was water in it to quench his thirst. But what was his surprise when instead of water he saw a mangled human body! At once he ordered Jayadeva to be lifted up and learning from him his miserable tale, kindly arranged to take him with him. In the course of his return to his capital he asked Jayadeva what his name was, which the latter gave; and as soon as the king learnt that it was none else but the far-famed Jayadeva, he fell at his feet and requested to be adopted as a disciple. At once all the honors of a Guru were done to Jayadeva. He was carried on a grand palanquin, and as soon as the capital was reached, the king followed him on foot and a magnificent procession was formed with music, dancing and the like, and the great bhakta was installed in a stately mansion as the guru-in-chief of the kingdom.

The king's love and reverence for his Guru grew greater and greater day by day; for, being himself already a good natured and pious man, he was able to understand and appreciate at its proper value the fervent piety of Jayadeva and his saintly character. His one desire was to be as true a lover of God as the latter was and follow in his footsteps. He admired the patience with which Jayadeva endured his bodily suffering due to the wicked act of the thieves and envied his cheerful resignation to the will of God. He longed to adopt the *vivritti dharma*, be free like his Guru from all worldly concerns and dedicate his whole life to the worship of God. Accordingly one day when Jayadeva was alone in his house the king appeared without his crown and in plain clothes like an ordinary man and requested him to make him a sanyasi. Jayadeva smiling said "My son, renunciation is of the mind. One

might give up wife, wealth and position and yet be not a sanyasi for he might be attached to them in his mind. Therefore there is very little in external renunciation. Be thou then a Grihastha sanyasi just as I am trying to be." The king was all along under the impression that his Guru had 'renounced the world' but when he heard the words 'like me', he asked Jayadeva if he really had a wife. Then the latter told him his history and advised the king to put on his royal robes and he in all outward respects every inch a king but in his heart of hearts he far away from this world and its 'lies which warp us from the living Truth.' The king felt the truth of his advice and as soon as he went home his first business was to despatch a palanquin with woman servants, costly lily dresses and a guard of honor to Bilvagam to fetch Padmavati.

It is needless to describe the joy of the lovely wife of Jayadeva when she heard news of her husband and her heart longed to be with him that very instant. She would not however ride in a palanquin and proceeded to walk on foot, but the faithful deputation that waited on her did not suffer her to do so and she was obliged to concede to their request. In a few hours Padmavati reached the presence of Jayadeva Swami and falling at his holy feet washed them with tears which eloquently spoke of her love and the mental pain and anxiety she suffered on account of their unfortunate separation. Jayadeva looked at her with surprise for he did not know that she had been sent for and when he saw her emaciated form which spoke volumes of her sincere love to him, a few tears crept out of his eyes even in spite of himself and he wanted to raise her from the ground, but he had no hands to do it. Padmavati rose but looking at his mangled form which had been cruelly deprived of hands and feet, she fainted with grief and fell on the ground. Jayadeva however, comforted her in sweet terms and gently bade her be resigned to the will of God as she had all along been. Padmavati thanked God for having been permitted to see him at least alive. Then they enquired of each other of the events that had transpired during their separation and felt as joyful as if they had just been married. The king regarded Padmavati as more than his mother and her residing in his country was like that of Lakshmi herself. So rejoiced was he at the happy event of the reunion of the pious lovers that he ordered it to be proclaimed in his country and throughout the neighbouring ones that bhaktas of all creeds were welcome in his capital and that they would be sumptuously entertained by him during their stay there and loaded with presents whenever they chose to depart. From that day the streets of the city rang with the sacred names of Siva, Vishnu, Rama and Krishna and were filled with the holy songs of their pious devotees. All the *Sadhus* that came had first to visit Jayadeva Swami and then were sent by him to the king to be welcomed and entertained as they deserved.

Now the thieves who had robbed and maimed Jayadeva Swami, not satisfied with what they got by their wicked trade and thinking that it was more paying to be *Sadhus* in the king's dominions than thieves in the forest, disguised themselves as Sanyasis and entered the city. They were then duly conducted to the presence of Jayadeva Swami, but when they beheld the latter they were seized with fear and took to their heels. Jayadeva knew who they were and felt very sorrowful that his unfortunate presence should have stood in the way of their obtaining from the king what they wanted and so he sent men to pursue them and bring them back. The servants succeeded in doing it and as soon as the disguised *Sadhus* entered his presence he bowed to them and made

a sign of worship with his lame hands and spoke to them in a most humble way addressing them as *Sadhus*. Rishis, Sages, Bhaktas and so on and sent for the king. The thieves were every moment expecting a sentence of execution, but what was their surprise when as soon as the king came, he was directed by Jayadeva to prostrate himself at their feet and garland them with flowers and treat them with every mark of respect! Then they were removed to a palatial residence furnished with such comfort as they had never dreamt of in their lives and entertained as if they were members of the royal family. They were however far from being happy, for all the attention to them tended only to increase their fear and they looked upon themselves as sheep fattened for slaughter. The king perceived their strange appearance and felt that they were not genuine *Sadhus*. So he communicated his doubt to Jayadeva, but the latter said, "What care we how they look, what they think and so on: they are our guests and wear the holy garb of Sanyasis, so let us treat them as such." The king was however not satisfied and so he again asked "Is sageship consistent with an inordinate desire for wealth as I find these *Sadhus* in spite of themselves display?" "Why should we," replied Jayadeva, "be anxious to judge of them? The Puranas tell us that the great sage Agastya went begging for gold in order to marry a woman and the celebrated Yagnavalkya went to the court of Janaka for the sake of cows and money. So if these *Sadhus* require money you had better load them with any amount they want and send them away."

M. RANGANATHA SASTRI.

(To be continued.)

### Real faith.

Once upon a time Siva and Parvati were travelling together in the heavens when they happened to pass over Hardwar, where the holy Ganges debouches from the hills into the plains. It was the time of the fair of *Kumbha* when thousands of people had gathered there from all quarters of the *Bharatvarsha* to have a plunge in the sacred stream and cleanse themselves of their sins. The spectacle that met the sight of the celestial pair was quite a unique one. Men and women of different races and creeds wearing various costumes in the colors of the rainbow and talking various dialects, were gathered together at "the door of the Ganges". Seeing such a mass of humanity surging on the banks of the Bhagirati, the consort of Siva who was at that time having a spiritual discourse with her Lord and was discussing the doctrine of transmigration, exclaimed "My dear, behold what a large concourse of people has met at this sacred place to bathe in the holy Ganges. The scriptures say that a single dip into it emancipates a human being from re-birth and secures him salvation for ever. The thousands who are assembled here to-day will thus obtain 'Moksha,' and the world will be empty of its inhabitants to that extent. As this fair takes place every six years, millions of human beings will thus be saved in a century. This is very hopeful for the mass of humanity, steeped in abject misery and sin." Siva replied "My love, all the human beings you see here to-day are not destined to be saved. There is probably one person in a million who deserves emancipation from sin." "How, my lord," rejoined Parvati "are then the Scriptures false when they promise *Mukti* to every one who bathes in this most holy stream? Is this assurance a mere delusion and fraud?" Siva answered "No, O, lotus-

eyed one, the Scriptures are quite true, and I will just give you a most convincing proof of what I said. I will transform myself into an old decrepit man, affected with the loathsome disease of leprosy, and lay myself down on the banks of the Ganges as nearly dead. You become a beautiful woman of blooming sixteen, and give out that I am your husband and have come to Hardwar to wash myself of all my sins. In a short time I will die, and then you should weep and lament, and beg people to help you in cremating the body—but when they approach you, tell them that only those who are entirely sinless and perfectly pure should touch the corpse, and perform its funeral rites. Let not any one come near the body who does not assure you that he is free from all sins and impurities. You will then receive a complete answer to the question you have just put to me regarding the truth or otherwise of the promise of salvation held out by the Scriptures to those who bathe in the holy "Ganga."

Siva accordingly changed himself into an old man, bent with the infirmities of age, with his face wrinkled, sight dimmed, and the whole body covered with the sickening leprosy—a sight most repulsive to the eye. Leading him by the hand appeared a blooming maiden of sixteen, of transcendent beauty, but with a sad and careworn face. The pair sat near the "Har-Ri-Pairi," and the old man seemed suffering intensely from his malady. He lay himself down on the pavement to die. In a few minutes he breathed his last, and then the fair girl began to weep and lament piteously. Attracted by her cries, a large crowd of people gathered near her, and some began to offer her consolation. Others again, charmed with her beauty stood there to gaze at her with admiration. Some few whose hearts were really touched with the miserable sight that met their eyes, came forward to assist the fair widow in removing the body to the current of the holy river. But with a sudden wave of her hand, she forbade them and exclaimed "Do not, please, touch the body unless you are wholly sinless and pure in mind, body and speech. For no one must handle the corpse who does not assure me on solemn oath that he is free from all the sins committed in this or former births, and that his heart is as stainless as a crystal." Hearing this, those who were eagerly pressing forward at once drew back. The lady waited for a time to see if any one else would advance to assist her in the removal and cremation of the corpse, but unfortunately, learning that no one must touch the body unless he was perfectly pure and sinless, no man dared to approach it. The fair widow had thus to stop the whole day at the "Har-Ri-Pairi", with the body of her husband lying uncremated before her. She made several piteous appeals for help, and although her forlorn condition and cries moved hundreds to compassion, yet knowing her irrevocable vow, they stood apart quite helpless, gazing at her with eyes dimmed with tears. The day waned and the sun loomed over the western horizon about to leap into the lap of "Prachi" (west), and still the body lay unburnt. Of the hundreds of thousands assembled there, not a single being considered himself fit to touch the body. The bereaved widow was beginning to despair of cremating her husband's remains without surrendering her vow, when a man was descried hastening towards her. Approaching her, he addressed her respectfully, and said "Mother, will you let me assist you in carrying the body to the edge of the river, and there performing the last rites." The lady benignly said, "My son, I have no objection to accept your kind offer of help, if you can assure me that you are perfectly pure and sinless. I trust you have already heard of my vow." The man at once replied, "Lady, I

am the most sinful being on the face of the earth, but a dip into the holy Ganges which I am going to have, will thoroughly cleanse me of all my sins and impurities." Suiting the action to his words, he instantly plunged into the river, and emerging from it, exclaimed, "Now, mother, I am as pure as newly fallen snow, and am so confident of my holiness, that I will without any further parlance, perform the funeral obsequies of your husband." No sooner did he utter these words than both the widow and her dead husband vanished.

Pârvati rejoicing her husband in his spiritual form, said "My dear, the farce just played at your suggestion has furnished a complete answer to my question and I no longer doubt your word. Although thousands have come here to bathe in the Ganges, few have an atom of faith in her sanctity and purifying power. It seems they have come here for any purpose but of securing salvation from their sins. In the whole of this vast mass of humanity, there is only one person who has real and unswerving faith in the Ganges, and will ultimately be saved. I perceive that faith—the true unwavering faith—alone is the secret of 'Mukti', and unless and until man has such faith, he can never obtain salvation, although in the present age every one glibly talks of it as a saleable commodity." Truly has the immortal bard Tulsidas sung:—

भवानीशङ्करीवदेश्रद्धाविश्वासरूपिणो ।

याम्यांविनानपश्यन्ति सिद्धाःस्वान्तस्थमीश्वरम् ॥

Needless to add that Parvati and Parameswara appeared in their real form before the man that so readily offered his help and took him along with them to Kailas.

L. N. J.

## Thoughts on the Bhagavad Gita.

What, then, is the correct theory of incarnation? It is a truism that, whatever exists, exists only in and through Brahman, and that the whole world is nothing but a manifestation of Him through the medium of Maya, and as such, and in a certain sense, the ant is as much an avatar of God as Vâlmiki or Suka. Says the Śvetâśvatara Upanishad: "Thou art the woman, Thou art man, Thou art the youth and the maid, Thou art the old man trembling on his staff... Thou art the black bee, the green bird with red-colored eye, the cloud in whose womb the lightning sleeps, the seasons, and the seas."

From this, it does not, by any means, follow that man, woman, the black bee and the parrot are all one and the same. They all, doubtless, are, in essence, in their inmost Self, one in reality, but, as phenomena, they are widely different from one another, and nothing could be more absurd than to treat them as equal to, or identical with, one another in the *vyavahâric* (phenomenal) plane. Their bodies or forms are in Vedantic philosophy some of the manifold and endless *upâdhis* (vehicles) through which Brahman manifests Himself, and differ among themselves in the degree in which they manifest Him, just as stones, glass and water differ among themselves in their capacity to reflect the sun. A sage, for instance, reveals more of divinity than does a poet, and the latter more than a miser and so on.

It is, owing to this difference, that, though in a wide sense, everything in the universe is an *avatâr* of *Īśvara*, only, certain forms of individual existence have been regarded as such, owing to some extraordinary, but, by no means, supernatural qualities possessed by them. To support my statement with proper authorities, the same

Śrī Krishna who said, 'I am both the seen and the unseen, Vasudēva is the All,' says, also 'Wherever there is power or glory in an extraordinary degree, know that I am there.' It is such extraordinary manifestations of power or glory which should be regarded as *avatārs*, for, the Lord is in them in a special sense.

That this is the correct theory of incarnation is borne out even by the popular conception, for people usually say of any extraordinary individual, "Ah, he is an *avatār*." History bears out that no man was regarded at his very birth as an *avatār*. Even those who are now by common consent spoken of as *avatārs* of God, were not regarded as such at their very birth but only by their subsequent deeds. Notwithstanding the poetry with which Śrīmat Bhāgavata has depicted the life of our dear Jāra Chora Sikhāroani, Śrī Krishna, it is easy to see that he was not looked upon as God by his immediate neighbours, friends and relations at his very birth or infancy, though his later deeds, which were extraordinary, impressed most of them with love, veneration and awe. To take another example, it is evident from the life of Śrī S'ankara that he was not regarded as an *avatār* of Siva in his days, as he is now, nor was Buddha considered by his contemporaries an incarnation of Vishnu. The Rama of Valmiki is very different from the Rama of Tulsidas and others, and more a man than God. By this it should not for a moment be understood that I deny the divinity of these mighty heroes; on the other hand, I affirm that they were God Himself, though in a special sense, in the sense in which the Lord says, 'Wherever there is power or glory in an extraordinary degree know, that I am there,' in the sense in which Jesus, though a man like ourselves, spoke of himself as the "Son of God." Rama and Krishna were doubtless divine in their nature and *avatārs* of God, but in my humble opinion, only in the above sense; for, any other theory would, as we have already seen, be unphilosophical, and we are bound, on account of the excellence of their character, the purpose of their lives and the service they have done to the world, to speak of them as God. One great service which sages have done to us is, to point out their greatness and the divinity underlying it.

Now, let us examine the passage in the Gītā referring to the theory of incarnation in the light of the above explanation. Says the Blessed Lord "Many births of mine have passed and of thine. All these I know, thou knowest not, O Parantapa." The meaning of this verse evidently is, that the Jiva whose power of vision is obstructed by Avidya, does not know its past incarnation, while the Lord, who is born without being born, in other words, appears to manifest himself in the shape of the variegated Universe, knows all his births being the All-knowing Antaryamin (Inner ruler). It certainly does not follow from the above statement of the Lord that He is actually born like ourselves. Indeed, to avoid such a supposition, He proceeds explicitly to state in the next verse that He is really unborn: He says "Though I am unborn, of imperishable nature and I am the Lord of beings, yet presiding over my own nature I am born of my Māyā." In commenting on this verse S'ankara properly observes: "Yet ruling over nature to which the whole Universe is subject and by which deluded, the world knows not Vasudevāiti *own self*, the Lord is born by his own Maya. He has a body and a birth but not *in reality* like other people." Now this interpretation has to be carefully understood. Else it would lead to much of unphilosophical mysticism. It does not mean that the Lord is really born and yet His body unlike that of ours is transcendental as some have

wrongly taken it to mean. Strangely enough, S'ankara's interpretation has by more than one revered writer been understood as meaning that the Lord's *birth* is real, while His *body* alone is unreal and transcendental, though S'ankara himself explicitly says that both the birth and the *body* of the Lord are alike unreal, which means that His manifestation is real, only so long as we are under the deluding power of Māyā. I am really surprised to find that even some authoritative books lay down the theory that in the case of Avatars like Rama and Krishna though they actually lived, moved, and had their being in the world of men, yet their bodies were not composed of matter like those of ordinary men and this in spite of the direct statement of Anandagiri in his tika on S'ankara's commentary on the Mandukya Upanishad that the bodies of Rama, Krishna and others were made up of elements and therefore gross and material. Indeed, S'ankara himself is as clear as desirable. According to him the Lord says "I have a body and a birth but not in reality." for, He is imperishable and unborn, while the Jivas so long as they are mere Jivas, have real births and bodies. What I mean is that the latter's births and bodies are as real as themselves and last as long as the illusion of manifestation continues. Whereas the birth and body of the Lord are not as real as Himself and are consequently illusory. For us, our births, deaths and bodies are real, for we are in a state of ignorance, while for the Lord who is the ordainer of Māyā, they are unreal.

It clear' follows from what we have seen that Avatars are real only in the phenomenal plane and that they are not caused by the Lord vacating His seat in Heaven and descending to us assuming transcendental bodies or possessing some advanced individual and uniting with his soul as departed spirits are believed sometimes to do but that they are extraordinary manifestations in the hour of need. This exactly is what Śrī Krishna means when He says, "Whenever there is a decay of Religion, O! Bharata, and there is a rise of irreligion then I manifest myself." Just as in the life of individuals when there happens any great unbearable calamity or any other sharp and apparently irremediable crisis, there comes forth some sudden help or consolation from a quiet unsuspected corner and in a most miraculous way; so in the life of nations terrible Social, Political, or Religious crises raise up, one or few giant men who, considering the circumstances of the case and the readiness with which they create order out of chaos and their almost superhuman ability, strike their contemporaries as nothing less than heaven-born. It is these extraordinary manifestations of divine glory and grace which have been deservedly honoured with the glorious appellation of Avatars and have been rightly worshipped as God Himself. This is a very inconvenient place to stop in, but I have to do so far want of space. But I request my readers to hear me out on the subject, before they approve or condemn my theory.

(To be continued.)

It cannot be that all the ties  
Of kindred souls and loving hearts,  
Are broken when this body dies,  
And the immortal mind departs;  
That no serene light shall break  
At last upon our mortal eyes,  
To guide us as our footsteps make  
The pilgrimage to Paradise.

## The End of Desire—A Story.

A poor illiterate Brahmin was once walking in the royal street of Tanjore, when, as chance would have it, he beheld the daughter of the king, who was a paragon of beauty, playing with her mates on the uppermost storey of the palace. No sooner did his eyes catch a glimpse of that miracle of loveliness than his heart became laden with love, and he stood rooted to the spot from which he saw her. That love makes men blind is a trite saying, but his passion was of an exceptional nature. For it made him totally blind to everything else but his object of love and he failed even to see that to stand with uplifted eyes in the public street and that before the royal mansion might lead to unpleasant consequences. It so happened unfortunately that while he was thus standing dumb and absorbed, the king himself noticed him in the audacious act of looking at his own daughter, and the order at once passed forth for the fool's being arrested and brought to the royal presence, which, it goes without saying, was immediately executed. The enraged king asked him who he was and how he happened to be so audacious as to look at the princess, to which the Brahmin replied, "Beauty is not for those who possess it, but for those who enjoy it." No sooner did these daring words pass his lips than he was ordered to be branded on his face and expelled the city. Accordingly he was seized and branded not only over his face, but all over the body and driven out of the city seated on an ass's back with his face turned towards its tail.

It was late in the night when he crossed beyond the last limit of the king's dominions and consequently he did not know where to direct his steps. When at a few yards' distance from him, he espied a small temple of Kali which he unhesitatingly entered and seeing that the Goddess had at that time gone out on her nocturnal visits to the neighbouring villages, he closed the door and fastened the bolt inside to prevent her coming in. He could not however close his eyes for his heart was filled with the vision of the Princess of Tanjore and he busily contrived schemes for obtaining her. After hours of deliberation he felt that no amount of plotting could remove the princess out of her royal mansion, and even if she could be so brought to him, it was totally improbable that she could ever love him who was so illiterate and ugly. While he was thus turning over the pros and cons in his restless imagination, he heard a furious knock at the door and it at once struck him that by refusing to open the door he could extort any boon from the goddess Kali. Accordingly he kept quiet for a number of knocks, and at last said "What will you give me if I open the door," to which she replied "Anything you ask; for I am very much tired; ask for three boons and they shall be given." The Brahmin thanked his stars and said "Goddess, if you be the real Kali, grant first that I shall become the king of Tanjore before daybreak and secondly that the princess become my wife before to-morrow evening and thirdly that I shall have three other boons whenever I so desire." The Goddess at once said "granted," and the lucky Brahmin opened the door and came out. Kali instantly entered her temple and closing the door began to sleep and snore.

Just at the same time, the king of Tanjore suddenly died and the state elephant\* despatched from the palace before daybreak to choose a king ran out of the city to the temple of Kali and garlanding the Brahmin who was

sitting outside, took him upon its back and returned to the palace and at once he was proclaimed king of Tanjore. Shortly after, he thought of the three boons yet left to him and he wished first that the scars on his face should disappear and he should become very beautiful and secondly that he should become the most learned man of the time and thirdly that he should have three other boons whenever he may so desire. At once he became as beautiful and learned as he could desire, and the princess no sooner saw him than fell in love with him and offered him her hand of her own accord. He lived very happily for a time but he soon got dissatisfied and longed for new happiness. So he again thought of his boons and wished first that he should become the ruler of the whole earth, secondly that he should have a thousand wives even more beautiful than the princess, and lastly that he should have three other boons whenever he may so desire. All these he attained, but he was not yet happy. So he again wished that he should learn all about the universe from the tiniest insect to the remotest star, that he should be able to work all *Siddhis* (miracles) and lastly that he should have three other boons whenever he may want them. He obtained all that he wanted and became known throughout the world as a supernatural being, an avatar (incarnation) of God Himself, but yet in his heart of hearts he was not satisfied.

Domestic calamities, family troubles, civil wars and the care and worry, incidental to his position, all these disturbed his peace of mind and he was cheerful, depressed, miserable, angry and joyful by turns. His mind was like a thin reed in the midst of a river which trembled at every gentle gale. Life did not please him. He crossed the seas and flew in the air and yet he was not happy, for these gifts soon lost the charm of novelty and for one thing that pleased him, there were ten which displeased him and disturbed his peace of mind. He read the thoughts of all men that came to him, but the selfishness, the vanity and the wickedness of mortals which now he saw as clearly as if they were his own, made him much more miserable than he was ever before he got his boons. He was very unhappy and did not want to prolong his life which through the assured favour of Kali he could easily have done for any length of time. He long thought of the best means of obtaining happiness and even contemplated suicide, but refrained from it only for fear of being obliged to reincarnate in this world of woe. There was no peace for him in the heavens, in the waters, on the land or up in the mid air. He longed for peace of mind, for happiness, but he could not find it anywhere in the world. At last it struck him that the seat of bliss was within and the giving up of all desire was the real means to peace. But to give up desires how? Is it by burying myself in endless sleep free even from dreams? Is this the end of it all? Is there nothing to aspire to, yearn for and obtain, nothing by obtaining which I would have obtained all? he said to himself. He could not easily think of anything which he had not yet obtained and felt uneasy on that account, but suddenly it struck him that he had not yet known the most essential of all things—the author of all this wonderful creation. Who or what is He? What is he like? To find out this now became his ambition and gave fresh spirit to his enmi-filled mind. Accordingly he once again had recourse to the precious gift of the goddess and wished first that he should get peace of mind, secondly that he should personally know the creator, and thirdly that he should get three other boons whenever he may ask for them. At once, such was the power and glory of Kali, Chit sakti, he

\* In those days the choice of a king fell upon the state elephant which was sent out for the purpose, with a garland in its trunk and whosoever was garlanded by it became king.

was filled with a new and inconceivable kind of happiness and realised that the great and mighty creator of the most wonderful panorama of the universe was within himself or rather his own Self and when he realised this, all his former knowledge, his wonderful siddhis, his extensive dominions, his beautiful wives, the stars among which he travelled, and his hopes, desires, joys, griefs, suffering and discontent, all disappeared out of sight. He found that he had only been dreaming, that all that he had seen and known, together with himself as enjoyer and sufferer was mere illusion and that his own self was the creator or rather that there was neither creation nor destruction and danced with joy crying "I am blissful, I am blissful, I am God. There is nothing higher than me."

A long time after, the Goddess Kali appeared before him and asked him why he had not so long thought of the third boon yet remaining, and he replied "I have gained that beyond the gaining of which there remains nothing to be gained, beyond the bliss of which there remains no possibility of bliss, beyond becoming which there remains nothing to be known. I have realised the highest and the best riches, the supremest world, the greatest joy, and so I have no more to ask for. My only desire is that I should constantly remain in this blissful state in which I am free from all desires." The Goddess blessed him saying 'so be it' and disappeared.

NOBODY-KNOWS-WHO.

## True Greatness or Vasudeva Sastry.

BY T. C. NATARAJAN.

### CHAPTER XIII

When Sreenivasan saw the dark-looking man beckoning him in a mysterious manner, his disgust with God abated a little and all his former hopes of finding a guru revived in him and he approached the stranger with a heart wildly beating. The latter looked him straight in the face for a few minutes and took him farther away from the common road up the hill and asked him to direct his attention to a piece of rock that was impending over their heads. Sreenivasan accordingly looked at it but found nothing remarkable. "Do you not see?" the stranger asked, "that the rock has the face of a horse? Well then, know that this is the Kalki avatar (horse-incarnation) which is going to appear in the world of men and work wonders. Keep your eyes steadily fixed at it for some quarter of an hour and then you will see certain strange phenomena." Sreenivasan saw not the slightest resemblance between that rock and a horse, but yet kept his eyes fixed on it wondering in his heart if any man could be so foolish as to believe that a rock would become a man and that an avatar. In the meanwhile his companion kept uttering some strange mantras accompanied with stranger gestures and occasionally threw ashes over several parts of Sreenivasan's body and when he found that he was pretty steadily engaged with the rock, took a firm hold of his neck by one hand and with the other began to search his cloth. Sreenivasan was shocked at such a sudden attempt at robbery and by giving severe blows on the head and the face of the stranger, forced him, with some difficulty, to loosen his grip and then kicked him down saying "Aye, this is Kalki avatar. You rogue, you thief I shall blow your brains out." But before he could do anything, the would-be-robber had fled. At once Sreenivasan said to himself, "What is the use of pursuing that fellow? It is not his doing; not an atom in the universe moves,

they the so-called sages say, except at God's bidding. So it is really the wicked rogue above the sky, that cruel senseless despot whom so many pray to, only for breaking their hearts, it is that fellow that is to blame. All this is my fault that I should have left home, wife and happiness only to be made a fool of by this monster! It is all unbearable nonsense. I shall no more think of him and weep to him like a beggar. Ah that cursed Siddha, that rogue. If I should see him, I would send him at once to the netherworld. No more then of God, Siddha and such foolish things. Come pleasure, come midnight revels, come dancing girls, come fruits, flowers and sweatmeats. Aye, I am very near Srirangam the dancing girls of which place are famous all over the world. I shall take my supper in a hotel and repair at once to that place and make the best use of this moonlight night. So saying to himself he went to a public hotel and then after a very retreating supper hired a carriage and left for Srirangam which is only a short distance from Trichinopoly.

The temple upon the rock at Trichinopoly though comparatively small, is one of the neatest temples in Southern India. When one enters into it, one leaves far below the bustle and noise of the town along with its dirt which is so great a feature of its streets and finds it possible to be alone with God at least for a few seconds. Apart from its paranic sanctity and very agreeable appearance, there is one inspiring circumstance connected with it which at least to my mind is of greater value than all its other associations and that is that the great sage of the Tamil land Tāymānavar, named after the God of that temple, practised Samadhi and attained the bliss of realisation there within its sacred walls. Into this sacred and inspiring temple Vasudeva Sastry went hoping to find Sreenivasan there, but when he entered into it he forgot himself in that ineffable ecstasy of Self-realisation which Tāymānavar and others enjoyed, and instead of Sreenivasan the son-in-law of Narayana Iyer, he found the real Sreenivasan (Para Brahman), the prototype of the former and indeed of everything else in the universe. After a long time he came to his earthly self and looked about for the object of his search, but not finding him there, descended into the town and by chance went to the same hotel which Sreenivasan had just left. A casual talk after supper with an other guest in that messing house brought to light that a young man of the description of Sreenivasan had just left from that place for Srirangam apparently on a pleasure trip. Vasudeva Sastry could not believe that the person of whom his acquaintance spoke could be Sreenivasan who was not given to such habits of revel, though the description tallied in every particular with that young man's form and appearance. He however desired to try and find out the thing for himself and so took a carriage and went to Srirangam.

It was a beautiful moonlight night and the grand tower of Srirangam temple which is one of the biggest and most ancient temples in Southern India and the most sacred place of pilgrimage for the Vaishnavites of the south was visible in all its glory at a long distance. In the clear moonlight it looked like an angel standing from earth to heaven and proclaiming to the pious world "Here, here is the Great God Ranganatha sleeping and, yet ruling all the universe with its starry abundance and countless lives of all kinds numbering infinity to the power of two". Sreenivasan when he passed by that tower was struck with its grandeur and sanctity but being angry with God, he made up his mind not to be impressed by it, and poured forth a volley of abuses on the innocent God within, who enjoying a dreamless sleep did not, perhaps, hear them. Only half an hour after our young

friend passed through it honoring it with a crown of thorns in the shape of abuses. Vasudeva Sastry also came to that spot and gently requesting the jatka-driver to stop, alighted out of the carriage, and looking up at the huge tower which stood rooted on earth and aspiring to heaven (like his-self) and proclaimed the glory of the sacred SESHU SAYANA \* within which is one of the grandest symbolic representations of the indescribable Father of us all. "O God," he exclaimed, "Who art sleeping for the ignorant and misguided but art wakeful for devotees and sages, Who by Thy mere breath controllest oven the stars in heaven, and sleeping, ruleth all this universe, whose only temple and only home is the milky ocean of which the sages drink but never get satiated, O God Thou art the Inner Ruler within me, nay, my own self." Thus addressing a few words which welled up from a heart too full for words, he stood rooted to the ground like the tower before him, but in a moment passed far beyond the tower and even the planets that rolled in heaven, and himself slept for a while like the sleeping God before him in the Milky sea and upon the thousand headed Adishesha without having even so slight a difference between himself and God as to say "I am Thou and Thou art I." After a few minutes of such silent worship, he again got up in the carriage and drove along the broad streets. He did not know where exactly to go, but he saw at a short distance a magnificent marriage pandal and heard sweet strains of music. At once he got down, and sending away the carriage, went on foot to the pandal where he thought that Sreenivasan might perhaps be found.

The gathering was very large, and in the middle of a wrapt audience there sat singing a young girl of twenty, one of the fairest of her sex. The proportions of her frame were exquisite, and her bosom swelled voluptuously. Her face was bright like the moon and even more enchanting; her beetle-black hair which had been artistically entwined and folded up, was, as it were, the mystic home of that mysterious and mischievous god of love. The silk dress which she wore and the way in which she wore it set out her beauty and surprisingly heightened the charms of her person. Her eyes were at once sweet like honey and poisonous like and even more dangerous than the deadliest venom, for they had the power to kill by their very sight. Her magnificently rounded arms bespoke the bloom of health and youth, and the voice which passed through her coral lips was most charming. It was so rich, so sweet, so gentle and at the same time so powerful. It was natural music and would shame the flute and the Vina, and with this music of a voice every syllable of which was a song, she sang so exquisitely, so nectar-like that the whole audience sat wrapt in admiration and worship as if bound by the *Mohanasira*.

## Correspondence.

SANGOLA, SHOLAPUR, 9-12-97.

To The Editor of the *Awakened India*,

Mylapore, Madras.

DEAR SIR,

I am not good in paying compliments, and any compliments to you upon the editing of your magazine from me would be just as good in taste or reasonable, as, if, a private in the ranks were to presume to criticise and sit

\* As to the meaning of this word, please see p. 56 of vol. I of this Journal.—Ed.

in judgment upon the action of his commanding officer. I would however say this, that I find personally your magazine a very thoughtful, bright little book which I await every month with very keen pleasure, and which I would miss very much indeed, if the day comes (may such a day never dawn) for it to cease. I always keep the numbers by my side and read them now and then and try to understand their contents. I do not know how or why, but find there arises in me a thirst—a desire to understand all this mystery of the universe. I know that the thirst is unquenchable that this desire is vain and it is not, it may not be, for me to understand this unfathomable mystery. But still, I am led on and on: I am often puzzled by many doubts. Questions often arise in my mind, solution of which I don't know where to get. The following doubts for instance, never forsake me,

1. How and why is there *desire* for *action*? *action* not of the external organ only but of the internal organ also?
2. Is such desire for *action innate*?
3. Or, is it created by impact with the external world or the world of sense?
4. Is it a mere *Upadhi* or *Guna*?
5. If the desire for action is created by external impact, why should there be difference in the *kind* and *degree* of such desire in mankind?

These doubts I put before you. It may be, that they are very childish, or perhaps they may be unmeaning. But you will be really helping me if you or any of your *Vedantin* correspondents should make it a point to enlighten me thereupon by discussing them in your book or by referring me to the book or books where their solution may be found. I think it would be a very useful plan should you open a column in your book for such doubts and their solutions.

Permit me to remain,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere well-wisher,

G. B. LAGHATE,

Sub-Judge.

## Re=Incarnation.

It cannot be that He who made  
This wondrous world for our delight,  
Designed that all its charms should fade  
And pass forever from our sight;  
That all shall wither and decay,  
And know on earth no life but this,  
With only one finite survey  
Of all its beauty and its bliss.

It cannot be that all the years  
Of toil and care and grief we live,  
Shall find no recompense but tears,  
No sweet return that earth can give;  
That all that leads us to aspire  
And struggle onward to achieve,  
And every unattained desire  
Were given only to deceive.

It cannot be that after all  
The mighty conquests of the mind,  
Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall  
And leave no record here behind;  
That all our dreams of love and fame,  
And hopes that time has swept away  
All that enthralled this mortal frame,  
Shall not return another day.

DAVID BANK SI